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by Craig S. Karpel

January 1979 \$1.50

Harper's

LAND RUSH

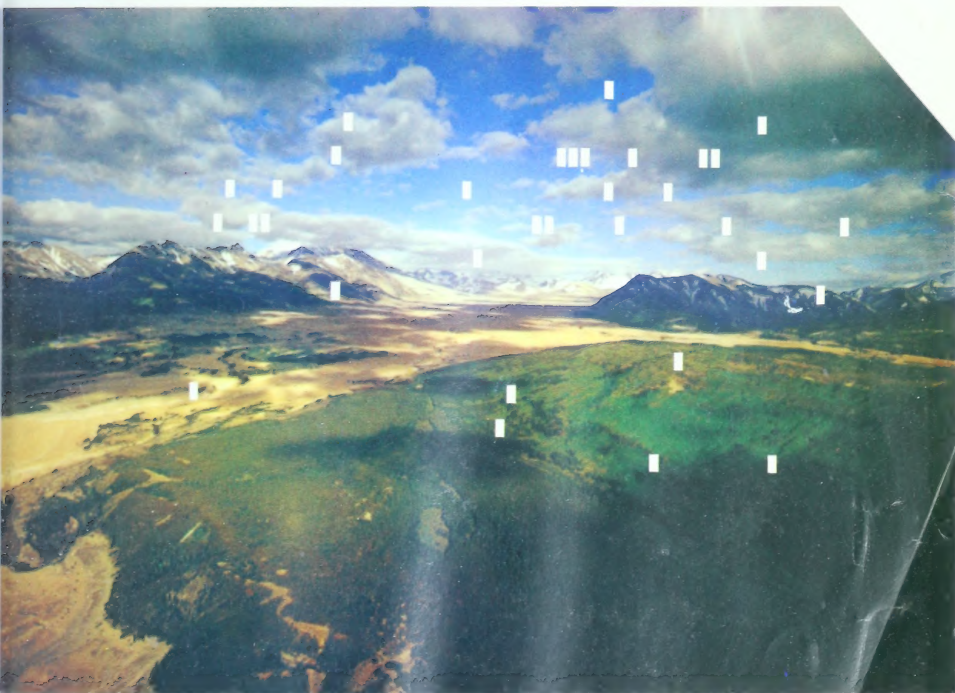
A survey of America's land:

Who owns it — Who controls it — How much is left

by Peter Meyer

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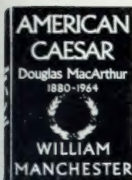
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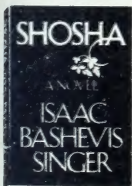
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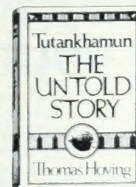
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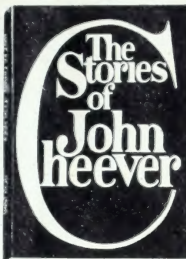
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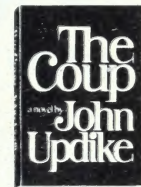


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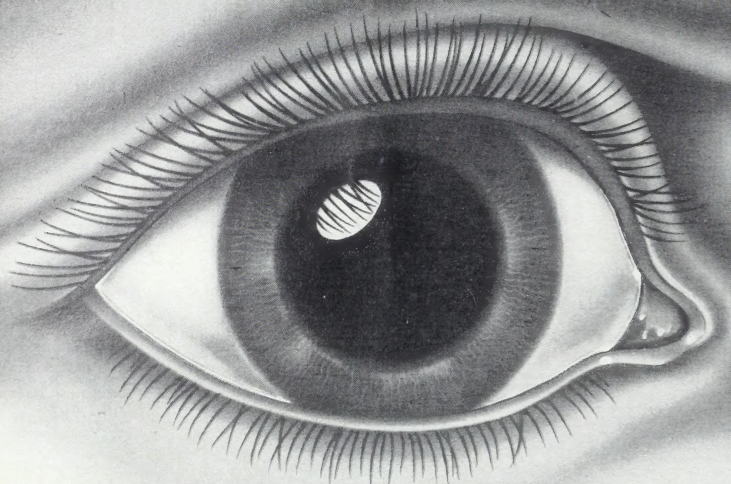
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Harper's

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William Tucker 17 **THE SINKING ARK**
Evolution engenders an infinite variety of plants and animals, and unique species can be discovered nearly everywhere one chooses to look. It may be that the snail darter is more valuable to lawyers and politicians than it is to Mother Nature.

Philip Terzian 28 **CUBA IN PANAVISION**
At a film festival in Havana, the show outside the theater is more dramatic than the show on the screen. All praise the Triumph of the Revolution.

Walter Berns 31 **ROME ON THE POTOMAC**
A constitutional amendment proposes to enfranchise the District of Columbia with representation in the House and Senate. If it passes, it will give Washington all the privileges of a state with none of the obligations.

Michael Harrington 35 **TO THE DISNEY STATION**
Reflections on the political and social ethos of the Magic Kingdom. The author concludes that Disney's utopian vision is dedicated to monopoly and the belief that technology can solve every problem.

Peter Meyer 45 **LAND RUSH**
Although nearly 15 percent of the nation's wealth is bound up in real estate, nobody knows very much about who owns and controls the land. This survey draws a map of American property, and disturbs the dream of freedom on a one-acre lot.

Craig S. Karpel 65 **TEN WAYS TO BREAK OPEC**
In the midst of a glutted world oil market, the United States continues to pay prices set during the 1973 embargo. Oil prices remain high because they enrich various American interests, among them arms dealers and oil companies.

ARTS AND LETTERS

DEPARTMENTS

Walker Percy 79 **SOUTHERN COMFORT**
Thoughts on southern literature, southern politics, and the American experience.

Lewis H. Lapham

Eugene J. McCarthy 84 **FIVE POEMS**

David Suter

Deborah McGill 87 **A review of *The Coup*, by John Updike.**

Tom Wolfe

90 **BOOKS IN BRIEF**

Michael A. Ledeen

Matthew Stevenson 97 **A KING TUT BOOK OF ETIQUETTE**
What to say and do while admiring a king's ransom.

Patrick Lupinetti

4 **LETTERS**

5 **MacNelly**

10 **THE EASY CHAIR**
Letter to the readers.

61 **OTHER THINGS BEING EQUAL**

78 **IN OUR TIME**

91 **THE FOURTH ESTATE**
The Intelligence market.

98 **AMERICAN MISCELLANY**
Concerning a Ferrari 308 GTB.

E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr. 102 **PUZZLE**
Seasonal
Dodecahedron

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SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE: Harper's Magazine, 1225 Portland Place, Boulder, Colorado 80323. For changes of address, provide both old address (use address label from latest issue) and new address, including zip code. Allow six weeks advance notice.

LETTERS

Diplomatic practice

Apart from repeating timeworn and sometimes valid criticisms of political fat cats and mediocre career time-servers, Roger Morris's principal complaint ["Diplomatic Spoils," November] seems to be that diplomatic officers who served under Nixon and Kissinger or happened to have been associated with some event or policy that Mr. Morris abhors (e.g., Vietnam, the Dominican Republic, Chile, Burundi, Bangladesh) were not fired. The value of trained, experienced, lifetime diplomats who serve loyally every President, whatever his party and policy, seems to escape Mr. Morris. Such officers can and should convey their own estimates and recommendations to the Secretary of State and the President, but having done so, it is their task to carry out the policy made—loyally—or quit.

Much has been made of the wrecked careers of diplomats who were held responsible for the "loss of China" in the early 1950s, a morbid example of how not to cultivate a professional corps of experienced, courageous diplomats. Yet one is driven by Mr. Morris's article to suppose that this is exactly the prototype of the treatment he would mete out to all those who displeased him. If we did so we would shortly have a shallow pool of passing adventurers, a kind of revolving-door diplomatic service with no continuity, no institutional memory, and no accumulated expertise.

NORMAN B. HANNAH
Bethesda, Md.

ROGER MORRIS REPLIES:

Nowhere did I suggest that Foreign Service officers of dubious judgment be "fired." To the contrary, in a rank- and reward-conscious bureaucracy, assignments of suitable obscurity and subordination might have had a salutary effect on the quality of our diplomatic corps. But to decorate them with the highest office of the Service, to anoint them as examples for younger diplomats—really!

Mr. Hannah's sense of bureaucratic and political responsibility is questionable. None of the men I named dissented from the disastrous policies they acted; they were enthusiasts as well as civil servants, and were thus promoted for their ardor. The China example, ironic at best. It is precisely the absence of courage and expertise in the men that I am deploring. They are the public payroll; their similarity to the Foreign Service martyrs from China ends there.

Nor am I alone in "abhorring" the record. A politician named Jimmy Carter ran against the inhuman interventionism, and militarism of American foreign policy. The people who elected him in some measure that claim had reason to expect that he would not then turn over his embassies so numerously to the very men who carried out and professionally profited from those practices.

The message of Proposition 13

The gospel, according to Arthur Blustein's grandiloquent diatribe against the culprits who voted for Proposition 13 in California ["Proposition 13 Catch 22," November], is that we ordinary people voted away our power. What power? Until Howard Jarvis came along, we were powerless to do anything about outrageous property taxes and excessive waste, mismanagement, and fraud in local and state governments. Now we have enough horsepower to make City Hall bureaucrats shape up by coming up with small budgets.

JACK POPE
San Francisco, Cal.

Proposition 13 was the big California sting for me and millions like me. The media talked about "taxpayers revolt," "unburdening the working man," et cetera. My son's summer school program was cancelled first, increasing my child-care costs \$400 a week (almost \$400 for the summer). Our neighborhood park was closed.

his baseball team dissolved. The school library no longer has a library; it is closed most of the week. Sizes have increased and fields have been curtailed. Rent reduced? No chance. The great benefits of Proposition 13!

DIANA AXLEY
Alameda, Calif.

THUR BLAUSTEIN REPLIES:

While I honestly believe that a healthy response to California's problems would have been legitimate tax reform (as Proposition 8 offered), Proposition 13 was not that answer. There was nothing constructive, creative, or positive about Proposition 13; it was reflex action, and it was punitive. As Ms. Axley's letter pointed out, the people most in need of help were hurt the most. Those least in need are benefiting. Rushed in on anxiety and fears, and it eventually damage the lives of thousands of Californians. To put it bluntly, the supporters of Proposition 13 are blindly undermining trust in the ability of the one force, government, that has the potential to

balance and protect the freedoms and liberties of all our people. One of the best-kept secrets in the United States is that a vital and healthy federal government is indispensable to the sovereignty of a self-governing people. That is, after all, what democracy is all about. Without this protection, we are pawns, to be manipulated by the raw economic and political power wielded by vested and privileged interests.

Heroes in perspective

In Henry Fairlie's article "Too Rich for Heroes" [November] so much depends upon the perspective. The privateer was most certainly a hero to England, but was he hero or scoundrel to Spain? Could Alexander have been a hero to the Persians and Egyptians? He is certainly not a hero in present-day Cairo. The heroes of the past have indeed been the product of great nations and cultures, particularly their own.

Mr. Fairlie refers, I feel justly, to the lack of heroes in the post-World

War II West. Our corporations have produced no heroes, nor have our bureaucracies. The media delivers not heroes but mediocrity. We have no sense of direction, therefore no leaders.

There have been heroes, however. Again it is perhaps a question of perspective, but two whom Mr. Fairlie mentions, Mao and Castro, are very much heroes to their own countries, as well as to many others around the world. The Berrigans were heroes for their actions when I was in college. As a society we have not seen these heroes because we have not known where to look.

ALEXANDER T. MCMAHON
Chautauqua, N. Y.

John Fischer

Everyone who knew Jack Fischer will be grateful for "An Editor's Estate" [November]. What always struck me about him was his devotion to good reporting and clear writing. He preferred the concrete noun and the active verb. And his humor was to the



LETTERS

point, as when he spent a day covering George Romney, then a Presidential aspirant, and observed in "The Easy Chair" that Romney was so cleantuc he made your teeth ache. But it was devotion to reporting, I think, that came first. It carried over into his personal letters.

In a letter about a year ago Jack wrote me about a Guilford neighbor and friend, Ralph Kirkpatrick, the distinguished harpsichordist, who had just given a concert for the benefit of the New Haven Unit of Recording for the Blind.

"The concert," Jack wrote, "was the most moving Betty and I have ever heard. . . . About nine months ago he [Kirkpatrick] went totally blind. . . . But he continues to practice about six hours a day—from memory, and the help of recordings on rare occasions when he is doubtful about a passage. For his concert he came dressed in full fig—white tie, tails, satin cummerbund. He came through a door at the right of the stage, caught a wire rigged from the door frame to his harpsichord, and marched to his stool without a moment's hesitation. Then he played a two-hour concert. I've never seen an audience so silent, while he was playing, or as enthusiastic at the points for applause. The feat of memory alone is incomprehensible to me.

"I'm overwhelmed by such a display of courage and determination. We've never heard a word of complaint from him, except once; he remarked that his fingers were so calloused from practicing that he is having a hard time learning Braille."

This seems to me superb reporting, and compassion typical of Jack Fischer.

JOHN R. FLEMING
Port Republic, Md.

Innocence abroad

In "Exporting Pettifoggery" [October] Tom Bethell's first unjustified premise is that assessment of the environmental impacts of Eximbank-financed projects is unwarranted if it might cause any inconvenience to the Bank or to U.S. exporters. This fundamental premise is assumed and never explained. Mr. Bethell thereby ignores entirely the process of environmental degradation in the Third World

(where most of humanity lives and where the Bank does 72 percent of its business), which is one of the greatest threats facing mankind. It is important that U.S. government agencies make sure they are part of the solution, not part of the problem.

Mr. Bethell admits one major exception to his assumption that possible effects on U.S. exports always outweigh potential environmental impacts: nuclear power plants. For unexplained reasons, Mr. Bethell judges that "concern about nuclear reactors seems reasonable enough," and notes that in 1975 the Bank "authorized a loan of \$277 million" (part of the largest export financing in the Bank's history) to enable the Philippines to buy a nuclear reactor to be sited in an earthquake zone near five volcanoes. Mr. Bethell apparently assumes that the Philippine transaction is covered by a "generic" environmental impact statement prepared by the former Atomic Energy Commission as a result of an earlier NRDC lawsuit. Mr. Bethell is in error. No environmental impact assessment was performed before the Bank funded the Philippine reactor, and the only prospect for obtaining assessments of nuclear exports lies in the kind of "pettifoggery" that Mr. Bethell condemns. Moreover, it is hard to understand why Mr. Bethell recognizes the need to assess possible nuclear risks but rails against application of the same requirements to such hazards as toxic substances or inadvertent extinction of animal and plant species of inestimable value to mankind.

Mr. Bethell's second premise is that application of environmental impact assessment requirements to the Bank will inevitably result in the loss of large amounts of U.S. export sales by burdening and slowing the Bank's operations. This premise, almost as unjustified in the article as the first, ignores the detailed statement of NRDC representative S. Jacob Scherr last July before the Senate and Environmental Works Committee, in which Mr. Scherr explained in detail how the Bank can comply with environmental impact assessment requirements and still perform its mission of promoting U.S. exports. Mr. Scherr's testimony has never been challenged. The Congress heeded it when the Committee opposed unanimously Senator Stevenson's ill-advised

amendment to exempt the Bank from impact assessment requirements, and again a few weeks ago when Senator Stevenson was compelled to delete the amendment from the bill which passed the Congress.

THOMAS B. STOEL, JR.
Director, International Project
Natural Resources Defense Council
Washington, D.C.

TOM BETHELL REPLIES:

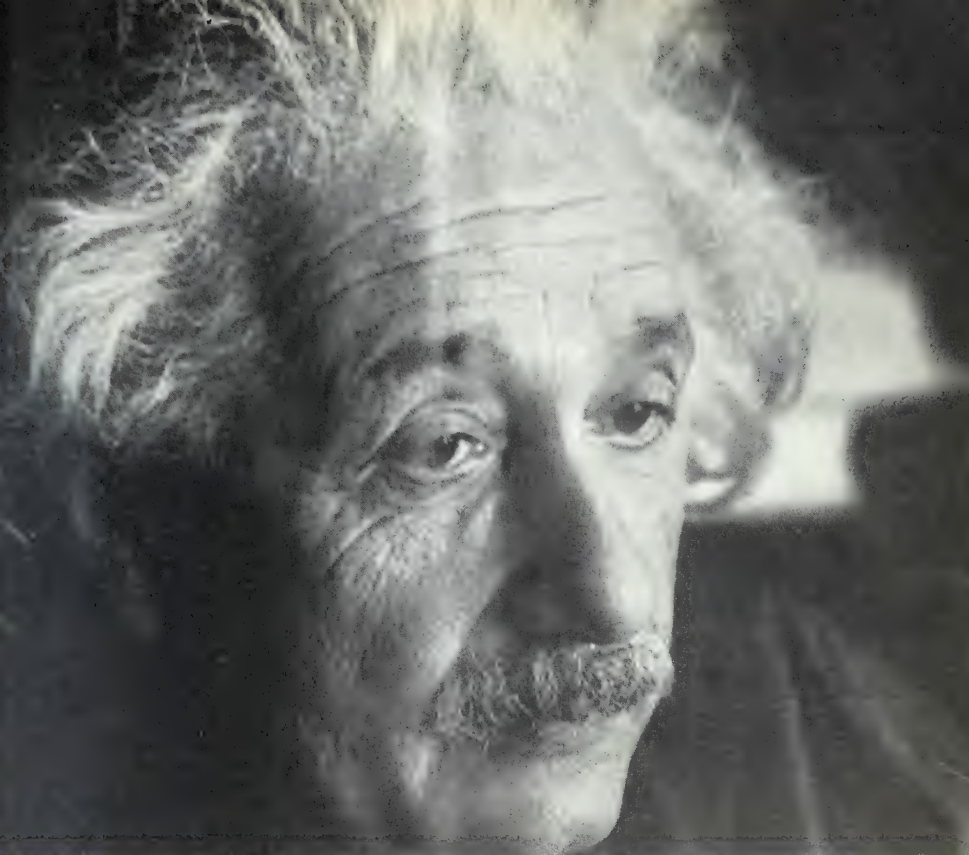
Like so many environmentalists Thomas Stoel assumes responsibility for the welfare of "mankind," much as nineteenth-century imperialists assumed responsibility for the welfare of Africa and other dark continents. I can only say that the threat to Third World environments posed by industrialization is highly debatable. Mr. Stoel might consider that some Third World politicians regard environmental high-mindedness by the West as an ingenious pretext for keeping their countries poor.

The effect of environmental impact statements on Eximbank operations is admittedly uncertain, as the future itself is uncertain. The predicted effect depends entirely on whose expert sits in the witness chair. In environmentalism, as in psychiatry, it is possible to find "expert" support for almost any position. But it is not true that Scherr's testimony has "never been challenged." One Eximbank director told me that if NRDC's suit prevailed and all Bank operations are encumbered by impact statements, "we might as well close the doors." The resulting delays would force foreign purchasers to turn elsewhere.

It is true that generic impact statements covering atomic reactors are the result of environmentalist prodding. But surely it is easy to understand that nuclear risks are more worrisome than inadvertent extinction of animals or plants. In no instance has it been demonstrated that such extinctions are either caused by or harmful to mankind.

ERRATUM:

We regret the misspelling of Barbara S. Kraft's name in Byron Farwell's review of her book, *The Peace Ship: Henry Ford's Pacific Adventure in the First World War* (November).



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ANNUAL REPORT

Letter to the readers

by Lewis H. Lapham

DURING THE PAST twelve months, *Harper's* has received from its readers and subscribers a much-increased volume of mail. Unfortunately the magazine does not have the space to publish all the letters received, and the editors have neither the erudition nor the leisure to make adequate response to all the correspondents asking for explanation, apology, revision, amendment, or clarification. Before going forward into the new year, I feel obliged to answer at least some of the questions raised, if for no other reason than to balance the magazine's moral and intellectual accounts. Various readers wondered about the magazine's editorial purpose, and quite a few of them cancelled their subscriptions because they thought that *Harper's* had trespassed against the canons of good taste or had fallen into errors of social and political doctrine. Rather than attempt a general statement of principle, I shall deal with a few of the specific difficulties; by so doing perhaps I can convey at least an approximate idea of the magazine's intent.

POLITICAL HETERODOXY: *Harper's* does not align itself with any of the traditional political divisions, and this seems to offend people who want to think of it as either "liberal" or "conservative," "Left" or "Right," "Democrat" or "Republican." The absence of dogma makes them uneasy and gives them a variety of reasons for objecting to what

they perceive as the heresies implicit in the texts with which they disagree. Within the past few months *Harper's* has received letters from readers denouncing it as "Stalinist," "chauvinist," "a front for the oil corporations," "Communist," "committed to a policy of *laissez-faire*," "fascist," "reflecting a bias against capitalism," "neoconservative," and "nihilist." Both the violence and the confusion of metaphor confirm my doubts about the usefulness of the language in which it is customary to discuss political events. To the extent that the phrases have lost specific meaning, they have been pressed into service as symbols and icons. Much of the political debate thus has to do with the ritual display of adjectives.

No matter what the season's performances in the American political theater, the argument going forward in the country is the same as it always was, in the twentieth century as in the twelfth, in the United States as in the Soviet Union or Imperial Rome. It is the argument between the past and the future, between the energies of the human mind and the inertia of things as they are, between the reaching of the imagination (whether expressed in art, government, or science) and the withdrawal behind the barricades of ignorance and superstition. Most of the people who have a vested interest in the resolution of this argument (i.e., politicians, bishops, steel magnates, and magazine editors) usually can be counted upon to try to make it dis-

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

appear from public view. They campaign on the side of human rights, human aspiration; once in office, they cast their lot with the injustices already in place. They do this not because they are corrupt, but because it is very hard to move the furniture.

The apologists for American business talk about "free trade" and "enterprise," but when asked what they mean by these notions, they mention the patriotic forms of government subsidy. If employed by a corporation rich enough to maintain an embassy in Washington, they see their markets have become so entangled with government patronage and regulation that they no longer can distinguish between the federal and corporate enterprise. The advocates of nominally liberal causes make no secret of their intrigues. In their ceaseless war against the unenlightened they long ago learned that their cause qualified for the exemptions (from poorness and self-dealing) granted to higher morality. Thus the apologists for the Equal Rights Amendment, the name of human equity, rearrange the constitutional process in the Congress and impose economic sanctions against the proprietors of hotels in Illinois.

No wonder so few people went to the polls in November. Who among the candidates could describe a public issue in a way that gave meaning to a man's life, ambition, family, or hope of the future? Who could make plain the correlations between the public and



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THE EASY CHAIR

the private happiness, between the morality of the state and the health of its citizens? Who even tried to do such a preposterous thing?

PESSIMISM: To the readers who wished that *Harper's* might take a more cheerful view of events, I can say that this is difficult to do at a point in time when the society chooses to define itself in terms of its fears. The enormous acquisitions and disseminations of knowledge in the past twenty years (about nuclear physics, cancer cells, the history of Germany, terrorism, and the chemistry of bats) have brought forth corresponding gains in the levels of anxiety. Hardly a day passes but that somebody discovers yet another substance (previously thought to be harmless) that can kill or maim everybody in downtown Los Angeles. The pervasive dread has an inhibiting effect, and people find it prudent to stay in bed. The shutting down of the frontiers, in both the economic and intellectual sectors, has been going on for the better part of a decade. By 1968 the generation that came of age with the Kennedy Administration began to notice that the American dream might not be as infinitely divisible as the loaves and fishes with which Christ sustained the faithful beside the Sea of Galilee. Instead of talking about what to do with too much (the subject of conversation by which the affluent and intellectual classes offered proofs of their enlightenment in the late 1950s) people began to worry about there not being enough. They expressed their concern in the elegant formulations of scarcity theory and minimalist art. Prior to the collapse of the Nixon Administration these worries were confined to the drawing rooms of the equestrian class—i.e., those people who could read the statistical projections in *Foreign Affairs* or the *New York Review of Books* and who knew that they might get trampled to death in an unseemly rush for the picnic tables. Soon after Mr. Carter's election the apprehension became more general. Despite his connections in Heaven, Mr. Carter couldn't work miracles of the required magnitude. He failed to exorcise the demons of inflation and unemployment, and all those promises he had made to the folks in the grandstands clearly weren't going

to be redeemed for cash. The value of the currency deteriorated, and corporations began to merge and feed on one another like the remnant of the Donner Party marooned in the snows of the Sierra Nevada. As the disappointments formerly confined to the realm of abstract ideas began to manifest themselves in the realm of experience, the old political combinations dissolved into their component parts. The magical or heroic characteristics once assigned to political figures passed into the jurisdiction of prophets and the merchants of sexual sensations. Some of these holy men promised salvation by way of religious belief (in Zen, Hinduism, aesthetic realism, et cetera); others prescribed diets and regimens of psychological fitness (Rolfing, est, aerobics, the *Playboy* philosophy, et cetera); all of them attracted congregations among people looking for a place to hide. People who still understood the uses of machine politics divided themselves into what the Washington columnists now describe, with some alarm, as "the special-interest lobbies" fanatically devoted to the single cause or issue that seems to stand for everything else that has gone wrong in the world. The faithful organize their lobbying around the nucleus of their common fears, and they join together on the basis of their opposition to perceived threats (busing, guns, abortion, taxes, big government, equal rights, et cetera) rather than on the basis of what they might conceive and build. In the meantime the interest rates rise, and Richard Nixon (resurgent on a field sabbat) proclaims himself thrice-born. The newspapers and the journals of informed opinion promote the voices of the Apocalypse, and it has become correct to say that idealism, although attractive in women and admirable in college sophomores, is an extraordinarily expensive pastime.

ENVIRONMENTALISM: Judging from the tone of the letters received on this subject, I gather that a fair number of readers imagine that I go north every spring to bludgeon seals in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This is not so. Like anybody else who lives in New York City, I endorse and am willing to pay for any attempt to reduce the pollution in the atmosphere and to prevent the further despoliation of the land

and water. The aspirations of the environmental movement seem to me entirely admirable. Even so, I cannot help thinking that despite the allegedly leftist disposition of many of the people who espouse the cause of environmentalism, the politics of their movement, in alliance with California Proposition 13 and the uglier defense of capitalism, tends to support the present retreat from democracy. What else is the policy of "no-growth" if not the fear of the future? My prejudice in this regard stem from my acquaintance with environmentalists. Those whom I've had the good fortune to meet, all of them worthy and well-meaning people, have belonged almost invariably to the equestrian class. I lived in a different part of the country, I might have formed a different impression, but in New York or Washington an environmentalist is apt to be an urban intellectual (who disapproves of anybody making more money) or a landed plutocrat (who disapproves of anybody building more cities). Both the intellectual and the plutocrat like to think that the universe has fulfilled itself with the great miracle of their own presence in it.

Consider the mechanisms of ecological charity. The organizations undoubtedly have their benign uses, and I'm sure that they have saved many a woodland and meadow from the dark shadow of industrialism. My own knowledge of them derives from the unhappy accounts of young men whose venerated fathers (usually at an advanced age and after a life of unmitigated rapacity) suddenly have encountered, as if on the road to Damascus, the spiritual wisdom of Thoreau. The father makes confession in the modern equivalent of a religious sabbatary (i.e., the trust department of a bank): amidst the muffled acclamation of his peers he donates his estate to the Nature Conservancy. Not only does he gain admittance to a community of the blessed, as if he had bought a chantry in a medieval cathedral, but he also assures himself of substantial tax relief for the rest of his newly deemed life. He assumes that his children offer him less chance of immortality than the emblazoning of his name on some public monument or park. At his death his estates pass into the safekeeping of the state, and his children who stood to inherit the property, find

ir patrimony much reduced. No
 ight this is just, but it has a debilitating
 effect on the heirs. If their fathers
 so little trust in them, relying
 the austere trusteeship of the Audu-
 Society to curb their extravagance,
 n the heirs lose confidence both in
 themselves and in the wisdom of estab-
 lished authority. If the father takes the
 ouble to explain his will, he might
 low his children with an understand-
 of the citizen's obligation to the
 e. The inheritance of property rests
 the sacrifice of countless other men,
 d this is a necessary thing to know,
 ibly more necessary than the own-
 ip of a house in Santa Barbara.
 the obligation to the state is diffi-
 to perform without a sense of
 uler pride and without the habits
 an independent mind. The present
 es of taxation and inflation make it
 remely difficult for the younger gen-
 tion to acquire property (not only
 Marin County but also in Texas and
 New York); and without property, if
 not real estate then at least in a sense
 self-worth, even the most dutiful
 zens have trouble remembering,

much less asserting, their rights. Once
 divested of a place in society a man
 has little choice but to rely on the
 patronage of the government or a cor-
 poration. He becomes alienated both
 from what he thought was his country
 and from what he wanted to recognize
 as his image of himself. Who can
 blame him if he no longer thinks it
 worth the trouble to express an opin-
 ion different from all the other opin-
 ions or if he squanders what remains
 of his substance? To the extent that
 the citizenry keeps silent in the pres-
 ence of its patrons and overlords, so
 also has it been diminished and brought
 that much nearer to the sullen obedi-
 ence of a mob. The idea of democracy
 relies on a free debate in which people
 of different interests and opinions
 speak what they believe to be the truth.
 What happens to that idea if people
 no longer can afford the courage of
 their convictions?

Obviously I don't mean to attribute
 to the environmentalists all the failures
 of Western civilization or all the un-
 happiness of disinherited children. I'm
 attempting to discuss a political ten-

dency rather than an attitude toward
 housing developments and trumpeter
 swans. But in its decadent aspects, en-
 vironmentalism allies itself with nar-
 cissism and the delusions of a Court
 society. People who would deny the
 necessity of change and who, with King
 Canute, would command the tide, can-
 not protect the society from all the
 evils that might befall it. They might
 pretend to themselves that they have
 done mankind a great service by adopt-
 ing a policy of "no-growth," but, more
 often than not, they only succeed in
 weakening the generation that lives
 after them. They advocate a program
 of national abortion. By distorting the
 evolutionary nature of the democratic
 idea and by restricting the opportunity
 available to the poor and as yet un-
 possessed as well as to their own heirs
 and assigns, the landed nobility of the
 environmental movement blow up the
 bridges over which the human family
 travels into time future.

HOMOSEXUALITY: In several editorials
 published during the past year I made

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THE EASY CHAIR

reference to homosexuality in what I intended as a political rather than a moral context. The readers who took offense at these remarks thought that I meant to mock their suffering and interfere with their pleasures. This was not my intention. Probably I should have used a different word (androgyny, perhaps, or narcissism) to describe the political effect that I had in mind. Together with the numerous other manifestations of sterility in the society (formalism in the arts, the obsessive fear of death, the individualism sold in the department stores, most literary criticism, the decline in the birth rate) I associate the confusion of gender with a denial of the future. People who bear and raise children retain at least the hope of immortality; they extend themselves in the dimension of time, and through their children they affirm their defiance of death. The narcissist contemplating the beauty of self has little reason to take arms against the corruptions that blight the hope of the future. If the world ends with his departure from it, then why go to the trouble of creating something so irrelevant (not to say threatening or monstrous) as a successor. Why not flatter the prince, applaud the lies and half-truths currently in vogue at Court, and pose, as decorously as possible and preferably on the beach at Capri, among the veterans of Caesar's legions? Arranged in the manner of a Richard Avedon photograph, even an aging assassin can be made to look beautiful.

The fewer the means and opportunities that a society allows for generating wealth, substance, and achievements, the more subtle the refinements of crime and sensibility. If a man cannot make his own estate, then he must steal it or accommodate himself to the increasingly exquisite appetites of his patrons. In the same way that the Court at Washington feeds off the productive and regenerative organs still operative elsewhere in the country, so also the camp-followers in the palaces of culture consume the stores of art and intellect accumulated by people who weren't afraid of the imagination. The decline of the nation's economic productivity in the last twenty years runs parallel to the loss of vitality in the arts. A generation of critics polishes the furniture and amuses it-

self with brilliant glosses on the work of genius now defunct. People talk of stylish surfaces, of words superseding things, of art as interior decoration. The fashion in nostalgia bespeaks a fear not only of the imagination but also of the unknown; people who cannot project the future rummage through the past as if through a trunk of theatrical costumes. They exhaust themselves in the frenetic gossip of the auction houses, squandering their talents on parody and slander. It is possible that these are harmless occupations, but, in a parliamentary division, the narcissist has no choice but to stand with the splendor of money and against the creativeness of mind.

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR: Given the absence of people who have an interest in describing the true nature of the political combat, the victory falls to the forces of reaction. Whether defined as Democrat or Republican, the party of reaction always constitutes the incumbent majority, and it makes small complaint if most of the people in the society wander through their lives in a stupor. The mass media serve this majority by lulling their audiences to sleep in the dream of reason that begets monsters. As might be expected in a period of fearfulness and withdrawal, the commercial markets make readily available the opium of the middle classes, at prices that everybody can afford. In a well-ordered state, nobody needs to be deprived of a guru, an addictive drug, or a steady supply of pornography. The man who attains consciousness only at random intervals might not notice the discrepancies between the political rhetoric of the moment and the social reality that it supposedly describes. His drowsiness prevents him from making too much of an objection to the sleights-of-hand by which flattery passes as revealed truth, swindling goes by the name of sound business practice, and murder by the name of the national security.

Certainly it is futile to expect anything more of the world than it has the capacity to supply, and probably it is pointless to make indignant complaints about the failures and shortcomings of people trying to get by as best they know how. What can any-

body ask of authority except that it make a credible show of itself? Can magistrates, as well as corporate presidents and magazine editors, really do as much help as they can get, and if they shore themselves up with whatever poms and hypocrisies come easily to hand, why go to the trouble of condemning them for the traffic in counterfeit truths? Who can live without lies? If the fabric of authority is torn by revolution, then another tapestry, made of the same poor stuff, made of necessity, replace it. We are somnambulists in greater or lesser degrees, awakening at odd moments to what we are pleased to call "reality" before sinking back into the pillow of a childhood dream.

Even so, and then possibly only in very small amounts, the truth is precious. If thought and language evolve from the transformation of homosexuality, the systematic perversion of intellect and the routine distortion of language constitute an attack (literary as well as figuratively) on another person's life. People who tell themselves too many lies ("when I am elected . . .," "when your grandmother dies . . .," "when my wife gives me a divorce . . . et cetera) commit a form of suicide. Failing to hold themselves responsible (i.e., capable of response) to the summons calling them to become more than they thought they could become, they destroy the chance of their freedom. The same thing can be said for governments. The social order that encourages its citizens to stupefy themselves (with drugs, luxury, or superstition) soon descends into slavery or despotism. The Old Man of the Mountains made his followers smoke hashish in order to convert them into assassins.

This is why journalists ask so many questions. They deal only in approximations of the truth, and few of them have any answers likely to last much longer than next week's weather. The events they describe might seem very different if they knew more about them, or if they were looking at them from a different point of vantage. But if they write in the first person singular and confine their remarks to what they have thought and seen (as opposed to what they have been told), at least they might help somebody else look for a way out of a maze.

THE SINKING ARK

protecting God's creatures two by two

by William Tucker

THE LATEST ENVIRONMENTAL crisis turns upon the protection of endangered species from the onslaught of human economic aspirations. Once again, institutions like the Sierra Club and the World-Watch Institute have rushed to the fore, telling us we must all change "life styles," think small, live beautifully, and try to hang on desperately to what we have without rocking the ecological lifeboat. "Noah's Ark is sinking," the environmentalists tell us. We are chopping away at the evolutionary tree where we sit precariously perched among the top branches. Human activity is about to destroy the genetic diversity of the creation, leaving us stranded at the tip of a slender, catastrophe-prone stalk of ecological fragility. The only salvation is to halt to a halt to any further development in order to conduct studies of its potentially devastating effects. Naturally, this solution is more attractive to those people who are satisfied with what they already have than to those who

William Tucker is a contributing editor of *Roller's*.

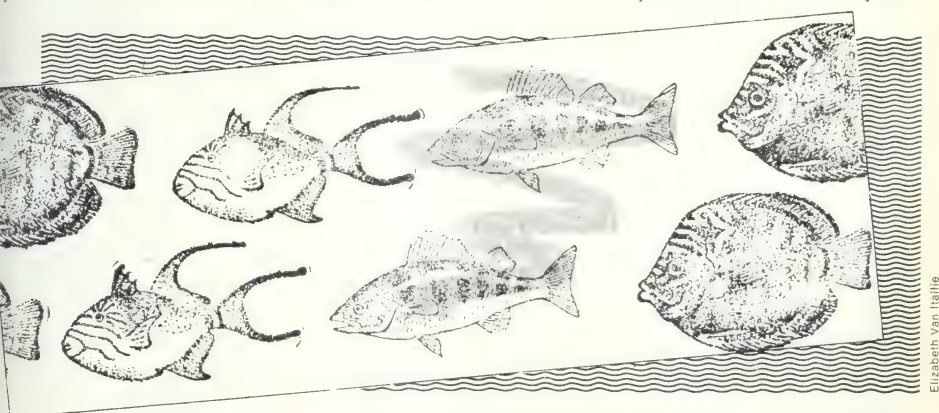
hope to move up a few more rungs on the economic ladder.

Does the scenario of "eco-catastrophe" bear any resemblance to biological reality? I think not, and I think when the terms of the argument are clearly understood, it will seem almost absurd that Congress, the bureaucracy, and the Supreme Court have been duped into trying to pass and enforce a law like the 1973 Endangered Species Act that makes it almost impossible for a farmer to drive his tractor across a field without threatening some "eco-catastrophe."

What does the term "species" actually mean? The system of biological classification, set up originally by the eighteenth-century Swedish naturalist Linnaeus, divides all living things into seven major categories. They are: kingdom, genus, phylum, class, order, family, genus, and species. Human beings, for example, belong to the kingdom of animals, phylum of chordates, class of mammals, order of primates, family of hominids, genus homo, and species *Homo sapiens*. The passion of naturalists and taxonomists for finer and finer

distinctions has further embellished the system, however, so that each major category now includes "sub," "super," and "infra-" groups as well. Thus, the classifications *below* the species level now read as follows: species, subspecies (race), variety, and population. The Endangered Species Act of 1973, despite its title, actually protects groups of plants and animals right down to the level of "populations"—a biological term that simply refers to a group of animals or plants that happen to live in a particular location, and could refer to just two animals.

When a person thinks of "species," such animals as deer, bears, elephants, skunks, and sharks are likely to come to mind. In fact, these animals are grouped either at the genus or family levels. Elephants are a family of animals with two genera and two species. Bears are a family with about eight species. There are forty species of deer, twelve of which in North America are called "elk." An oriole is a genus with fifteen species and a crow a genus with thirty-six species. There are about ten species of skunks, a dozen species of



Elizabeth Van Helle

THE SINKING ARK

weasels, 150 species of squirrels, 850 species of bats, and 350 species of sharks. The giraffe is an animal that comes closest to the commonsense notion of "species." It is a single genus with a single species.

The numbers stay fairly manageable when we stick to mammals and birds, which most taxonomists agree have been rather thoroughly described and classified. But with fish, the number of species begins to multiply beyond commonsense proportions, and when the invertebrates are counted—particularly insects—the numbers become understandable only in powers of ten. It is estimated, for example, that there are about 10,000 described species of fresh-water fish, with perhaps another 5,000 that have not yet been identified. Within the invertebrate phylum, no estimates of the number of species not yet described have been attempted, but at present biologists have identified about 5,300 corals, 4,800 sponges, 2,000 oysters, 50,000 mites and spiders, and 10,000 nematodes, microscopic worms that sometimes infest crops. Among insects, about 360 species of dragonflies have been observed, 1,100 species of butterflies in North America alone, and about 16,000 species of flies. It is not uncommon for a single insect specialist to have identified more than 1,000 new species in his career, and the number of new species described each year by all naturalists is about 10,000.

BY 1815 THE VARIOUS species of plants and animals listed by diligent naturalists had become so numerous that Samuel Taylor Coleridge wrote that the science of natural history was about to collapse under its own weight. The man who brought some order and rationality to this gargantuan encyclopedia of minute classifications was Charles Darwin, and it is not surprising that he began *The Origin of Species* with a frontal assault on the importance of making fine distinctions between the various species. In his second chapter Darwin wrote:

How many of the birds and insects in North America and Europe, which differ very slightly from each other, have been ranked by one eminent naturalist as undoubted species, and by another as vari-

eties, or, as they are often called, geographical races! . . . Close investigation, in many cases, will no doubt bring naturalists to agree how to rank doubtful forms. Yet it must be confessed that it is in the best known countries that we find the greatest number of them. I have been struck with the fact that if any animal or plant in a state of nature be highly useful to man, or from any cause closely attracts his attention, varieties of it will almost universally be found recorded. These varieties, moreover, will often be ranked by some authors as species. [emphasis added]

Darwin argued that these apparently discrete varieties among plants and animals are in fact closely related through common ancestry. Diversification among the species reflects the small adaptive changes that animals evolve as they compete in their particular environments. "I look at the term species as one arbitrarily given," he wrote, "for the sake of convenience . . . to a set of individuals closely resembling each other . . . species are only strongly marked and permanent varieties."

After the rediscovery in 1901 of Mendel's work on genetics, the mechanics of evolutionary diversity became clear, and in the 1920s and '30s a group of English scientists, led by Julian Huxley, restated Darwin in terms of genetic theory. "The chief method of origin [of new species] is through physical isolation," Huxley wrote.

Once two groups are physically isolated so that they can no longer interbreed, they inevitably come to diverge from each other in the new mutations and gene-recombinations which they accumulate under the influence of natural selection. . . .

In addition, when an isolated group is small in numbers, it can be shown on mathematical grounds that it is likely to pick up and incorporate some mutations and recombinations that are useless or even slightly unfavorable. Thus, some of the diversity of life is, biologically speaking, purely accidental. . . .

The result is an overwhelming multiplicity of distinct species. Naturally, they are all adapted to their surroundings, but the geographical and cytological accidents

that produced physical and genetic isolation cause their numbers to be much greater than that which would be necessary on purely adaptive grounds; and non-adaptive variation adds its quota to the diversity.

Most of evolution is thus what we may call short-term diversification. . . .

Thus, evolutionary theory, properly understood, maintains that *anywhere* that small populations have become isolated, some physical and genetic differences—not all of them significant to the population survival—will have evolved. The theory is sometimes stated that these separate "species" are incapable of interbreeding, but in practice this criterion has long since been abandoned. Hundreds of distinct species can interbreed to produce offspring: lions and tigers; wolves and coyotes; sunfish and bass; and nearly all the world's eight species of wild and domestic cattle—including buffalo. The criterion has thus been modified to state that two animal populations can be considered separate species if they do not interbreed *in the wild*. Under this system, it would be easy to classify the human populations of New Guinea and Sweden as distinct species.

THE ARMIES OF NATURALISTS in search of the honor of naming a new species were hardly checked by Darwin's restraining criticism, and the number of new species has continued to multiply over the years. Birds and mammals, because they do not breed very fast, have produced relatively few varieties. But fish and invertebrates, which produce millions of eggs each year, raise the chances of finding small isolated populations, varieties, and even "endangered species" to nearly 100 percent. The odds are thus in favor of people who disapprove of dams and other public works projects for reasons of politics or self-interest, and who can enlist the scientific skills of like-minded naturalists to block such projects. For example, "endangered species" of snails and clams are threatening the construction of dams in the Tennessee Valley; endangered insects are blocking water projects in Colorado, and an endangered species of butterfly is obstructing an airport expansion in Los Angeles.

fact, engineers could probably save themselves the trouble of beginning a project right now by acknowledging that anywhere naturalists look are likely to discover some unique cat or animal that will be entitled to protection of federal law.

Just how easily these small populations of plants and animals can be lost to political use can be illustrated in the case of the snail darter, which the U.S. Supreme Court recently ruled should be protected at the cost of scrapping the nearly completed \$3 million Little Tennessee Dam across the Little Tennessee River. The snail darter was discovered by David Etnier, an outstanding ichthyologist (fish specialist) at the University of Tennessee, who makes it a secret that he does not like the Tennessee Valley Authority's proposed dam. "Most of these big dams are money," Dr. Etnier told me in a telephone interview last October. "They're a big waste of the taxpayers' money. They're big pork-barrel projects that don't do anybody any good. I just generally have an aversion to projects that would alter our few remaining free-flowing rivers."

Dr. Etnier had been a key witness before the Environmental Defense Fund, a Washington-based environmental group that worked with Tennessee landowners who were fighting condemnation of their property and succeeded in delaying the project over a year in 1972-73. Soon after the Endangered Species Act of 1973 said that all projects must give way to endangered animal and plant populations, Dr. Etnier set out to find just such a small population in the Little Tennessee River.

We went down to the lower twenty miles of the river with masks and snorkels, and on my very first dive I found something unusual curled up on the bottom," Dr. Etnier told me. "I expected it to move away, but it stayed there. When I brought it to the surface and had a look, I knew I had something that no human being had ever seen before."

The fish turned out to be a member of the subgenus *Imostoma*, which includes five species of darters, two of which have been described by Dr. Etnier. The entire genus belongs to the perch family, of which there are about 10 genera, and more than 150 species. Within the three genera that in-

clude the "darters," there are more than 100 species, sixty-five of which live in the Tennessee River Valley Basin. There is little to distinguish them, and only trained ichthyologists who specialize in darters can tell them apart.

In January, 1975, Dr. Etnier published a paper describing the new species in the *Proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington*, a journal published quarterly by a group of scientists within the Smithsonian Institution (although not a Smithsonian publication). The paper described the snail darter as a species living in isolation in the lower portion of the Little Tennessee River, that is unique because it eats a snail that inhabits that portion of the river and because it has several fin and scale characteristics that, although found in other species of darters, are not found in the same combination. Dr. Oliver Flint, a forty-seven-year-old insect specialist and vice-president of the Society, explained the procedure in a telephone interview last October.

"Our publication has a circulation of about 550 copies, 225 of which go to libraries," he told me. "We publish twenty to twenty-five articles each issue, and 99 percent of these are describing new species. All the papers are refereed by other scientists, but we rarely have a rejection. We usually ask an author to make some revisions if there is any problem. There are probably over 100 journals in the country that are similar to ours."

"I'm sure there is plenty of room for opinion in some of these new species, but we rarely, if ever, have a paper that's challenged. The question is whether the discovery is something new and different, or just something that was never found in that particular place before. I sometimes have my doubts about a lot of these new species. Granted there's little difference here and there, but perhaps it's just another population on this particular mountain or on that particular river. There are rules published by the International Commission of Zoological Nomenclature in London, but I think the book is out of print right now. When you get down to this level of population, though, it's almost impossible to prove anything, since wild animals almost never breed under captivity. When you start talking

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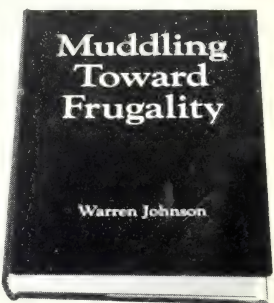
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about insects, it almost doesn't matter if you call it a new species, since there are already so many anyway."

Despite this rather haphazard state of affairs in the international listing of new species, Dr. Etnier's description of the snail darter has been acknowledged by TVA biologists as legitimate. The scientists challenged the listing for awhile, but now admit that the snail darter is indeed a unique population with characteristics shared by no other fish.

IS THERE ANY WAY THAT the concern over endangered species can be redefined in some more rational manner, so that the legitimate worries about our impact on the natural environment can be reconciled with a reasonable amount of social and economic progress, without giving way to the spectacle of hordes of environmental activists finding "endangered species" of worms, snails, and insects under every rock and tree? I think there is.

First, the compass of the current law should not extend beyond the species level for reptiles, mammals, and birds. (The 1977 amendment to the law limited its reach to "sub-species" for invertebrates, but left it at "population" for vertebrates). Because these species do not breed rapidly, they have developed relatively few varieties, and the genetic resources they represent should not be lost.

Second, for all other orders of plants and animals, the "survival" cutoff could be placed at the genus level. Many plants and animals are genera with a single species—i.e., they have few close relatives, and should be protected. But invertebrates, in particular, are so abundant and prolific that they hardly seem to need protection at the species level. This does not mean that invertebrates are not important to human beings, or to the "ecosystem." Environmentalists are fond of citing the horseshoe crab (a "living fossil" that has not changed significantly for thousands of years) as an animal that has recently been found to have unexpected medical significance: its blood can be used to detect toxins in intravenous fluids. However, the horseshoe crab is neither a species, nor is it endangered. Horseshoe crabs are a family of animals with about twenty spe-

cies that are abundant all along the Atlantic Coast and in the South Pacific. The bread molds that produce penicillin are also frequently cited as "small but important" creatures, yet here the environmentalists strain the imagination. Bread molds are ubiquitous in nature, and we probably couldn't wipe them out if all our human resources were devoted to the effort.

There is no need to argue social Darwinism, or to talk about "survival of the fittest" and "nature red in tooth and claw" in order to cut a path through the maze of law and confusion that now surrounds the concern about endangered species. Efforts can be made to alter projects or reestablish unique species, and in fact this approach has worked in almost all of the cases that have resulted from the 1973 law. The statute still reads, however, that in cases where there is no possible resolution, the project must give way. Even though Congress has now established a federal review board to resolve such impasses, it seems unlikely that the committee will be able to accomplish much until Congress recognizes what a "species" or a "population" of plants or animals really is. Where it is decided that a project cannot possibly be built without obliterating some local population or species, there are at least two powerful arguments that make it extremely unlikely that we are creating an evolutionary catastrophe.

First, where creatures are unique only as "species," they are bound to have many close relatives with whom they share most of their important genetic characteristics. But second, if a species has evolved some trait observed in no other creature, it is extremely unlikely that it could have strong evolutionary significance—otherwise it would have created an evolutionary advantage that would have caused the species to proliferate widely. The Environmental Defense Fund, for example, has argued that the snail darter produces an enzyme capable of detaching the snail from its shell so the animals can be eaten without crushing the shell, as other species of darter must do. Yet other fish eat the same snails using different enzymes and different methods, and this particular trait does not seem to promise any wide evolutionary advantage. Had

some small group of animals on a planet developed a method of curing cancer cells in their bodies, on the other hand, it is almost impossible that this trait would have remained with the small group since the survival advantage would have caused their genes to proliferate widely.

But still, the environmentalists say, we are setting ourselves up for an "eco-catastrophe" because any degradation of the genetic base makes the ecosystem more fragile. Diversity equals stability, is the way this argument is usually phrased. It is one of the re-embarrassments of the environmental movement that this "ecological commandment" widely stated in the popular literature is completely unproven, and in many cases is demonstrably false. If a mature forest is temporarily cleared, for example, a wide variety of organisms will rapidly compete for succession, but will gradually give way again to a less diversified but far more stable collection of "climax" species. Diversity does not always equal stability and the formula only seems to hold true in the most extreme cases.

Ultimately, the case for protecting every plant and animal population as a species is argued in terms of religious guilt. Do we want to be the first people in history to consciously and deliberately eliminate a species? I hope it is clear that this question does not appeal to a rational assessment of the evolutionary consequences, but to emotion and doubt. What the question in fact asks is: Should we kill any living creature? One answer is, of course, that we sometimes have to. The evolutionary cathedral could not have come into existence if some creatures had not been destroyed by others, and if all the species that ever evolved had survived until now, there wouldn't be room on the planet to support them all.

Extinction has been the common fate of nearly all the species that have evolved on earth. We ourselves are part of nature, and it is impossible for us to live without changing it to some degree. If we are to adopt the attitude of Indian holy men and live in fear of putting our feet down because we might crush some living creature, we should at least be aware that such *unadaptability* frequently occurs in nature. It is nearly always a highly unsuccessful evolutionary strategy.

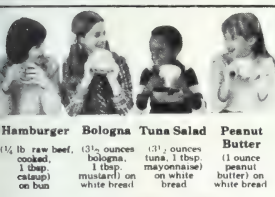
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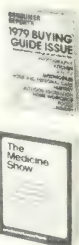
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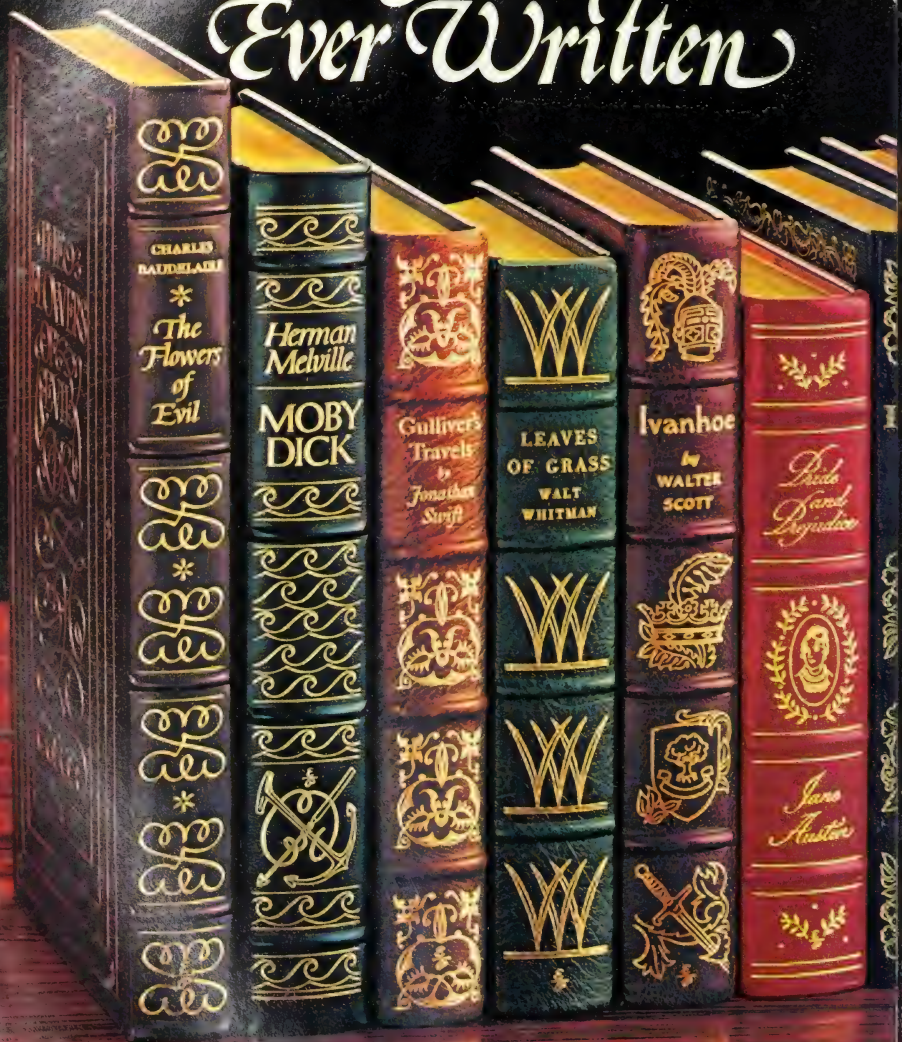
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CUBA IN PANAVISION

The revolution continues on celluloid

by Philip Terzian

A PERVERSE ATTRACTION of the theater for me is that, no matter how awful the show may be, there is always solace in the audience. Many times have I averted my eyes from the stage or screen to cast them furtively to the right and left, finding in the fidgeting and mysterious laughter a more satisfying comedy of manners than the professionals can muster. It was a sensation that came to me many times when I was in Cuba not long ago, invited, along with some other Americans, to witness examples of the Cuban cinema.

The delegation included critics, reporters, as well as a large faction, with some journalistic connection or another, consisting of admirers of Cuba generally, for whom the cinema was merely an element of their enthusiasm. We were, by any standard, a curious mixture, and the ideological baggage we brought to Havana soon had us dividing and redividing like a volatile cell. As for me, my motive was idle interest, nothing more. In fact, I soon found the movies to be the inferior entertainment. We resided in comfort at the Havana Riviera Hotel, a Fifties emporium overlooking the harbor that was once the haunt of Meyer Lansky. There was a shop in which foreigners, not Cubans, could buy cigarettes at one-fifth the usual price, and a cafeteria that I was told was a gathering place for homosexuals. Falling into a routine of watching Russians bumping into East Germans, and Americans smiling sweetly at both, I soon came to realize that the show in Cuba was on either side of the screen.

I approached Cuban cinema with a kind of wary curiosity. It has been advertised here and there as something different from the Marxist run-of-the-mill. Movies mean a great deal to the Cubans, or so it is said; the government hovers protectively about its fledgling industry; Cubans are enthusiastic moviegoers. That, it turns out, is because they have nowhere else to go. On that repressed, unhappy island people move like lemmings into the theaters, ready, when day is done, to take whatever is dished out. What they get is decidedly less than what they—or anyone—deserve. I was seized more than anything else with a kind of pity for a population that must toil by day and be exhorted, night after night, by a succession of tropical Cotton Mathers. The films are like blunt instruments brought down on innocent heads. The Cubans, in the theater and out, bring to mind Dr. Johnson's notion that where there is nothing to be done, something must be endured. Cuban movies are made to be endured.

In official terms, the cinema constitutes "an instrument of opinion [and] for the formation of the individual and collective conscious, and may contribute to the revolutionary spirit becoming more profound and lucid." I confess that in my case it contributed to the individual unconscious, and will leave it at that. But, otherwise, the cinema has done what it was supposed to do. Cuban films are so much a part of the Cuban revolution that it is difficult to imagine what else they might

Philip Terzian is a writer living in Washington, D.C.

be, aside from their own predictable tedious selves. What is the role of art in a totalitarian society, after all, but the propagation of an idea, or, in the instance of Castro, the aggrandizement of a personality? You can paint a picture around a political lesson, but the lesson remains, and it is the most vivid thing on the canvas. What is remarkable about the Cuban cinema is not so much its variety or spirit as its unyielding monotony, its apparently insatiable appetite for saying the same things—very often the same phrases—over and over again. It would seem that, like any institutional dogma, whatever it is that informs the Cuban cinema can go on forever, and always succeed in entertaining itself.

Cuban films are little more than succession of training movies, a series of awkward images wherein the same heroes shoot the same villains for the same reasons, all in tune with a dialectic that grows as comic as it is ubiquitous. "The Triumph of the Revolution," the axis around which the spirit of Cuba seems to revolve, is a phrase with which one grows wearily familiar. Who would not flee the table in the face of a steady diet of *To Die for the Country Is to Live*, or *Che, Comandante*, *Friend*, or *My Brother Fidel*?

THE INSTITUTO CUBANO del Arte e Industria Cinematográfica (ICAIC) is the official film agency, and there I was surrounded by a swirling mass of smiling directors and bureaucrats, who, between seminars and screenings, were



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at intimidating length. Each film
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nd myself gazing longingly out
dow at Havana. A film justifies it-
in Cuba not so much on its merits
inema but on its caliber as a weap-
of the regime. There is no warfare
ween art and politics: the one side
surrendered before a roll of film
res the camera. The Cuban product
ives its master as surely as any Hol-
ood masterpiece pleased Louis B.
yer. X did not embrace Y for any
ural reason, but because, by so em-
cing, Y and X fulfilled Z in the rev-
olutionary process. This angle struck
as a kind of betrayal of the whole
position of movie making, and I
de the mistake of saying so on a
occasions. What I got in return
e glares from compatriots and im-
sioned explanations. One director
particular became blue in the face
my suggestion that his motives as
artist might be backwards. But, as
fulminated, it occurred to me what
difference between us might have
: we were looking at one another
side down. He went through his
ological paces with the tortuous
ic of the lunatic: he reduced what-
er passion or emotion there might
(and there is not much) to its con-
ents and transformed them into
s for the machinery of the regime.
The whole process of movie art has
n reversed in Cuba. It is a process,
eed, that I recognized throughout
Havana: the political has supplanted
human.

as a revelation it could be illustrated
odd and pathetic ways. One evening
t stood outside the Tropicana Club
ting for a taxi and found myself
ed into conversation with a drunk-
woman about her place in line. Her
nowledge of English was as limited
my Spanish, but somehow she man-
ed to run us both through the di-
ctic of something that I should never
e thought could be otherwise re-
ed to classic Marxist terms. It took
eral minutes, and when she finally
ved back at her verbal starting
ce she smiled tipsily at me. I smiled
k. But she might as well have con-
ted our little conversation with the

1962 missile crisis. No wonder she
was drunk. What other recourse is
there in a society of unremitting thesis
and antithesis? Cuba is a tropical isle
with an air of indolence and passivity.
At every corner the sweating populace
is extolled and admonished. Where
once it may have been the Church Mil-
itant, now it is the State Militant en-
treating them to die in Africa or re-
joice in the Literacy Campaign of
1961. The loudspeakers play "Climb
Every Mountain" while lovers pet in
the park, and you can look up from
a urinal into the face of Che Guevara.

I wandered a few times into La Bo-
deguita del Medio, the old watering
hole of Hemingway and Errol Flynn,
a picturesque bar and restaurant in
Old Havana. In a way it serves as a
kind of microcosm of Cuba since the
Triumph of the Revolution. It must
once have had a shabby charm; now
it is just shabby, a museum of indo-
lent memories where the past is con-
jured up like a tired vaudevillian. I
twirled the mint leaf in my daiquiri
and listened to the owner repeat his
timeworn anecdotes and trot out his
fading glossies of eminent visitors. In
between the carved initials on the walls
stood a series of photographs commem-
orating the visit to La Bodeguita of
Salvador Allende, surely as incongru-
ous a figure there as could be imag-
ined. But it was his onetime royal
touch that obviously gave the place its
reason for being, and it was his awk-
ward, unsmiling face that showed the
difference between having a good time
and pretending to have a good time.

SO LONG AS the Cuban cinema
and its spokesmen cast a pall, I
could always turn to the Amer-
icans and gaze in fascination.
I hadn't realized the extent to which
Cuba has become a kind of secular
shrine, but for my traveling compan-
ions the trip was surely a pilgrimage.
They beamed at squalid workshops;
they nodded approvingly at tales of
censorship and militarism; they chat-
ted in Newspeak among themselves.

They ought to remain anonymous,
and not because their behavior was
bad or good, but because, in the strict-
est sense, they *were* anonymous. It was
as though Central Casting had sent
them down. There was an elderly Par-
ty member from San Francisco who

spoke wistfully of the past and pe-
rused *People* magazine to "see what the
peasants are reading." There was a
Democratic socialist from Chicago
who was prepared to believe anything,
and usually did. There were feminists
of varying degrees of femininity, a few
New Yorkers dressed to kill, a teach-
er of a Third World seminar, a teach-
er of film, a member of the African
Film Society.

I had largely forgotten about the
ramifications of being a revolutionary
in a country, such as our own, where
such afflictions are greeted with yawns
rather than armed resistance. A whole
decade of impotent rage was fulminat-
ing in the breasts of these otherwise
placid fugitives from the late 1960s.
One man positively shook with excite-
ment at the end of a documentary
about the war in Angola, offering tac-
tical suggestions to the director for
the better slaughtering of the enemy.
A cheer went up from a chic Wash-
ingtonian at a cartoon of an Amer-
ican receiving a bullet through his
brain.

We were transported one afternoon
through the Plaza of the Revolution,
in Havana, and paused reverently at
a building-sized portrait of Che Gue-
vara. Che's eyes stared with a mystical
resolution into the middle distance,
his face surrounded by dramatic col-
ors and the romance of nationalism.
We cheered heartily. Here was a man
who despised everything we stood for.
What would a merciless guerrilla fight-
er make of a group of solemn jour-
nalists professionally engaged in pick-
ing over the entrails of the internation-
al cinema? At every public display of
guns and war games a kind of thrill
ran through the group; nothing was
so entrancing in the movies as the sight
of a group of counterrevolutionaries
falling bloodily to the pavement in a
hail of machine-gun fire. I asked a col-
league what he thought of it all. Didn't
Fidel seem unduly happy playing sol-
dier, and weren't the Cubans perpetrat-
ing in Africa what we so correctly
condemned in ourselves not so long ago?

"Circumstances are different," he
said. I mentioned the pervasion of
troops in Havana, and, as an armored
car passed by filled with men in fat-
igues, he asked me what I was talk-
ing about.

We were taken to a model secondary
school and escorted through rooms full

of hot, dispirited children toiling over sewing machines and electronic equipment, nearly all of them regarding us with that plaintive look of the captivity of childhood. A recitation of their grueling regimen brought smiles of admiration; tales of pedagogic tyranny were answered neatly and simply—in the cause of the Revolution. One woman bent over a young girl sewing baseballs and, smiling gently, explained in English, "As a feminist I have learned a great deal about myself and my attitudes toward social change." The girl dropped the baseball and the woman picked it up for her, continuing, "Here, I'm learning so much about women in a revolutionary society." The girl, of course, said nothing, and the American drew back and took her photograph.

One day at lunch I found myself at a table with Santiago Álvarez, Cuba's leading producer of documentaries. It must be understood that they deal largely with the transgressions of the CIA, and one in particular demonstrates the manner in which Lyndon Johnson had Robert Kennedy murdered. I gathered that Álvarez enjoys arguing, and so a colleague and I began to ask him questions. Unhappily, he could answer only a few, because we soon found ourselves surrounded by our colleagues, offering Álvarez moral support, answering the questions for us, and assuring the other Cubans that I was not typical of the delegation.

"Don't point your finger at me," said a black woman. "I find that culturally offensive." And furthermore, she added, "the reason the Cubans are fighting in Africa is because they wish to demonstrate their solidarity with the African people. Cuba is a totally integrated society." It would have done no good to dissent from that; I was content to remain culturally offensive.

Nor, it must be said, did it take much to be culturally offensive. A visit to Hemingway's house was ceremonially stricken from the agenda, and a handful of pilgrims had to get there on their own. The representatives of the working press were christened the "Gang of Seven" and kept in a kind of social purdah. We soon found ourselves isolated at mealtimes, and Cubans who joined our table or otherwise sought our company were incredulously asked why. Sometimes, however, our presence was valued. I was

introduced one evening to an American woman, resident in Havana, who was telling a very sorry story to any American journalist she could find. She had a friend, a woman poet from Nicaragua, who was languishing in jail in her homeland, and was being tortured. I asked why her friend was in jail, and was told that she, and two men, had landed with arms and ammunition on the Nicaraguan coast and been captured after a gun battle. I asked her what she supposed the Cubans would have done under similar circumstances.

"Jesus Christ," said a colleague, "what's that got to do with anything?" His attitude, or so I thought, spoke for everyone.

This was combined with a kind of imbecilic credulity for which, it seemed, no amount of evidence could be a cure. There is no need for film critics in Cuba, I was told, because the films are collectively criticized as they are made. I was assured that a certain film was good because it had won a series of medals at a Bulgarian film festival—always a sure indication of quality. At all times it was a matter of finding whatever is abhorrent at home to be purifying elsewhere.

HOWEVER, NOT EVERYTHING was as they might have expected. It is not at all clear, for example, that the Cubans have made so much progress as we have in certain rarified social problems. One Cuban, otherwise ideologically sound, defended the absence of women in combat because it had been discovered that their "memory glands" interfered with the proper cocking of a rifle. After a moment's misunderstanding it became clear what he meant, and there was much consternation. Nor are the Cubans familiar with some of our social courtesies. Some blacks in the group demanded a meeting with black filmmakers that would be barred to whites, and this was denounced as a form of apartheid. The word proved to be a red flag. We were bouncing along in a hot bus and a woman raised her hand to the tour guide. "Carlos, Carlos," she said, "I feel I have to make a comment about that." Which she did, launching an inquiry into revolutionary semantics that, I fear, would have sent Lenin

himself back to his chessboard. It is characteristic, however, of the kind of lunatic preoccupations and reasoning that produced, at one point, the remarkable document of the affair. Some people, particularly the Cubans, insisted on smoking in the screening rooms, and so the following letter was circulated for signatures. It conveyed, should say, the flavor of our break conversation in Havana.

Dear Compañeros and Amigos,

Some of our group for general health reasons and some who suffer specific maladies ask you all to refrain from smoking in closed areas. For those without a leftist orientation, we ask it of you in the name of courtesy.

For those leftists, we ask it in the name of a political consciousness. Respect for political comrades and their capacity to carry on a political discussion and see all the films attentively should come before a few people's need to smoke cigarettes. Cubans have had leaders and a key cineaste who suffered from asthma, and the habit of smoking only worsens such a disease. To insist on one's rights to fill up a closed area with smoke harms other comrades and places the individual above the collective. We ask you to go away from the closed area to smoke.

Needless to say, I signed with enthusiasm. It seemed to me that while the Cubans may have addressed cynically, this was conceived in genuine innocence. It represented, more than anything, the extent to which delusion can flourish in a simple mind. Just as self-loathing can foster an ordinate attachment, so Cuba and its cinema exerted its evangelical appeal on a handful of supplicant Yankee. All mysteries and contradictions were swept away by celluloid platitudes: the Triumph of the Revolution, unto which all hearts are open, all desires known, and from which no secrets are hidden.

On the flight home one woman pulled a postcard out of her bag. I was oversized, with a Christlike painting of Che Guevara. She turned it over and clicked her ball-point pen. "This has been," she wrote, "the greatest week of my life."

Sad to say, she was probably telling the truth. □

ROME ON THE POTOMAC

Washington may become America's first city-state

by Walter Berns

MACHIAVELLI POINTED OUT more than 400 years ago that for a city to rise to power "it has ever been necessary to employ fraud." Rome was his exemplar because the Romans were so clever in concealing what they were doing. They entered into alliances with their neighboring states, but always managed to reserve to themselves "the rights of sovereignty, the seat of empire, and the glory of their enterprises." Someone in Washington has been reading Machiavelli. Like Rome, Washington had a small beginning and became great at the expense of the states surrounding it; again like Rome, it allied itself with those states in an enterprise of sorts, this one carried in the name of the rights of man, calculated to accumulate more sovereignty, a larger empire, and greater glory for the Washingtonians who constitute what we still call, however inaccurately, the federal government. Washington has proposed to the states for their consideration an amendment—it would be the twenty-seventh

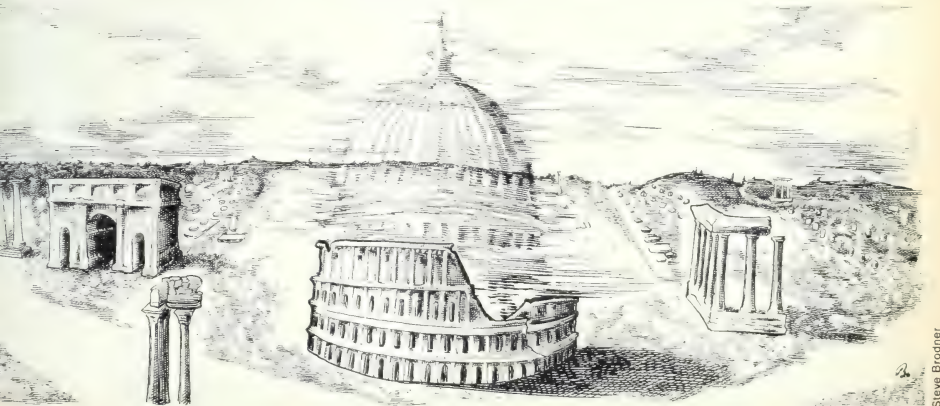
—granting the District of Columbia full Congressional representation. Whether it passes depends on the ability of its opponents to resist a subtle, but in our day powerful, form of bullying: the accusation that objections to District representation are a cover for an "anti-urban, anti-black, anti-federal" prejudice. This charge of racism, made in print by columnist Garry Wills and more slyly by many Washingtonians, is designed to intimidate Republicans especially, because they have strong partisan reasons to vote against ratification: in the nation's capital there are nine registered Democrats for every Republican.

Republicans control both houses of the legislature in twelve states. But they control one house in four other states, not counting unicameral Nebraska, and a negative vote in at least one house in thirteen states is enough to defeat any Constitutional amendment. Already the Twenty-third Amendment, giving the District the right to choose Presidential electors, assures the Democrats a three-vote headstart

in every Presidential election. This proposed Twenty-seventh Amendment is calculated to give Democrats two additional Senators and one or two additional members of the House—a simple enough reason for Republican opposition.

The District is primarily black, but opposition to District representation began in the nineteenth century, when the population was mostly white. Besides, the white population is rapidly increasing as young and childless couples—the White House staffer and she a rising attorney in Justice's Antitrust Division—move into the city from the Virginia and Maryland suburbs. And it is preposterous to liken the District to Rhodesia and South Africa, as did several witnesses at the House hearings. District residents elect their own mayor and city council, they vote

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Steve Brodner

ROME ON THE POTOMAC

for Presidential electors, and they elect a nonvoting member of the House. The amendment will indeed be opposed by racists, but it will win the support of many politicians eager to avoid the imputation of racism. I think the amendment's proponents exploit this anxiety; nonetheless, there are respectable nonpartisan and nonracist reasons why the amendment should be rejected.

They are, of course, hotly denied in Washington. In the House committee hearings, not a single witness testified against the proposed amendment; everyone favored it, and most, in one way or another, insisted that nothing could be said against it. As one House witness said, "The simple fact is... there is not one substantive reason why this legislation should not pass." Passage, it was maintained, is a matter of "simple justice," resting "on the simple principle upon which this great Nation was founded... 'no taxation without representation.'" The emphasis here is that Washingtonians, although not permitted to vote for Senators and Representatives, pay income taxes; in fact, one witness said they "pay more than their fair share of taxes." What she meant was they pay higher taxes because "the per capita income for D.C. is higher than the national average." She was right; it is 26 percent higher (\$8,067 in 1976, as against the average of \$6,399), which suggests that Washingtonians are getting along well even without representation.

NO TAXATION WITHOUT representation" is a venerable American slogan, but it is not the principle, simple or otherwise, "upon which this great Nation was founded." According to the Declaration of Independence, governments are founded by the people to secure their natural rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and it is up to the people, when adopting a constitution, to decide how these rights are best secured. They can decide on a system of "one man, one vote," which is another formulation of "no taxation without representation." Or, being apprehensive of the majority's unchecked powers, they can heed Madison's advice—as Americans did in 1787—and adopt a constitution with

"auxiliary precautions." They can even establish a federal system, or one that Madison described as "neither wholly national nor wholly federal." In short, they can recognize the legitimacy and necessity of a separation of powers and various checks and balances, but also of more than one principle of representation. This describes the American Constitution, which, in addition to granting representation to the people as people, grants representation to the states as states.

The constitutional case against the proposed Twenty-seventh Amendment rests on Article V, which provides "that no state, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate." It rests on the "simple" fact, if you will, that the District of Columbia is not a state, and Congress is not proposing to make it a state,* and that to accord the District two Senators would deny all states their equal suffrage. Most witnesses who testified on the proposed amendment ridiculed this argument; Senator Kennedy thought it "shallow at best and pernicious at worst." Apparently they did not understand it. The Congress seems to think that equal suffrage—pertaining to states—means nothing at all, or nothing more peremptory than that the states shall each have two Senators. But as set forth in Article V, equal suffrage of the states is a right that no amendment shall curtail, except with the consent of the states involved. This means that unless a state agrees to a smaller number all the states shall have the same number of Senators; and it also means that only states shall have Senators.

Senator Kennedy and a host of witnesses were correct in seeing that this Article V provision came about as the result of the 1787 convention compromise between large and small states. What he and they did not understand is the principle of the compromise: state sovereignty, or in the words of *The Federalist Papers* (62), state "residuary sovereignty." Although states are unequal in wealth, industry, husbandry, virtues and vices, flora and

* Section I of the proposed amendment reads as follows: "For purposes of representation in Congress, election of the President and Vice President, and Article V of this Constitution, the District constituting the seat of government of the United States shall be treated as though it were a State."

fauna, and, most significantly, in size of population, they are equal with respect to their "stateness," a quality not possessed by the District of Columbia. That states are unequal in "their respective numbers" is recognized in the House of Representatives, where they are unequally represented. That they are equal in their "stateness" is recognized in the Senate, where they are equally represented. The Constitution recognizes the equality of the states as states, and by providing that "no state, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate," guarantees that "stateness" shall be forever recognized. Now the Congress, in proposing the Twenty-seventh Amendment, has decided otherwise.

Nothing in the Constitution forbids representation of District residents in the House of Representatives, and a case can be made for it. They constitute a considerable number of individuals—690,000 of them—and the House represents individuals according to their numbers. As individuals they are taxed, and as individuals they should be represented; collectively, however, they lack the requirement for Senate representation. Whatever the number of its taxpayers, the District of Columbia may be represented in the Senate only if Congress makes it a state, which it is entitled to do; otherwise, it may be represented only if each state consents to this deprivation of its equal suffrage. The proposed amendment requires the consent not of three-fourths of the states but of all the states, and, as now written, it is unconstitutional.

It is, of course, true that the Seventeenth Amendment, adopted in 1913, reduced the element of state sovereignty possessed in 1787, which Madison called "residuary." Before 1913 Senators were "chosen by the legislatures" of the states, but since then they have been "elected by the people." In principle, Senators now are less representative of their states than they were earlier, which is to say, ours is less a federal system than it used to be. But even under the Seventeenth Amendment Senators are elected by the people of the states, and this federalism would be endangered with the adoption of the proposed amendment.

Very much in point is the practice of Senatorial courtesy. In principle,

President appoints federal officers with the advice and consent of the Senate"; in practice, however, because Senators defer to the wishes of Congress, officers are appointed with the consent of the Senator or Senators immediately concerned with the office, and, in many cases, they are in fact appointed by those Senators. This is especially true with appointments to federal judgeships. Even if the President initiates an appointment—in some cases he does not—he is likely to consult those Senators from the district in which the court is located before he sends the nomination to the Senate; and to make certain that he is acting with the approval of those Senators, the Senate Judiciary Committee has developed the so-called "slip practice." Upon receiving a nomination, this committee informs the concerned Senators—say, Senators Jacob Javits and Daniel Moynihan—that the President has nominated someone to the vacant judgeship on the Federal District Court in New York, and the committee will not schedule nomination hearings unless Javits and Moynihan return the slips indicating their approval. If the Twentieth Amendment is adopted, the Federal District of Columbia Senators would enjoy the power of appointment to the District Court and, even more significant, to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit. They would enjoy the perquisites derived from a system in which states are represented even though they would not represent a state. Their decisions respecting these appointments would have national consequences. Some thirty judgeships are involved, but the importance of these courts lies not in the number of their judges. The Court of Appeals, especially, is a national court, second only to the Supreme Court in importance; with the Supreme Court, the practical has been to staff it with judges from around the country; statute after statute grants it a broad jurisdiction, and no court plays a greater role in federal administrative agencies than their multitudinous regulations. These facts alone are sufficient to demonstrate that the District of Columbia is not simply a locality like any other. To say that this District, this city, not represented in the national government is a fiction: this city is the

national government; its residents constitute it and live off it. They constitute a faction in the Madisonian sense of that term, a group "united and actuated by some common impulse of passion, or of interest," and I believe this interest is somehow "adverse to the rights of other citizens, or to the permanent and aggregate interests of the [national] community." For example, Washington is, as its residents frequently joke, the country's one recession-proof city: its plant is never shut down; on the contrary, its workers are never unemployed and are almost impossible to fire. There is a constant demand for its goods, because the city has found a way to control the market. Like any other business, it seeks to grow and grow; as I write, the projected budget of one department, Health, Education and Welfare, is alone \$181.3 billion. A strategy to check that growth is urgently needed, and the worst course of action is to grant representation to the faction promoting still further growth. Individually, the residents of this city may deserve representation; collectively, however, they constitute an interest that should be checked, even discouraged, and, above all, not represented.

A WRITER EXPOSES HIMSELF to ridicule, and not all of it good-natured, by arguing that the Constitution has some fixed meaning and that we should be bound by it and that we should be bound by its rules for changing it. Garry Wills accuses us of "odd babbling on this subject." But the advocates of constitutional change ought to be receptive to constitutional arguments. At least, such arguments ought to be available to the states where the issues are still pending. There perhaps, if not in Washington, an appeal to the Constitution might still carry some weight.

The states should act in full knowledge of the political stakes, and might do well to ponder the fate of the Italian. "When the other states in Italy finally became aware of the trap into which they had been led," Machiavelli said admiringly, "it was too late for them to do anything, because Rome had become too powerful." □

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TO THE DISNEY STATION

Corporate socialism in the Magic Kingdom

by Michael Harrington

ON OCTOBER 1, 1978, the President of the United States and the Secretary-General of the United Nations met to discuss war and peace in the Middle East; later in the afternoon they went to an amusement park for what the *Miami Herald* described as "an economic summit for private enterprise."

Jimmy Carter stood before Cinderella's Castle, the turreted fantasy-come-true that overlooks the 2,700-acre "Magic Kingdom" built by Walt Disney and his heirs in central Florida. He told the 2,500 businessmen who had come there for the 26th Congress of the International Chamber of Commerce (the first such gathering not held in a capital city) of his deep capitalist faith. Then, whimsically referring to one of the nearby theme parks, the President remarked, "I looked forward to visiting Fantasyland because it is the source of inspiration for my economic advisers."

The artificiality of the event no doubt was familiar to the President's audience. Hoopla. Photo Opportunities. Free-Enterprise Ritual. Obligatory Presidential Wit. Even an Amy Poehler. The President was turning fifty-four in Florida, and he had phoned his daughter to tell her that they would be celebrating the birthday of one of "the world's greatest and most admired leaders." "Yes, I know, Daddy," he had said. "This is Mickey Mouse's fiftieth birthday."

On reading the accounts of this spectacle I couldn't help thinking that the President had found the appropriate forum in which to present his vision of the American future. Disney World is a corporate utopia, a pretentious and socially conscious fun house that, for all its evident superficiality, embodies the current dream of American business. Moreover, Car-

ter explicitly identified himself with that dream in his speech, to the extent that it seemed to me plausible that when he described Fantasyland as "the source of inspiration for my economic advisers" he was only half joking. That is why I propose to take Disney's capitalist fairy tale seriously. It is possible that Amy is not the only citizen in the White House who believes in Mickey Mouse.

AT FIRST GLANCE, Disney World seems to have nothing to do with politics. It is a sophisticated and frivolous carnival that has been seen and enjoyed by more than 80 million people since 1971. The rides and attractions delight adults—who make up two-thirds of the crowd—as well as children. Who by now is not familiar with at least the photographs of a fraudulently neat Main Street, with an ice cream parlor, a silent movie, and horse-drawn cars followed by sanitation workers plodding ever onward toward Cinderella's Castle and then to Adventureland, Frontierland, Fantasyland, and Tomorrowland?

The less obvious aspects of Disney World are not so easy to see, yet they have been discovered by a fair number of thoughtful observers who have come to admire the futuristic technology, the air-conditioned, electric-powered Monorail that silently circles the place, and the trash disposal system that sucks refuse through underground tubes at sixty miles an hour to a central disposal point. This is the Disney World that captivated Peter Blake, the architecture critic, and James Rouse, the creator of a new city in Maryland. As a German commentator, Dankwart Grube, last year put this socially conscious interpretation of

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Michael
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TO THE
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STATION

Disney World, "German builders, architects, and, above all, city planners should be forced, in chains if need be, to find out from the Mickey Mouse people how one can create an 'environment' in which laughter flourishes and well-being is produced."

Mr. Carter and the International Chamber also had a chance to see this second Disney World. As the President finished his speech a tropical rain began to fall on the buglers in medieval costume who were playing "Hail to the Chief." Carter and Amy retreated into Cinderella's Castle, and, the *Economist* of London reported, "2,500 tycoons were saved from pneumonia by the incredible instant efficiency of the young people who do the work in Disney's fantasyland."

The *Economist* is usually reserved, even dyspeptic, in such matters, and it did note that the Presidential address was a speech of "monumental wetness." Even so, the magazine was deeply impressed by the automation and crime prevention, and concluded, "If Mickey Mouse were everywhere elected mayor, the efficiency of local government round the world would rise by several hundred per cent." This Disney World of the city planners does indeed exist and it even has a humane potential, as we will see. But it is a much more ambiguous vision than most of its devotees realize. Perhaps this is because the technological Disney World is encapsulated within the invisible structure of a corporate utopia. The "Magic Kingdom" is designed by "Imagineers"—as Disney Speak calls them—who construct escapist diversions

on computers programmed according to sophisticated calculus of profit. They aim nothing less than the total control of a physical and human environment of forty-three square miles, which is twice the area of Manhattan. Toward that end, they have banished political competition, and excessive individualism from their monopolist's Shangri-La, thus fulfilling the daydream of the American board room. In their more ecstatic moments they persuade themselves that their fun-filled Brave New World is, and will be, an Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow (EPCOT Disney Speak).

This, of course, is a fairy tale, and yet, that gingerbread Main Street does not really lead into the twenty-first century, as its designers believe, it does embody one of the most powerful desires of the late Seventies: that it is possible to reach apolitical, anti-intellectual, corporate, and technocratic solutions to the problems of society. Faced with a simultaneous inflation and recession that none of the established theories can deal with, reading the reports of tax revolts from California or elsewhere, the President of the United States is turning into a born-again free entrepreneur.

* Carter is not, as George Meany says, more conservative than any other modern President except Calvin Coolidge. He is, for example, obviously more liberal than Gerald Ford. But that leaves room for regression. Carter's notion that a balanced budget and a fixed federal percentage of Gross National Product can be set years in advance and adhered to no matter what happens in the economy is profoundly Keynesian fundamentalism.



was perfectly appropriate that he should be a witness to this faith in front of Cinderella Castle, which is one of its cathedrals.

Cleanliness and control

LET US BEGIN WITH the life of the saint. Walt Disney's formative years were spent, predictably enough, on a farm near a small Missouri town with a real-life Main Street. He moved to California and, after a number of vicissitudes—including a fight with Eastern bankers who took his first cartoon character away from him—established himself as a leading Hollywood artist. Success came—but so did a union movement that shattered the paternal calm of Disney Studios. In 1941, Disney faced aicket line with signs asking, "Are We Mice Men?" Bitter and disillusioned, he became more conservative. During the Forties, he was involved in the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals, a center of blacklists and the rest of the Hollywood fight. Later on, in 1964, when Disney received the Medal of Freedom from Lyndon Johnson, he wore a Goldwater button in his lapel.

In 1948 Disney began to dream of a new land of amusement park. Facing financial difficulties, he borrowed against his life insurance and in 1955 opened Disneyland, in Anaheim, California. It was an instant success. But there are problems. The core of the Disneyland site is formerly an orange grove, a mere 160-

acre lot. That meant that Disney could not dominate his own surroundings. "The one thing I learned from Disneyland," he was to comment later on, "was to control the environment. Without that we get blamed for the things that someone else does. When they come here [to Disney World] they're coming because of an integrity we've established over the years, and they drive for hundreds of miles and the little hotels on the fringe would jump their rates three times."

Control. That is the key to Disney World and the future it envisions. When Disney was working on his plans for the project, he talked, characteristically, of the need to proceed without any interference from the politicians. Embittered by his experience with Disneyland, the founder decided to insulate his new world in Florida from any outside influences. He managed to buy more than 27,000 acres, of which only 3,000 are currently developed. So competitors and parasites (which is to say, other free-entrepreneurs) are kept miles away. That, however, is only the beginning of the control in Disney World. There are no peanuts in the Magic Kingdom, no chewing gum and no cotton candy. These things are messy, and Disney didn't want them fouling up his fantasy. There are no saloons, either, even though that venerable institution played its part on some of the Main Streets of America (liquor is, however, available in the hotels on the property, and the general stores sell beer and wine). One result is that there is practically no drunken brawling and very little crime.

"Control. That is the key to Disney World and the future it envisions."



It was more than a little ironic that President Carter chose this setting for a denunciation of protectionism. "Hardly a week goes by," he said, "but what I have some businessmen come to see me and ask for some form of protectionism while deploring the protectionism of others." This was proclaimed in a Magic Kingdom expertly and explicitly designed on the principles of a state monopoly. Walt Disney and his associates, exactly like those anti-protectionist protectionists whom Carter assailed, were, and are, deeply committed to free enterprise everywhere but in their own market. Their dominion extends beyond the economy and controls human beings as well as commodities.

The whole place is run by relentlessly smiling young people, who are, it seems to me, disproportionately blond and blue-eyed. They are uniformed in Disney designs made by Disney workers and coached as actors on a stage. Long hair and moustaches, predictably, are not allowed. So far, one could rightly say, there is nothing particularly ominous about these conditions. If Walt Disney and his heirs thought it good business to keep out chewing gum, to restrict drinking and drunks, and to hire stereotypes, what's wrong with that? Indeed, the Magic Kingdom has to be neater, cleaner, and less raucous than any amusement park for thousands of people that one could imagine.

Things become more complex as soon as one takes a few steps behind this idyllic facade. Just inside the gate of the Magic Kingdom there is a City Hall. Downstairs is an information center, upstairs the publicity office. For the politicians have been banished from this kingdom, just as Disney hoped. Sovereignty resides in the Reedy Creek Improvement District. Under Florida law, an "improvement district" has no police or judicial power, but it can legislate with regard to water, building codes, and fire protection. When the planners were dealing with this problem, Disney chose the improvement district rather than a municipal charter, in part because a city would have to deal with civil rights.

So Disney World is under the police and judicial authority of the counties (Orange and Osceola) in which it is located, but in all other matters the Reedy Creek Improvement District remains sovereign. It is democratically run by the forty or fifty people who live within Disney World—all of whom are employees of the company that, in their political persona, they are supposed to regulate. The Disney people admit that this arrangement is not designed to promote adversary relationships, but they insist that Reedy Creek is truly independent of

the corporation. They also note that there has never been a serious quarrel between them.

All of this comes fairly close to Disney's dream of EPCOT: "It will be a planned, controlled community, a showcase for American industry and research, schools, cultural and educational opportunities. In EPCOT there will be no slum areas because we won't let them develop. There will be no landowners and therefore no voting control. People will rent houses instead of buying them, and at modest rents. There will be no retirees. Everyone must be employed. One of our requirements is that the people who live in EPCOT must help keep alive."

In that statement—which is still Holy Writ in Disney World—the totalitarian character of this utopia begins to show itself. If you can invest \$700 million in a domain roughly the size of Liechtenstein, and if you allow only a handful of employee-citizens to live in the corporate kingdom, then you can ban slum retirees, and most of the rest of social reality. But what relevance, prototypical or otherwise, such an exercise has to any possible world of tomorrow is unclear. Moreover, even this attempt at utopia has not achieved the total control of which the founder dreamed.

IN JULY, WHEN I WAS LAST THERE, picketed from the Hotel and Restaurant Employees Union shuffled back and forth in front of the Royal Plaza Hotel, an inn that leases from, but is not run by, Disney World. This was the first strike within the Magic Kingdom, but, if the *Economist* is right, it may well not be the last. The "pay is low and jobs often part time," the *Economist* noted in July. "Many workers have long journeys because, although villas and tree houses have been built as well as hotels, Disney has built no low-cost housing for its employees." And the stand of the black women picketing, the *Economist* noted shrewdly, "took some courage in a place where the employer pays the police."

The hired help are not the only ones made to endure the indignities appropriate to commodities. So do the paying customers, and their plight casts some doubt upon the vaunted efficiency of the place. The Magic Kingdom has been fulsomely praised for the Monorail; its "people mover system" has been awarded a grant by the Department of Transportation. True enough, inside the park, where transportation efficiency is necessary for quick, paying circulation, things move relatively fast. But when it is a question of access to Disney World from one of the independently run hotels or the property (which are not, like the Disney

ned operations, hooked into the Monorail), there is another story. Crowded buses, sometimes with their air conditioning out of order in the middle of the humid summer, carry people from the periphery to the Magic Kingdom. Once past this inconvenience, things become easier—and also profitable for the system. At one time last July, it took me an hour to get from my hotel, on the Disney property, to the gates of the park, and the experience is reminiscent of the decaying central-city transit, not of the urban future.

That same point applies to children, who, in any case at least, might be thought central to an enterprise built upon their devotion for more than half a century. That children are routine-shoved out of vantage points for the various rides by adult bullies can hardly be blamed on the Disney people. It is, after all, just the utility of American society that, for all of its teddy-bear veneer, it pushes them around given half the chance. But the officials who talked to didn't seem to take a great interest in the problem or to respond to suggestions that they might take some steps to guarantee that the kids have access to what is supposed to be a kid's show. That access cannot be fed into a computer and quantified as contributing to profits; it does not, therefore, exist as a concern.

So Disney World is not a company town; it is a company state. Free of the pressures of democracy, it treats employees, customers, and children as so many pawns on the corporate chess board. But isn't that just one more—what, perhaps bizarre—manifestation of some classic capitalist contradictions? Don't all competitors want to succeed so well as to drive to the competition, the Department of Justice notwithstanding? And in the late Sixties, American business spent \$45 billion a year on advertising and other sales promotion (which was slightly less than the nation's outlays for health or education). Couldn't every corporation like to dictate to the sovereign consumer in the name of free enterprise? Disney's only innovation, it might be argued, is that he bought enough land to make his the only voice in a tiny kingdom.

These objections, however, miss the implications of the corporate utopia in Florida. It is not just that Disney World has turned those priorities into a seemingly coherent philosophy. More to the point, that philosophy states and anticipates the fashionable corporate ideology of the late Seventies. To be sure, that philosophy is as absurd as the idea of locating Shangri-La in a real corner of Florida rather than in the imaginary Himalayas. But these utopian themes are playing a significant

part in American politics.* So I treat the pretensions of EPCOT with a provisional seriousness.

Banning controversy and ideology

LET ME RETURN to the beginnings. Walt Disney was not simply a small-town boy turned successful businessman who became conservative and virulently anti-Communist when unions disrupted his paternal studio. That obviously relates to the corporate side of Disney World. But the founder was also the son of a socialist, and that, it seems to me, has something to do with his futurism and that of his disciples.

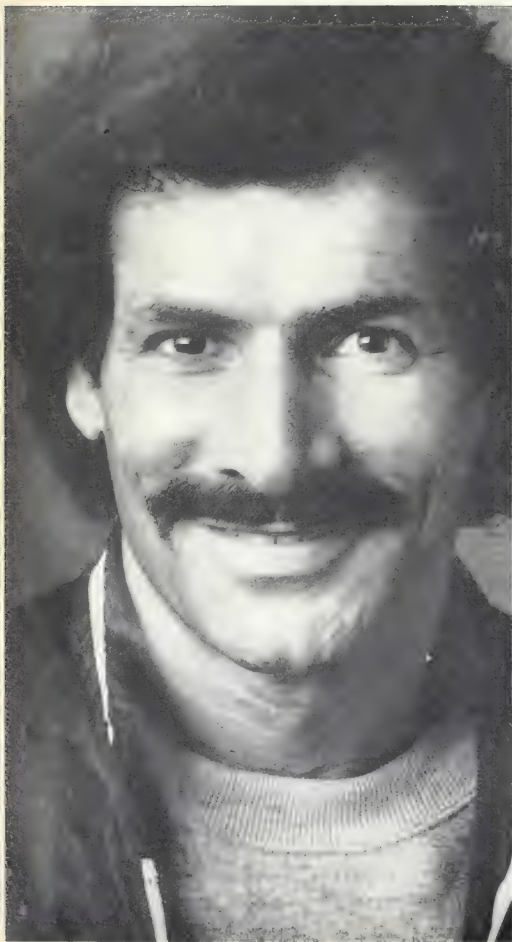
One may be quite speculative. Elias Disney was a turn-of-the-century American radical. When he and his family were living near that small Missouri town, for instance, he tried to organize the local farmers into an American Society of Equity that would focus their hatreds of the middlemen and the railroads. He voted for Debs and he read the *Appeal to Reason*, the famous radical paper published in Kansas and reaching a mass audience of the Left. And even in the Thirties, not long before his death, he told his son that he was not sorry that all of the candidates for whom he had voted had lost. "We have won," he told Walt. "We've won a lot. I've found out that things don't always come out in the way you have advocated. But you keep fighting and they come about in some way or another. Today, everything I fought for in those early days has been absorbed into the platform of both major parties. Now I feel pretty good about that."

Those sentiments are in the Norman Thomas tradition and they are hardly sinister. But there is another aspect of American socialist history that is much more ambiguous: it sometimes expresses a warmhearted, futuristic authoritarianism. That sentiment, which was completely alien to Thomas, can be seen in Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, a book that was much more influential in defining socialism for many Americans of Elias Disney's generation than *Das Kapital*. It presents a neat, rational, crisis-free society with distributional justice—and without any visible democratic noise, conflict, or argument.

* Thus the Kemp-Roth bill is a curious mixture of left-wing Keynesianism and right-wing dreams from Adam Smith. It would cut individual income taxes by one-third over a three-year period, reduce corporate levies, and count on the great surge of initiative that these incentives would incite to generate enough production to counter the inflationary impact of all that buying power. This is a utopian reliance on Adam Smithian motives in a post-Keynesian society.

"Was Walt Disney influenced by that misunderstanding of socialism that prepared the way in some instances for an acceptance of Stalinism?"

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a good job,
coaches his son's
baseball team and drives
without insurance.**



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Was Walt Disney influenced by that misunderstanding of socialism that prepared the way in some instances for an acceptance of Stalinism? The evidence I have seen permits only a deductive guess. But the possibility is fascinating, since Disney's EPCOT is a curious mixture of planner's futurism and free-enterprise faith, i.e., it seems to yoke two conflicting aspects of Disney's heritage. In and of itself, that hypothesis would be worth the trouble of a devoted Disney biographer. Its larger importance derives from the fact that it foreshadows a major trend in the American corporate ideology of today and tomorrow. First, look at the Disney World statement of it; then place it in that broader, American context.

"During 1977," the annual report of Walt Disney Productions announces, "our Imagineers at WED [Walter Elias Disney] Enterprises have concentrated their primary creative thrust on EPCOT, the Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow. Working from concepts to renderings to study models, they have achieved in Master Plan 5 the conceptual breakthrough we have sought." When I first heard Disney Speak talk of Master Plans and conceptual breakthroughs, I was reminded of Ely Culbertson, the bridge genius who had a brief career as an international peace planner. World War II, he wrote later on, interrupted his work on a new slam convention.

But when I went to the "presentation" on EPCOT, I did not know whether to laugh or cry. The preview of the Disney future was held in an air-conditioned auditorium across the street from "City Hall," i.e., the publicity office. There was a huge mock-up of the entire park, with the EPCOT addition, and a smaller model of EPCOT itself. At the proper moment someone pushed a button and the exhibit sank with electronic grace as a screen came down to present the posthumous voice and person of the founder. All of this reminded me of a Strangelovian war room, only it had to do with expanding an amusement park rather than with World War III. It was as if George Orwell had written *Alice in Wonderland*.

EPCOT, we were told, will have two major sections. There will be Future World—science-fiction writer Ray Bradbury is working on a script for it—and the World Showcase. The whole thing will be financed by corporations and governments and will cost in the neighborhood of \$500 million (which will bring the investment in the Florida plant to more than \$1 billion). The companies and the governments will get the chance to present their message in return for paying the bills. But, and this is a critical element of the whole undertaking, politics and ideological conflict will be

kept out. This will be so despite the fact that "Communicore," "the global marketplace of new ideas, will be the communications center of EPCOT. Here, industry and public will participate in a 'hands on' exchange of new and exciting ideas, systems, products, and technologies" (emphasis added). But as enterprise is now projected, "industry" will speak, the "public" will listen, and the controversial will be filtered out.

Indeed, the "ideas" in the Communicore, as now planned, will be mainly technological gimmickry. There will be an "electronic transport where visitors can 'dial-in' their travel interests and other itinerary requirements and watch an 'instant preview' of their upcoming vacation." A "Casino of Information" will use a game-playing format to update the pen and arcade and make it relevant to the "information age." And so on. Exactly how this will promote "the advancement of international understanding and the solution of the problems of people everywhere through the communication of ideas" is left marvelously unclear. Back in 1933, Disney boasted that Mickey Mouse was the one thing on which the Chinese and the Japanese agreed, and the naive hope in that thought—which ignores the fact that those admirers of the mouse then tried to annihilate one another—is alive and well in Florida right now.

In this non-ideological environment—which, as we will see, is a profoundly ideological concept—Exxon has already signed on to present the problems and solutions of the energy future. General Motors will lend its benevolent expertise to the challenge of twenty-first-century transportation. And there will be an exhibit on the seas. Guests will board the clipper ship *Spirit of Mankind*, and after a simulated journey through the deep will arise at "Sea Base Alpha," where they will "experience an authentic ocean environment with marine life, an undersea restaurant, and a showcase of oceanographic exhibits and displays."

Will there be a word of the debate that has been going on for more than ten years on the law of the sea? Will there be a discussion of the relative merits of the American corporate proposal for the private mining of the wealth of the oceans and the counterposed notion that the deeps are "the common heritage of mankind"? The answer is clearly no: Indeed, the American Adventure, the attraction that will link Future World and the World Showcase, is going to give an uncontroversial—which is to say, necessarily bowdlerized—version of this country's past. This is all the more amazing when one realizes that the chronicle will be dominated by "animatronic" figures (ful-

le talking, moving models invented by Disney and currently on display in Disney World's Hall of the Presidents) of Ben Franklin, Mark Twain, and Will Rogers. How those witty, contentious, sometimes bitter and acerbic Americans will do that job is difficult to imagine. The World Showcase is supposed to be a sort of permanent international exposition where the various nations can communicate with the millions who come to Disney World. Here, again, there is a ban on ideology. Of course, most of the countries that have as far shown an interest in the scheme—Britain, Canada, West Germany, Japan, Mexico, the Arab states, Costa Rica, and Morocco—do so safely on the corporate side of the world ride. But just to be sure, the exhibitors will have to confine themselves to presenting their culture. The Arabs and Israelis have been told that they cannot speak of their rivalries, and the young people who come from various lands working on the project will be expected to live together in a World Village.

THIS ANTI-IDEOLOGY IS, of course, an ideology. It is the key to Disney World and, more importantly, to much of the American political mentality of recent years. The bias appears throughout the spectrum of political debate, in the dreams of urban planners sponsored by the Ford Foundation as well as in the moral blueprints designed for the sociologists in the universities. Corporate technology, we are told in stunning television commercials and newspaper ads designed to look like serious comment, can solve our social problems—if only the bumbling politicians and regulators will leave the businessmen alone. There is an objective, one-best-way to do things, and it is the private property of the experts at General Motors and Exxon. Conventional academic wisdom says much the same thing in learned journals and the popular press.

There is a surface plausibility to these claims, which is why they convince so many people. That is vividly in evidence at Disney World. The entire park is built over a system of tunnels—Utilidors, in Disney Speak. All of the air-conditioning apparatus, the utility lines, and the like are down there, easily accessible for repairs and never requiring that the streets be torn up. Garbage, as we have seen, is collected through that sixty-mile-an-hour evacuation system. On the back lot, the Reedy Creek Utility Company has constructed a building in which solar collectors are the roof and the energy collected provides all of the air conditioning and all of the heat for the offices.

Disney even used futuristic technology to build his park. The Contemporary Hotel is the most famous hostelry in Disney World, not the least because the Monorail runs through its gigantic lobby. The Contemporary's huge A-frame was constructed as a shell, and then prefabricated rooms—which, not so incidentally, also fit into the pseudo-Oceanic Polynesian Hotel—were inserted by cranes. An even more interesting innovation is found in the Magic Kingdom's power system. Two huge jet turbines do the generating, and their waste heat stokes boilers that yield hot water, which is then fed into four cooling machines and used for air conditioning in the hotels. The water left over from the whole process is purified and piped out to the tree farm where Disney World produces eucalyptus trees. Small wonder that various urban planners have gone starry-eyed in the presence of so many prodigies.

Given this recycling technology, it is also not surprising that "Spaceship Earth" is "the major theme show and introduction to the concept and meaning of EPCOT." But, on second thought, what is an environmental concept like "Spaceship Earth" doing in a corporate-dominated exhibit at a time when business daily tells us that environmental and safety regulations are undermining our productivity and thereby threatening the entire system? The answer is relatively simple. Disney World is going to "communicate ideas" and ban controversy and ideology at the same time. The communicators will be big businesses, and they will present themselves, not as profit maximizers, but as problem solvers. Only their "objective" solutions will conceal a highly controversial, very partisan corporate self-interest.


Some simple examples from Disney World illustrate this point quite well. Let the customers endure delay and frustration as they come on an inefficient transportation system to the gates of the Magic Kingdom—and then move them with award-winning efficiency once they are in the park and turnover rings the cash register. Let the children persuade their parents to take them to the home of Mickey Mouse—and do nothing to help the kids see the parade when their elders blot it out of sight. The environment as a market for big-business technology is marvelous; the same environment as a cost for big-business technologists is to be derided and plundered. It was Exxon and associated companies that, with the help of enormous direct and indirect subsidies from the government, made the nation dependent on Middle Eastern oil and refused to develop the very technologies that it will now present in Disney World. One might as well

"There is an objective, one-best-way to do things, and it is the private property of the experts at General Motors and Exxon."

have the homesteader's exhibit organized by the cattle rustlers.

These deceptions are made all the more plausible by what might be called the moon-shot illusion. If we can go to the moon, people in the thrall of a technological euphoria sometimes ask, why can't we build decent cities, teach Johnny to read, end poverty in the Third World, or what have you? That cliché overlooks a simple fact: that there are no people on the moon, and getting there is merely an engineering problem. Indeed, Disney World is a sort of man-made moon, an extraterrestrial, unpopulated place. Yet the management constantly refers to a park without people—except for that corporal's guard of hired citizens—as a prototypical “community” of tomorrow. But it is precisely the absence of any community that allows the corporate commissars to experiment at will on their Florida moon.

The Magic Kingdom as Potemkin Village

ND YET, THIS REACTIONARY IDEOLOGY can be given a liberal surface. The fraudulent nineteenth-century charm of Main Street is the front for a fraudulent twenty-first-century version of the future. Therefore, Disney World can claim to be forward-looking, progressive, even utopian. The hero of its Hall of Presidents show is an animatronic Abraham Lincoln (surrounded by animatrons of all the other Presidents, including Jimmy Carter). And in the Small World attraction—originally designed for UNICEF at the New York World's Fair in 1964—one rides in boats along a waterway bordered by animatronic dolls of all colors and races singing of the unity of humankind. In EPCOT itself there will be the World Showcase and the World Village. Why this liberal gloss in a corporate, technocratic enterprise?

Because the multinational corporation is, in one of its most important modes, internationalist and even pacifist. To the organizers of the World Showcase, the Arab-Israeli dispute is an inconvenience, and therefore the Arabs and the Israelis in EPCOT will not be allowed to mention the unfortunate fact of its very existence. Anything that disrupts the global factory is considered intolerable since it disturbs business-as-usual. To be sure, radical democratic change, as in Allende's Chile, calls forth countermeasures seeking the law and order of a graveyard. That, however, only illuminates the basic point that disruption is to be avoided at all costs. So the Imagineers exclude the political differences between countries from their “world,” much as they ban the

politics of technology in favor of corporate objectivity. What remains is cultural charm and business expertise.

A Marxist analysis of Disney's comics—*How to Read Donald Duck*, by Ariel Dorfman and Armand Mattelart—was published during the Allende regime, and it captured this point. In Disney's cartoons, the globe is a saccharine Small World in which the nonwhite natives are innocent, ignorant, charmingly primitive, sexless, and all male. But this fond and paternalistic attitude toward the childlike peoples of the Third World, this refusal to hear their political demands, is a liberal and “humanistic” way of holding them down.

So Disney World's internationalism and futurism, like everything else in this seemingly charming fantasy, are predicated on real-world corporate purpose. Moreover, it casts some light on both the so-called liberal and so-called conservative ideology of the late Seventies.

Ideology, it must be remembered, is not given, for once and for all. On the contrary it is as faddist and modish as jet-set fashions which should give one pause when it claims to be able to shape the far future. In the Sixties when Kennedy-Johnson liberalism was on the ascendant, the companies followed in the steps of their liberal critics in government. There was much talk of the social responsibility of business, of a partnership between the private and public sector, even of a “social-industrial complex” (which I described in this magazine in 1967). *Fortune* magazine was a cheering section for this movement, documenting how do-gooding could be profitable. Perhaps the high point of this development was the support given Lyndon Johnson in 1964 by the American *haute bourgeoisie* under the leadership of Henry Ford.

In the Seventies, as popular dissatisfaction with government mounted, the board room and the university changed their tunes. Government's function was now to leave business alone—or, more precisely, to subsidize corporate investment by holding down social spending, restraining wages, and encouraging profits as a means of generating jobs. A series of Chase Manhattan ads argued that if the yield on unearned income were only increased then business would solve our problems. William Simon, as Secretary of the Treasury, used some misleading statistics to show that there would be a capital shortfall in the trillions if new benefits were not conferred upon the wealthy. So it was that Jimmy Carter, who had campaigned against the privileges accorded capital gains in the tax code, came to advocate only a modest increase in their basic unfairness.

(Continued on page 86)

LAND RUSH

A SURVEY OF AMERICA'S LAND WHO OWNS IT—WHO CONTROLS IT HOW MUCH IS LEFT

by Peter Meyer

About two years ago I witnessed for the first time an American event that in the past decade has become so saturated with meaning as to assume the significance of ritual. It was an early weekday evening in Salem, Oregon, a small but growing city like many others around the country. Downtown, in a local government building emptied of employees except for a janitor waxing and polishing the marble floor, ten or fifteen people were standing outside a small conference room, talking casually about their families, their work, their animals, and the weather. Among the group were a carpenter, a lawyer, a housewife or two, a farmer, an interior designer, a reporter, a jeweler, an electrician and his wife, and a student—as varied a group as could be found milling about the front doors of church on a Sunday morning. Some were devout believers, others only Sunday practitioners. But their devotion was to the same idol: property. The event was a land planning commission meeting convened by the three elders of the board, which was to decide whether to approve a proposed housing development on ten acres of wooded land just south of the city.

It was a raucous two-hour meeting, and it seemed that most of the participant-landowners, whose title claims ranged from as little as a quarter-acre residential lot to as much as thirty acres of farmland, opposed the development planned in their backyards. Toward the end of the session a gentleman farmer, prominent in the town as a jeweler, stood to state his objections. After a few minutes of kindly debate—the commissioners arguing that the proposed subdivision land was located within the established “urban growth boundary” and would be subdivided eventually anyway, and that, in any case, the owner had a right to use his property the way he saw fit; the longtime resident saying that that was all right as long as he would be left alone—the official behind the table decided to end the discussion. “Mr. Jackson,” he said in an effort to summarize, “I don’t think your property is really at issue here. It’s a case of apples and oranges, and our board has to concern itself with the proposal at hand. But thank you very much for your comments.”

The group waited for Jackson to take his seat. The gray-haired man, who had lived most of his seventy

years on his eight acres of land, remained standing, rocking to and fro, his hands on the folding chair in front of him. Finally, with most of the eyes in the room now turned in his direction, Jackson blurted, "Hell! I'm not talking about apples or oranges! I'm talking about *bananas*!"

Stone-faced, Jackson slowly sat. His unexpected reply had prompted a burst of supportive applause and laughter from his neighbors, but it was only a symbolic victory. Several minutes later the three commissioners voted to approve the development.

A few months after that, the city council, on the recommendation of the planning commission, agreed to annex the property to the city, thus guaranteeing that the subdivision would be provided with sewer, water, and electrical lines and police and fire protection. Then, because of a state law that forbade "islands" of non-city land within city limits, most of the property of owners who had fought against the development was automatically annexed to the city. Next came a flock of other developers, now assured of city services, knocking on the doors of once-irate residents, offering as much as \$8,000 for an acre of land that—only months before—was worth \$1,000 at best. The tax assessors came, too: not only would tax rates be higher—to pay for the added services the city was obliged to provide all of its residents—but the assessed value of the property would have to be adjusted to reflect the change in market value. Almost overnight, property taxes jumped wildly. One by one the residents, many of whom had owned their ten or twenty or thirty acres of green and wooded hillsides for a generation or more, sold. Those who didn't soon began receiving notices from the city asking for permission to cross their land with sewer or water lines to the new developments. If permission was refused, the city began "condemnation" proceedings to acquire an easement on, or title to, the land it needed. Legal fees soon became another major cost of owning the land. Meanwhile, earthmoving machines were leveling hillsides, bulldozers were uprooting trees, huge dump trucks were unloading their tons of gravel, steamrollers were packing the new asphalt streets and four-lane thoroughfares were being laid over old country roads in anticipation of the traffic.

I happened recently to meet one of the landowners who had early on decided to subdivide his sixteen acres of orchard land. The man, a retired car-

penter and part-time farmer, was riding his ancient caterpillar tractor, scratching away at the land owned by one of his neighbors—a man who for years had resolutely refused to sell his property to developers or make concessions to the city. When the farmer stepped down from his machine to say hello, I asked him why he was bulldozing land that wasn't his.

He bristled a bit. "The city owns this land," he said, "and this is where the street into my subdivision is going to be."

Coincidentally, I had just seen the deed to the land, and it showed that his neighbor owned it. I asked what he meant.

"Well, hell," he muttered, "the city gets what it wants anyway; and they've already given permission for the street—yesterday. If they don't own it now, they will later. So what's the difference?" With that, he turned around, climbed back on his tractor, and continued his leveling.



In almost every section of the country these days at least half the citizens in any given town or agency seem to be embroiled in a passionate land dispute. Over the past year, while sorting through hundreds of pages of reports, documents, studies, and statistics purporting to describe these arguments, I came to understand that they had as much to do with vivid myths and dreams as with the so-called facts of the matter. The metaphor of the land (whether as Eden, homestead, utopia, farm, refuge, or fortress) still exerts a commanding force on the American imagination.

This is true even though nobody knows very much about what is happening to the land or who owns it or how much of it remains open to what kind of use and settlement. Some observations, however, can be made with a certain degree of confidence. In the decade between 1965 and 1975 the value of land of all kinds and descriptions increased at an average rate of 150 percent. During the same period the population increased by 11 percent, the consumer price index by 80 percent, and the divorce rate by 100 percent. It is possible that people were paying such high prices for land only for speculative reasons, because it provided

them with a defense against inflation.

But I suspect that the prices also reflected a collective and unconscious fear that American land might be slipping away from beneath people's feet and that its loss entailed the defeat of the great national dream. Everywhere the courts were besieged with suits from people trying to retain their holdings against what they perceived as heavy odds. Last year as much as one-fifth of the American estate was being contested in courtrooms, in legislatures, before town councils and government commissions. Huge corporations were buying more land (not that they didn't already own a great deal), and many individuals were finding themselves helpless to correct what they saw as the wanton destruction of the environment—mountainsides clearcut of timber, water courses polluted with industrial wastes, hillsides scraped bare of soil. People aligning themselves with both the commercial and the environmental interests beseeched the government at every level (municipal, state, federal) to intercede on their behalf, and to help them bring about the proper management of the public lands that they regarded as part of their private inheritance.

The clamoring of people with different visions of the landscape has resulted in what one federal official described as a decade of "quiet revolution." Responding to the many and contradictory appeals for justice, the federal government gradually has assumed the role of gardener and caretaker, not only for the 761 million acres that it already owned but for almost all of the 2.2 billion acres of America's vast estate. To the extent that this revolution has become known to people, it has encouraged yet another fear—that government itself will usurp the individual's right to own property. There is an irony in this worthy of a literature not yet written. Seeking to assert the inalienable right to hold property, it is possible that people have given their rights away. The unhappiness of the small landowners in Oregon testifies to the not only lingering but still powerful belief in the American dream: it also testifies to the bleak and melancholy possibility that the circumstances of modern America may no longer warrant holding to such a belief. The disputes currently going forward in the country have as much to do with preserving a political and economic system as with preserving the land itself. We still know very little about the land, but apparently we know even less about the dreams that govern and sustain it.

I.

LAND OWNERSHIP

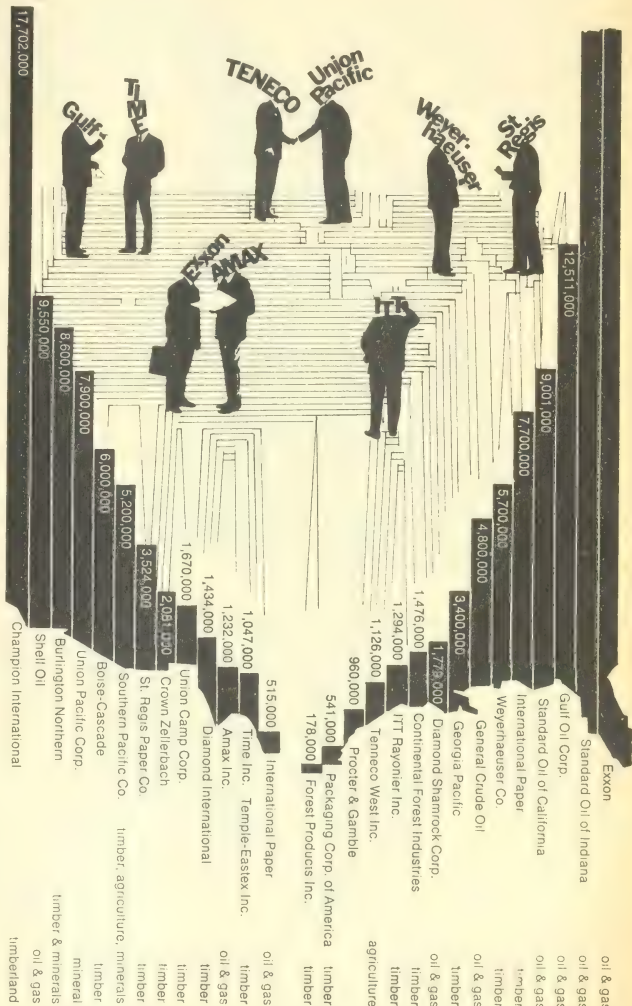
owns the land, how it is owned

TERRA INCOGNITA

Almost everything about America is known except who owns it. show our vast mineral resources assessed and quantified, mountains measured, and ground cover and are analyzed. A mineral atlas can light in colorful detail areas of country where uranium deposits or will not be found, or pinpoint tract of land near the Colorado that "will yield at least twenty-gallons of shale oil per ton," or in gold a large area surrounding h or Consequences, New Mexico, now that it is a region containing ntially valuable geothermal steam arces. Somehow scientists are able y that coal represents as much as percent of the total fossil-fuel res in the United States. It is known, that 4,300 square miles of Calia's San Joaquin Valley have sunk e than a foot since 1920 because reased pumping of underground r; that the area around Baytown, as, near Houston, has suffered more ore more tidal flooding because the surface has dropped an average ight feet since 1920 and will sink her seven by 1995 if surface water ot substituted for ground water; earthquake hazards for the next years are greatest in identifiable is of New Mexico, Nevada, Califor- Missouri, and Arkansas; and that bountiful Ogallala aquifer under raska and Texas is drying up. The h sciences, in short, have made the 1 accessible to topographers and r tinkerers who want to map and erstand and preserve and exploit it. he concept of land ownership is te another story. It isn't part of erican topography, and no atlas rts or maps the contours of proprie- ship that play such an integral role the shaping of the landscape. Yet d has always been one of the most uable of capital assets in a country ere capital is preeminent. In 1977 ne \$87 billion of national income ginated in the real estate sector of economy. At the end of 1975, ac- ding to estimates by the Conference ard of New York, nearly 15 percent

SOME CORPORATIONS AND THEIR AMERICAN LANDHOLDINGS

(in acres)

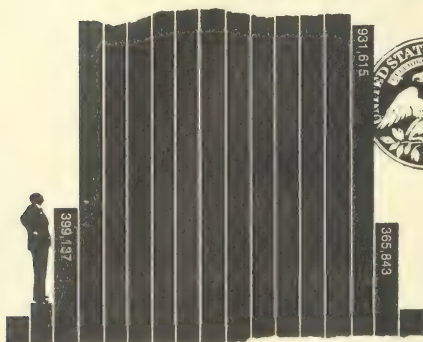
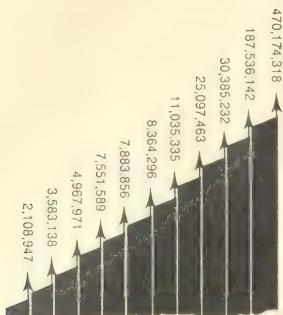


Oil and gas holdings often include offshore acreage.

LAND OF ACREAGES Land burned by fire in 1975: 398,704 acres... Coal, sand and gravel, and other areas needing reclamation: 2,542,682 acres.

SOME FEDERAL AGENCIES AND THEIR LANDHOLDINGS

(in acres)



of the national wealth—about a trillion—was bound up in land holdings. Eleven-and-a-half percent of government wealth is in land, 12 percent of personal wealth, and 18 percent of business wealth. And this says nothing of the resources extracted from land. In the words of Dr. Gene W. Dierlich, an economist with the Agriculture Department's Economic Research Service, "Land is a means of distributing and exercising power."

With so much wealth tied up in land, with many of the nation's largest and most powerful corporations relying on land resources (oil, gas, coal, food) for their profits, and with federal and state governments making decisions daily about how the land should be used, how is it possible that so little is known about who owns and who controls its resources? Senator Henry Jackson, sponsor in 1972 (and again in 1975) of one of the most comprehensive federal land-planning programs to grace the halls of Congress (see page 57), believes that rational land use planning is "impossible without knowledge of patterns of land ownership." Since Jackson's '72 proposal there have been scores of public decisions about how the land should be used, but not one survey of United States land ownership patterns.

Curiously, in the United States the link—between control of the land and its resources and political and economic power—has rarely been seen as an organizing theme in decisions about either the use and abuse of the land or the people dependent on it. Unlike the literature about the problems of nonindustrialized nations, with its talk of "land reform," "redistribution of wealth," "green revolutions," and "asentee landlords," the debate in the U.S. is imbued with such phrases as "land use," "conservation of resources," "stopping urban sprawl," and "protecting the environment."

As the United States seeks to protect itself from too many future demands on its land and natural resources, much of the world already lives with the expected results of such a future. It is sobering to peruse the reams of statistics, to pay attention to the controversies and contradictory scientific analyses about whether the world will be able to feed itself in the year 2000, when *already* 15 million people die annually from starvation. The problem, as the Third World has learned with regard to nutrition, is not simply or even primarily the *land's* ability to supply food, nor necessarily a population grown too large. Despite, for example, a world cereal stockpile

Nuclear waste disposal areas 4,100 acres . . . Public land given to railroad companies 94,300,000 acres . . . Public domain land under mineral leases

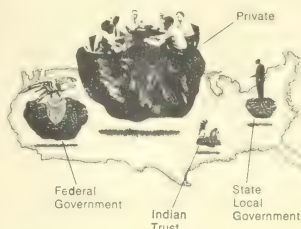
90 million tons at the end of the '77 season—about 18 percent of total annual consumption—the U.S. Food and Agricultural Administration reported with considerable understatement that those cereals "may be considered 'surplus' in relation to the effective demand in the market, since there are still millions of people too poor to have sufficient food to meet their nutritional requirements."

Even in the United States, where the majority of people stopped being farmers long ago, there are still obivlinks between control of agricultural land and the problem of poor nutrition. In 1972, the Bureau of the Census announced that 10 million to 12 million Americans were sick because they had too little to eat. In the decade previous to this report 1961-1972, between 37 million and 64 million acres of cropland annually lay idle as a result of federal crop-diversion programs, which the government paid farmers to till their soil. Another million acres of land, in 1972, was devoted to courses.

Gene Wunderlich has studied land ownership patterns in the U. S. for a decade, using whatever data have been available, and still, he says, he can estimate only "rationalized estimates" at the intricate web of proprietorship. He believes crucial to understanding the nature of economic and political power. Of the 1.3 billion acres of private land in the United States (about 95 percent of the total), a scant 2 percent (26.3 million acres) is residential, seems, by Wunderlich's estimates, to enjoy the broadest distribution among individual landowners: the 26.3 million acres are owned by some 50 million "entities." (The use of the word "entity" is purposeful, because Wunderlich must rely on information about ownership of land and not people; he thus has no way of knowing whether hundreds of those owner/entities are not, in fact, the same individual or corporation.) Another 40 million acres of private land (about 3 percent of the private sector) is classified as commercial, industrial, nonfarm, waste, and miscellaneous land and is owned by about 3 million entities. Finally, the concentration of ranch-, farm-, and forest-land ownership appears to be highly concentrated. It encompasses 1.2 billion acres (95 percent of privately held land) but is owned by only 7.5 million entities. At best, a generous interpretation of Wunderlich's figures (that is, the assumption that each entity is indeed a different individual) would suggest that about 3 percent of the

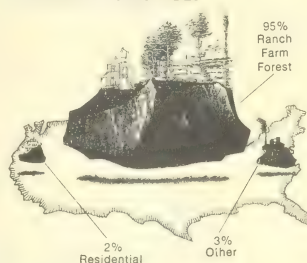
population owns 55 percent of all American land and 95 percent of the private land.

OVERALL OWNERSHIP OF U.S.



Federal Government	471 million acres
State and Local Government	136 million acres
Indian Trust Land	50 million acres
Private	1,317 million acres
TOTAL	2,264 million acres

OWNERSHIP OF PRIVATE SECTOR



Recent studies that have been undertaken, however, show that the concentration of ownership is far more skewed than even Wunderlich's estimates suggest. A recently completed study by the Economic Research Service, modestly titled "Corporate Land Holdings: An Inquiry into a Data Source," is, to date, the closest thing to a comprehensive national survey. After two years of scouring available public information sources, the ERS concluded that 568 companies controlled (either through direct ownership of the title or lease arrangement or purchase of some type of right to the land, such as mineral rights or surface rights for the cutting of trees) 301.7 million acres of United States land—more than 11 percent of the total land area of the entire country and 23 percent of all U.S. land in private

hands. Those same companies' land interests worldwide comprise a total area larger than that of Europe—almost 2 billion acres.

Various regional studies have come to much the same conclusions:

- A 700-page 1973 report, *The Politics of Land*, by a Ralph Nader study team, found that twenty-five landowners held more than 61 percent of California's private land—more than 8 million acres. Among the large owners were Standard Oil, Southern Pacific, the Times Mirror Corporation, Penn Central, Boise-Cascade, and Leslie Salt.

- The *Austin-American Statesman* reported in 1977 that just eleven Texas landowners (Gov. Dolph Briscoe included) controlled 5.8 million acres of the state, an area roughly equivalent to the size of New Hampshire.

- Another Nader study (*The Paper Plantation*, 1974) reported that seven "absentee corporations" (International Paper, St. Regis, and Diamond International, headquartered in New York; Great Northern-Nekoosa in Stamford, Connecticut; Scott Paper in Philadelphia; Georgia Pacific in Portland, Oregon; Oxford Paper, a division of Ethyl Corp., in Richmond, Virginia) owned 32 percent of Maine's 20 million acres.

- The New York Temporary Study Commission on the Future of the Adirondacks found in 1970 that more than 50 percent of the private land within an upstate study area—an area altogether one-fifth the size of the entire state—was held by 1 percent of the landowners. Three timber companies owned more than 100,000 acres each.

There are other ways to try to extract some facts about land ownership patterns in this country but at best they offer only clues. The 1974 Census of Agriculture, for instance, indicated that 330 million acres of land in farms—almost 40 percent of all private farmland—was owned by nonfarmers. And in the past twenty-five years, from 1945 to 1970, even though the quantity of land in farms has remained almost constant, the number of farmers who own their own land has decreased some 62 percent. While these figures don't say who owns the land, they do indicate who doesn't.

In agricultural societies, where the standard of living depends directly on how much food a person is able to produce, the link between land ownership concentration and individual wealth is clear. But in an industrialized country like the United States, the opposite holds true: despite the great amounts of wealth that are continuously gotten from the land, so very little is known about who owns it.

THE AGRI-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

Who tends the land, who reaps the harvest

Seventy-five years ago, 320 acres for a husband and wife for irrigated land was all they could handle. Now, with massive development and large machinery, a larger acreage is necessary for an economical, viable farm operation.

—President Jimmy Carter

The increasing imbalance in the concentration of land ownership is perhaps best and most directly seen in agriculture, an industry (agribusiness) that still uses almost half the surface area of America. In the past decade the total number of farms has decreased by almost 500,000. From 1960 to 1977, more than 46 percent of all American farms disappeared. Rather than indicating a crisis in food production or a shriveling of the agricultural land base, these facts merely illustrate the phenomenal rate at which farmland ownership concentration has proliferated. Despite the precipitous decline in the number of farms, agricultural output has risen and the total amount of land devoted to farming has changed only slightly in the past thirty years. Since 1959 the average size of an American farm has jumped 101 acres—from 288 to 389—a trend pushed along not so much by little farms becoming larger as by big farms becoming bigger: there was a 10 percent increase in the number of farms with more than 1,000 acres of land. The average-farm-size figure is more misleading when one considers that included in the definition of "farms" are the thousands of places with annual sales of agricultural products of as little as \$250 and comprising as few as ten acres of land. It is also misleading if taken as a guide of the extent of ownership concentration because average-farm-size figures speak only to operating units and do not indicate the fact that many different "farms" are actually owned by the same person.

In California, where 25 percent of the nation's food is produced and the average farm is 571 acres, a report from the Council of State Governments said that corporate farms in 1969 produced 89 percent of the melons, 62 percent of the lettuce, 35 percent of the carrots, 38 percent of the cotton, and 30 percent of the citrus. In Kansas,

which, like many other states, has had corporate-farm legislation since 1931, it was discovered in 1972 that 5-10 percent of corporate farming operations in the western part of the state exceeded the 5,000-acre statutory limitation.

With the massive use of new technologies, between 1940 and 1970 crop output increased nearly 70 percent, with a corresponding drop in farm labor input. Fertilizer use increased nearly ninefold, and mechanical power and machinery inputs grew by 23 percent over the same period.

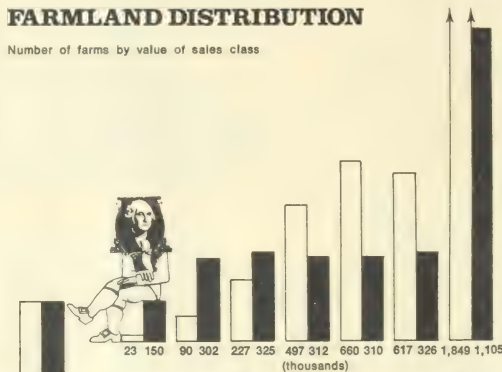
All this is of little advantage to the "small" farmer, who finds his place in the scheme of things increasingly difficult. Russell Parker, formerly an assistant to the director of the Bureau of Economics at the Federal Trade Commission, has pointed out one interesting fact that has probably played havoc with the small farm. The USDA index for the average farm price of raw food commodities (the money paid to the farmer) in 1971 was identical to that of 1948. During the same period, however, the average price consumers

paid for food products in grocery stores increased by 35 percent. What happened? "Higher marketing margins," Parker claimed, "which more than 80 percent during the period, were solely responsible." wonder striking farmers in 1977 were frustrated in their attempts to remain independent in the face of economic factors over which they had little control. One spokesman was quoted saying, "We don't want subsidies; we don't want price supports; we don't want bureaucracies; we want a law that states very simply that no agricultural product will be bought, traded or sold at less than a fair price in the marketplace."

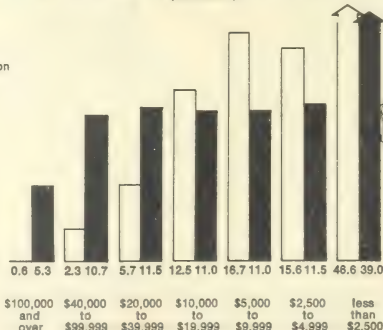
It has become an economic necessity to buy more land, to capitalize and expand. Farming is tied ever more closely to traditional industry, dependent on manufacturers for its machinery, on chemical companies for its fertilizer, pesticides, and herbicides, and on the food and fabric industry for its marketing outlets. Not surprisingly, traditional industry has responded by buying farms, trundling into agribusiness.

FARMLAND DISTRIBUTION

Number of farms by value of sales class



Percent distribution



Source: Farm Income Statistics, Economic Research Service, USDA, July, 1978.

ter, Indiana = 55,000 acres; Yuma, Arizona = 1,043,000 acres; Ft. Clayton, Canal Zone = 18,000 acres; Ft. Greeley, Alaska = 647,000 acres; White Sands

and increasing its ownership of land. For instance:

Del Monte, with annual sales of just \$1.5 billion, dries, cans, freezes, packages, and markets some 250 million pounds of food, and operates warehouse-building-maintenance services, real estate development businesses, and trucking lines. It also runs eleven U.S. and twenty-five foreign farms, ranches, plantations, owns outright 96,400 acres, and holds through lease or agreement another 161,700 acres of farmland in California, Hawaii, the North, Midwest, and Mountain states, Kenya, the Philippines, and elsewhere in America.

One of the nation's largest producers of raw sugar and the leading producer of macadamia nuts and cardamom spice, C. Brewer and Company, Limited, is a 54-percent-owned subsidiary of IU International (formerly International Utilities), a conglomerate

whose revenues in 1976 were \$2 billion. C. Brewer owns 127,000 acres of land in Hawaii and offers "consulting services" to agribusiness "in several developing nations."

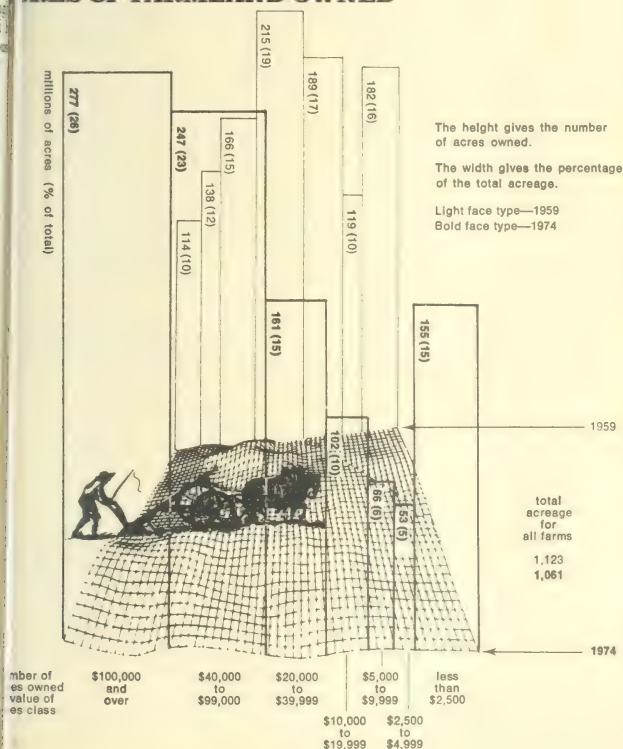
• The Tenneco Corporation of Houston (\$6.3 billion in sales in 1976) has 3.5 million acres of oil and gas interests; manufactures farm equipment (J. I. Case Company); builds ships (Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company); manufactures and sells paperboard, folding cartons, and corrugated shipping containers (The Packaging Corporation of America, which itself has rights on 138,000 acres of Michigan forestland and 403,000 acres of timberland in Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee). Tenneco also owns 85,675 acres of irrigated farmland in the U.S.—a figure that dilutes considerably the significance of the USDA's average American farm size of 389 acres.

DOLLAR VALUE OF AN AVERAGE ACRE OF FARMLAND

	February, 1976	February, 1978	% of increase
NORTHEAST			
Maine	\$ 369	\$ 441	19
New Hampshire	610	729	19
Vermont	500	597	19
Massachusetts	1,040	1,242	19
Rhode Island	1,623	1,939	19
Connecticut	1,647	1,962	19
New York	549	589	7
New Jersey	2,004	2,057	14
Pennsylvania	815	1,092	34
Delaware	1,155	1,500	30
Maryland	1,278	1,578	23
LAKE STATES			
Michigan	604	860	42
Wisconsin	490	690	41
Minnesota	521	730	40
CORN BELT			
Ohio	856	1,263	47
Indiana	878	1,303	48
Illinois	1,052	1,581	50
Iowa	903	1,268	40
Missouri	446	602	35
NORTHERN PLAINS			
North Dakota	228	273	20
South Dakota	163	227	29
Nebraska	355	385	8
Kansas	330	380	15
APPALACHIAN			
Virginia	620	732	18
West Virginia	375	403	7
North Carolina	637	694	9
Kentucky	504	671	33
Tennessee	495	608	23
SOUTHEAST			
South Carolina	486	543	12
Georgia	476	564	18
Florida	726	838	15
Alabama	404	452	12
DELTA STATES			
Mississippi	381	464	22
Arkansas	465	571	23
Louisiana	538	669	24
SOUTHERN PLAINS			
Oklahoma	332	402	21
Texas	267	316	18
MOUNTAIN			
Montana	132	168	27
Idaho	368	445	21
Wyoming	94	105	13
Colorado	219	274	25
New Mexico	81	93	15
Arizona	114	125	10
Utah	212	248	17
Nevada	87	97	11
PACIFIC			
Washington	420	528	26
Oregon	265	303	14
California	668	761	14
48 STATES—AVERAGE	388	490	26

SOURCE: United States Department of Agriculture.

ACRES OF FARMLAND OWNED



figures may not add because of rounding)

SOURCE: Bureau of Census, 1959 Census of Agriculture and 1974 Census of Agriculture

4,469,000 acres; Ft. Rucker, Alabama = 13,000 acres; Ft. Huachuca, Arizona = 74,000 acres; total testing site acreage: 7,196,000...

THE PRICE OF LAND

"Dirt cheap" is ancient history

From 1967 to 1977 the total dollar value of United States land jumped 154 percent—from \$590 billion to \$1.5 trillion. In 1976, nineteen of the country's largest banks had more than \$21 billion out in real estate loans. That same year property taxes accounted for nearly a quarter of the \$66 billion of revenues received by city governments and \$2 billion of the \$89 billion raised by states. Almost everywhere the price of land has risen faster than the consumer price index. Between 1971 and 1975, according to a report by the National Conference of State Legislatures, assessed property values increased 45 percent, while personal income grew by 39 percent and retail sales rose about 36 percent. Land values were outpacing population growth by ratios of ten to one, usually by much more. At the end of last year the average price of residential land was rising two to four times faster than the price of the house that would sit atop it; and the ratio of land value to total new-house price was beginning to hit 40 percent, compared with the 15–20 percent of the recent past. Elton Barnett of the Los Angeles real estate firm of Walker and Lee said in mid-August that the price of residential land around Los Angeles had jumped 80 percent in the past two years, the largest single increase of any two-year period since World War II.

So, land everywhere is getting harder and harder to come by, and, with con-

siderable help from rising property taxes, more and more difficult to hold onto. Though real estate brokers claim there is no easy formula for describing, let alone predicting, exactly why land prices do what they do (a phenomenon that seems to be part of the appeal in the land-speculating game), in talking with them a common theme recurs: land values are determined as much by the supply of political legislation and regulation as by the supply of land itself, of which there is a finite quantity.

- In the southern part of New Hampshire, for example, land is going "up like a skyrocket" because Massachusetts residents are spilling over the border to escape a high personal-property tax.

- The average price of an acre of land in Orange County, New York, has continued to drop in the past few years after overspeculation caused by rumors that a giant jetport serving the New York City area would be constructed there.

- According to Advance Mortgage Corporation of Detroit, residential lot prices around many major cities at the end of last year were increasing rapidly because of moratoriums and environmental restrictions on new developments and because of growth-management ordinances, all of which put severe limitations on the areas where development could take place.

- Land prices in upstate New York have risen with the influx of money from Canadians worried about the effects of the Quebec separatist movement.

Population density remains an important factor in the price of land: an acre of midtown Manhattan may bring as much as \$20 million, some 20,000

times more than an acre 80 miles the north.

A small survey of real estate companies in various parts of the country at the end of August indicated at least one sure thing about the price of land: It isn't cheap.

Average acreage values of prime urban office space, 1978:

New York City	\$13.0–\$17.4 million
Chicago	\$10.9–\$13 million
Washington, D.C.	\$ 8.7–\$10.9 million
San Francisco	\$ 8.7 million
Portland and Seattle	\$ 6.5 million
Houston	\$ 3.5–\$ 5.6 million
Minneapolis/St. Paul	\$ 4.3–\$ 5.2 million
Los Angeles	\$ 4.3 million
Denver	\$ 2.6–\$ 5.6 million
Miami	\$ 1.3–\$ 2.6 million

Average acreage values of prime residential land within a fifty-mile radius of large city:

Harris County near Houston (the "1960 Area")	\$ 50,000–\$200,000
Orange County (south and east of Los Angeles)	\$125,000
Huntrenton County, New Jersey (50 miles from Manhattan)	\$ 20,000–\$ 60,000

According to Robert Mylod of Advance Mortgage Corporation, "To find cheaper land, it is necessary to go sixty-five miles out from the city center in New York–Long Island, forty-five to fifty miles out in Los Angeles, forty miles out in Philadelphia, the Washington area, and San Francisco. In Chicago, it can't be found no matter how far out."

SOURCES: Coldwell Banker of Los Angeles; Friendswood Corporation of Houston, Cross and Brown Company of New York, and Auction, Inc., of New York, and Walker and Lee of Los Angeles.

FEATURES OF THE LANDSCAPE

TREES

With 6 percent of the world population, the U.S. consumes 30 percent of the world's annual industrial wood output, and is, in fact, a net importer of wood products.

Of the almost 500 million acres of commercial timberland in the country, only 14 percent is owned by the forest industry. The bulk of the timberland (59 percent) is owned by farmers and nonfarm citizens, and 27 percent by federal, state, and local governments.

INLAND WATERS

The U.S. has more than 50 million acres of permanent inland water surface that includes, according to Bureau of Land Management definitions, lakes, reservoirs, and ponds having forty acres or more in area; streams, sloughs, estuaries, and canals one-fourth of a statute mile or more in width; deeply indented embayments and sounds, and other coastal waters behind or sheltered by headlands or islands separated by less than one nautical mile of water; and islands having less than forty acres of area.

Alaska has 12,787,200 acres of inland water surface, three times more than Texas, the second largest.

WETLANDS

Only recently have wetlands been given credit for being something more than useless wasteland. Swamps, bogs, potholes, wet meadows, and river overflow land act as "giant sponges," absorbing and transforming impurities, storing reserve supplies of potable water, stabilizing groundwater flow. They provide homes for diverse forms of wildlife, serve as natural firebreaks, and can be used almost harmlessly for the production of timber, marsh hay, wild rice, blueberries, cranberries, and peat moss. More than half of the country's original wetland acreage remains—70 million acres scattered throughout the forty-eight contiguous states.

II.

LAND USE

mystery of the shifting landscape

PLOWING UNDER, PAVING OVER, DIGGING UP

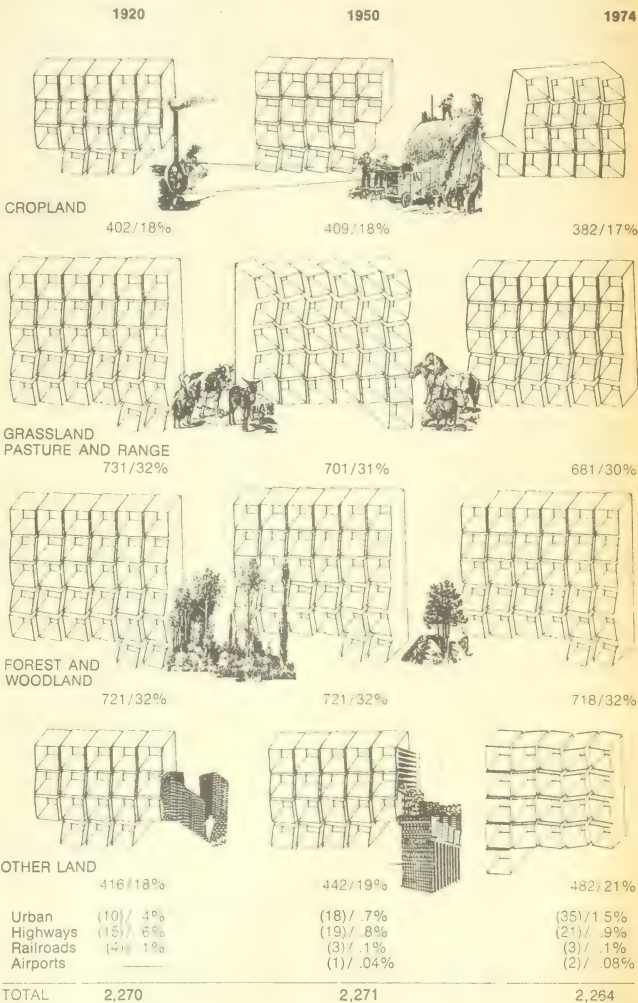
There are layers of complex and contradictory facts behind simple statements like Sen. Henry Jackson's claim that over the next thirty years an additional 19.7 million acres of "undeveloped" land will be "consumed by urban sprawl," or a report by U.S. News & World Report that each year 1 million acres of farmland "disappear before advancing urban sprawl"—statements conjuring up visions of a nation of nothing but Manhattans, Scottsdales, metropolises and suburbs ranging helter-skelter through farmland America, crunching and consuming vast areas of valuable farmland. No one can dispute the fact that urban areas in the U.S. have expanded. But as with most land-use debates, questions remain: To what extent has that expansion harmed the nation as a whole or to what extent is a trend unbalanced by other trends? Is it caused by cities somehow forcing their way outward, or is it the result of changing patterns of rural life, agricultural techniques, and farming economies?

What are we to make of the fact that between 1950 and 1970 New York State lost 5.8 million acres of farmland—about 290,000 acres a year—that added only about 600,000 acres to its urban area? What happened to the 2 million acres that weren't urbanized? What about the fact that between 1967 and 1975, when concern over urban sprawl and disappearing cropland was most critical, almost 14 percent of nonfederal land in the country—some 210 million acres—was converted from one use to another—forests were turned to cropland, cropland to timberland, deserts to fertile fields, fertile fields to shopping centers—but only a little more than 3 million acres was added to the country's urban area? That in roughly the same decade total commercial timberland decreased by 8 million acres? When, during the same period, there was no decrease in the country's agricultural output (in fact, there was a substantial increase), and net annual timber growth increased

MAJOR USES OF THE LAND

The proportions have changed only slightly since the turn of the century, despite a population increase of more than 100 million.

(millions of acres/percentage of total land area)



(variable because of reservoirs and other man-made waterways, and changes in measuring techniques)

(figures do not add because of rounding)

Source: USDA

I Park, Manhattan: 840 acres... The Central Intelligence Agency: 303 acres... The White House: 18 acres... Manhattan Island: 14,238 acres...

by 14 percent? No one seems to know for sure how each year an area almost the size of Ohio—about 26 million acres—is shifted to a new use with such negligible overall impact.

What the statistics show is that the United States remains a nation of farms and forests—if no longer one of farmers and woodsmen. Nearly a fifth of the two-and-a-quarter billion acres of land is used for crops. Thirty percent is grassland pasture and range. Another third—more than 700 million acres—is forest, and this does not include the national and state parks, wilderness and primitive areas, and state and federal wildlife areas, which account for an additional 85 million acres. Even after the vast expanses of “useful” land have been tallied, there remain the almost 300 million acres that are tossed into the “miscellaneous” category—the Alaskan tundra, the deserts, the acres of bare rocks and swamps and marshes—that defy the inroads of even the most humble of man’s civilizing instincts.

The proportions have changed only slightly since the turn of the century, despite a population increase of more than 100 million. Among nations, the United States is still blessed: distributed equally, five acres of agricultural land alone could be given to every man, woman, and child in the country (in France each person would have 1.6 acres; in Italy, nine-tenths of an acre; in India, half an acre; in Egypt, less than one-fourth). Even in California, the most populous state, there is twenty-one times more cropland, pasture, and forest than there is urban land; in New York, where almost 90 percent of the state’s 18 million people live in metropolitan areas, one-half of the state—almost 15 million acres—remains forested. In the nation as a whole, even though land devoted to urban uses has grown by two-thirds since 1950, metropolitan areas still occupy only 1.5 percent of the total area. Some 73 percent of the population live on less than 2 percent of the land.

Many bleak conclusions may be drawn from the kinds of statistics that *U.S. News & World Report* gathered to document the public “alarm” over urban sprawl. More often than not, however, the conclusions are closer to apocalyptic vision than realistic interpretation. In 1976, for instance, when so much attention was being given to Malthusian projections about the disappearance of millions of acres of indispensable cropland, the Soil and Conservation Service casually reported that some 24

million acres—equivalent to the total area of Indiana—of prime farmland was not being used and “could be converted simply by beginning tillage.” By 1975 standards those 24 million acres could have yielded in one year 180 million bushels of wheat, 27 billion pounds of rice, 516 million bushels of corn, and 8 billion pounds of peas—enough rice, corn, peas, and wheat to supply the needs of New York City residents for almost a decade.

None of the Agriculture Department studies seem to indicate that advancing urban sprawl is choking America’s food-producing capacity. A 1974 study concluded that “the amount of agricultural land taken each year for urban uses has had little impact on the total supply of U.S. cropland.” Much of the cropland loss that did occur (17 million acres in the Fifties, 8 million in the Sixties, and 2 million from 1969 to 1974) was attributed to shifts from high- to lower-intensity agricultural or forestry uses, or was idled because cropping was no longer profitable: the soil in many areas lost

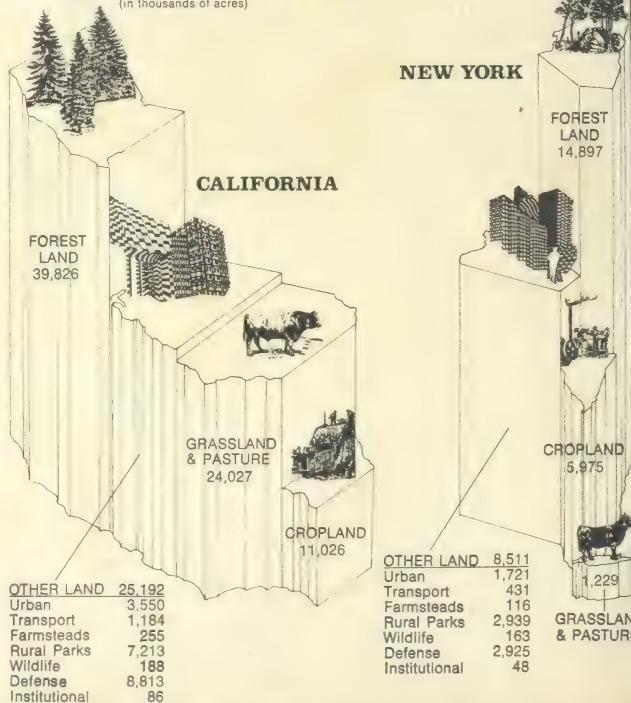
its fertility, the terrain proved unsuitable to efficient use of modern machinery, or a decision was made that the best use of the acreage was grassland. In other words, not all the lost cropland “disappeared before a vancing urban sprawl,” and not all the land “consumed” by urbanization was cropland or “choice farmland.”

These conclusions seem valid even in regions of the country that have felt the most pressure to urbanize. In a study of fifty-three counties, where 2 percent of the 1960 to 1970 population increase occurred, the USDA found that there had been a 27 percent increase in the area devoted to urban uses (almost twice the national average), but only a 7 percent decrease in cropland. Of the cropland that was lost, less than half went to any urban use, and again “more new cropland was developed than was lost to urban development.”

If there are problems in interpreting the trends in land use even with fairly demonstrable statistics from the past, there are also enough unpredict-

MAJOR USES OF THE LAND

(in thousands of acres)



: and potentially counterbalancing
tables to play havoc with projec-
s for the future. A 1975 report by
USDA economists pointed out that
udden increase in foreign demand
food and fiber on top of the sus-
ed domestic demand had depleted
ilable stocks and prompted the fed-
l government to drop its program of
entive payments to farmers who
not cultivate their lands (30 per-
t of American cropland was pro-
fing food and fiber for export dur-
this time). Was the food-supply
tern so precarious that a couple of
rs of increased demand would alter
pland use so radically? Perhaps.
t there was a parallel trend that
more heartening: a shift in food-
sumption patterns—from animal
crop products—that, because it
es about seven times as much acre-
to produce proteins through live-
ck as to produce proteins in crop
ducts, could eventually decrease
pland needs.

III.

ment statutes, and literally any government action that may have constituted an unlawful "taking" of private property. The Supreme Court, which had accepted only a few zoning cases since its landmark 1926 approval of such regulations, heard arguments in three different zoning disputes in 1976. While the courts were busily sorting out the meaning of past laws, legislators were just as diligently passing new ones. The American Society of Planning Officials reported nearly 200 new state laws governing land use in 1976—e.g., regulating mobile-home locations, managing geothermal resource allocation, rewriting property-tax laws, setting criteria for waste disposal systems, preserving open space, changing building codes, fencing off junkyards, zoning and rezoning, and so on. The Environmental Information Center, a prosperous private publishing firm and itself a product of sorts of the demand for comprehensible information on the burgeoning land-use legislation industry, reported that in the second session of the 94th and first session of the 95th Congress, the Senate passed some eighty land-use laws, of which nearly two-thirds were signed into law.

Most of the environmental regulations have a substantial impact on how a landowner can use his land. The Clean Air Act, for example, requires states to review the location of all possible pollutant sources (including indirect ones like parking facilities, highway projects, and airports), and in many cases demands that special permits be issued. The controls in other instances are more oblique. Access to any federally related loan for the acquisition of property or the improvement of it is precluded if a community in a HUD-designated "hazardous" area does not participate in a National Flood Insurance or Flood Disaster Protection program. The Federal Highway Administration, for its part, makes construction grants (a total of \$4.4 billion in 1975) contingent on such things as the location of junkyards and outdoor advertising. The National Park Service has condemnation prerogatives for acquiring private land. The Coast Guard must approve the location of all navigable-waterway bridges in the United States. And the Forest Service has authority over an area that includes 20 percent of the country's commercial forest land, 40 percent of the supply of salable timber, and 60 percent of all softwood saw timber.

According to a report by the short-lived Office of Land Use and Water Planning, the financial impact of all the loan and grant programs affecting

private land use is monumental: an outlay of \$40 billion by the federal government in 1975, five times more money than was needed to construct the Alaska pipeline (see chart, page 58).

The tenderfoot of federal regulatory agencies, the Environmental Protection Agency, promised \$48.5 million in 1975 to assist states in planning air pollution programs, \$40 million for preventing water pollution, and \$3.7 billion in project grants for the construction of municipal waste-treatment facilities. (By way of comparison, General Motors had a net income of \$2.9 billion in 1976.) The Department of Housing and Urban Development, through at least ten different agencies, funneled \$11 billion into flood insurance programs, community development programs, and forty-one different programs to provide grants and loans for purchasing, constructing, and rehabilitating multifamily housing, mobile homes, farm structures, et cetera. Other federal moneys were distributed for the management of land and water resources, purchasing land for highways, planning and constructing mass transit systems, and assisting Indian tribes in real estate transactions.

Last year the Justice Department's Land and Natural Resources Division spent more than \$58 million on behalf of such federal agencies as the Army Corps of Engineers, the National Park Service, the Bureau of Land Management, and the General Services Administration just to acquire private land for the government by condemnation, "a means of last resort." It was swamped



by 900 suits about everything from enjoining the replacement of Manhattan's West Side Highway to deciding on the use of a small island for a bombing range. And of some worry to the Division is the increasing number of cases being filed against the government charging "a taking of property" because of acts of officials, the promulgation of regulations, or even the enactment of statutes, all of which allegedly make the plaintiffs' land either value-

less or unavailable for its highest and best use. There were \$500 million worth of "taking" claims pending against the federal government at the end of 1977.

A recent study for the Council on Environmental Quality noted that there were at least 100 different federal periodical reports on the state of the environment. Since 1972 the EPA's Office of Water Enforcement has issued more than 50,000 permits for the discharge of industrial, municipal, and federal wastes into navigable waters. Some 30,000 actions of federal agencies were assessed for "environmental effects" in 1975, more than 1,000 environmental-impact statements were filed, and 363 court cases arose for failure to file. The impact statements often ran to thousands of pages, and, as one Carter Administration official was quoted as saying, they have "become an end in themselves... often [with] no effect on preserving the environment." Some have suggested that in paper use alone, the federal government has, while writing its guidelines, interpretations, reg-

JUSTICE ON THE LAND

As a barometer of the scope of federal activity on the land, the Land and Natural Resources Division of the Department of Justice is almost without rival. Formed in 1909, the division has grown into a typically large branch of the Justice Department, with nine different sections (land acquisition, pollution control, marine resources, Indian claims, general litigation, Indian resources, appellate, appraisal, and administrative) and a staff of 120 lawyers and 200 nonlegal personnel.

The Division considers under its jurisdiction everything from clean air to burro populations in national parks. In fact, there is little it can't consider. Its bureaucratic mandate is, in the words of the Attorney General's Annual Report, "to protect the general environment... to protect and enhance the quality of... air and water," and concern itself with "America as a physical entity, in all its vastness and variety."

The following sampling of cases, in which the government condemns private land and battles big business and big cities, indicates the truth of the legal maxim that land extends "up to heaven and down to hell."

tions, and reports on environmental action, been responsible for the arcutting of mountainsides of valuable timber.

Disagreement about the proliferation uncoordinated federal programs, rules, regulations, and sanctions that have become increasingly unmanageable and often counterproductive is the problem; what to do about it is. Proposals for comprehensive federal planning for the use of the nation's land have wound their way and out of Congress since 1972.

1. Henry Jackson's 1975 Land Resource Planning Assistance Act was a controversial scheme to coordinate and strengthen local, state, and federal land-use programs by giving \$100 million a year to states that would establish planning boards to manage, allocate, and influence the conflicting demands on the land. The bill provided a Federal Office of Land Resource Planning Assistance to distribute the grants, offer advice to those participating in the program, and act as a central data bank on land re-

sources and "past, present, and projected land-use patterns."

Sensitive to criticism that the bill appeared to go further than ever before toward shifting the focus of decision making about how land should be used—out of the hands of individual landowners and local political units into those of the central government—Senator Jackson tried to assure skeptics that his plan was "the best protection possible for basic property rights," and promised that the annual \$100 million "would be provided absent any conditions allowing the federal government to substitute its own policies for those of the states." For those who read S.984 closely, however, the Senator's claims appeared to be wishful thinking. The bill actually detailed numerous prerequisites "as a condition of continued eligibility" for the funds. It required the states to establish methods for "guiding the use of land," "influencing the location of new communities," "controlling land sales or development projects," "promoting the continued use and produc-

tivity of prime food- and fiber-producing lands," and more.

Further undermining of Senator Jackson's claims that S.984 was a "states' rights bill" came from its supporters, many of whom were enchanted more with the proposal's promise of a nationally coordinated planning scheme than with any idea of letting the states make their own decisions. Morris Udall, the most outspoken advocate of the bill in the House, claimed the crux of the land resource problem to be "no real order, no overall policy to cope with future land development and the struggle between speculators and preservationists." That this was the key to the Land Resource Planning Assistance Act and other such proposals was further evidenced by the variety of supporters it attracted, generally divided between two types of conservationists: those of the environment and those dominating the economic status quo. Favorable testimony came from the National Wildlife Federation as well as from Exxon; from the Izaak Walton League as well as the

Pollution Control:

Cases pending:

961	(1975)
1,341	(1977)

- Allied Chemical, the large and diversified energy company, was forced to pay criminal fines of \$225,000 for polluting with its coke plant the air of Highland, Kentucky.

- When the Reserve Mining Company in Minnesota was charged with dumping mineral wastes into Lake Superior in violation of the Federal Water Pollution Control Act, a court ordered not only the payment of \$837,500 in fines and penalties but also the construction of an on-land disposal system.

- The Water Pollution Control Act was also invoked to bring a large number of suits to prevent the dredging or filling of wetlands and to require that the wetlands be restored to their prior state.

- Other water pollution fines were received from U.S. Steel Corp. (\$3.25 million); N-L Industries (\$1.1 million); Beaucourt Corp. (\$200,000).

- Pursuing even municipal governments, the Justice Department filed pollution suits against the cities of New York, Detroit, Los Angeles, Kansas City, Camden, and Providence.

Land Acquisition:

Acres acquired:

499,912	(1971)
558,920	(1975)

Acquisition cases pending:

10,379	(1975)
18,000	(1977)

The federal government acquired in 1975 more than 2,000 different tracts of land by condemnation. Some of the division's best "clients" in condemnation proceedings were the Army Corps of Engineers, the National Park Service, the Bureau of Reclamation, and the Department of Energy.

Often the most difficult part of these disputes is not whether the government has a right to take the land, but how much it must pay the owner as compensation.

- Still pending at the end of 1977 was U.S. v. 88.28 Acres of Land in Guadalupe County, New Mexico, and Andrieus A. Jones, et al. The defendants' claim against the government was \$500 million, some \$5.5 million an acre.

- Also pending was U.S. v. 134,960.62 Acres of Land in Klamath County, Oregon, and U.S. National Bank of Portland, Trustee for the Enrolled Members of the Klamath Tribe, et al. Defendants' claim: \$135 million.

General Litigation:

Total National Environmental

Policy Act cases pending:
304 (1977)

Total other cases pending:
1,320 (1977)

Two cases in 1977 posed unique and complicated questions in areas far beyond even the broad limits traditionally accorded land and natural resources:

- In *Natural Resources Defense Council v. Export-Import Bank*, NRDC argued that the bank must develop and implement National Environmental Policy Act compliance procedures when it gives credit assistance for exports of offshore drilling equipment, power plants, and similar material.

- The *Environmental Action Foundation* brought a suit against former Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld that challenged the B-1 bomber program: the EAF charged the Defense Department with failure to "consider the effect on the environment of using the weapon system to transport nuclear bombs in a future war."

Bank of America; from the Conservation Foundation, the United Automobile Workers, the National Association of Realtors, the *New York Times*, the National Farmers' Union, and Gov. Jimmy Carter. Just as the environmentalists were concerned with finding the most consistent way of preserving all of America's natural heritage, so national and multinational corporations and special-interest groups preferred a system that would minimize the risks inherent in an uncoordinated and decentralized approach to land-use planning and natural-resource allocation. In the words of an Exxon executive, testifying before the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, "We believe the time has come for a more orderly, disciplined way of planning for and managing the future growth of the nation."

Not everyone was willing to admit that the time had come. Intense lobbying efforts by groups like the Liberty Lobby and the National Association of Chambers of Commerce eventually succeeded in killing the bill. Senator Jackson accused them of waging "a campaign of strident sloganeering"; an aide maintained that they "still lived under the myth that there were no controls on private land"; and Morris Udall said simply that "the right wing did a hell of a job on land-use legislation."

THE FEDERAL BUDGET

Though federal and local governments own outright more than a third of the United States, they control—directly or indirectly—most of the rest. Many states have inaugurated metropolitan land planning acts and growth management statutes, bought development rights on agricultural land, granted tax concessions to those who preserve open space, allowed cities to establish population ceilings, and declared moratoriums on development.

For its part, the federal government has left few land-use stones unturned. In 1975 the Interior Department, through its newly formed Office of Land Use and Water Planning, sponsored a study to find out how significant the federal impact on the private sector had become. Ironically, the results of the study contributed to the abrupt demise of the Office, which had been formed in 1973 in anticipation of the adoption of Sen. Henry Jackson's national land-use planning scheme.

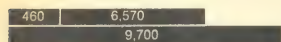
What the Land Use Office discovered was that more than 12 percent of the \$324 billion of 1975 federal expenditures was actually earmarked to affect nominally nonfederal land. Shortly afterward the Senate Appropriations Committee cut off all funds and the

study commission died quietly. ("The Office," says James Flannery of the Interior Department, "touched too many sensitive nerves," especially among conservative Senators from the land-rich West, who were "incensed" by Jackson's plan.)

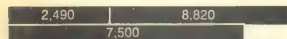
Despite the widespread negative opinion about the continuing proliferation of programs, no federal agency, since the Office of Land Use and Water Planning has attempted to quantify or analyze comprehensively the impact of public moneys on the use of private land.

The former director of the Land Use Office, Lance Marston, estimates that there has been "at least—at least—a 20 percent growth in land-use programs in the past three years." Jack Donahue of the Office of Management and Budget, the agency directing Carter's government reorganization project, admits that the OMB has received criticism for not exploring the link between the public and private sectors, but his boss at the Natural Resources/Environment Division, Bill Dinsmore, while allowing that federal programs have a "significant impact" on the use of private land, says the OMB has no plans to detail the impact.

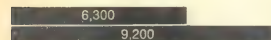
PROGRAMS AND LAND-USE DOLLARS IN THE PRIVATE SECTOR, 1975



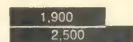
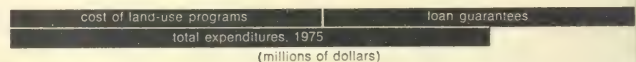
Department of Agriculture
water resources planning; purchase and construction of housing; development of recreation facilities; rural community development; improvement of telephone service; loans to rural electric companies; rural waste-treatment improvement; loans for farm improvement and purchase



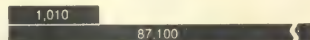
Housing and Urban Development
planning grants to local governments; improving the use of land; diversifying neighborhoods; preserving property; construction and rehabilitation of private nonprofit hospitals; purchase, construction, and rehabilitation of houses



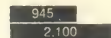
Department of Transportation
purchase of land; improvement of airports; building and improving mass transit systems; highway construction



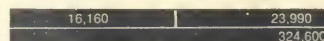
Environmental Protection Agency
grants for planning and developing pollution control programs; construction of wastewater treatment facilities



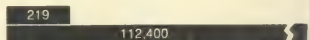
Department of Defense
Army Corps of Engineers' land acquisition and design, and project management of such things as docks, harbors, dams, canals, and aqueducts



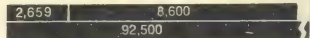
Department of the Interior
water resources projects: irrigation, municipal water supplies, hydroelectric power plants, flood-control systems; grants for planning outdoor recreation



Department of Commerce
construction of water and sewer systems; building of access roads to industrial parks; development of port facilities; constructing flood-control systems



Department of Health, Education and Welfare
grants and loans for construction of public health facilities



Miscellaneous other agencies
such as the Water Resources Council; General Services Administration; Veterans Administration; the Appalachian Regional Commission; and the Small Business Administration

TOTAL

Source: Office of Land Use and Water Planning, Department of the Interior

Columbia University (Manhattan only): 70 acres... Owned by Ford Foundation: 11,000 acres... Land transferred from federal ownership, 1976: 8,301,779

LAND RUSH

"This land is your land"

"This land is my land"

f sometime in the past 200 years was brought to the land, still there never been much order. Today's uses defy easy classification: the mining examples cover everything from conservation to the exploitation of mineral resources, the use and abuse of rivers and lakes, the zoning of cities and towns, broad-based land-use plans, the fixing of boundaries, quarrelsome claims to ownership. Just ten of the examples on these pages, more than 80 million acres and were in one way or another subject of controversy last year. If Alaska were added to this incomplete list, at least a fifth of America would be up for grabs.

A rash of "growth control" ordinances have been passed in recent years by cities and towns worried about strains on existing water and sewer systems, overcrowded schools, overworked police and fire departments, and similar phenomena. City planners have laid the blame on a combination of "runaway" growth and "upgrowing" expansion. The city of Boulder, Colorado, adopting an increasingly common solution to the problem, put a ceiling on the number of building permits it would issue each year. Springfield, Nebraska, with a population of 900, wanted not only to limit the number of building permits it passed out, but also to prove the type of home and the size he lot upon which the home was built. Suffolk County on Long Island simply appropriated \$21 million from its budget to purchase "development rights" on undeveloped land yet another way to manage growth. In 1974 the Supreme Court decided its first zoning case in forty years (*The Village of Belle Terre v. Y. v. Borass*). Though the high court ruled in favor of restrictive zoning in the Belle Terre case, the judicial trend in the past few years has been in the opposite direction. In 1975, for example, a New Jersey court told Mt. Laurel Township that prohibitions against apartments, mobile homes, and mobile homes were constitutional because, in part, they led to provide for "the living

welfare of people" who needed homes in the area. In the affluent New York county of Westchester, the town of New Castle was rebuffed by a State Supreme Court justice who called its zoning regulations "exclusionary." New Castle, where homes at the time ranged in value from \$80,000 to \$100,000, had prohibited the construction of multifamily housing units.

- More than 1.5 million acres of prime agricultural land in seventeen Western states is at stake in the battle over claims to federal water. The 1902 reclamation law prohibits those using the water from the federal projects (a key factor in the value of the land) from owning more than 160 acres of land in any particular water district. If the law is enforced, the 1.5 million acres would have to be redistributed. In the Westlands Water District west of Fresno, California, the largest affected area, an average farm is now about 2,500 acres, fifteen times the prescribed limit.

- Nominally protected by federal law, endangered and threatened species like the Houston Toad, the American Alligator, and the Blunt-nosed Leopard Lizard of the San Joaquin Valley are still "losing their natural habitats at phenomenal rates," according to the Fish and Wildlife Service. So far the federal government has taken no legal action against private developers, and the only effect of the well-known snail-darter case (a private suit) has been to prompt Congress to loosen restrictions imposed by the Endangered Species Act.

- At present there are sixty-nine commercial nuclear plants in operation, eighty-nine under construction, and thirty-nine on the drawing boards in thirty-five different states. There are in addition more than 4,000 acres of temporary radioactive dumps scattered around the country, and the Carter Administration has said that "permanent" disposal of the nuclear garbage cannot be achieved before 1983. The Department of Energy is searching for landowners willing to put up with the lethal material, but it will have big problems if states (thirty-six are being assessed as possible depository sites) refuse the dumping-ground honor. Gov. James Thompson of Illinois, for one, said he didn't want his state to assume responsibility.

- Because of a shift in a river, South Carolina and Georgia are not sure where one state begins and the other ends. At stake are 10,000 acres of water and water bottom and 3,000 acres of high ground and marshland

in and along the Savannah River, the border established by treaty in 1787. The Supreme Court will decide what happens when a river changes course.

California and Nevada have also gone to the Supreme Court: Nevada is claiming that its western boundary, some 612 miles stretching from Oregon to Arizona, should be moved to the west by an average of 1.5 miles. If the high court rules in Nevada's favor, California could lose some 1,000 square miles of land, including a sizable portion of its part of the lucrative Lake Tahoe resort.

- In Oregon last November, anti-planning advocates tried for the third time to persuade voters to throw out one of the country's strictest land-use laws (just over 60,000 signatures were required to put the referendum on the ballot). They lost, but it was no landslide: 40 percent of the voters (almost 330,000) said yes to the proposal. Eight counties, four cities, and a number of other local governmental units had already filed suit against the state, claiming that the 1973 Land Conservation and Development Commission Act is unconstitutional. The plaintiffs have charged, in part, that the LCDC Act, which requires strict and comprehensive land-use planning from every locality, artificially depresses property values and therefore represents an illegal "taking" of private property.

- Since January of 1977, according to the USDA, foreigners have acquired 600,000 acres of American land (in addition to the 4.9 million they are already thought to own.) Concern about the foreign invasion prompted Sen. Herman Talmadge of Georgia, who discovered that 6 percent of the farmland in one of his Peach State counties was owned by aliens, to write to four different federal agencies and a Senate committee complaining of the lack of data on foreign landownership and asking that some of the agencies research and monitor *all* (not only foreign) agricultural land transactions. If the project is successful, it will be the first time the government has monitored in a comprehensive way the exchange of private agricultural landholdings.

- In a classic test of public interest versus individual property rights, Lowry, Minnesota, became, in the words of one protesting farmer, "the Bunker Hill of the twentieth century." Two electrical companies were building 427 miles of high-voltage lines for the benefit of "one million people who depend on us for power." The farmers whose land the lines cross

contend that their lives will be disrupted and their livestock and farming operations damaged. The electrical cooperatives successfully battled the landowners through twenty-five different court cases; they claim that vandalism, sabotage, and harassment cost them some \$139 million on the project, finally completed last fall.

- Some 300 landowners along the Ohio River have filed a series of complicated lawsuits against the Army Corps of Engineers, charging the federal agency with fraud and deception in obtaining easements on 22,000 acres of river frontage. The property holders on the 980-mile stretch of water from Pittsburgh to Cairo, on the southern tip of Illinois, claim that the corps failed to establish a valid high-water mark at the river's edge, and after constructing numerous navigation dams willfully flooded the thousands of acres, causing serious erosion. Many of these cases against the corps have been in preparation for almost eight years; final opinions are not expected until later this year.

- In Rhode Island, Maine, Massachusetts, New York, Connecticut, and South Carolina, American Indian

tribes have been claiming title to some 10 million to 12 million acres of land, much of it prime development and timber acreage, all allegedly taken from the tribes illegally in the nineteenth century. So far only the Wampanoag Indians of Cape Cod have received a negative judgment—their claim to 11,000 acres in the town of Mashpee was dismissed by a federal court because it was held that the Indians had not constituted a tribe when the land was taken.

(Tom Tureen, counsel for most of the Indian claims, called the Wampanoag decision "ridiculous" and is appealing it.) In Maine, where the largest amount of land is at stake, the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy tribes had claimed title to more than half the 19.7 million acres of the state, most of it now owned by a few large timber companies. As of last November the Indians seemed likely to accept a settlement from the federal government in which they would receive \$27 million cash and \$10 million in land (at present values, about 100,000 Maine acres.)

- The many conflicting demands being made on the vast Alaskan land

—one-fifth the size of the forty-eight contiguous states—prompted an Interior Department official to remark, "Long after our children are in their graves, they'll be fighting over Alaska. Industry and commercial interests want to reserve resource-rich acres for exploitation; the federal government, which already owns some 93 percent of the 375 million acres, wants to put almost half the state into wildlife preserves and national parks; the state government wants the federal government to stay out; and the Alaskan natives are still quarreling with the Interior Department over 40 million of the 44 million acres promised them by the 1971 Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act. While the debate goes on, the Bureau of Land Management is spending \$8 million a year just to map the region adequately. The Senate Energy and Natural Resources Committee was debating eight different Alaska land bills this past summer, spawning more adversary testimony than any legislation since the civil rights bills of the Sixties. One spokesman was doubtful that any of the bills would get to the full Senate before the end of the year, "if at all."

A NOTE ON DATA GATHERING

A list of the published reports, government agencies, public-interest groups, periodicals, corporations, and experts of various sorts queried for information to include in this survey of American land would be a long one. To name a few: the Urban Land Institute; the Conservation Foundation; the U.S. Geological Survey; the Bureau of Land Management; the Economic Research Service of the Department of Agriculture; the Environmental Information Center; the Independent Petroleum Association of America; the Environmental Protection Agency; the U.S. Golf Association; the Federal Aviation Administration; the Regional Plan Association; the Practising Law Institute; the International Shopping Center Council; and the many spokesmen and publications of these and other groups.

I wasn't far into my research on land before I realized how very few all-encompassing facts or figures there are to be had about the subject. For nearly every fact uncovered, there are usually dozens of qualifications and interpretations. Asking who owns American land, for instance, is not at all like asking the height of Mt. Shasta. *Owning* a parcel of land is laying claim to a bundle of rights to the land, and those

rights may be divvied up in a number of ways, given to (sold to, taken by) any number of individuals. One person may hold the title to a plot of land—strictly speaking, the owner—another may lease it, another may have the sole right to mine it, another to harvest its timber, another to graze cattle on it, another to use its water, another to build a highway or sewer line or waterway or utility line through it; another (government) to tax it or condemn it or zone it or annex it.

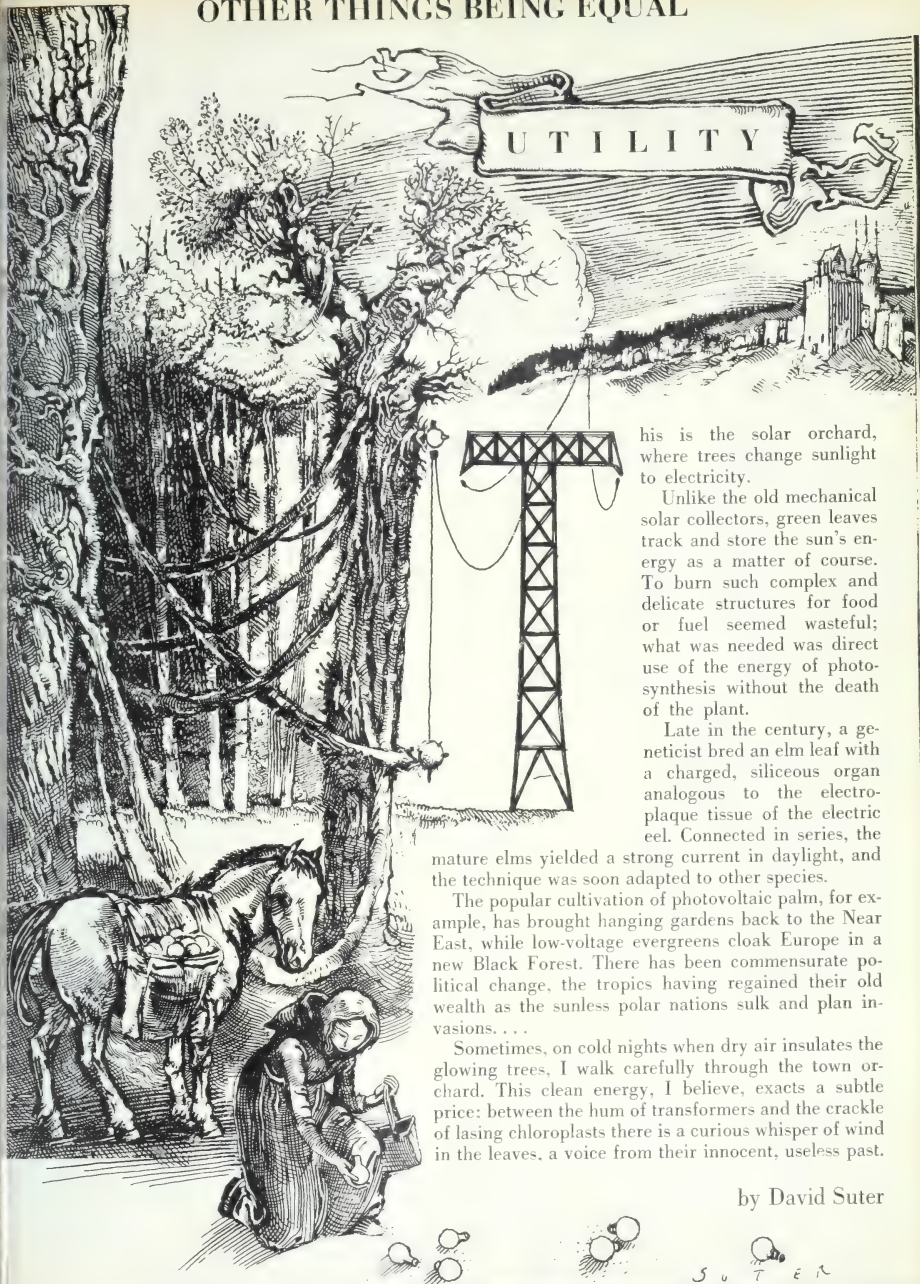
The list of major corporations and their American landholdings on page 47 is not therefore a list of *land-owners* in the literal sense so much as it is a sampling of those who, in one way or another, hold *control* of the land. Though all the figures were taken from the companies' own 10-K forms filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission, annual reports, Moody's Industrial and Transportation Manuals, and, in a few rare instances, company officials (and represent information available as of the end of 1976), the list is neither complete nor exhaustive and must be read with a number of caveats. One is that, as an Exxon official explained, "we don't disclose anything we don't have

to." Another is that there is very little consistency in the manner of reporting. "Holdings," for instance, may mean possession of *all* the rights in the bundle (very rare and nearly impossible) or having only one or two of the rights. Tennessee neatly divided its agricultural holdings between "owned" and "leased" land in California and Arizona (856,654 acres of the former and 269,453 of the latter). Standard Oil of California, on the other hand, reported it held more than 9 million acres of land in "fee," under lease, with "options" or "reservations" (not bothering to differentiate) and had "substantial" commercial, residential, and agricultural land in the Western states (giving no acreage figures). Dow Chemical, which is not on the list, told the SEC that it owned natural brine deposits in Michigan; rock salt deposits in Louisiana, Texas, Ontario, and West Germany; limestone deposits in Texas; and land worth more than \$110 million, but nowhere did the company report the number of acres of land it owned. Mobil Oil, for its part, reported to the SEC only real estate development land, though it may be assumed that Mobil, like Exxon, has other interests as well. □

owned by Mobil Oil Estates Ltd. (U.S.): 5,750 acres... Habitable land per person (U.S.): 9.6 acres... Habitable land per person (world): 2.5 acres.

OTHER THINGS BEING EQUAL

UTILITY



his is the solar orchard, where trees change sunlight to electricity.

Unlike the old mechanical solar collectors, green leaves track and store the sun's energy as a matter of course. To burn such complex and delicate structures for food or fuel seemed wasteful; what was needed was direct use of the energy of photosynthesis without the death of the plant.

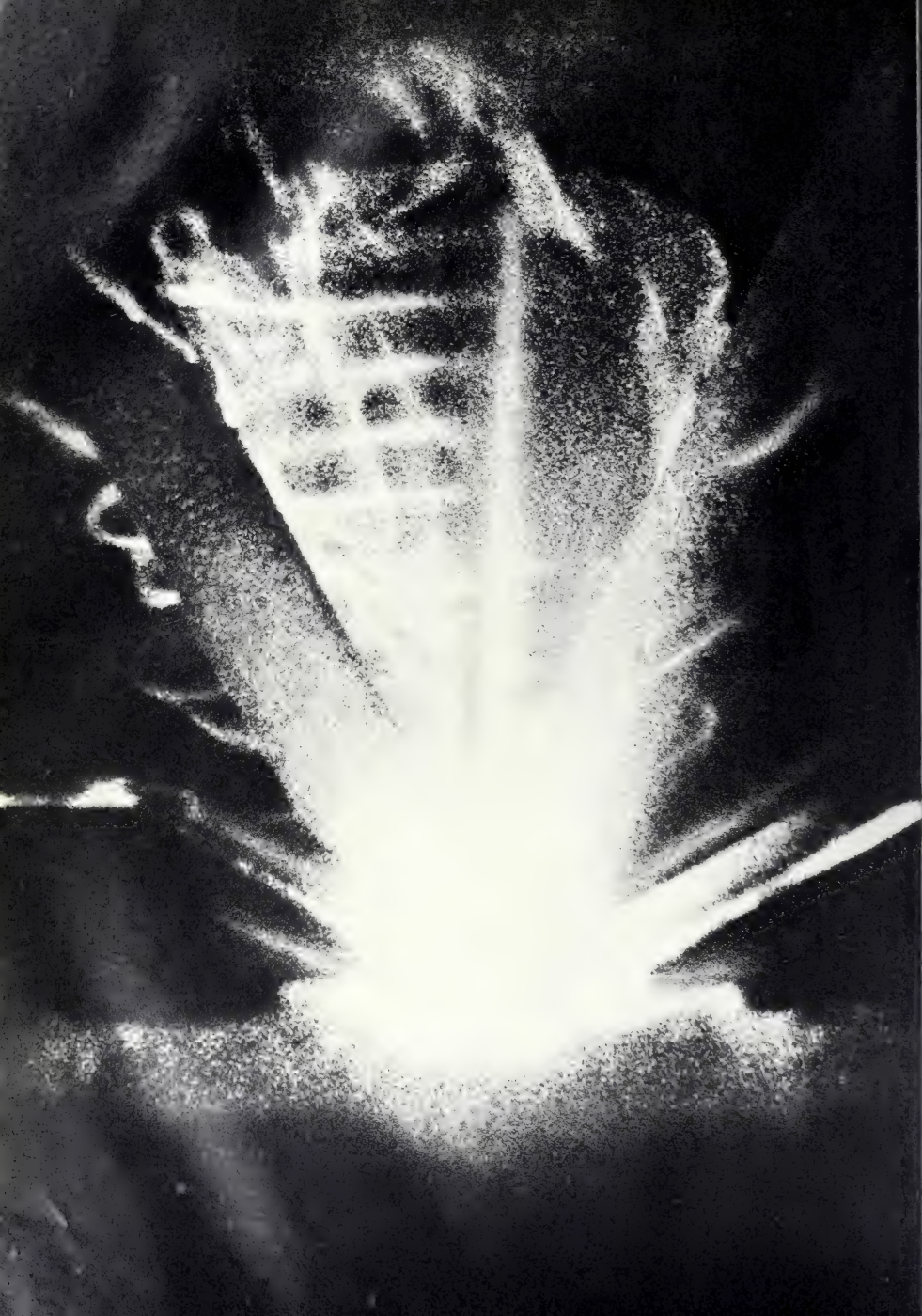
Late in the century, a geneticist bred an elm leaf with a charged, siliceous organ analogous to the electroplaque tissue of the electric eel. Connected in series, the mature elms yielded a strong current in daylight, and the technique was soon adapted to other species.

The popular cultivation of photovoltaic palm, for example, has brought hanging gardens back to the Near East, while low-voltage evergreens cloak Europe in a new Black Forest. There has been commensurate political change, the tropics having regained their old wealth as the sunless polar nations sulk and plan invasions. . . .

Sometimes, on cold nights when dry air insulates the glowing trees, I walk carefully through the town orchard. This clean energy, I believe, exacts a subtle price: between the hum of transformers and the crackle of lasing chloroplasts there is a curious whisper of wind in the leaves, a voice from their innocent, useless past.

by David Suter

SUTER



The Atomic Bond.

Using tiny explosive charges, Western Electric engineers are bonding metals with the elemental "glue" of the Universe.

Here's how it works. The atoms of all metals have a natural attraction for one another. If it weren't for the ever-present film of impurities coating the surface—the oxides, nitrides, and absorbed gasses—all metal atoms would bond to each other when brought together.

Exploding Things Together.

But the force of a high-intensity explosion on two adjacent metals will clean away the film of impurities. The explosion literally "blows" the impurities off the surfaces. So the atoms of the different metals can bond together.

The bond that results is stronger than both of the metals themselves.

As an industrial technique, explosive bonding has proved valuable in the manufacture of such heavy-weight products as bi-metallic gun barrels.

Pinpoint Explosions.

But how would explosives work in the delicate, intricate world of telephone circuitry?

Scientists at Western Electric's Engineering Research Center solved the problem by developing ways to miniaturize and control explosive bonding. Soon, they could splice the ends of two thin communications wires inside a miniature explosive-coated sleeve.

And they could repair tiny defective contacts on delicate circuit boards. These gold contacts (membrane-thin "fingers" 1/10 by 3/4 of an inch) are reclad by thin sheets of gold foil (.0005 inches thick),

coated with explosives. The repairs are literally "blown" onto the contacts, without disturbing the delicate circuitry less than 1/10 of an inch away.

Miniaturized explosive bonding is only one way we're helping your Bell Telephone Company hold down the cost of your telephone service today. For the future, it promises the benefits of bonding widely disparate metals and all sorts of other materials.

You Can Take It For Granted.

Most important, explosive bonds are contributing to the clarity of communications, the reliability of switching, the taken-for-granted assurance you have when you reach for your telephone.

The atomic bond—it's another innovation from Western Electric.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.



Western Electric

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Speed Learning is replacing speed reading because it's easy to learn... lasts a lifetime... applies to everything you read... and is the only fully accredited course with the option of college credits.

Do you have too much to read and too little time to read it? Do you mentally pronounce each word as you read? Do you frequently have to go back and re-read words or whole paragraphs you just finished reading? Do you have trouble concentrating? Do you quickly forget most of what you read?

If you answer "yes" to any of these questions — then here at last is the practical help you've been waiting for. Whether you read for business or pleasure, school or college, you will build exceptional skills from this major breakthrough in effective reading, created by Dr. Russell Stauffer at the University of Delaware.

Not just "speed reading" — but speed reading-thinking-understanding-remembering-and-learning

The new *Speed Learning Program* shows you step-by-step how to increase your reading skill and speed, so you understand more, remember more and use more of everything you read. The typical remark made by the 75,000 slow readers who completed the *Speed Learning Program* was: "Why didn't someone teach me this a long time ago?" They were no longer held back by the lack of skills and poor reading habits. They could read almost as fast as they could think.

What makes Speed Learning so successful?

The new *Speed Learning Program* does not offer you a rehash of the usual eye-exercises, timing devices, costly gadgets you've probably heard about in connection with speed reading courses or even tried and found ineffective.

In just a few spare minutes a day of easy reading and exciting listening, you discover an entirely new way to read and think — a radical departure from any-

thing you have ever seen or heard about. Research shows that reading is 95% thinking and only 5% eye movement. Yet most of today's speed reading programs spend their time teaching you rapid eye movement (5% of the problem) and ignore the most important part (95%) thinking. In brief, *Speed Learning* gives you what speed reading can't.

Imagine the new freedom you'll have when you learn how to dash through all types of reading material at least twice as fast as you do now, and with greater comprehension. Think of being able to get on top of the avalanche of newspapers, magazines and correspondence you have to read... finishing a stimulating book and retaining facts and details more clearly and with greater accuracy than ever before.

Listen-and-learn at your own pace

This is a practical, easy-to-learn program that will work for you — no matter how slow a reader you think you are now. The *Speed Learning Program* is scientifically planned to get you started quickly... to help you in spare minutes a day. It brings you a "teacher-on-cassettes" who guides you, instructs, encourages you, explaining material as you

read. Interesting items taken from *Time* Magazine, *Business Week*, *Wall Street Journal*, *Family Circle*, *N.Y. Times* and many others, make the program stimulating, easy and fun... and so much more effective.

Executives, students, professional people, men and women in all walks of life from 15 to 70 have benefited from this program. *Speed Learning* is a fully accredited course... costing only 1/5 the price of less effective speed reading classroom courses. Now you can examine the same easy, practical and proven methods at home... in spare time... without risking a penny.

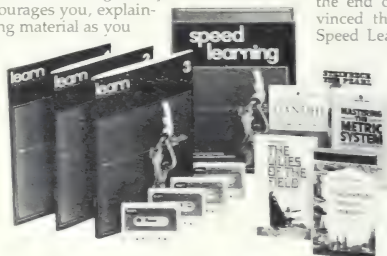
Examine Speed Learning FREE for 10 days

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TEN WAYS TO BREAK OPEC

ONE EVENING LAST SPRING I dined with an assistant to the President of the United States, who, like so many of my fellow victims of the foreign oil cartel, did not know that OPEC can be broken. I heard the end of the meal I explained to that over the past two years, unremarked by the press and ignored by the Administration, the country's most eminent petroleum experts had testified before Sen. Edward Kennedy's Subcommittee on Energy to the effect that the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries is exceedingly fragile, that it could not exist without the aid and comfort of a complex of American financial and export interests, and that there are any number of ways that the U.S. government could act to shatter its monopoly. I noted that according to a study published by the M.I.T. Energy Laboratory, the cartel's price per barrel has been fixed at \$7 to \$10 more than the price that would prevail in a competitive market. The foreign oil cartel, I observed, sells for \$13 per barrel oil that costs less than 25 cents a barrel to produce. I suggested that at a time when the dollar would appear to be going the way of the Hungarian pengo, it is arguably provident to remit a subvention to the Saudi oil family amounting to \$8,000 per annum for each of its subjects. I had taken my dinner companion by surprise. Between courses he had felt called upon to defend his employer, but now, over coffee, he could not bring himself to defend the indefensible. With evident dismay, he agreed that the cartel's leeching on the American economy constitutes the most critical problem confronting the country, and that it compromises the nation's capacity to make good its commitments in the world. "Why," he said, "I am deeply anguished by the inaction of the Administration of which he is a part, but insufficiently in command of himself to return the bill to my court, 'hasn't a constituency assembled to insist that we do something about OPEC?'" The answer to his question is that the un-

assembled constituency slumbers at the center of a thorn forest of myths about energy that has been raised up around us by the wizardry of those who profit from OPEC's make-believe omnipotence. It cost this writer the better part of two years of his life to get out of the woods. By night, I puzzled over abstruse monographs and \$650-a-year newsletters. By day I corresponded with distant institutes and ministries of foreign powers. I shuttled to and from Cambridge, New York, and Washington. I journeyed to London, to Rotterdam, to Tel Aviv. I sat across the desk from a distinguished professor of the economics of petroleum who, with avuncular patience, explained to me the innermost meaning of the phrase, "nominations in excess of prorated equity share." In the dining room of a great Wall Street bank, I digested hearts-of-palm vinaigrette and charts showing that over the next five years new non-OPEC oil production will increase by 8.5 million barrels a day, while global consumption will rise by only 5.5. Sunk into the burnished-leather sofa of a senior Senator, I learned how American corporations that benefit from high oil prices overseas pressure their suppliers to join them in lobbying against policies that would break OPEC. I brunchd at a mountain resort with an authority on the oil-bearing formations of the Yucatan. I revolved atop a Hyatt House with a value-free-resource econometrician. I lunched at the Harvard Club with a wildcatter from Namibia. Ever so gradually the darkness lifted, the mists parted, and Mobil Corporation's oped barrage thawed, melted, and resolved itself into a dew.

While the less well-informed among our nation's bartenders, and the Secretary of Energy, may continue to tell us that a physical shortage of oil impends, no reputable petroleum economist does so. Though latter-day votaries of T. E. Lawrence, campaigning for Arab consultancies upon their departure from the State Department, may wish us to believe that the Persian Gulf is the only major repository of oil, I found no independent petro-

A manual for the oppressed

by Craig S. Karpel

Craig S. Karpel is a journalist and executive director of Council on Energy Policy, Inc., a nonprofit organization headquartered in New York City.

leum geologist who agrees. If Sheikh Yamani would have us imagine that the lines at gas stations in the winter of 1973-74 were the result of an effective and reproducible oil embargo against the U.S., all those who have studied the matter conclude that the queuing was caused by a combination of federal bungling and media-induced consumer panic.

"The Energy Crisis"

THE NOTION THAT there is an energy shortage that requires us to salaam before OPEC, I discovered, is a canard promulgated by the cartel, its domestic clique, and a credulous press. Bernardo F. Grossling, a geophysicist with the U.S. Geological Survey, has performed a study for the World Bank that estimates total global petroleum reserves as high as 6,000 billion barrels—ten times the figure for proven reserves lugubriously cited by James R. Schlesinger and his retinue. This is 281.6 years' supply at the current rate of consumption, and does not include the prospect of enhanced recovery from conventional fields, heavy crudes such as those from Venezuela's huge Orinoco Belt, and oil from Antarctica, the continental slopes and rises, and the ocean floor, the latter three exceptions comprising 74.7 percent of the earth's surface. "It also appears likely," Grossling has said, "that the real costs of the new oil to be found will be significantly smaller than the price set by OPEC or the marginal cost in the U.S."

OPEC is not, then, the only prospective source of foreign oil. Huge untapped structures exist in such areas as La Brea-Paríñas, Peru; northwestern Argentina; the Paleozoic play of northwestern Brazil; the Chad Basin; the Congo Basin; the Etosha Basin in Namibia; the Paris Basin; northern Italy; the Thrace Basin; the Baluchistan folds of Pakistan; Bangladesh; Burma; South Australia; Bonaparte Gulf, Australia; the Arctic Islands; the Mackenzie Delta in Canada; the Yukon subsalt play, and so forth and so on. OPEC has been able to force a suspension of the law of nations, but not of the law of supply and demand. Quadrupled oil prices have stimulated exploration and resulted in startling discoveries. When OPEC seized power in 1973, Mexico's proven oil reserves were considered to amount to no more than 2.8 billion barrels. In September, 1978, Petroleos Mexicanos announced proven reserves of 20 billion barrels. Industry sources say this figure is "very conservative" and tally proven reserves at 30 to 50 billion barrels. Dr. Sevinc Carlson, of

Georgetown's Center for Strategic and International Studies, now indicates that "Mexican reserves might be second only to those of Saudi Arabia," which now stand at 151.4 billion proven barrels. Grossling places Mexican reserves at 160 billion barrels or more. Other estimates run twice that high. The Abu Dhabi daily *Al-Itihad* describes Mexican oil as "a real threat and a dangerous competitor."

OPEC knows that we quake in unreasonable terror at the merest threat of a second embargo. Lately the cartel has begun intimating that it will cut us off if we do not eliminate quotas and tariffs on imports of petroleum products, impediments that discourage OPEC from moving downstream into the refining marketing, and manufacture of petrochemicals. "It may not be long," Ali Khalifa al-Saba, oil minister of Kuwait and chairman of OPEC, said in October, 1978, "before the removal of such practices becomes a condition of supply of crude oil." This is an implicit demand that we shut down an appreciable portion of two American industries. Were we to accede to such bluster, one wonders how long it would be before OPEC was requiring that it be allowed to manufacture penicillin for the U.S. as a precondition for supplying us with gasoline.

For there to be a second embargo, however, there would have to have been a first. What we experienced in the winter of 1973-74 was a pseudo-embargo. The flow of non-Arab OPEC oil to Western countries continued as usual. The flow of Arab OPEC oil did not continue as usual: it increased. According to *British Petroleum Statistical Review of the World Oil Industry 1975* and the International Monetary Fund's *International Financial Statistics*, November, 1975, Arab oil exports in 1973 increased by 12.6 percent—twice the growth rate in each of the previous two years. Saudi production rose by 26 percent in 1973. During the last quarter of 1973, Saudi petroleum exports were 3 percent higher than during the same trimester of the previous year, while during the first three months of 1974 they were 9 percent higher. According to Prof. Robert S. Pindyck of M.I.T., "an oil embargo cannot really be directed against the U.S. or any single country. Oil-producing countries can dictate the quantity of oil to be produced, but they cannot dictate where the oil will ultimately be shipped. For this reason the announced Arab oil embargo against the U.S. and the Netherlands in the fall of 1973 had little impact upon those countries' imports. Gasoline lines in the U.S. were really caused by price controls and the misallocation of regional supplies by the FEA [Federal Energy

y Administration].” During a Saudi trade mission to the U.S. in 1975, Farouk Akhdar, director of the technical affairs office of the kingdom’s central planning agency, told a Los Angeles audience that the announced embargo is “psychological” and “a paper tiger.”

An embargo is even less likely today. It is even noted that Saudi Arabia, without whose participation even another pseudo-embargo would be impossible, could afford a substantial cutback in its annual oil sales of \$37.8 billion because it has \$55 billion in cash reserves. But the Saudi regime has yet to receive bills for most of the \$142-billion Second Five Year Plan for national development that is in 1980, after which it has bought its subjects’ tenuous loyalty with the promise of even more costly program. The Saudis can more withstand a drastic reduction in income than could an executive with \$55,000 a year, the bank who makes \$37,800 a year, is building a \$142,000 house that must be paid in cash by 1980, and has promised a wife with whom he is on precarious terms then to begin building an even more expensive vacation home. The oil-sharing plan of the industrial countries administered by the International Energy Agency, and OPEC’s fear that its monetary reserves its members have deposited in New York and Euromarket banks since 1974 would be frozen if an embargo were declared, combine further to dampen the power of the oil weapon.

Ten ways to break OPEC

PERHAPS THE MOST paralyzing myth is that, aside from attempting to conserve energy and switch to alternatives, the U.S. is helpless before OPEC’s breakdown of the industrial economies. Quite the contrary, so many techniques are available to diminish OPEC’s monopoly control that the cartel’s elite must consider us to be a nation of fools and weaklings for not having implemented them.

1.

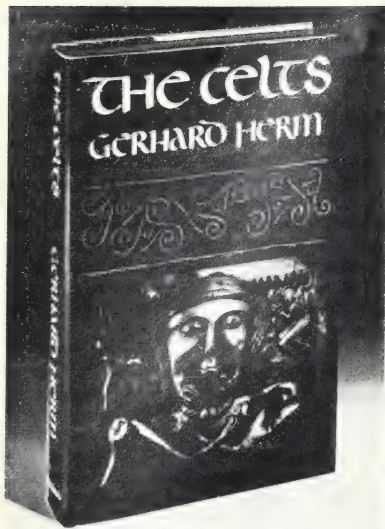
ADOPT A STRATEGY OF OIL PROLIFERATION

The approach that enjoys the most enthusiastic following on Capitol Hill among those who appreciate the need for—and relative technical ease of—disengaging from our waltz with OPEC is what William C. Lane, Jr., formerly on the staff of Sen. Frank Church’s subcommittee on Foreign Economic Policy,

W. B. Park

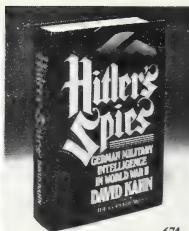


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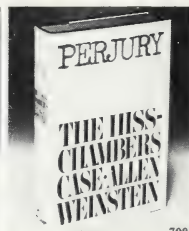
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The Celts. By Gerhard Herm. A 2000-year epic study of a fierce people and their rise to an empire rivaling Greece and Rome. \$12.50/\$8.50



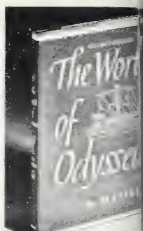
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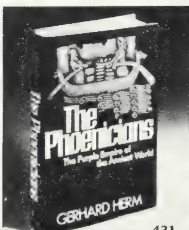


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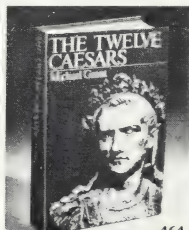


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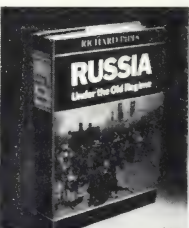
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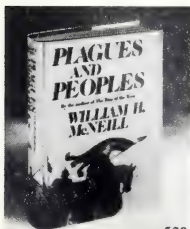
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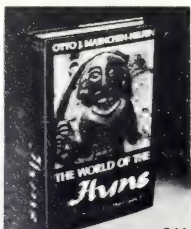
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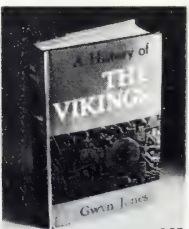
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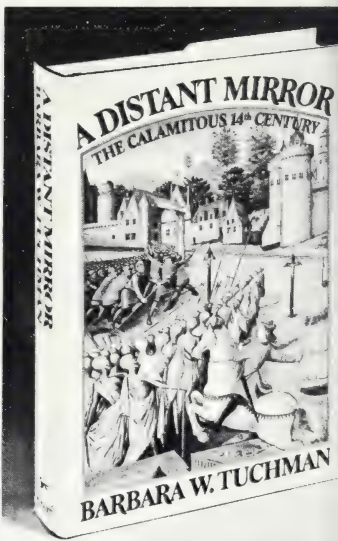
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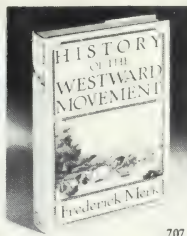
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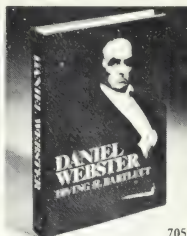
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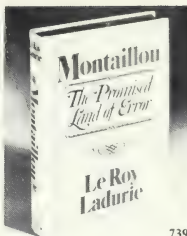
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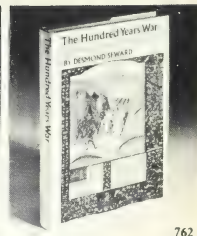
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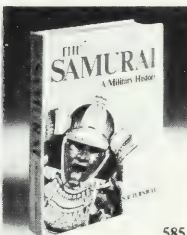
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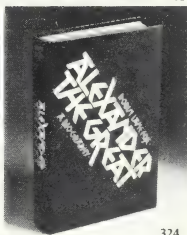
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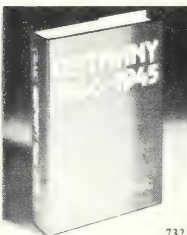
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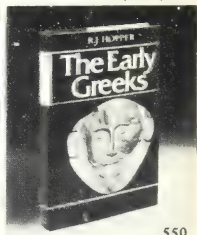
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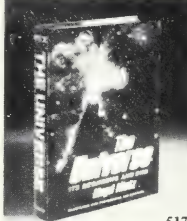
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has called "a strategy of oil proliferation." Lane points out in a privately circulated paper that there are twice as many oil wells in Kansas as in all of South America, three times as many in Arkansas as in all of Africa. He urges more exploration and development of oil and gas outside of OPEC.

The world "overhang" of oil—the difference between what can be produced and what actually is produced—is currently 20 percent of world production, or about 11 million barrels a day. According to S. Fred Singer, professor of environmental sciences at the University of Virginia, "an increase of overhang of only 4-5 million barrels a day may be enough to influence the cartel price. (Once certain cartel members find that they must cut back on their production [to maintain OPEC's posted price], they may be anxious to sell under the table at a reduced price.) The overhang can be raised by increased oil production anywhere in the world, and by greater conservation measures including also switching to other energy sources."

Several encouraging initiatives are already being pursued in the area of oil proliferation. Last year the World Bank, which previously had a policy against lending to less-developed countries (LDCs) for oil drilling, made a modest loan to India to finance wells in the Bombay High field. The World Bank is also now considering the possibility of encouraging legislation within LDCs that would be favorable to oil exploration; financing the assembly of additional information on potential oil resources in such countries; funding geological studies for foreign national oil companies to

determine whether formations merit exploration; and financing additional study of untapped discoveries.

Sen. Daniel P. Moynihan intends to press for legislation that would direct the government to use all available tools, including the creation of special foreign-aid programs, to use of its dominant influence in the World Bank and regional banks, to expand world production. The bill would require the U.S. to diversify its sources of foreign oil by limiting the percentage of imports that could come from any one country.

There are many additional measures the U.S. could take to promote the proliferation of non-OPEC oil supplies, including:

- Revoking all IRS rulings allowing foreign tax credits for OPEC oil. The U.S. Treasury continues to wink at what oil insiders call "the golden gimmick," a system of creative accounting under which OPEC governments dub the bulk of the price they charge for oil "income taxes." American oil companies are thus permitted not merely to deduct their payments for OPEC oil purchases from the total income on which U.S. taxes are levied, but to credit such payments dollar-for-dollar against their U.S. tax liability. These rulings were originally granted in the 1950s at the behest of the State Department as a means of channeling funds to bolster Iranian and Saudi regimes without the need for Congressionally appropriated foreign aid. They force taxpayers to subsidize OPEC the tune of \$1 billion a year. Rep. Benjamin S. Rosenthal, Democrat of New York, has fought successfully for revocation of the tax credits for oil purchases from Saudi Arabia and Libya, only to find that the Treasury tends to allow the companies to apply enormous past credits against future purchases from those countries. Petroleum economist Paul Davidson, of Rutgers University, would go beyond rescinding the tax creditability of OPEC oil. He proposes that oil companies not even be allowed to deduct from their taxable income "any payments to any members of a cartel who are deliberately using economic power and threats of embargo to extort income or wealth" from the U.S. He points out that to deny either tax credit or deduction treatment for bogus income tax payments to OPEC would induce the companies either to bargain for better terms from OPEC, or to reduce their purchases from cartel members and increase production elsewhere.

- Expanding U.S. Export-Import Bank financing for exploration in non-OPEC countries. The bank now guarantees loans for purchases of drilling equipment and pipe, but



for the payment of labor at the drilling or other expenses.

- Augmenting the U.S. Overseas Private Investment Corporation's program of insuring American oil exploration and development investments in non-OPEC countries against expropriation, now at a token level, while pressuring non-OPEC governments to honor contracts with U.S. oil companies on which the security of their investments depends.

- Reversing the U.S. Agency for International Development's policy against loans or grants for wildcat oil exploration.

- Creating a special U.S. fund to finance non-OPEC oil exploration and development where economic and political risks are too high for private capital to assume.

- Supporting the creation of a new international agency to provide technical and financial assistance to non-OPEC countries in developing their oil and gas resources, as has been advocated by Prof. Peter R. Odell of Erasmus University, the Netherlands.

- Purchasing oil for U.S. military and other governmental needs through long-term contracts with non-OPEC suppliers, to encourage development efforts in those countries by guaranteeing a market for their oil.

- Filling our anti-embargo Strategic Petroleum Reserve exclusively from non-OPEC sources submitting sealed bids. A spokesman at the Department of Energy told me that that agency has "no policy as to the sources from which the oil for the reserve is to be acquired." So far, under this policy of buying no policy, much of the stockpile has come from such OPEC members as Venezuela, Saudi Arabia, and Iran.

- Imposing a quota on oil imports, but exempting Mexico and Canada by creating a North American free-trade zone" for hydrocarbons, as has been proposed by Dr. Arnold Safer, vice president for economic research and planning of New York's Irving Trust Company and one of the world's leading petroleum authorities.

2.

SUPPORT A FUTURES MARKET IN PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

Trading in futures contracts for heating and fuel oil has been initiated by the New York Mercantile Exchange. If contracts for future delivery of oil products come to be traded actively, prices of gasoline and fuel oil will fall in a slack market. As the major oil companies saw the prices of their refining divisions' products declining, they would have no

choice but to press OPEC to cut crude oil prices. There has been some question in the trade as to whether existing storage facilities are ample enough to meet the futures market's needs. The federal government could remove this reservation by building storage facilities for the exchange as part of the Strategic Petroleum Reserve, which traders would fill with oil products at no cost to the taxpayer. To prime the exchange's pump, all government procurement of oil products could be channeled through the market.

3.

IMPLEMENT AN OIL IMPORT QUOTA AUCTION SYSTEM

M.I.T.'s M. A. Adelman, generally considered the foremost petroleum economist, regards breaking OPEC as both necessary and possible. He has proposed that the federal government estimate the number of barrels of imported oil needed each month, and print that number of import authorization tickets. "No barrel could be imported without a ticket," Professor Adelman explained to me. "The tickets would be sold at monthly auctions by sealed bids. If our import needs for the current month were under- or overestimated, the next month's printing of tickets could be adjusted accordingly.

"The tickets would have no scarcity value—only a small convenience value, since importers and exporters would need them to bring oil into the U.S.

"Secrecy would be achieved by letting anybody bid for the tickets, with no requirement except a certified check for the deposit. A lawyer or broker deposits a check for several dozen million dollars, without revealing whom he's acting for. There would be a second barrier to knowing who the real bidders are because there would be a resale market for the tickets. A given shipload of oil arriving here could be covered by tickets issued to various people at various times.

"Once even one government began paying more than a few cents for tickets bought covertly, every other OPEC member would be under the gun: either buy tickets or lose your whole market in the U.S. For instance, Libya, Indonesia, Venezuela, Algeria, and Nigeria sell us, respectively, 31, 36, 45, 72, and 49 percent of their production. They'd have to bid for tickets or face drastic sudden losses in income. If they tried to sell their oil elsewhere in the midst of the current world glut, the OPEC price would crumble.

"Also, cheating on price to get a bigger

"Revoke all IRS rulings allowing foreign tax credits for OPEC oil."

Craig S. Karpel
**TEN WAYS
TO BREAK
OPEC**

slice of the U.S. market would be very tempting to any OPEC country wanting extra revenues. To do this, they'd need to buy more tickets, and the competition among the OPEC cheaters and the OPEC countries struggling to maintain their U.S. market share would drive the price of tickets higher and higher.

"The revenues from the auctions would amount to rebates to the U.S. Treasury by OPEC countries for the privilege of access to the American market. The official price of OPEC oil might remain the same, but the real price paid by the U.S. economy would be reduced by the proceeds of ticket sales. These revenues could be refunded to all consumers, or used to subsidize low-income consumers, public transportation, or energy research and development."

4.

**ANNOUNCE A CONTINGENCY PLAN
FOR SUPPLY DISRUPTION**

As proposed by Arthur W. Wright, of the University of Massachusetts, this could include a commitment to allow oil prices to rise temporarily if necessary to clear the market, and a standby excess-profits levy, refundable to consumers, to tax away from oil companies any windfall profit received from a sudden temporary price rise. Announcement of such a plan, by making it known to OPEC that there will be no repeat of the 1973-74 consumer panic, would deter another pseudo-embargo.

5.

**INCREASE THE SIZE OF
THE U.S. STOCKPILE**

Prof. Robert S. Pindyck has pointed out that the planned one-billion-barrel Strategic Petroleum Reserve will hold only three months' supply of imported oil. A year's supply would be the best deterrent. The stockpile goal should be expanded to at least four billion barrels.

6.

**ACCELERATE THE CREATION
OF THE STOCKPILE**

The one-billion-barrel level is not scheduled to be reached until 1983. "They should fill that stockpile as fast as physically possible," Professor Adelman says, "and hang the expense."

7.

**LICENSE EXPORTS TO
OPEC COUNTRIES**

The federal government has statutory authority to license exports of U.S. goods which are necessary for the national security. One way of strengthening our bargaining position with OPEC—as well as reducing the vested interest of exporters of heavy machinery, transport equipment, and construction services and high oil prices overseas—would be to require licenses for exports to oil-producing countries as was recommended by the General Accounting Office in January, 1978. Fees for such licenses could vary from nominal to prohibitive according to the responsiveness of each country to U.S. energy needs.

The issue of *Business Week* dated August 28, 1978, featured a colloquy with Arthur Burns that has added to speculation as to the reason for his departure from the Federal Reserve chairmanship. "You would favor an effort to try to break the OPEC price?" he was asked. "Why, of course I would," Burns replied. "I was in favor of that in November 1973, and urged that on Mr. Kissinger and later on Mr. Ford. I got a little group started working, but in the end nothing came of the effort, I'm sorry to say. . . . You can exert economic pressure by restricting certain exports that are essential to the economies of those countries. I felt that by holding up certain exports of machinery, planes, and military equipment something significant could be achieved."



8.

DENY ARMS TO COUNTRIES THAT RAISE PRICES OR CUT PRODUCTION

John C. West, the U.S. Ambassador to Arabia, said that as a result of supplying the Saudis with our most sophisticated war planes, things will follow automatically. We will have an oil-price freeze through 1978, and Saudi Arabia will [remain] on the dollar bandwagon indefinitely." It is astounding that all we do is wring them with warplanes in the 1980s and a promise to hold the line on price for a year-and-a-half months in 1978. U.S. weapons are the most advanced in the world and OPEC countries covet them, blather about taking their custom elsewhere notwithstanding. Arms sales to oil-producing countries should be contingent on their long-term performance in meeting U.S. energy needs.

9.

LIMIT THE PRICE OF FOREIGN CRUDE OIL IN THE U.S.

Under an ingenious plan proposed by Dr. Arnold E. Safer, the price at which oil could be imported into the U.S. would be set at an amount somewhat lower than the world price, say, \$10. An "import price differential payment" representing the approximate difference between the set figure and the OPEC price of about \$13 would be negotiated directly between the U.S. government and the individual oil-producing governments. The oil companies are now incapable of bargaining OPEC down because they compete with one another in appeasing its members in the hope of maintaining "preferred access" to each country's oil. If the plan were adopted, the companies would be removed from negotiations with producing countries over prices and be replaced by the

U.S. government, which would be susceptible to voter pressure to keep the differentials the Treasury would pay as low as possible. Such payments could be used further to dilute the cartel's cohesiveness by making them higher for those countries that agree to increase their oil production and lower for those that restrict it in an attempt to maintain OPEC's artificially high price.

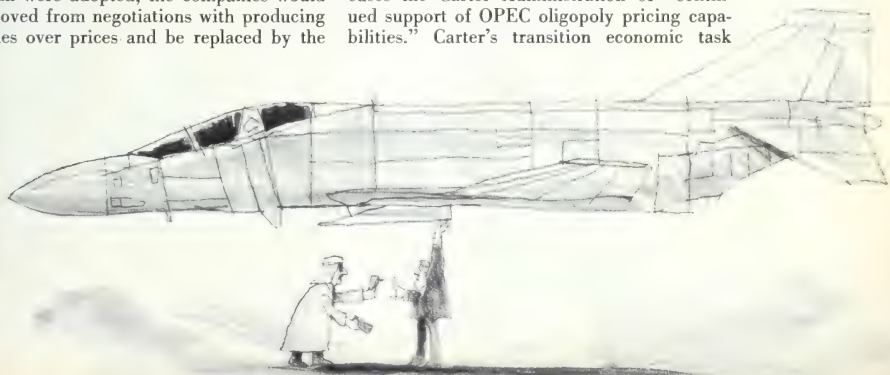
10.

RECTIFY DOMESTIC POLICIES

The mismatched mélange of domestic energy policies now in place amounts to a sort of Project Dependence, including a moronic "entitlements" program that pays refiners an incentive to import OPEC oil. An official from the Department of Energy, devoted more to the well-being of the country than to that of his agency, suggested to me, not altogether facetiously, that the most effective way of breaking OPEC would be to eliminate the Department of Energy. "Aside from OPEC there's no real energy problem," he said. "If OPEC were out of the picture there'd be no need for an energy department. We manage to get along without a steel department, after all. The existence of the DOE means that 17,000 hungry, cunning people in this town depend directly on OPEC for their livelihood."

THIS SURVEY by no means exhausts the possible components of an international energy policy designed to diminish OPEC's power. The current Administration, however, consciously rejects any such strategies. In a recent article in *Bankers Monthly*, George W. McKinney, Jr., senior vice-president of Irving Trust Company, accuses the Carter Administration of "continued support of OPEC oligopoly pricing capabilities." Carter's transition economic task

"The stockpile goal should be expanded to at least four billion barrels."



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TEN WAYS
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force specifically recommended the Adelman plan, noting that "a trial period is practically costless, and anything that would contribute to the permanent lowering of oil prices is to be welcomed." The plan was practically absent from Carter's energy program.

The dramatic upward revision of estimates of Mexican reserves in 1978 would lead one to hope that the Administration would respond by using every economic and diplomatic lever at hand to encourage Mexico to become a major hydrocarbon supplier to its most natural customer. Instead, the Administration has refused to pay \$2.60 per thousand-cubic-feet for Mexican natural gas, while agreeing to purchase liquefied natural gas from Algeria at \$4.50. An article in the *Wall Street Journal* of July 5, 1978, by Lawrence Goldmuntz, president of Economics and Science Planning, Inc., formerly assistant director of civil technology in the Executive Office of the President, and an authority on Mexican oil, created widespread interest in Mexico's energy potential. The following month an Administration source was cited in another article in that newspaper as comparing Mexico's "breakneck expansion of oil sales to a derelict selling his blood in the morning to buy an afternoon bottle of wine," no doubt an example of the delicacy with which the Administration intends to cater to Mexico's sense of national pride in future energy negotiations. For the tone of Administration policy, hear Harry E. Bergold, Jr., Assistant Secretary of Energy for international affairs: "To the extent that the things we did in 1973 or 1974 aimed at attacking or breaking up the cartel, we have changed our policy. We're trying to let the key producers know we're prepared to work with them."

The Administration has been influenced to stay away from Mexico, Adelman, et al., by the State Department, whose old Arab hands fret that were we to put OPEC out of business, the result could be "destabilization" in the Persian Gulf—revolutionary takeover or invasion by neighbors. The countervailing view, that in the first place OPEC is destabilizing our societies (e.g., Italy), and in the second, escalating revenues are turning narrowly based oil-producing regimes into ever greater prizes for overthrow from within and incursion from without, is rejected out of hand, as is the fact that such ultraradical regimes as Libya and Iraq remain exceedingly anxious to sell their oil to us. Great weight is accorded the notion that Saudi Arabia, whose most recent change of government was effected by the assassination of the head of state while sitting on his throne, and which feels compelled

to maintain two separate armies—the miss of one of which is to guard the regime against the other—is a paragon of stability. The Arabists have the last word at State, and State has the last word on U.S. international energy policy.

The political support for the State Department's position comes from a coalition within the U.S. that benefits from high oil prices overseas: manufacturers of heavy machinery and transport equipment, who last year reported nearly \$13 billion worth of goods; OPEC countries, five times as much as before the price rise in 1973 but less than half what we pay out for OPEC oil; international construction companies engaged by OPEC governments, which are undertaking projects in the petrochemical complex at Jubail, Saudi Arabia, the most expensive single building project in the history of civilization; banks that serve as depositories for more than \$1 billion in OPEC surpluses and that have loaned OPEC governments more than \$12 billion that can be repaid only if oil revenues remain high; oil companies, which see each OPEC price escalation as increasing the eventual value of their domestic reserves; weapons manufacturers that are selling to OPEC amounts of military matériel unprecedented in the annals of the arms trade; and a caravan of lawyers (e.g., Clark Clifford, J. William Fulbright) and publicists hired by OPEC governments to look after their interests at the petrodollar wellhead.

Outside of this coterie of direct beneficiaries of OPEC, there is no one among us whose life is not diminished by the economic, political, social, and moral dislocations caused by the foreign oil monopoly. That our institutions have failed to come to grips with this epochal issue is a challenge to those who recall the founding of this nation was instigated by an unconscionable tax on a commodity now nearly so basic as petroleum is today. The time for rallying the constituency whose quiescence up till now so perplexed and disturbed the White House friend is ripe. There are men and women among our nation's energy policymakers who perceive that OPEC's monopoly exaction is a global tea tax, eroding the economic underpinnings of liberty worldwide. They can only move if the most far-seeing of their countrymen make it known that they are with them. To dump a shipload of Libyan oil in Boston Harbor would make the point nicely, but the environmental impact would be lamentable. More circumspect avenues of expression must be pursued if the industrial and developing worlds are not to languish, needlessly, in subjection to petrocratic tyranny.

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Sweet Mysteries of Life



No. 1: Bliss Soho Boho

Oh, to be young and come to New York and move into your first loft and look at the world with eyes that light up even the rotting fire-escape railings, even the buckling pressed-tin squares on the ceiling, even the sheet-metal shower stall with its belly dents and rusting seams, the soot granules embedded like blackheads in the dry rot of the window frames, the basin with the copper-green dripping-spigot stains in the cracks at the bottom, the door with its crowbar-notch history of twenty-five years of break-ins, the canvas-bottom chairs that cut off the circulation in the sural arteries of the leg, the indomitable roach

that appears every morning in silhouette on the cord of the hot plate, the doomed yucca straining for light on the windowsill, the two cats nobody ever housebroke, the garbage trucks with the grinder whine, the leather freaks and health-shoe geeks, the punkers with chopped hair and Korean warm-up jackets, the herds of Uptown Boutique bohemians who arrive every weekend by radio-call cab, the bag ladies who sit on the standpipes swabbing the lesions on their ankles—oh, to be young and in New York and to have eyes that light up all things with the sweetest and most golden glow!

SOUTHERN COMFORT

Now that the South has grown rich and
rejoined the Union, even southerners get
lost in the lobby of the Peachtree Plaza Hotel

by Walker Percy

SOME CHANGES ARE BORING, others spectacular. An example of a boring change is the Changing South, or Atlanta on the one hand, or Houston, Fastest Growing City in the World. After one has heard of the Changing South or the New South for fifty years, the suspicion is that nothing is really changing, that if it is, the change may be real even good but also somehow irritating, having to do with the Americanization of the South and such boring items as Economic Progress with its Southern Accent, New Orleans, City Contrasts (the Vieux Carré in all its charm depicted against a backdrop of the Superdome and the Hyatt).

Progress proclaimed long enough as thesis generates its antithesis: not only boredom and sadness but a growing sense of progress coming to an end and a relief when it does. The most ironic progress I can recall was the story of Progress celebrated by the Chicago World's Fair, which came to an end a few months after Hitler became absolute dictator of Germany in 1934. The irony has been noted before, a century of progress issuing in

the greatest orgy of death of all time, but what one tends to forget is the general decrepitude of the Century of Progress itself when it ended, trash blowing up and down past G.M.'s City of Tomorrow like the newspapers in the streets of Sydney at the end of the world in *On the Beach*. Is there not a penultimate wistfulness about such progress and a secret satisfaction when it is all brought down? Sydney deserted is not a good thing, but maybe there is something worse, Sydney progressing as usual.

Such is the nature of boring change. Spectacular change differs only in degree: it takes a little longer to become boring. Henry Grady's proclamation of a New South was probably boring the day it was uttered and has been boring ever since. But it took several years for the exploration of the moon, men walking on it, to become boring. Hundreds of millions of people watched Neil Armstrong set foot on the moon, but who can remember the name of the last astronaut who moonwalked? After Armstrong, all I can remember is that some fellow felt obliged to take a five-iron along and hit a pitch shot to liven things up.

The first time you see the New Atlanta, rolling in on the interstates, the setting sun gilding the cylinders and towers and palaces perched on a hill like Zion, it is indeed a spectacular sight, especially if the last time you saw it was from the old *Southerner* that

slid into Peachtree railroad station one evening, or if you drove in on the old Bankhead highway that ran through most of the junkyards of Alabama and Georgia.

So the new Atlanta appears to the visitor. But how does it appear to native Atlantans? Has a cloud of tender irony already begun to settle like smog among the shining towers? Has Progress already run into its own dialectic? How many Atlantans have headed for mountain cabins in north Georgia?

A spectacular change, now become commonplace, is a Georgian in the White House. What is perhaps most important about President Carter is not that he has this virtue or that shortcoming, but rather that people like him or dislike him for reasons that have nothing to do with his southern origins.

Another change, which I think has been insufficiently noticed, can be expressed by a single proposition, an axiom: The South has entered the mainstream of American life for the first time in perhaps 150 years, that is, in a sense that has not been the case since the 1820s or '30s, and accordingly in a sense that has not yet dawned on most southerners. Not only that, but through a strange repetition of history and conjunction of circumstance (perhaps a faltering of national purpose, perhaps the inevitable shift of economic and political power to the

Walker Percy is the author of *The Movie-Goer*, *The Last Gentleman*, and *Lancelot*. A longer version of this essay appeared earlier in the Fall 1978 issue of *The Georgia Review*, © 1978 by the University of Georgia. It was originally delivered as the Winand Phinizy Lecture at the University of Georgia, by whose permission it is here.

SOUTHERN COMFORT

Southern Rim, perhaps also because of a southern talent for politics), the burden of national leadership may well fall to the South, for better or worse, just as it did in the early 1800s, then certainly for the better. Now it could as easily be for the worse. The critical dimension of the change is the sudden alarming freedom that is being thrust upon the South and for which the South, despite all the talk about a New South, may not be prepared.

You drive through Atlanta or Houston or Dallas and you look around and up and you wonder: What is this place? Is this progress, and if it is, will it come to the same bad end as the Century of Progress, so bad that it will be a relief to see vines choke the lobby of the Peachtree Plaza Hotel?

The South in its present state might be compared to a man who has had a bad toothache for as long as he can remember and has all of a sudden gotten over it. So constant and nagging has been the pain that he long ago came to accept it as the normal unpleasant condition of his existence. In fact, it never occurred to him to imagine life without it. How does such a man spend his time, energies, talents, mental capacities? In seeking relief from the pain, by drugs, anesthesia, distraction, games, war, whatever—or, failing that, by actually enjoying the pain, the way one probes an aching tooth with one's tongue.

Then one fine morning he wakes to find the pain gone. At first he doesn't know what has happened except that things are somehow different. Then he realizes what has happened and for a while takes pleasure in it. He can't believe his good fortune. But, as time goes on, he discovers that he is faced with a new and somewhat unsettling problem. The problem is, What is he going to do with himself now that he no longer has the pain to worry about, the tooth to tongue?

What has happened, of course, is that for the first time in 150 years the South and southerners, and I mean both white and black southerners, no longer suffer the unique onus, the peculiar burden of race that came to be part of the very connotation of the word *South*. I am not going to argue about what was good and what was bad about the South's racial experience. We're interested here in what was uniquely oppressive for both white

and black and which has now vanished. And to say that it has vanished is not of course to suggest that there do not remain serious, even critical, areas of race relations in all of American society, the South included.

LET ME GIVE AN INSTANCE OR two of what I mean by the siphoning off of southern talent, by the obsessive tonguing of this particular tooth. The figure of 150 years I got from the history books. But from my own experience, say the past fifty years, I can give a simple example of what I have in mind. During my lifetime and up until a few years ago, I can recall not a single southern politician—and only the rare writer—who was not obsessed with the problem of the relation of white people and black people. It was, in fact, for better or worse, the very condition of being southern.

The obsession almost invariably took polemical form. One either defended the South or attacked the South. What one did not do, did not have the time to do, was take a good look at the South.

Thus Sen. Richard Russell of Georgia, an extraordinarily able and talented man, a man of great character and rectitude. I am sure he accomplished many and varied legislative goals. Yet the only thing I remember about him was his great skill in devising parliamentary tactics to defeat or delay this or that voting-rights bill.

I think next of my own kinsman, William Alexander Percy, who devoted a large part of his autobiography to defending the South against "northern liberals." He wrote a whole chapter in defense of sharecropping. Again, I am not interested in arguing the issue, beyond admitting that in his place and time I'd have felt the same defensiveness and would probably have written similar polemics.

Then, I think of the novelist Richard Wright, who never really came to terms with his southernness, his Americanness, or for that matter his blackness.

The point of course is that the South does not now need defending. Even George Wallace has trouble working himself up to take on "northern liberals." The astounding dimension of the change is that the virtues and faults

of the South are the virtues and faults of the nation, no more and no less. The old enemy is no longer there. If he is, he is too busy with his own troubles. There is no one through punches and no one to counterpunch. At least as far as writers are concerned it does not now occur to a serious writer in the North to "attack" the South or to a serious southern writer to "defend" the South. Perhaps it is an unhealthy thing for a satirical writer like me to feel free to take on North and South. And for the first time in my experience a black writer, Toni Morrison, has written a novel that is about White and Black as such. But not White, North and South as such, about people.

I cannot speak for the politician, but to me as a writer it appears that what needs not so much defending, understanding, reconciling, rejoicing in, ridiculing, cracking jokes about, healing, affirming, is not the southern experience but the American experience. And since every writer must write of his own experience—or else write at all—the southern writer necessarily writes of the South, but writes of it in terms that are immediately translatable to the American experience and, if he is good enough, to the human experience.

Consider, for example, two southern writers who lived during this riot of the long Southern Obsession and who were great enough to transcend it: William Faulkner and Flannery O'Connor. They had their problems. O'Connor succeeded. I think largely by steering clear of race—very much a couple of notable exceptions. Maureen Stuck to whites—figuring, I guess, that whites had enough trouble with themselves without dragging in white black troubles. Faulkner wobbled. He was at his best in *The Sound and the Fury* with Dilsey and her relations with the Compsons. No one will ever surpass him on these grounds. But he could also drift into sentimentalism and even at times sound a Mississippi secessionist.



NOW, INTO WHAT CHANNELS will southern energies be directed now that the obsession is behind us? Will southerners have a distinctive contribution to make, say in politics or literature?

they simply meld into the great
merican flux?

he possible future is fairly obvious,
deed already upon us: the ongo-
shift in population and economic
er to the so-called Sunbelt. To
y this is the future that not only
without saying but is also desir-

One can simply extrapolate the
re from what is happening here
now in the southern United States,

Hilton Head to Dallas and in-
—and this is what worries me—
o Phoenix and Los Angeles. The
iest and, to me, the not wholly
able future of the region is an
more prosperous Southern Rim
ching from coast to coast, an L.A.-
as-Atlanta axis (the Atlanta of the
ti and the Peachtree Plaza), an
business-sports-vacation-retirement-
v-biz culture with its spiritual cen-
perhaps at Oral Roberts University,
media center in Atlanta, its enter-
ment industry shared by Disney
ld, the Superdome, and Holly-
d. In this scenario the coastal plain
ne old Southeast will be preserved
kind of museum, much like Wil-
sbury.

ne doesn't have to be a prophet to
dict with considerable confidence
sooner or later the failing north-
cities must either be abandoned or
bailed out by some kind of do-
tic Marshall Plan—and why not,
r all? Everyone else has benefited:
many, Italy, Japan, Guatemala—
yone except, of course, the defeat-
Confederacy after the Civil War.
great cities must be saved, and
will be, and guess who will be
ing the freight for the next thirty
forty years, that is, guess who will
paying more than their share of
eral taxes while Detroiters, New
kers, Bostonians pay less? The tax-
ers of the Southern Rim. And per-
s this is only as it should be. It
is a certain satisfaction, the South
ing to save the Union. After all, it
our turn.

These possibilities represent eco-
nic inevitabilities, more or less what
s bound to happen once the South,
h its advantages in climate, re-
sources, and energy, got past the his-
ic disaster that befell it, mainly as a
ce of extremely bad luck when two
likely and unrelated events turned
at the same time—the invention of
cotton gin and the availability of



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SOUTHERN COMFORT

slave labor—and when it came to pass that the two, put together, were extremely profitable: profitable to some, that is, at the expense of a great many others. And when I say expense, I am thinking not merely of economic exploitation but of the massive expenditure of political, intellectual, literary, and emotional energies required to defend “the peculiar institution.”

As one speculates about what the future holds, one can't help wondering what it was like to live in the South before the bad thing happened, however one might wish to express the bad thing—getting seduced by the economics of cotton and slavery, or, as Faulkner might have put it in stronger language, an entire nation committing what amounted to its Original Sin and suffering the commensurate curse.

I am thinking of the times in both colonial and revolutionary America and in the early 1800s when southerners felt free to develop their talents and energies, both as southerners and as Americans: business and agricultural talents, political talents, technical talents, artistic and creative talents. I suspect they felt much as southerners are beginning to feel now, that is, conscious of being southerners, yes, and glad of it, not especially self-consciously so, but rather as members of a new society where one is challenged by both a new world and a new freedom to respond to the challenge.

Being no historian, I nevertheless take it as a commonplace that the early southern political and juridical talent was unusual. One thinks particularly of the Virginians: Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Marshall. (Incidentally, whatever happened to Virginia?) The U.S. Constitution and the Declaration were, in the main, southern creations.

If there was such a thing as a southern gift for politics in the larger sense, not just the knack of getting elected or of filibustering in the Senate, but in the sense of discerning what is the greater good of the people, that is, the commonweal, and how best to bring it to pass, I wonder if we have not now come into a new age when these same energies are once again free to do just that.

The fact is there was never any question about the political talent of the South, even when it was badly side-tracked, and even now there is no dif-

ficulty in seeing signs of a renaissance in a new breed of southern politicians, white and black.

But it also seems to be the case that the South has not yet had the time—paradoxically enough, for the republic is after all more than 200 years old—to produce those ultimate incarnations of great cultures, its true cultural heroes. What happened was that the South wasted 150 of these 200 years. When I speak of cultural heroes, I'm not talking about politicians and generals. In this connection I'd like to quote a man I greatly admire, James McBride Dabbs of South Carolina. Some years ago he wrote:

The South could create neither poets nor saints—I mean, great region-shaping poets and saints. For it is such persons as these that shape a region, though first the region must have, by the grace of God, sufficient energy and unconscious purpose to create the poets and saints.... They create in art, and in life itself, the image of their world, of their time and their region, seen under the aspect of eternity.... The poets and saints offer us a criticism of life, not just of life in the abstract but of our life now. The poets see our world, the saints—usually—live in it, in all its richness, complexity, and ambiguity, against a simplicity that lies at the heart both of the world and of themselves.... Since the South was never able to create poets in prose or verse, or saints, it never really quarreled with itself.... It became, on the contrary, adept at quarreling with others, and for this purpose it developed the instruments of rhetoric and eloquence.

I think Dabbs was probably right. Lee was the nearest thing we had to a saint—and it was no accident that our saint was a general. Faulkner and Tate are perhaps as close as we have come to cosmos-shaping poets, and it is no accident that what they achieved was done almost in spite of the political passions to which they periodically fell prey.

But since James McBride Dabbs wrote these words, times have changed. Somewhere—in the Sixties, maybe, and thanks to white people like Dabbs and black people like Martin Luther King, Jr.—we got back on the track we either left of our own accord or got pushed off of in the 1830s.

THE SO-CALLED southern literary renaissance appears to be over—that is, the thirty years or so when writers like Faulkner, O'Connor, Welty, Wright, and Caldwell traded on the very exoticism of the uniqueness of the southern phenomenon. It was a rich vein to mine, and Faulkner, Warren, Tate, and company pretty well mined it out. Unfortunately there are quite a few writers still picking over this exhausted ore like old sourdoughs at Sutter's Mill. So the southern novelist today finds himself in a transition period analogous to the political situation of the South itself. Like his fellow novelists in the Western world, he finds himself faced with larger questions about the dilemma, not of the poor white or poor black, or decadent gentry or deranged backwoods preachers, but of modern urban and suburban man. He can imitate Faulkner or O'Connor, or at least he had better not try.

What with the South entering the American mainstream and the old southern vein of oddities and exotica playing out, the southern writer may yet shed his own peculiar light on the familiar dilemma of twentieth-century American literature. The dilemma is the perennial divergence of most writers' view of life from most other Americans', from what I can only think call the standard humanist-optimist or all-modern-writers-crazy? view. The term is designed to embrace any number of attitudes, from the official chamber-of-commerce allegiance to progress to the more admirable credo of scientific humanism that nothing is wrong with people and things that cannot be studied and set right. The common street expression of this attitude goes something like this: Why do you writers write about nuts, freaks, and assorted rogues doing vile things to each other when in fact most people are pretty decent, et cetera? One might suppose therefore that if the South, as one often hears, the Bible Belt of the nation, southern writers, whether Christian or not, might have bred in their bones some notion about the fallen nature of man that is at least a coherent theory of evil—which is perhaps more than can be said of the atrocities of Jerzy Kosinski or the musical chairs of Updike's wife-swapping or Jong's sexual acrobatics. Such might have been the legacy of, say, Flannery

Connor. Yet life is never simple. For another Georgia Christian, President Carter, who likes to say how good the American people are, fundamentally decent, sound, sensible, generous, and so forth, certainly better than their politicians, who usually fail me. I find it hard to disagree with him. On the other hand, the American novelist seems to be saying something quite different, namely, that something has gone badly wrong with Americans. American life, indeed modern life, that people generally suffer a deep disaffection in their lives that has nothing to do with poverty and ignorance and discrimination. Indeed, it is the very people who have escaped Tobacco and moved to the exurbs who have fallen victim to this malaise. That increasingly engages the southern novelist as much as his Connecticut counterpart are no longer Faulkner's opuses or O'Connor's crackers or right's black underclass but their successful grandchildren, who are going to in Atlanta condominiums.

Then who is right, President Carter or the novelists? It is possible that it is that it is the politician's function from Jefferson to Carter to inspire people to live up to the best in themselves, and that it is the novelist's vocation from Dostoevsky to Faulkner to explore the darker recesses of the human heart, there to name and affirm the strange admixture of good and evil, the action of the demonic, the notion of grace, of courage and cowardice, of courage coming out of cowardice and vice-versa—in a word, the range human creature himself, an admixture now that is perhaps stranger than ever.

HAVE NO IDEA whether in the year 2000 we of the Southeast, the old Confederacy, will simply have become a quaint corner of the teeming Southern Rim, some 100 million souls with their population center and spiritual heartland somewhere between Dallas and L.A.; whether our best writers will be doing soap opera in Atlanta or writing up restored houses in *Southern Living*, our best composers turning out country-and-western in Nashville, our best film directors making sequels of *Walking Tall* and *Smokey and the Bandit*; whether our supreme cultural achievement will be the year Alabama

ranked number one, the Atlanta Falcons won the Super Bowl, and Bobby Jones III made it a grand slam at Augusta.

There is nothing wrong with any of these achievements. The name of the game has always been excellence—excellence in business, politics, literature, sports, whatever. The difference is that the peculiar isolation and disabilities under which the South labored for so long and which served some southern writers so well and preoccupied all southern politicians are now things of the past. Now the South appears to have won after all, and both the southern writer and politician are somewhat at a loss.

Of course something else could happen in the old Southeast, something besides the building of more Hyatts and Hiltons and the preserving of old buildings, perhaps even something comparable to the astonishing burst of creative energy in Virginia 200 years ago.

At least we have gotten past the point Mr. Dabbs spoke of when he said that the trouble with the South was that it could not quarrel with itself. Not only do I feel free to quarrel with the South, or the North, or the U.S., I feel obliged to. A nice lady in my home town said to me the other day: You're just like certain other southern writers—no sooner do you get published in New York than you turn on the South and criticize it. At the time I didn't have the nerve, but I felt like saying: You're damn right, lady, I sure do.

Whichever way it goes, Sunbelt or southeastern renaissance, one thing seems reasonably certain: the southerner will be, is already, much more like his ancestor in 1820 than his ancestor in 1920. That is, he is both southern and American, but much more like other Americans than he is different. If he is black, he may discover to his amazement that he is more like his white countrymen, for better or worse, than he is like Ugandans. Like most of us, he is out to make a life for himself, make money, build a house, raise a family, buy a Winnebago or a Sony Trinitron, go skiing at Aspen.

Yet maybe the southerner will retain a soupçon of difference. And who knows? It might even leaven the lump.

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FIVE POEMS

by Eugene J. McCarthy

NO COUNTRY FOR THE YOUNG

This is no country for the young.
Vultures prey on living flesh
and eat the skins off kettledrums.
The old refuse to die.

Eyes turn inward, chicken-like,
or stare, unlidged, vague as fish
within a deep and pressuring sea.

At the St. Regis
ice cubes smell of mammoth flesh,
and all the clocks have stopped.
A three-fingered pianist
plays only the black keys
until the dancers fall.
Shadows dare to stand against a sun
veiled by the ash of Hiroshima.

Time is tired of you and me.
It now runs out
like dust
from the broken hourglass.

The young begin too soon
to wait to be the last.
They cover stains of salt and blood
with antimacassars
and watch old curtains disintegrating
from the bottom up.

MOUSE

Ah, he was there. I heard
The burr of his scurrying between the studdings,
The high cries of his little lust,
The shrieks of his small fears.

Ah, he was there. I saw
His shadow among the shadows
Circling the reach of faint light.

Now, in the bottom drawer,
Following my nose, I find his remains—
Five whiskers, two claws, and the end of his tail.

He who of all the beasts,
Except the swallow, is most unbiddable,
According to Pliny.

His body, unfit for food,
And causing oblivion if eaten,
According to Porta.

A "verie ravenour or greedigut"
Considering his "bigness,"
According to John Maplet (1567).

He lived most intently
His twoscore months and ten,
His heart beating
Five hundred strokes to the minute,
Thirty thousand to the hour.

A fierce interior life.
His blood pressure beyond measure.
His liver waxing and waning
With the mood of the moon,
According to Aelian.

Listening, touching, squeaking,
Tasting, watching, but beyond
All of these, smelling.

Rampant, he was, among odors,
His nose twitching, his whiskers shaking,
His olfactory faculties at full speed.

Now he has left five whiskers,
Two claws, and the end of his tail.
And ah, yes, a roomful of odors.

A room filled at his death with his life.
Drawn through small nostrils, extracted,
Compacted, in the silk sack of his body,
The essences of cheese, of mold, of dry bread
Now released.

If we had but let him smell better—
Rose leaves, tarragon, mint, and wild thyme—
How sweet and sublime
Would the death odors be
To go with the five whiskers,
Two claws, and the end of his tail.

HANDWRITING

The wind blows through your letters.
It draws the dots on *i*'s like smoke
from east to west.
It tilts the *t*'s but does not bend the *b*'s.
It whispers through the double *s*'s.
It flattens *a*'s and *r*'s.
It puffs up *q*'s and *u*'s.
It sounds most roundly in the *o*'s
and is most gentle with the *m*'s,
especially in your name.
Only the *y*'s, like weathervanes,
point against the wind
to show where it came from.

GROUND FOG AND NIGHT

A cloud is subtly woven over the field.
Day and night together beget the cataract film.
It holds, while the earth, with its burden
Of brush and of trees,
Of houses and steeples, sinks slowly.
Day songs die and night birds' songs
Are dampened by the fog.
Crescendos of cicadas cross
The prairies of the night
And then are gone in silence like the bison.
Ruminant stomachs yield their cud
And tree frogs
Fall into green sleep.
Spiders lying upside down
Like Michelangelo on his back
Make a ceiling between themselves and God
Plants rid themselves of death
Spawned in them by the sun.
Burrowing beasts live on as before.
Shrews and moles shelter
In their dark world the hoard
Stolen from the light.
Now owl and vermin do contest.
No winners from the day.
Men in air-conditioned rooms set clocks
Against the night and wait for dawn.
No sign of God is left above the fog.
Only the red-eyed tower stands
To tell of life
Below.

COURAGE AT SIXTY

Now it is certain.
There is no magic stone,
No secret to be found.
One must go
With the mind's winnowed learning.
No more than the child's handhold
On the willows bending over the lake,
On the sumac roots at the cliff edge.
Ignorance is checked.
Betrayals scratched.
The coat has been hung on the peg.
The cigar laid on the table edge,
The cue chosen and chalked.
The balls set for the final break.
All cards drawn.
All bets called.
The dice, warm as blood in the hand.
Shaken for the last cast.
The glove has been thrown to the ground,
The last choice of weapons made.
A book for one thought.
A poem for one line.
A line for one word.

"Broken things are powerful."
Things about to break are stronger still.
The last shot from the brittle bow is truest.



John Tate

(Continued from page 44)

IN HIS DISNEY WORLD SPEECH, Carter explicitly embraced this newest version of the American philosophy. He talked of the battle against inflation in terms that could have resounded in a Gerald Ford campaign speech in 1976. The government, he said, was "cutting unnecessary spending, reducing federal pay increases, removing unnecessary regulations, cutting the federal deficit, and letting the free market set prices wherever it can." That is also the program of the American corporate elite and the ideology of Walt Disney's amusement park. There are, they are saying, nongovernmental—nonpolitical—technological solutions to the nation's ills. The private sector will plan and build the future according to its specifications, and that will maximize the common good. So a top General Motors executive says of his company's projected exhibit in EPCOT: "It will be one of the best investments we make. It will be a good opportunity to point out how technological progress has contributed to the world and the free enterprise system."

One problem with this free enterprise idyll is marvelously illuminated by Disney World itself: it has little to do with free enterprise. The Magic Kingdom merely requires that the state of Florida confer political sovereignty upon a private, profit-making corporation. There is no Adam Smithian invisible hand, but the visible hand of the company deciding everything, including how long the employees can grow their sideburns. There is an ideology of market choice, only all competitors are banned. There is, in short, a controlled, monopolistic, state-supported capitalist reality of the late twentieth century that pretends to be a capitalist utopia of the eighteenth century. But that, after all, is not simply a description of Walt Disney's little experimental prototype community in central Florida; it is an accurate depiction of the entire American system today.

If that is the case, the system is in deep trouble. On returning from Disney World, one might paraphrase Lincoln Steffens: "I have seen the future and it does not work." For the embarrassing truth about Disney World is that, for all the philosopher-kingmanship of Disney and his disciples, the place is still an animated cartoon. *Business Week* grasped an aspect of this fact last

summer when it reported of EPCOT: "Many of the 'new' plans are leftover ideas of Walt Disney himself, giving rise to speculation that a conservative and inbred management is pursuing them more out of respect for the founder than because of any belief in its own planning process. Disney lacks not only a corporate planning department but a long-term strategic plan as well." The planners of the community of tomorrow have no plan of their own for today.

Business Week speculates on another, and even more remarkable, reason for Disney World's commitment to EPCOT futurism. The company has the problem of being too liquid: "The corporate treasury is loaded with more than \$200 million in cash, while the company's long-term debt stands at a mere \$8.4 million." This is the result. *Business Week* comments, of a corporate "lethargy" that saw no new major projects over a seven-year period. So one motive for going ahead on EPCOT and other innovations is to spend money and thereby to avoid being a target for a takeover. The Imagineers, it would seem, have not been imaginative, and they are deciding the fate of the twentieth century because they have nothing better to do.

These reports suggest an analogy. Disney World is not Huxley's Brave New World or Orwell's world in 1984, since both of those anti-utopias are as believable as they are ominous. Rather, the model for the Magic Kingdom is the Potemkin Village. Potemkin, it will be remembered, was the Russian official who took Catherine the Great on a tour of the marvelous villages he had built. In fact, there was only a single, bogus village, which was assembled for each royal visit, then dismantled and sent down the line to pose as progress again and again. The Disney people have created a similarly fraudulent exhibit, even if it is stationary. They have demonstrated that some technologies will work on a man-made moon without any people, and have hoked up that irrelevance as if it were a prophecy.

And yet, if Disney World is not the wave of the future it is a portent of the present. Jimmy Carter, like Walt Disney, is a business executive from a small town who believes in science and is an antipolitics politician. And he is in the process of adapting the world view that is fantasized in Florida. It asks government to socialize the costs of

business, and to turn the planning the future over to the executives, even to the point of granting political sovereignty to private corporations. This system of administered and controlled markets is then legitimated in the name of free enterprise. Only the capital Imagineers don't really believe in their own dreams any more than the Disney World people do. Right now they, like we, are awash with capital, and uncertain and afraid about investing it; they, like we, talk of innovation, but they have come up with few serious new ideas. All their things are writ small in the Magic Kingdom and large in the American economy.



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BOOKS

BOY'S LIFE

by Deborah McGill

Coup, by John Updike. 299 p., Alfred A. Knopf, \$8.95.

THE DISMAYS AND CONCEITS of suburban family arrangements have consistently possessed John Updike's talents and imagination. Up from the row houses blue-collar Pennsylvania in *Rabbit*, his protagonists have moved to split-levels, jobs in the city, Sunday afternoon tennis, taking pity and ambivalence with them. Updike Angststrom segues effortlessly in Piet Hanema of *Couples* and (more recently) Jerry Conant of *Marry Me*, by short stories securing the links between.

These characters share an uneasy sense to the American dream vision: acknowledging the possible, ideal beauty of carpools, PTA, and seasoned marriages, of community and the fidelity on which it battens, they chafe middle-class confinements nonetheless, as teen-age boys chafe at curfew, a yearn for rebellion, being temperamentally incapable of sustained revolt. Updike's qualified heroes remain perpetually adolescent as they progress through middle age; in this latest novel, is observed "that a man, in America, is a failed boy."

An odd remark, considering the re-

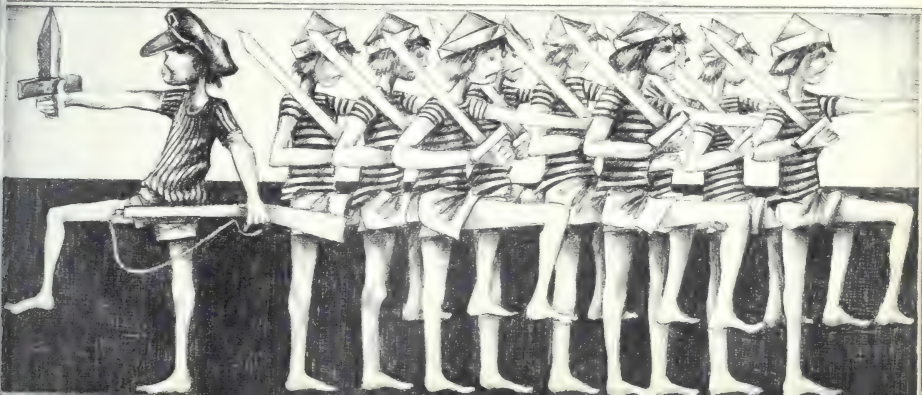
mote terrain—a fictive sub-Saharan country—that inspires it. With *The Coup*, Updike surveys the impoverished kingdom of Kush—"landlocked between the mongrelized neo-capitalist puppet states of Zanj and Sahel," "a land of delicate, delectable emptiness"—and discovers Darien. The book is not so much a new direction as a last, extraordinary resort: the novelist at the end of his rope and stretching it out for all the tension it will bear.

In fact, this is not the first appearance of Kush in Updike's fiction. "God Speaks," a short story written more than a decade ago, introduces the word to identify a mountain range in the remote fastnesses of Afghanistan governed by Gish Imra, Harvard alumnus of indeterminate vintage, master of a powerful tennis forehand, possessor of a red MG. and—until his ascension to tribal divinity and absolute rule—a Marxist materialist. The undergraduate Gish considers religion "a hoax. It's a method whereby the powerful keep the ignorant from rebelling." But at home in Kush, he apparently reconciles Marxist austerity with the brutalities of cult worship "in the name of cultural autonomy," disdaining the vain luxuries of Harvard Square for the hard purity of native tradition and political isolation.

And so from this sketch of Gish Imra to the amplified narrative of Colonel Hakim Félix Ellelloû, Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces, Minister of National Defense, and President of a Kush "as many miles as years removed from the [Asian] original" whose name it bears. Gish Imra is an alien, an enigma, a curiosity; Ellelloû, in contrast, is Jerry Conant in sunglasses and military khaki.

IN *Marry Me*, Jerry wished to abjure the banalities of domestic routine for a transcendent chivalry; the result was comic daydream: the Romance of the Rose as annotated with marginal notes by the Wife of Bath. Similar divisions and deflations are at work in *The Coup*: *Bananas* scripted by Frantz Fanon. Ellelloû has returned to Kush from years of service with a colonial regiment of the French Army (in Indochina and, later, Algeria, where he deserted) and an undergraduate tenure at (surely Joseph) McCarthy College in Wisconsin with an aversion to Western glut and a vision of a pristine, truly indigenous African state. He allies himself with the country's puppet-king Edumu to

Deborah McGill is an assistant editor of *Harper's*.



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BOOKS

cast out the French, places Edouard under house arrest (and later beheads him, for lack of anything better to do), installs himself as military dictator, and repudiates native magic as superstition—*juju*—for the teaching of Allah (first learned at Muslim Temple Two in Chicago). The symbols of French dominion—a guillotine, bottles of cognac, monocles, and missives—are housed in the People's Museum of Imperialist Atrocities, and the importation of such Western corruption as Coca-Cola and elastic underwear—"spicy brands called Lollipop and Spanky"—is banned.

To his infinite distress, Ellelou's rigorous policies are wantonly rebuffed by the stubborn receptivity of the natives to Western infiltrations—a counterrevolutionary sensibility that makes the penultimate coup of the novel's title, deposing the dictator, a bloodless and casual inevitability. Kush, chaste daughter of Ellelou's fantasy, is not raped, but slips gleefully into modernity's embrace, the clues to her treachery a bewildering and comic tax on the dictator's patience. Thus, sipping cocoa (a permissible Muslim indulgence) and lost in the Koranic epigrams that modulate his speech, Ellelou is startled by a familiar taste: "Ovaltine!" Traveling across the desert, he is troubled by the mirage of two golden parabolas, later to find they are the golden arches of a degenerate McDonald's. At morning prayer, he finds the incantatory rhythms of the Koran syncopated by the faint deceleration of infidel rock 'n' roll—"Momma don't mind what Daddy say/we're gonna rock the night away"—and a furious search for the contraband radio emerges. The novel takes its own rhythm from the steady downbeat of such revelations.

ELLELOU, LIKE JERRY CONAN DOYLE, is a man beset by the evidence of his inability to remake the world with a thought. Ellelou is himself a failed boy, smarting from the abandonment of his father. His hyperbole has the tone of an eager child, determined to please at last. He would have his four wives—one of them American, the prize of his extended Wisconsin sabbatical—faithful and satisfied. Yet they bear him no children and remain steadfastly un-

d in bed, leaving him to fret over bewildering and chronic impotence, any Northeast commuter do, worrying his midlife crisis train ride home. He would deplete his energies to the creation of a slim earthly paradise, but is discredited for most of the book's pages are reconstructed memories of life in S.A.: drugstores, cold beer, snow, car trips. He lacks the canny, mature sense of expedience apparently necessary to administer the postal state. Instead, his is the afterlife clubhouse politics of gesture: id rolls, bullets fly, and in the tell he suffering is as insubstantial as butterfly's when its wings are shed. Elletlou's acts are perhaps less real to him than the words which he exhorts the people to er rigor and sacrifice. Failing to re them, he wanders the desert hling for the source of the coundisease.

last, too infirm of purpose to non the people from their opulent ms, Elletlou withdraws, defeated, a exile in southern France, in ap e parallel to Jerry Conant's wistretreat to St. Croix at the conclu of *Marry Me. The Coup* stands is memoir, narrated by turns in and third person: "There are two s: the one who acts, and the 'I' experiences. This latter is passive in a whirlwind of the former's ing, passive and guiltless and ashed." The alternation of persp e is resonant: this African cannot the pieces of experience—rich tribustom, enlightened European cyna, amiable American pragmatism together in a coherent image of him-

As he says, he exists "between worlds," robbed even of a language with which to give himself a e: Americans call him "Happy," tribal kin "Bini," and "Elletlou" lifted from the Berber, for "free-ly," and not his native Salu. Colal French, imperial English, the el of tribal dialects: no single m is sufficient even to the routine ands of daily intercourse. Elletlou's are to reform his country becomes, his own estimation, a simple fail- of language, of names sufficient he "idea of Kush" that might recile that idea with postcolonial real- s. The disjunction between Elletlou's alizing language and the demotic

events the words describe does not yield the intended transubstantiation, but instead an antic, ingenuous satire, shadowed by the pathos of Elletlou's incomprehension and bafflement.

ACCOUNTING FOR the origin of his country, Elletlou exults: "Africa held up a black mirror to Pharaonic Egypt, and the image was Kush." One might say of *The Coup*: it holds up a white mirror to postcolonial Africa, and the image is Connecticut. Passing through Kush, Elletlou has adopted disguises to lose himself among the people and take their measure: orange vendor, troubador, magician. It is appropriate, then, that in his penultimate avatar, he should appear as an insurance claims adjuster, in his last as a beggar. Updike here seems to be saying that as "the fertile and level moral prairie of America" extends to flatten the world, only such diminished adjustments are possible. Certainly in Updike's fiction none more elevated ever seems to be possible.

There is no anger in *The Coup*, nor in any of Updike's novels. As high priest of middle-class morality, Updike offers his readers a peace that passeth understanding. In his fictive universe, moral values are suspended: we are not allowed to judge the dictator who acts because he is known to us only through the ministrations of the detached and personal voice who watches "guiltless and astonished." We cannot condemn American rapaciousness because it is manifest only as the amiable, neighborly spirit of naive diplomats and "technological boys." Similarly, Jerry Conant's adultery is washed clean by the italicized rhapsodies that bracket it; Rabbit Angstrom's desertion of wife and infant is made heroic as the expression of a stubborn integrity.

All can be understood and explained, and no one is responsible. Updike's novels, *The Coup* among them, are exercises in absolutism that is unearned, because intention is never acknowledged, guilt never assigned. The boy, having sated himself on the pie cooling in the window, grins and says, "I couldn't help myself." For all the failed boys who inhabit the level prairie of Updike's fiction, we are asked to find this explanation enough. □

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Benjamin West: A Biography, by Robert C. Alberts. 525 pages, illustrated. Houghton Mifflin, \$20.

Benjamin West (1738-1820), the "American Raphael," was born in modest circumstances in a Pennsylvania village. At age twenty-four he landed in England, determined to make his fortune as an artist. Although without friends or influence, he was within five years one of the most popular painters in Britain—and one of London's best ice skaters. His fame grew and he continued to prosper. He introduced neoclassicism and then historical realism into English painting. Women sometimes swooned in the presence of his pictures. He was one of the principal founders of the Royal Academy in 1768, and he was twenty-seven times elected its president; he was appointed historical painter to the king; he was one of the founders of historical engraving in England; and he helped establish the institution that developed into the National Gallery.

One of the most astonishing aspects of West's career was the prodigious amount of work he turned out while presiding over the turbulent Royal Academy. The wrangling, the passions, and the rivalries among Britain's most respected artists, particularly between 1798 and 1806, seem almost beyond belief. They quarreled about the academy's rules, the placing of pictures at exhibitions, and prices paid for paintings; there was even a long, bitter debate as to whether a book should remain in the academy's library.

Although West had an exaggerated opinion of himself, which he often expressed, he was the epitome of kindness to young artists, particularly young Americans. "No one has ever matched him in the number and quality of the pupils who passed through his studio to become outstanding artists." Among them were John Trumbull, John Copley, and Washington
Byron Farwell has written five books of history and biography. Frances Taliaferro teaches English at the Brearley School in New York City. Jeffrey Burke is copy editor of Harper's.

Allston. In spite of history's evidence to the contrary, West believed that only a virtuous man could be a great artist, and West was virtuous: a devoted husband to the American he married and an indulgent father to two improvident sons.

West's reputation died with him. For more than a century his pictures were deprecated or ignored, and it is only in the past twenty years that critics have granted him a proper and important place in the history of Western art. This is the first full biography to appear in 158 years, and, fortunately, it is an excellent one. —B.F.

I, etcetera, by Susan Sontag. 246 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$8.95.

These are cold stories. Like funeral baked meats, they should provide the same nourishment as the warmer version, but it's hard to work up an appetite for them. Ego and identity are at issue, as the title suggests. "Doctor Jekyll" takes off from Stevenson's story of identities exchanged. The narrator of "The Dummy," desiring to escape from his intolerable life, has constructed a plastic substitute that can talk, eat, work, walk, copulate, and develop an intolerable situation of its own. "American Spirits" recounts the adventures of Miss Flat-face: beckoned and forbidden by the spirits of William James and Fatty Arbuckle. Edith Wharton and Ethel Rosenberg, and other odd couples, she turns from housewifery to vengery as a form of assertiveness. Other stories present other problems of love, friendship, politics, and selfhood. There is some dour humor and some fine observation of current trendiness, as in "Baby," where two parents relate to a psychiatrist the monstrous deeds of their adolescent child. "Project for a Trip to China" and "Unguided Tour," the best of the group, make some allowance for the mystery of human character. But most of the stories are cerebrally gimmicky and heavy with allegory; their virtues do not justify their monochrome length.

The narrator of "Old Complicated Revisited," a long and numbing, itical introspection, asks: "Have I feited all claim to your sympathy the way I write? Have you written off as passionless? Unspontaneous? Too unspecific? Disembodied?" yes, cries the reader.

Black Angus, by Newton Thornburg. 243 pages. Little, Brown, \$8.95.

Four years ago Bob Blanch snuffed the tail-end of the Sixties, the city and his job in advertising and bought himself a cattle farm the Ozarks. Last week Bob's cattle sick, the bank called in the loan, wife caught wind of the mistress split, his best friend, an alcohol fugitive from justice, dropped by a bad case of existentialism, and townfolk started making fun of way Bob talked. So yesterday Bob and decides to rustle his own cattle and sell them in Kansas and collect on theft insurance, and then—believe or not—start all over again. But a bride of the American Dream and chiavellianism can take root only asphalt, tended by Mother Nature urban counterpart, the Bitch Goddess. All that fresh air and big sky man of man a tiny thing, easily crushed.

The foregoing is not entirely c slicker cynicism; Newton Thornburg had a hand in it. He gives every dication of being a good writer knack for dialogue, a familiarity v human motives and ambivalence meshing of pace and plot that ma *Black Angus*, in the quintessence blurbism, unputdownable. These g alone, however, only make him q ified to write a *Baretta* episode; t are squandered here on shallow c characters sporting ready-to-wear emot —People people on the frontier. A yet, Thornburg is not Irving Wall his previous novel, *Cutter and B* proved him capable of quality. T is nothing for it, then, but to ques his sincerity and effort, which i sorry state to leave a reader in. —

SCOOP AND DAGGER

petition in the Intelligence markets

by Michael A. Ledeen

A FANTASY about the press, I keep thinking that Ben Bradlee is Richard Helms in disguise, that Katharine Graham is a member of the "Committee," that Abe Rosen is a reincarnation of Allen Dulles, that Seymour Hersh, Bob Woodward, Carl Bernstein, and the other of investigative journalism are espionage agents. I know it is silly, the more I listen to the media denigrate rights, the more I think that the American press has arrogated all the historic prerogatives of a clandestine agency. And now, in a propaganda sign, the press is telling us that reporters and editors are placed under the law, freedom will vanish.

The CIA was chartered as a clandestine organization, not as a research for the *Washington Post* or the *New York Times*, yet CIA director William Felt Turner and his associates under constant attack from the press to reveal their sources and methods announce in advance what sort of action they will—and will not—be recruited to advise private organizations of their intentions even before they tell the CIA is thus being asked to keep itself more open.

At the same time, the press is waging ideological war to conceal its sources and methods, guarantee protection for its employees at home and abroad, prevent law enforcement officials from entering and searching newsrooms, even when a warrant has been

issued, and generally seal itself off from investigators, especially when they represent the American government. Not to put too fine an edge on it, the press is demanding that it be permitted to make itself a closed institution. By a neat inversion of logic, a clandestine organization of the government is subjected to investigation, while a public organization, dedicated to open discussion and full documentation of its stories, announces that it alone will decide when to reveal its operations.

Not so long ago, past and present CIA officials were dragged before Congressional inquiries, panel discussions, and talk shows and severely reproached for their "paranoid" insistence that secrets be kept. When Agency officials complained that revelations about their sources would seriously compromise their ability to gather information, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and most pundits scoffed at their undemocratic attitudes. As Daniel Schorr put it, before the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, there is a "fundamental contradiction between secret intelligence and responsive government." Schorr suggested that the very idea of a clandestine intelligence-gathering organization was morally suspect, arguing that "intelligence activities are clandestine precisely because they do not conform to accepted modes..." And Nicholas Danilof, a leading UPI correspondent, told the same group that "the notion of a secret assignment is quite antithetical to the openness, and the truth-

fulness, for which, I believe, the American press strives." Yet these same newspapers, along with most correspondents and columnists, violently oppose any attempt to discover the sources of press stories, even, as in the Myron Farber case, when a man's freedom is at stake.*

TO APPRECIATE FULLY the extent to which the press has adopted the attitudes and practices of the intelligence community, you have to look at the testimony before two Congressional committees investigating the ties be-

* Press apologies for Farber, for example, are right out of the old Sholem Aleichem story about the lady who was accused by her neighbor of stealing a pot. "In the first place," she told the judge, "I never took the pot. In the second place, it was a very old pot. And finally, it was in better condition when I returned it than when I took it." The defense of Farber ran along similar lines: In the first place, he has an absolute right to withhold his sources and methods. In the second place, he would be willing to reveal something if only the defense in the Jascalevich case stipulated precisely what it wanted to see (ignoring the question of how it could be stipulated without seeing what he had). Finally, by imprisoning him and fining his newspaper for contempt, the court has deprived him of a fair trial. All of this cleverly avoids facing the obvious: that claims to some absolute right on behalf of journalists—like those on behalf of Presidents or intelligence agencies—can only hasten the inevitable reaction and strengthen the hands of those who genuinely want to weaken and muzzle the free press.

THE FOURTH ESTATE

tween the CIA and the media. Almost to a man, the journalists and editors demanded that the CIA be prevented from hiring, even part-time, anyone who worked for a newspaper, magazine, or television or radio station. The CIA had earlier announced that it would not hire any journalist, editor, or publisher, but this was not enough. Mike Wallace told a subcommittee of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence that he would not be satisfied unless it was guaranteed that no one on a television crew worked for the CIA. This meant that not only journalists, editors, publishers, and producers would be "clean," but also cameramen, soundmen, and so forth, even when these people were not citizens or residents of the United States. Tad Szulc made the same point to a Congressional subcommittee:

[Admiral Turner's directive] opens the possibility of relationships with nonjournalistic employees of news media, among whom I presume would be cameramen... technicians, teletype operators. I think this is a rather dangerous gap or loophole in the directive in the sense that the teletype operator in the news bureau or a television crew would be aware under normal circumstances of the knowledge held in the news office... and I think that so long as that loophole remains open, you have the danger that an illicit relationship would be constructed.

Why this insistence that the CIA be prohibited from using media personnel to gather information for the American government? The press party line is that if foreign sources believe that American newsmen are working for the American government, the sources refuse to talk. Thus Richard Leonard, the editor of the *Milwaukee Journal*:

I have seen our news sources behind the Iron Curtain dry up because the sources suspected United States reporters had government connections.

Thus Robert Toth, formerly *Los Angeles Times* correspondent in Moscow:

Despite all the denials of any connection whatever with CIA... the accusation does limit in a real way the access journalists have to news sources in unfriendly countries, and it may even give some suspicious Americans pause about the

credentials of a correspondent despite the fact that there is absolutely no truth to the allegations.

Yet upon examination this "cover" story falls apart because the media spokesmen do not object to newsmen working for, or with, the CIA. They object only to newsmen working on behalf of the Agency for money. Daniel Schorr urged Congress to "steer clear of seeking to regulate the voluntary and unpaid relationships between news people and intelligence agencies." Richard Leonard said that "if a journalist wants to have a voluntary relationship, I would say that is his own conscience and I would support that." Even Morton H. Halperin, a notorious critic of the CIA, felt that a distinction had to be made "between what I think the CIA ought to be prohibited from doing and the question of ethics the particular journalists want to follow in their own profession." Only the press, then, can have a paid relationship with its agents.

The media strategy is clear enough: journalists can cooperate with the CIA if they do it for nothing. If a journalist, as a matter of conscience, chooses to work with the CIA, that is his business. There are to be no restrictions on journalists, only on the CIA. This testimony effectively demolishes the legend that the media need to be sheltered from CIA connections in order to protect their access to foreign sources, for obviously it doesn't matter at all to a foreign source if a given correspondent has a voluntary or paid relationship with the American government. If he is indeed concerned about such things, the source cares only whether the reporter is moonlighting as a spy, and nothing about his wages.

THE TALK ABOUT SHELTERING the press from the CIA to protect access to sources was a red herring from the beginning, for every journalist asked about it by a Congressional committee admitted that no legislation would prevent hostile foreign governments or individuals from accusing American journalists of being CIA agents. The explanation for the desire to keep the CIA away from journalists, editors, publishers, cameramen, teletype operators, and the like is different: re-

porters are particularly worried at the CIA's ability to ascertain the secrets of the media. The journalists concern, like that of the agent that they retain control over their information, and that no leaks of The CIA is feared because it is effective. Consider, for example, this veiling exchange before the House Committee on Intelligence between Ward Just and Congressman Bob Donner of California:

MR. WILSON: ... Mr. Just says Let's make it illegal for anybody to even contact an intelligence officer overseas who may have good information.

I would like to ask Mr. Just, Do you feel a foreign correspondent cannot maintain his integrity if he speaks with an intelligence officer? MR. JUST: I think he can maintain his integrity all right but that isn't so much the problem. I think it's speaking with an intelligence officer, with those fellows you never really know what they are up to as opposed to—well, with any source you are never really entirely sure what they are up to, but with an intelligence agent, they live in a rather different world from the rest of us, and you ask them about this or that, you are not sure what—he is disinforming you or not? You don't know whether he is pushing a particular operation of the Agency. You don't know—he is not spokesman for American policy. If you want that you can go to the State Department or you can go to the USIA or USIS [United States Information Agency; United States Interests Section].

MR. WILSON: Well, would you cut off contacts with Ambassadors and USIS—

MR. JUST: Oh, indeed not, indeed not. It is the intelligence agencies that I am—

MR. WILSON: You think the Ambassador never tries to disinform you sometimes?

MR. JUST: Oh, indeed. Oh, sure, but you can—but that's—think that is relatively easier to understand than with the CIA people. Among other things, they are very bright, most of them, terribly bright guys indeed. I would not by the way, make it illegal in any way. This is strictly an ethical problem. It is really more the problem of journalists in my opinion than with the agents. You always have to ask yourself, Why are they talking to you? ...

R. WILSON: *Well, you have to consider that talking with a politician also. Usually they have ulterior motives.*

R. JUST: *Well, I think it is a little less sinister....*

We listen carefully to Ward Just, near some things that are rarely cited in public. The media's conclusion is that they may be outwitted by CIA, that the CIA may use them. We are sure, this is the goal of every official in every country in the world—and those who think that leaks and leaks result from the initiative of masterful investigative journalists rather than the schemes of people with the information should read Lincoln Steffens. As Just added, journalists must always be wary of a source's giving them "disinformation." What is unique about the CIA is that the agency does this better than your average politico. Just is the least bit concerned that Americans and politicians will successfully mislead him, but those "bright" agents worry him, and he evilly prefers to avoid the risk and embarrassment of being manipulated, just plain fooled.

It appears that the press is looking for an advantage in its battle for information. As Just put it later in his conversation with Wilson, "journalists of kind of spies manqués, and kind of vice versa. That is why the relationship, I believe, on a kind of personal level, is really dangerous because you get a kind of a confusion of the realms...."

The CIA and the press are suitors of the same hand, and the rules for friendship are also the same: sources and methods must remain secret, cover must be maintained, operations must be covert when deemed necessary. After several days of hearings, Congressman Les Aspin of Wisconsin's Admiral Turner that agents and journalists were birds of a feather:

Both the agency and the journalists are out looking for information and both of them have something that the other one wants.... You have got great information that they need. They have got a sort of access and kind of ability to influence events that you would like.... So it is a weird thing. Journalists and agency people like each other. And in lots of ways they are similar kinds of people.

LITTLE CONCERN has arisen about the clandestine activities of the press, because the journalists and editors involved, like good intelligence agents, have been so busy giving each other awards and writing sanitized memoirs that there has been no time for ethical considerations. Nonetheless, a surprising quantity of information has filtered out. One useful text is *All the President's Men* by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward, which has become a training manual for the new breed of journalists, despite its dirty tricks, cover-ups, and illegal activities. Early in the investigation, Bernstein obtained a list of telephone calls made by Watergate burglar Bernard Barker to the Committee to Re-elect the President. The book says this about it:

Bernstein had several sources in the Bell system. He was always reluctant to use them to get information about calls because of the ethical questions involved in breaching the confidentiality of a person's records. It was a problem he had never resolved.... Why, as a reporter, was he entitled to have access to personal and financial records when such disclosure would outrage him if he were subjected to a similar inquiry by investigators?

This dilemma was resolved by an appeal to the presumed righteousness of the ends. Just as government officials tapped phones and opened mail for the sake of national security, Woodward and Bernstein obtained confidential records and even tampered with a grand jury under the banner of investigative journalism. And just as most official military history portrays the winners as morally superior to the losers, so the press has canonized these two spooks.

All the President's Men contains some uncommonly ignorant lines, and it also documents a corporate, old-boy mentality that the press so often deplores in others. In the autumn of 1972, the *Washington Post* published an article by Woodward and Bernstein that claimed that Hugh Sloan—treasurer of the Committee to Re-elect the President—had told a grand jury that Bob Haldeman had been running the committee's secret slush fund for CREEP. When this turned out to be false, Post editor Ben Bradlee found

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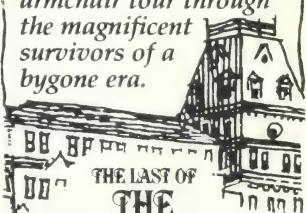
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THE FOURTH ESTATE

himself in a fix. Should he admit the error? His own recollection of the moment has the unmistakable ring of truth: "I was up the river with these two reporters. I can remember sitting down at the typewriter and writing about thirty statements and then sort of saying, 'Fuck it, let's go stand by our boys.'" This from a newspaper that claims to be a repository of truth and accuracy.

Bradlee's reaction is worthy of the brothers Dulles. Unfortunately, *All the President's Men* represents attitudes and practices of the press today that are indistinguishable from those of any other clandestine agency. Indeed, in many ways the press has more license than the CIA, because while governments are under constant scrutiny and criticism from the media, the legislature, the judiciary, the public, and other countries, the press is virtually unrestrained. There are no investigations of the press, no "checks and balances," no impeachment procedures. It is all in the family, just as it used to be in the salad days of the Agency. And do not believe for a moment that it is easy to fire a journalist. The *New York Times*, for example, has a rule that makes it virtually impossible to fire an employee after six months' service—barring gross dereliction of duty.

The *Washington Post* has closed its morgue of old clippings to people from the outside. The *New York Times's* security is as tight as that at CIA headquarters at Langley, Virginia. Journalists now claim that their notes are utterly confidential, and when the Supreme Court ruled that a search warrant is legal even in newsrooms, every major network and newspaper held discussions with its correspondents to figure out ways to hide notes and references from the police. Under the circumstances, I suspect that the "state within a state" in America these days is the press. Ray Cline, formerly Deputy Director of Intelligence, told a House Committee last December that "the American news media... constitute the only relatively unfettered espionage organizations in this country. Reporters investigate all leads to good stories, pay sources whose secrecy they preserve, and receive—and print—stolen documents..."

Ironically, Bernstein admitted to an interviewer that it was more difficult

to get accurate information from his colleagues than from intelligence officials. Commenting on his celebrated article in *Rolling Stone* on the media and the CIA, Bernstein told an interviewer for the *San Francisco Chronicle* (October 23, 1977) that "one of the most frustrating things about working on this piece was that it was much easier after a period of time to get CIA officials to be truthful than it was journalists."

At times it almost appears as if the press considers official American intelligence organizations its main competitors, and resents anything that gives them an edge over the press. Fred Graham, who is normally one of the most outspoken defenders of Americans' right to privacy, wrote an essay for the *Washington Post* last fall in which he complained about the government's practice of withholding information about a person's criminal convictions from inquiring reporters. He found himself caught up in a world of Catch-22 when he requested documentation from the Justice Department about the convictions of some of the Watergate defendants. Although the convictions were part of "the public record," the Justice Department refused to turn over its records because of privacy legislation. Graham then argued that the "right" to privacy was not explicitly spelled out in the Constitution or in legal precedent, and urged that the government be more forthcoming with its records. Yet Fred Graham was heard to suggest to an aide of Senator Moynihan that evidence demonstrating widespread Russian telephone interceptions in the United States should be destroyed because the National Security Agency had not obtained a court order for gathering such evidence. Evidently a journalist's prerogative to get all the details on Haldeman, Ehrlichman, and Agnew is more important than the American government's ability to gather evidence of KGB espionage.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE WEAPON for turning the press into a clandestine organization has been its cunning use of a Constitutional subterfuge that transforms the First Amendment from a guarantee against capricious attacks into an absolute license to set the rules.

In the old days the CIA argued its activities should not be constrained like those of ordinary government branches. In a similar vein, the press now claims an absolute right to gather information, print what it sees, and withhold all documentation when necessary. This recalls a line by Brooks some years ago in a bit by Carl Reiner. Brooks was playing part of a New York psychiatrist used to go dancing with his female patients. "Isn't that a bit unethical," asked Reiner. "There are no rules," replied Brooks. "We make the rules." Ten years from now we'll figure out what was ethical and what was foolish around."

Finally, the press does not hesitate to cover up its scandals. Many lead newspapers have buried the question of drug use in Washington because of fear that many journalists would be swept away in the choppy waters. Patrick Oster wrote in the *Chicago Times* on July 25 that,

in effect, the reporters who could write the most authoritative account of White House drug habits are engaging in a cover-up of a story that undoubtedly would disturb many Americans, not to mention Jimmy Carter himself.

This hesitancy to divulge names extends to this reporter, who though not a marijuana or cocaine user, learned with certainty and not too much difficulty the names of White House staffers, including, at least two on the senior staff who have been marijuana users...

The press picks and chooses scandals to suit its interests and ideology. This is nothing new, nor is it necessarily all wrong. I applaud decisions, for example, never to photograph President Franklin D. Roosevelt in such a way as to show his paralysis. But it is different when the press decides what to print and what to withhold sufficient evidence for a story. A greater effort must be made to solve all problems, not only those that please the media. In the long run, turning the press into a clandestine organization will corrupt its practitioners. Arrogance of power is limited to elected and appointed officials, and one guarantee that the press will be responsible as well as free openness.

A KING TUT BOOK OF ETIQUETTE

at to say and do while admiring a king's ransom

by Matthew Stevenson

o not scorn the time spent
ing as idle, because it is helpful
ritics, who often use the length
line as an indicator of the
s artistic merit. Even if you
in the rear of the line and
little hope of seeing the exhibit
ive hours, you should maintain
rum at all times and perhaps,
ppropriate, tell the story of
ting your first wife while wait-
at the New York World's
to see Michelangelo's *Pietà*.
ome suggestions for the wait:

-) Write a short essay that out-
s some of the great decisions
ankhamen made while king.
-) Try to figure out if there is
ugh gold in the exhibit to sponsor
of tournament in Las Vegas.
-) At current exchange rates,
mate Tutankhamen's net worth
the Zurich market.

AT THE EXHIBIT

While in the museum, you should
intain a dignified posture and
ist the temptation that most of us
re to touch shiny objects or put
m in our pockets. Nor should
act surprised, or ask for your
ney back, if the objects are
aller than those pictured in cof-
table books or on posters.
Do not ask if the objects are for
e. It has become fashionable in
ne quarters to offer great works
art as reproductions to the
blic. You should not demand the
ginals unless you are sure you
a offer the public tasteful fac-
niles.

Matthew Stevenson is an assistant editor of
rper's.

If you have never heard of
Tutankhamen, do not interrupt the
tour to ask the lecturer why this
show is being held in his honor.
Tutankhamen is remembered be-
cause he managed to die at an early
age and to keep his tomb sealed
until gold hit record highs on the
London exchange. This is the secret
of immortality.

Do not adopt a condescending
attitude toward the tour guide. His
is a difficult job—to make as many
people as possible see the exhibit
in the shortest amount of time—
and it will not be made easier if you
insist on inspecting each display
case and asking lengthy questions
about the Egyptian *Book of the
Dead*. The gracious admirer nods
generously even when some of the
pieces seem plated.

GIFTS AND DRESS

You should check ahead of time
with the curator to see if it is appro-
priate to bring a gift. If it is, keep in
mind that the king has most ev-
erything. Do not give the king your
résumé. Trinkets have a way of
getting tucked into the coffin, and
later generations, confusing your
transcript with his, might think that
the king went to the Harvard
Business School.

The thoughtful visitor is mindful
not to wear any of the jewelry
or fashion in the King Tut style
that is now advertised in magazines
and catalogues. Such adornment
could cause some unnecessary
confusion among the guards and
make for an unpleasant scene when
you try to leave.

CONVERSATION

In a crowded exhibit it is unlikely
that you will find yourself alone
with the king long enough for a per-
sonal conversation. Most people
simply file past the artifacts from
the tomb, saying little or nothing;
however, the chance may arise when
you are called upon to address
the king. In these instances, brief
compliments are always in good
taste. If you can, say something
nice about the king's birth or
death—two of his many fine
achievements—and move quickly
through the receiving line with-
out carving your initials on the tomb.

The more confident conversation-
alist may want to chat for a few
seconds about Egypt's glorious past.
The splendor of the pyramids, the
riches of the pharaohs, or the
sweeping grace of the Nile offer a
wonderful opportunity for those
versed in Egyptian history. Religion
and politics, however, are in poor
taste. If our leaders had to listen
to the views of every citizen on
every issue, there would be no time
left to shape the destiny of millions.

Nobody likes a bore, someone
who stands at the head of the
receiving line telling the king in a
loud voice to sell gold and buy
Swiss francs. This is tactless and
rude, like asking the king what
he pays in rent. Even if he appears
fragile and withdrawn, it is best
to overlook the king's physical
condition and end the conversation
on a pleasant note, perhaps with
a complimentary remark about Tut's
recent success on tour.

The king does not jog. □



GRAEDO

An eye for an eye

by Patrick Lupinetti

LARRY: Have you yourself, Moe, seen the owner of the candy-apple-red Ferrari 308 GTB?

MOE: Yes, Larry, I have.

LARRY: I wish you would inform me of how he acquired it. Is he then Italian and acquainted with citizens of notorious repute, from whom he derives his income?

CURLY: No, Larry, that cannot be the case. He has not the swarthy complexion nor the guttural intonation, being sallow and whiny. May I suggest that his wealth is achieved through industriousness and hard work?

LARRY: It would not seem so, Curly. He looks to have not even forcefulness and strength enough to resist the intimidation of a sparrow. No, he must instead possess some rare talent, an art for which he is well rewarded by admirers.

CURLY: But that cannot be true. The catatonic are more entertaining than he. I confess, Moe, that I am at a loss.

LARRY: Yes, Moe, I, too, am puzzled. How can it be that a possessor of no more charm, intelligence, or substance than a puddle of caking library paste can come to own such an automobile?

Then Moe replied, Can it be that neither of you has heard of the triumph of right over wrong, of fairness and equity, of Justice?

They mean nothing, Moe.

I have never, said Larry, heard of them.

Here Moe snorted and laughed and said: Neither has he, for he is a lawyer and the car was purchased by a contingent fee.

Patrick Lupinetti is a third-year law student who looks forward to a time when he can be described otherwise.

Tell us, Moe, what manner of thing is this contingent fee? Is it a rare metal or a jewel of great price?

Dear Larry and Curly, I commend your curiosity and thirst for knowledge. Let us attempt to discover together the mysteries of this phenomenon. I ask you first, What should be a man's reward when he is injured by others? Is it perhaps to be retaliation, or the infliction like injury on the wrongdoer?

That would seem fair.

And howsoever a man is pounded by another, a like pounding shall be administered in return?

Yes.

But a man may not pound everyone who harms him, the original antagonist may be big and mean and Harvey Martin.

That is true.

And even with friends it would be difficult to inflict injury on Harvey Martin.

Yes.

Further, the wise man would avoid retaliatory vengeance as an act of passion and not an exercise of reason, is it not so?

Certainly.

So, we can see that retaliation is not to be the measure of a man's injury.

To be sure.

Let us then examine another alternative, said Moe. I would ask you a question: If I give you five dollars and I hit you on the arm?

How hard, Moe?



ly an ordinary "two for flinching" shot to the arm no windup.

ould agree to that, said Curly.

you would not do it for a quarter?

ourse not.

n we may see that the severity of a man's injury can eckoned by the amount that he must be paid to endure

t is not to be denied.

ike manner, can we not then make a man pay his vic- in an amount corresponding to the grievousness of hurt?

, said Larry.

l it does not bother you that we equate human suffer- with money?

that by this reasoning the rich would seem to have use to do more harm than the poor?

at all.

m you may be *Law Review* material. At any rate, we see that if a man is injured he must be recompensed in appropriate extent.

it is true.

w then is the man to recover his compensation?

ely, said Curly, it cannot be by force, as we are then a situation precisely the same as the original and the ationship must go on *ad infinitum*.

ry good, Curly. And yet even a wrongdoer would not t with his money of his own accord. How then may penalty be exacted from him?

e might appeal to his sense of justice.

t what of the unjust man?

rhaps he may be cheated, tricked, gulled, swindled, or mboozled.

cellent, said Moe. And who are the masters of cheating, ckery, guile, swindling, and bamboozlement?

rry replied: Can it be other than lawyers?

cannot. We have therefore nearly attained the end of r labors. Our final concern must be how lawyers are to compensated for their work. Now what possibilities are en to us? Might one appeal to *their* sense of justice and rmit them to set a fair fee?

at would seem reasonable, said Curly.

e're talking about *lawyers* now.

h yeah.

ould we instead impose on them a fee?

certainly.

Yet we would agree that a lawyer finds his incentive in his reward.

Yes.

And the larger the reward the greater the incentive.

Of course.

So we must provide the lawyer with the greatest possible incentive, without, of course, suffering a loss on our own part.

That is true.

And how is that to be done?

I confess, said Larry, I do not know.

Perhaps an illustration may enlighten us. Consider the following situation: A man sees a prize bull that is grazing in the meadow and that he would like to devour. Yet alone he is incapable of subduing the bull.

Yes.

The man then espies a wolf pack, which is unable to leap the gate into the pasture. Can the man enlist the aid of the wolf pack?

It would seem prudent.

And how is he to do so? Could he feed the wolves some morsel, in return for which they would assist him?

Surely.

But after he had fed them, they would not care whether or not the man was gored by the bull.

That is true.

So he must proceed another way. Would it not be advisable to make a pact with the wolves, in which they might share in the man's feast in return for their aid? Is it not more likely to induce a rapacious zeal in blood-crazed mongrels by taunting them with the *prospect* of meat, so that they go to battle hungry and are not satiated unless they prevail?

Very true.

And may we not do the same with lawyers?

Yes.

May we not cut them in for a "piece of the pie," whatever pie is acquired, so that it then becomes in their interest as well as ours to acquire the largest pie possible?

Certainly.

That, Larry and Curly, is what is meant by the contingent fee.

Yet Moe, Curly asked, does not such a system promote needless litigation, unfairly compensate the injured, and reduce the ethical standards of lawyers?

Does it not also provide them with candy-apple-red Ferrari 308 GTBs?

Oh yeah.

□

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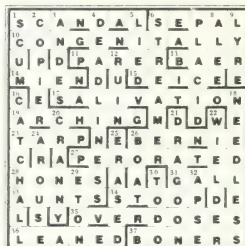
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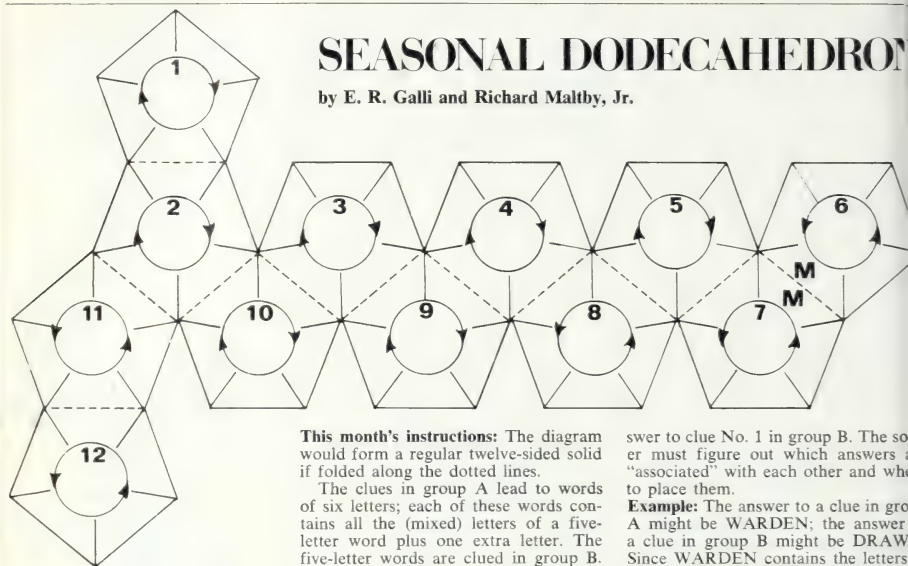
Notes for "And One to Grow On"

Across: 1. sand-AL; 6. seal, two meanings; 10. congenially, anagram; 11. par-R; 13. bar, two meanings; 14. men, two meanings; 15. di(s)gra(e); 17. sal(vat)-ion; 19. achin (anagram) g-(ang); 23. tap, reversal; 26. (so)Berne(ss); 27. prorated, anagram; 28. (S)h(o)o(t)e(r)s; 31. g(0)al; 33. (G.I.) ants; 34. stop, two meanings; 35. over-does; 36. L.A.-ned(anagram); 37. Boers, anagram. Down: 1. sum(m)er; 2. co-(er); 3. Ad(or)es; 4. dead lines; 5. led, homonym; 6. steamer, two meanings; 7. p(L)aid; 8. A(is)le; 9. 1-ye; 12. run, reversal of Nur(eyev); 16. cat(anagram)-call; 18. needles, anagram of "dense" around "le"; 20. can-N.Y.; 21. drag-on; 22. w.-elder; 24. a-rose; 25. (c)eased; 26. bat, reversal; 29. con, anagram; 30. too, homonym; 32. (p)ape(r).

PUZZLE

SEASONAL DODECAHEDRON

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.



This month's instructions: The diagram would form a regular twelve-sided solid if folded along the dotted lines.

The clues in group A lead to words of six letters; each of these words contains all the (mixed) letters of a five-letter word plus one extra letter. The five-letter words are clued in group B. The extra letters are to be entered in the centers of the appropriate pentagons with the associated five-letter words inscribed around them (to read in the direction shown by the arrows) in such a way that, at each edge of the solid, adjacent letters are the same. When the diagram is complete, the central letters from 1 to 12 will spell a doubly appropriate seasonal phrase. N.B.: The clues are in no particular order; the answer to clue No. 1 in group A is not necessarily associated with the five-letter an-

swer to clue No. 1 in group B. The solver must figure out which answers are "associated" with each other and where to place them.

Example: The answer to a clue in group A might be WARDEN; the answer to a clue in group B might be DRAWN. Since WARDEN contains the letters DRAWN these two words would be "associated" and DRAWN would be entered (in the direction of the arrows) in a pentagon, surrounding the extra letter E, in such a way that the D, the R, the A, the W, and the N would each be duplicated in another word on the adjacent side of an edge.

Answers include one proper noun. One letter, with its duplication, has been printed to help you get started. The usual, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

CLUES

Group A: 6-letter words

1. He tolerates bumpy airbed
2. Perfect place to throw pole
3. Unfinished chapter rewritten for jivester
4. Shortwave irritation: on-off button
5. Laying the groundwork for offense in capture
6. Move, wretched varlet
7. Brother gets pep, curiously, from milkshake
8. Resort: Hearst grounds
9. Title-holders—gets a bit chewed-up!
10. Be indignant, but for now quiet start is needed
11. Found the roots carted off
12. Bad actor in setback? It passes Parliament

Group B: 5-letter words

1. Large container containing a small container
2. I have made a shelter in Fifth Avenue
3. Vouchers about strikes
4. Scarcely spruce trees, but repositioned
5. It comes from trees, but there's a need for put relations about the animal
6. Cheap shot: "kind of yellow..."
7. Crying in the ranks, I hear
8. Street which takes right turn away
9. Dishonor her subjectively in the morning? Just opposite!
10. What isn't shaved, shaped, bared...
11. Rascal with Southern political ideology
12. Clarence Darrow keeps material in closet

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Seasonal Dodecahedron, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10016. Entries must be received by January 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed

in the February issue. Winners' names will be printed in the March issue. Winners of the November puzzle, "Dressed to Nines," are Howard M. Einspahr, Birmingham, Alabama; Anita Walker, Oneida, Tennessee; and Mary Granofsky, Carrollton, Maryland.

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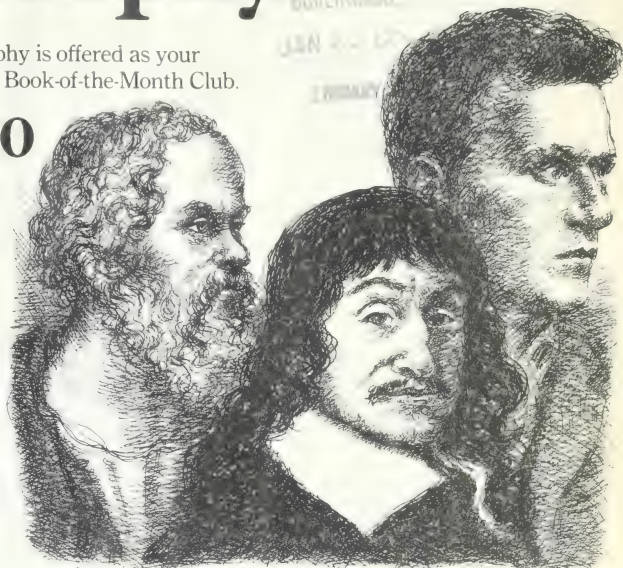
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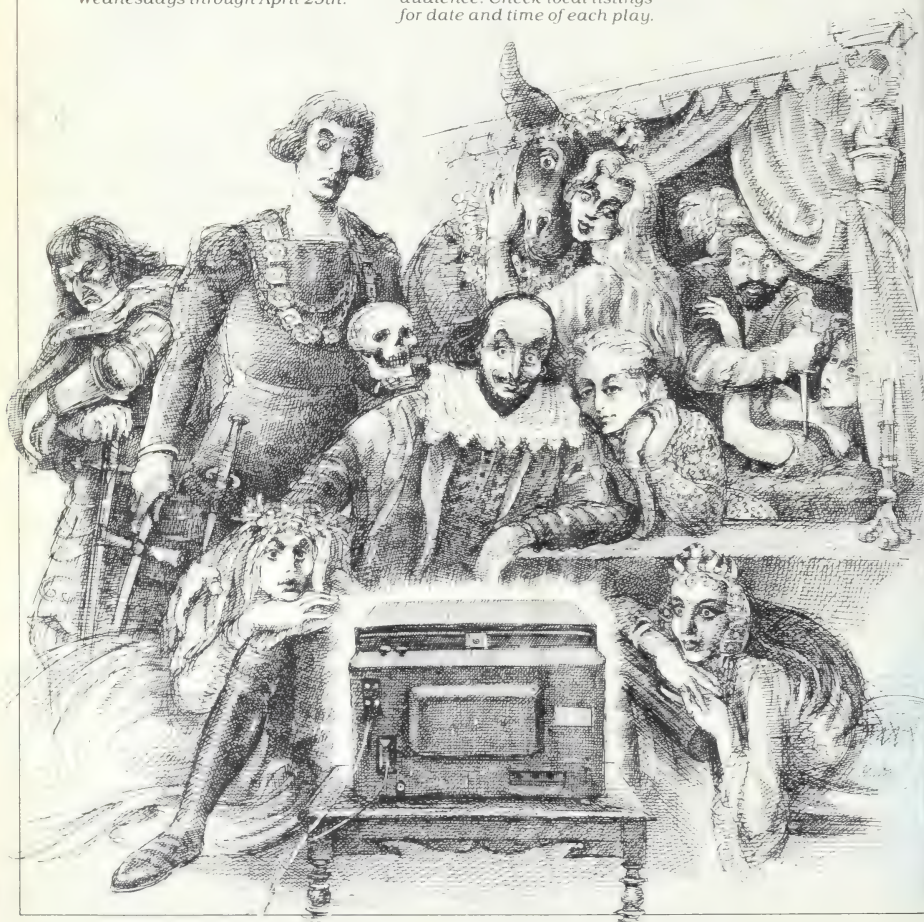
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- Beñat LeCagot* 60 **MINUTES OF A VILLAGE MEETING**
A short story translated by Trevanian
- 64 **THE PUBLIC DEBATE**
Admiral Hyman Rickover and representatives of the national news media face the nation: an abridged transcript of a recent CBS broadcast.

- Ella Leffland* 68 **TO THE CAMPANILE**
A short story

ARTS AND LETTERS

DEPARTMENTS

POETRY

4 LETTERS

GOING WEST

8 MacNelly

- Linda Mizejewski* 42 **GOING HOME
PARKED IN THE COUNTRY**

- Lewis H. Lapham* 10 **THE EASY CHAIR**
The California revolt against time.

- Michael Ryan* 95 **A CHANGED SEASON**

BOOKS

- M. J. Sobran* 92 **THE FOURTH
ESTATE**
The dubious sanctity of free speech.

- James Atlas* 74 **An essay on the literature
of memoir.**

- Katha Pollitt* 83 **A review of *Johnny Panic
and the Bible of Dreams:
Short Stories, Prose, and Diary
Excerpts*, by Sylvia Plath.**

- Barry Lopez* 96 **AMERICAN
MISCELLANY**
Woodland chronicles.

- Frances Taliaferro* 86 **A review of *Reversals: A
Personal Account of Victory
Over Dyslexia*,
by Eileen Simpson.**

- E. R. Galli and
Richard Malby, Jr.* 100 **PUZZLE**
Our Funny
Valentine

- Christopher Porterfield* 88 **A review of *Blindness and
Loving, Living, Party Going:
Three Novels*, by Henry Green.**

- David Suter* 59 **OTHER THINGS BEING EQUAL**

- Tom Wolfe* 82 **IN OUR TIME**

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Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, President; Donald R. Dwight, Vice President; Charles W. Aranson, Secretary; William R. Beattie, Treasurer. Subscriptions: \$11.98 one year; Canada and Pan America, add \$2.00 per year; other foreign, add \$3 per year. For advertising information contact Harper-Atlantic Sales, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, and San Francisco. Copyright © 1979 by the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Company under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row, Publishers, Incorporated. Printed in the U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. **POSTMASTER:** Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 1225 Portland Place, Boulder, Colo. 80323. ISSN0017-789X

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The South still rises

T. D. Allman's article "The Urban Crisis Leaves Town" [December] was certainly a disappointing treatment of what has become a substantial urban trend. Rather than examining the significant changes now going on between central cities and their suburbs (New York versus Long Island, Los Angeles versus Orange County, Dallas versus Metroplex), the author immediately sank into a hackneyed Frostbelt versus Sunbelt diatribe that unfortunately failed to substantiate the title or premise of the article.

While things may be getting better for central cities when compared with their suburban areas, this does not mean that Cleveland is going to soak up the growth from Houston. The employment chart used tells us nothing about central city versus suburban employment changes. The data used to justify the resurgence of northern cities is not further used to show that the total residential work force for all these cities combined grew by 1.5 percent compared with the increase in southern cities of 5.5 percent during the same period. While any growth is positive progress for northern cities, it is not linked to overall demographic changes that have caused this change nationally, nor is the large growth in the South noted. The article does not compare changes in central city work forces with those in their suburbs for the same period, where new trends can be observed, and only obfuscates the dramatic growth still occurring in southern cities today.

Mr. Allman's analysis of federal funding flowing to cities underscores basic national policy changes that have increased aid to all American cities. However, Sunbelt cities often have increasing tax bases that reduce their reliance on federal funds, thus making such funds a smaller portion of total expenditures. In addition, the more progressive southern/western state governmental attitude toward regional

taxing districts, countywide taxes, state governments paying the cost of urban services reduces the need for central-city government to raise additional revenues (i.e., Miami does pay for education, public transit, welfare; Atlanta doesn't pay for public transit or higher education; Los Angeles doesn't pay for public transit, higher education, or welfare, etc.). The South and West have been far more willing to fund these services on a regional basis, or to allow central-city boundary expansion to pay for these services. This certainly contrasts with the attitude of most northern states where the suburbs and central cities have antagonistic relationships and state governments have not breached.

I would enjoy a real attempt by Mr. Allman to review the startling changes that are beginning to show up in central city versus suburban development, rather than the Sunbelt Frostbelt tone set by this piece. Dramatic reversals in city/suburban trends are occurring in both northern and southern cities, reversals that truly underscore a change in the last generation's rush to the suburbs.

FRED J. SILVERMAN
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T. D. ALLMAN REPLIES:

Upon closer inspection, Mr. Silverman would discover that far from indulging in a "Frostbelt versus Sunbelt diatribe," "hackneyed" or otherwise, the article took pains explicitly to point out that "the arbitrary titheless between 'Sunbelt' and 'Frostbelt' . . . has crippled understanding of cities and their problems." Both the text and the chart entitled "Accelerated Federal Aid to Cities" show that southern as well as northern cities have benefited from increased federal aid. Both the text and the chart entitled "City-Suburban Gap Narrows" show

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—Richard Stanton

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LETTERS

that cities like Miami have dramatically reversed the comparative growth rate of new jobs with the suburbs.

States like Florida and Texas—and Minnesota and Indiana, too—deserve credit for putting cities like Miami, Minneapolis, Houston, and Indianapolis on a sounder fiscal footing by making annexation of suburbs easier, and by expanding county and regional services. What really seems to irritate Mr. Silverman is not that I perpetuate the Sunbelt versus Frostbelt antithesis, but that I point out that cities like Miami in some ways are no better off than cities in the North.

The eye of the observer

Tom Bethell's latest contribution to his A-Layman-Looks-at-Science Series ["Burning Darwin to Save Marx," December] contains specious arguments that totally nullify his thesis: the politicization of science. . . . Having a "Marxist perspective" does not qualify one as a Marxist scientist striving to make science conform to left-wing

ideologies, but merely as a scientist who uses one of many perspectives to gain insight into a scientific problem; any hypothesis suggested by this insight is subject to the same stringencies of scientific evaluation as any other hypothesis, and this hypothesis does not carry any Marxist connotations, since it is expressed in scientific terms. Thus the idea that evolutionary biologists are "Burning Darwin to Save Marx" is not only wrong, it is ridiculous.

STEVEN SCHAFERSMAN
Houston, Tex.

"The whole story is indeed a myth, though the news has been slow in getting around," writes Lewis S. Feuer of the University of Virginia in the October issue of the British magazine *Encounter*. The myth that Feuer took pains to debunk is that Marx, wishing to dedicate a volume of *Das Kapital* to Darwin, wrote to Darwin to seek permission, but was rebuffed. Tom Bethell unfortunately repeats the myth as gospel.

"The basic document on which it

was founded—a letter of Darwin purportedly sent to Karl Marx—was not a letter to Marx at all," Feuer writes. "It was indeed a letter to Darwin had sent to Dr. Edward Aving, who wished to dedicate his book *The Student's Darwin* to the revered scientist himself."

JOHN D. FULTON
Greensboro, N.C.

TOM BETHELL REPLIES:

In reply to Mr. Schafersman, hypothesis precedes observation in science and a hypothesis inspired by Marxism is likely to result in the observation of a set of facts different from the facts that would derive from another (e.g., capitalist) hypothesis. There are a lot of stray facts loose in the world, waiting to be corralled by a hypothesis. That, in fact, was the main point of my article.

I am grateful to Mr. Fulton for setting the record straight on Darwin, Marx, and *Das Kapital*. That point was not essential to my article, but it is useful to know the true account nonetheless.

MARX
Harpers



Alive and well

Annie Dillard's story "The Living" a welcome indication that great fiction and prose are still being written and appreciated in this country.

CATHERINE GOETZ
Bozeman, Mont.

Historic tax structures

For many years, investors in new commercial structures have been able to take advantage of accelerated depreciation of construction costs for tax purposes, sometimes resulting in a so-called tax shelter. This incentive for new construction, coupled with zoning incentives and the practice of taxing property at its highest and best use, radically changed most of our downtowns, for better or worse. Where we once had neighborhoods and buildings of character, durability, and human scale, we now have downtowns of fast-rise high-rises with cookie-cutter facades and stark interiors.

Those of us seeking to preserve the tangible reminders of how we developed as a people and as a nation have been successful in placing preservation, under the new tax laws, on a more equal footing with demolition and new construction. Under the Tax Reform Act of 1976, some of the tax incentives available to developers of new construction have been provided to preservation developers. Robert L. Nessen draws attention to this in "Treasure Houses" [December].

The article is unfortunate in that Mr. Nessen never addresses the whole picture, including the traditional tax incentives for new construction. Consequently, the conclusion one may draw from his article is that historic preservationists have invented a new and sneaky way to raid the Treasury. This is simply not true.

Mr. Nessen uses the term "historic preservation," but he is really discussing "adaptive re-use," which is simply one facet of the broad conservation movement that we know as historic preservation. Adaptive re-use refers to finding a new and profitable use for a structure that is still sound but has outlived its original function, and adapting the structure to accommodate that new function. Adapting old

buildings frequently carries a higher degree of risk for the developer than new construction, and the incentive cited by Mr. Nessen is important to offset these higher risks.

Finally, the implication of Mr. Nessen's article is that it would be far preferable to have the government collect taxes and do the work itself. We hold a different belief: that private enterprise and private individuals, aided by their government, can do the job more efficiently.

JAMES BIDDLE
President
National Trust for Historic
Preservation
Washington, D.C.

ROBERT NESSEN REPLIES:

The fact is that the tax shelter benefits for historic structures far exceed those for new properties. Rehabilitation costs can be written off at a much faster rate than the costs of new construction. Nevertheless, I am not suggesting, nor did I suggest in my article, a preference for tax shelter benefits for new buildings over historic structures. I believe I made clear that I am opposed, for the reasons I stated, to the use of tax shelter as a primary incentive for any kind of investment: it is a hidden subsidy; its cost is unknown; and it favors inordinately those in high tax brackets. Furthermore, in the case of historic structures the aesthetic result is unclear and uncertain.

Mr. Biddle's position, as I understand it, is that since new construction has been given disproportionate advantages in the past, we must now redress the balance by giving excessive tax benefits to historic properties. But Mr. Biddle notwithstanding, two wrongs still add up to two wrongs, and his grievances cannot change the mathematics. Admittedly, the preservation of historic properties confronts us with a difficult problem; but the way to deal with a difficult problem is not with a bad solution.

I did not imply that it would be preferable for the government to do the work itself. How to replace (and indeed whether it is necessary to replace) tax shelter with some other subsidy was beyond the scope of the article. But in thinking about the question, I think it probably would be better to have the government (per-

haps in cooperation with the National Trust, local community groups, and other qualified persons and organizations) select those properties that truly have historic and architectural value and subsidize them directly.

A little learning . . .

Jeffrey Burke, in "All You Need To Know" [December], needs to know a little bit more about algebra. Specifically, in statement 23 of his proof, Intelligence does not cancel out, the final result holding only if Intelligence is zero—something apparently the case with Mr. Burke.

JOEL A. SMITH
New York, N.Y.

JEFFREY BURKE REPLIES:

Although I am tempted to invoke poetic license and defend the math of statement 23 by postulating that in a proof of this sort Intelligence may—nay, must—be canceled out at some appropriate point for the proof's true beauty to shine forth, I will not do so. I will also resist the temptation to indicate to Mr. Smith the extent to which his indisputable demonstration of Error has resulted in an Ugliness of tone: for I would then have placed him in a position of defending, however unintentionally, a person devoid of Intelligence. (It goes without saying that if Error equals Ugliness then Truth must equal Beauty.) It remains only to thank the many gentle readers whose sharp eyes did not blinder their imaginations and prevent their rushing to my algebraic breach with—among the seven alternate solutions, four cautionary notes, and two lengthy explications—the possibility (thanks to Charles H. Bird of Stanhope, New Jersey) that Beauty = the New York Yankees.

ERRATA:

A typographical error on page 53 of T.D. Allman's "The Urban Crisis Leaves Town" (December) resulted in the misspelling of the name of Congressman Nix as "Dix."

Credit for Francois Colos, the illustrator of Peter Meyer's "Land Rush" (January), was inadvertently omitted from the article.

LOST HORIZON

Intimations of immortality in California

by Lewis H. Lapham

FOR THE PAST six or seven weeks I have been answering angry questions about San Francisco.

People who know that I was born in that city assume that I have access to confidential information, presumably at the highest levels of psychic consciousness. Their questions sound like accusations, as if they were demanding a statement about the poisoning of the reservoirs. Who were those people that the Reverend Jim Jones murdered in Guyana, and how did they get there? Why would anybody follow such a madman into the wilderness, and how did the Reverend Jones come by those letters from Vice-President Mondale and Mrs. Rosalynn Carter? Why did the fireman kill the mayor of San Francisco and the homosexual city official? What has gone wrong in California, and who brought evil into paradise? Fortunately I don't know the answers to these questions; if I knew them, I would be bound to proclaim myself a god and return to San Francisco in search of followers, a mandala, and a storefront shrine. Anybody who would understand the enigma of San Francisco must first know something about the dreaming narcissism of the city, and rather than try to explain this in so many words, I offer into evidence the story of my last assignment for the *San Francisco Examiner*.

I had been employed on the paper for two years when, on a Saturday morning in December of 1959, I reported for work to find the editors talking to one another in the hushed and self-important way that usually means that at least fifty people have been killed. I assumed that a ship had sunk or that a building had collapsed. The editors were not in the habit of taking me into their confidence, and I didn't expect to learn the terms of the calamity until I had a chance to read the

AP wire. Much to my surprise, the city editor motioned impatiently in my direction, indicating that I should join the circle of people standing around his desk and turning slowly through the pages of the pictorial supplement that the paper was obliged to publish the next day. Aghast at what they saw, unable to stifle small cries of anguished disbelief, they were examining twelve pages of text and photographs arranged under the heading LOS ANGELES—THE ATHENS OF THE WEST. To readers unfamiliar with the ethos of San Francisco, I'm not sure that I can convey the full and terrible effect of this headline. Not only was it wrong, it was monstrous heresy. The residents of San Francisco dote on a romantic image of the city, and they imagine themselves living at a height of civilization accessible only to Erasmus or a nineteenth-century British peer. They flatter themselves on their sophistication, their exquisite sensibility, their devotion to the arts. Los Angeles represents the antithesis of these graces; it is the land of the Philistines, lying somewhere to the south in the midst of housing developments that stand as the embodiment of ugliness, vulgarity, and corruptions of the spirit.

Pity, then, the poor editors in San Francisco. In those days there was also a *Los Angeles Examiner*, and the same printing plant supplied supplements to both papers. The text and photographs intended for a Los Angeles audience had been printed in the Sunday pictorial bearing the imprimatur of the *San Francisco Examiner*. It was impossible to correct the mistake, and so the editors in San Francisco had no choice but to publish and give credence to despised anathema.

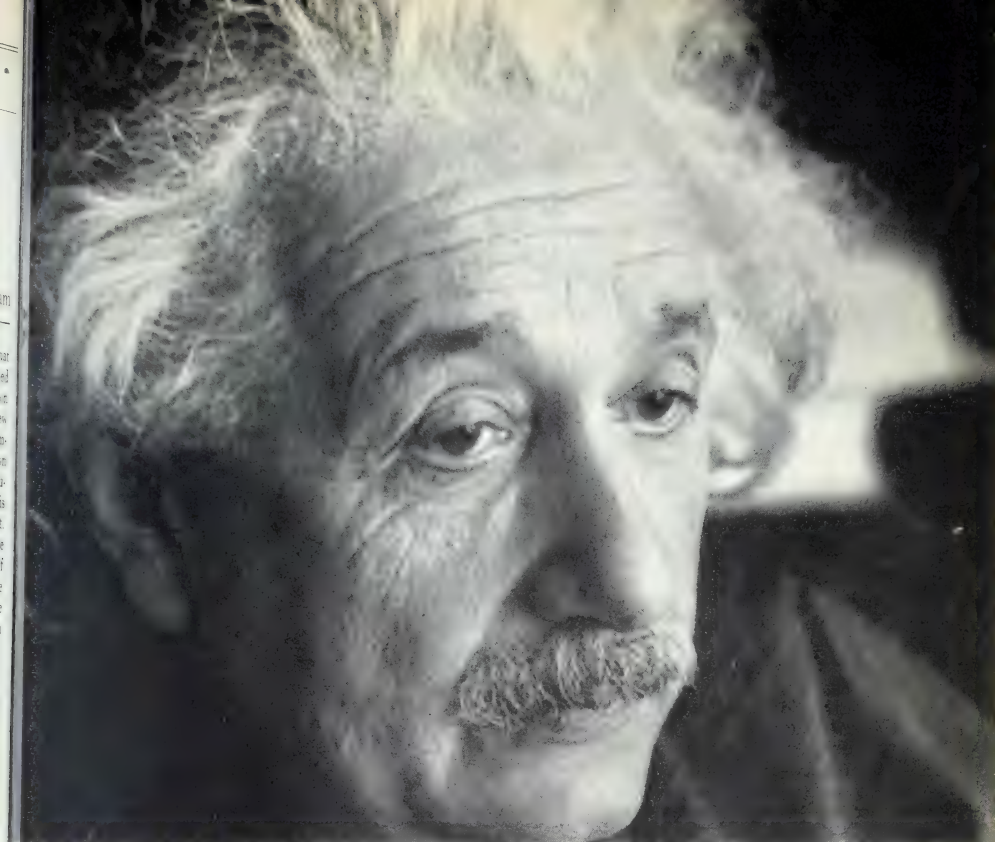
This so distressed them that they resolved to print a denial. The city editor, knowing that my grandfather had

been mayor of San Francisco and that I had been raised in the city, assumed that he could count on my dedication to the parochial truth. He also knew that I had studied at Yale and Cambridge universities, and although on most days he made jokes about the futility of a literary education, on this particular occasion he saw a use for it. What was the point of reading all those books if they didn't impart the skills of a sophist? He handed me the damnable pages and said that I had until five o'clock in the afternoon to refute them as false doctrine. The story was marked for page 1 and an eight-column headline. I was to spare no expense of adjectives.

The task was hopeless. Los Angeles at the time could claim the residence of Igor Stravinsky, Aldous Huxley, and Christopher Isherwood. Admittedly they had done their best work before coming west to ripen in the sun, but their names and photographs, together with those of a few well-known painters and a number of established authors temporarily engaged in the writing of screenplays, make for an impressive display in a newspaper. Even before I put through my first telephone call, to a poet in North Beach experimenting with random verse, I knew that cultural enterprise in San Francisco could not sustain the pretension of a comparison to New York or Chicago, much less to Periclean Athens.

Ernest Bloch had died, and Darius Milhaud taught at Mills College only during the odd years; Henry Miller lived 140 miles to the south at Big Sur, which placed him outside the city's penumbra of light. The Beat Generation had disbanded. Allen Ginsberg still could be seen brooding in the cellar of the City Lights Bookshop, but Kerouac had left town, and the tourists

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.



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THE EASY CHAIR

were occupying the best tables at Casandra's, asking the waiters about psychedelic drugs and for connections to the Buddhist underground. Although I admired the work of Evan Connell and Lawrence Ferlinghetti, I doubted that they would say the kinds of things that the city editor wanted to hear. The San Francisco school of painting consisted of watercolor views of Sausalito and Fisherman's Wharf: there was no theater, and the opera was a means of setting wealth to music. The lack of art or energy in the city reflected the lassitude of a citizenry content to believe its own press notices. The circumference of the local interest extended no more than 150 miles in three directions—as far as Sonoma County and Bolinas in the north, to Woodside and Monterey in the south, and to Yosemite and Tahoe in the east. In a westerly direction the civic imagination didn't reach beyond the Golden Gate Bridge. Within this narrow arc the inhabitants of San Francisco entertained themselves with a passionate exchange of gossip.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon I gave up hope of writing a believable story. Queasy with embarrassment and apology, I informed the city editor that the thing couldn't be done, that if there was such a place as an Athens of the West—which was doubtful—then it probably was to be found on the back lot of a movie studio in Los Angeles. San Francisco might compare to a Greek colony on the coast of Asia Minor in the fourth century B.C., but that was the extent of it. The city editor heard me out, and then, after an awful and incredulous silence, he rose from behind his desk and denounced me as a fool and an apostate. I had betrayed the city of my birth and the imperatives of the first edition. Never could I hope to succeed in the newspaper business. Perhaps I might find work in a drugstore chain, preferably somewhere east of St. Louis, but even then he would find himself hard-pressed to recommend me as anything but a liar and an assassin. He assigned the story to an older and wiser reporter, who relied on the local authorities (Herb Caen, Barnaby Conrad, the presidents of department stores, the director of the film festival), and who found it easy enough to persuade them to say that San Francisco should be more appropriately compared to Mount Olympus.

LEFT SAN FRANCISCO within a matter of weeks, depressed by dreamlike torpor of the city. though in the past eighteen years I often have thought of the city with feelings of sadness, as if in mourning for the beauty of the hills and the clarity of the light in September when the wind blows from the north, I have wished to return. The atmosphere of reality seems to me more palpable and oppressive in San Francisco than it does in New York. Apparently this has always been so. Few of the writers associated with the city stayed longer than a few seasons. Twain broke camp and moved on: so did Bierce and Bret Harte. In his novel *The Octopus*, Frank Norris describes the way in which the Southern Pacific Railroad in the 1890s forced the farmers of the San Joaquin Valley to become its serfs. The protagonist of the novel, hoping to save the farmers to revolt and to an ideal liberty, looks for political allies among the high-minded citizens of San Francisco. He might as well have been looking for the civic conscience in a bell. A character modeled after Count Huntington, the most epicurean of local robber barons, explains to him that San Francisco cannot conceive of such a thing as social justice. The conversation takes place in the bar at the Bohemian Club, and the financier glibly says to Norris's hero that "San Francisco is not a city... it is a money way plaisance."

The same thing can be said for San Francisco almost a hundred years later, except that in the modern idiom people talk about the city as "carnival." The somnambulism of the past has been joined with the androgynous freedom of the present, and in the ensuing confusion who knows what's true and what's false, or who's doing what to whom and for what reason? The wandering bootlequin of the American desert traditionally migrate to California in hopes of satisfying their hearts' desire under the palm trees of the national oasis. They seek to set themselves free, to be themselves of all restraint, to find Eden or the fountain of eternal youth withheld or concealed from them by the authorities (nurses, teachers, parents, caliphs) in the walled towns of the East. They desire simply to be, as they think of freedom as a banquet. Thus their unhappiness and despair when their journey proves to have been

vain. The miracle fails to take place, and things remain pretty much as they are in Buffalo or Indianapolis. Perhaps this explains the high rate of divorce, alcoholism, and suicide. The *San Francisco Examiner* kept a record of people who jumped off the Golden Gate Bridge, and the headline always cited the number of the most recent victim, as if adding up the expense of the sacrifice to the stone-faced gods of happiness.

GIVEN THEIR SUSPICION of civilization, the wandering tribes have little patience with institutional or artistic forms, which they identify with conspiracy. No one dares to speak to them of rules, of discovering form and order in the chaos of feeling? Like the detectives in the stories by Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler, the California protagonist belongs to no Establishment. He comes and goes as effortlessly as the wind, remarking on the sleaziness and permanence of things, mocking the phony masquerades (of governments and dictionaries) by which the prominent citizens in town cheat the inno-

cent children of their primal inheritance. No matter how grandiose the facade, every door opens into an empty room. Without rules the bedouin's art and politics are as insubstantial as tissue paper or interior decoration, and in the extremities of their sorrow they have nothing to hold onto except the magical charms and amulets sold by mendicant prophets in the bazaars. Sometimes the prophets recommend extended vacations at transcendental dude ranches.

Maybe this is why the conversation in California is both so desperate and so timid. What passes for serious talk, at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions as well as in the cabanas around the pool at the Beverly Hills Hotel, has the earnest texture of undergraduate confession. Everybody is in the midst of discovering the obvious. Middle-aged producers, well known for their greed and cunning, breathlessly announce that politics is corrupt, that blacks don't much like whites, and that the wrong people get killed in the wrong wars. Women in sunglasses enter from stage left saying that they have just found out about

Freud; somebody's literary agent astonishes the company with a brief summary of the French Revolution. Nobody wants to ask too many questions because usually it is preferable not to know the answers. More often than not the person to whom one happens to be speaking turns out to be playing a part in his own movie. Given the high levels of disappointment in California, people retire to the screening rooms of their private fantasy. The phantasmagoria that they project on the walls seldom bears much resemblance to what an uninitiated bystander might describe as reality. Thus, if a man says that he is a writer, it is possible that he writes notes to his dog, in green ink on a certain kind of yellow paper that he buys in Paris. If a woman says she's an actress, it is possible that she once stood next to Marlon Brando in an airport, and that he looked at her in such a way that she knew he thought she was under contract to Paramount. To ask such people many further questions, or to have the bad manners to remember what they were saying last week or last year, constitutes an act of social aggression.

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THE EASY CHAIR

CALIFORNIA IS LIKE summer or the Christmas holidays. The unhappy children think that they are supposed to be having a good time, and they imagine that everybody else is, having a better time. Thus the pervasive mood of envy and the feeling, common especially among celebrities, that somehow they have been excluded from something, that their names have been left off the guest list. In New York nobody wants to be David Rockefeller. They might want his money or his house in Maine, but they don't want to change places with the fellow, to actually wear his clothes and preside over the annual meeting of the Chase Manhattan Bank. But in California, people literally want to be Warren Beatty, or Teddy Kennedy, or Cher Bono. If only they could be Teddy or Warren or Cher, even for a few hours in a car traveling at high speed on Sunset Boulevard, then they would know true happiness and learn the secrets of the universe.

In California so many people are newly arrived (in almost all declensions of that phrase) that their anxieties, like those of the parvenus in Molière's plays, provide employment for a legion of dancing masters (i.e., swamis, lawn specialists, hairdressers, spiritual therapists, swimming-pool consultants, gossip columnists, tennis professionals, et cetera, et cetera) who smile and bow and hold up gilded mirrors as false and flattering as the grandiose facades with which their patrons adorn the houses built to resemble a baroque chateau or a Spanish hacienda. The athletic coaches of the human-potential movements take the place of liveried servants in the employ of the minor nobility. Every season since the Gold Rush, California has blossomed with new money—first in gold, then in land, cattle, railroads, agriculture, film images, shipbuilding, aerospace, electronics, television, and commercial religions. The ease with which the happy few become suddenly rich lends credence to the belief in magical transformation. People tell each other fabulous tales of El Dorado. They talk about scrawny girls found in drugstores and changed overnight into princesses, about second-rate actors made into statesmen, about Howard Jarvis revealed as a savior of his people. Everybody is always in the process of becoming somebody else. If the trans-

formations can take place in the temporal spheres of influence, then why can't they also take place in the spiritual sectors?

Perhaps this is why California is so densely populated with converts of one kind or another. A young man sets out on the road to Ventura, but somewhere on the Los Angeles Freeway he has vision. God speaks to him through the voice of a disc jockey broadcasting over Radio Free Orange County, and he understands that he has lived his life in vain. He throws away his credit cards and commits himself to Rolling and salad. Thus, Jane Fonda discovers feminism and Tom Hayden declares his faith in "the system": Eldridge Cleaver renounces the stony paths of radical politics and embraces the luxury of capitalism: Richard Nixon goes through as many conversions as he finds expedient; and Ronald Reagan begins as an ADA Democrat and ends as the conscience of the Republican rear guard. As with the prophets who gather the faithful in the compounds of pure truth, so the politicians conceive of politics not as a matter of practical compromise but as a dream of power and a fantasy of omnipotent wish.

THROUGHOUT THE DECADE of the 1960s I kept reading in the newspapers about the revolutions coming out of California, about the free-speech movement at the University of California in Berkeley, about the so-called sexual revolution, about the counterculture and the "revolutionary life-styles" portrayed in the pages of *Vogue*. As recently as last year, people were talking about "the taxpayers' revolt," as if, once again, California were leading the nation forward into the future. Sometimes when reading these communiqués from the front I am reminded of Lenny Bruce and the bitter jokes with which he used to entertain the crowd at the hungry i in San Francisco. California sponsors no revolution and only one revolt. This is the revolt against time. In no matter what costumes the self-proclaimed revolutionaries dress themselves up, they shout the manifesto of Peter Pan. They demand that time be brought to a stop. They declare time to be circular, and they say that nothing ever changes in their perpetual summer, that they remain forever suspended in the enchant-

t of their innocent garden. History fairy tale, in which maybe they will sent to believe on the condition that scripts have happy endings. The ia advertise California as the image he future, but to me the state is mirror of the past—not the recent, orical past, but the ancient and nitive past of 90,000 years ago with light of paleolithic fires flickering he windows of the stores on Rodeo ve.

ven the people who go to California he hope to find a connection to ther world. Maybe they will be iated into the mysteries of reincar- on, or perhaps they will meet the t of a UFO. But most of the people make the trek across the mountains ect that they will remain forever ng. I remember once going to see e West in her shuttered house on the ch at Santa Monica. On a brilliantly e afternoon the house was as dark a nightclub. Miss West received me a circle of candlelight and white n, and although she was in her late enties she affected the dress and nnerisms of a coquette. The effect

was grotesque but only slightly more exaggerated than the disguises worn by people trying to look anywhere from ten to thirty years younger than their age. In California nobody is middle-aged. For as long as they can afford the cosmetics and the surgery, people pretend that they are still thirty-five; then one day all the systems fail and somebody else vanishes into the gulag of the anonymous old. I'm sure that the desire to obliterate time also has something to do with the weather. The absence of clearly defined seasons helps to sustain the illusion of the evangelical present. Perhaps this is also why people make such a solemn business of sport in California. Among people determined merely to be, and who therefore conceive of the world as a stadium, leisure acquires an importance equivalent to that of work. People get very serious about tennis because from the point of view of a child at play in the fields of the Lord, tennis is as serious as politics or blocks.

I left California because I didn't have the moral fortitude to contend with the polymorphousness of the place.

It was too easy to lose myself behind a mask, and I had the feeling that I was wandering in a void, feeding on hallucinatory blooms of the lotus flower. The emptiness frightened me, and so did the absence of culture, of politics in the conventional sense, of art and conversation, of the social contrivances that make it possible to talk to other people about something else besides the degree of their God-consciousness, of all the makeshift laws and patched-together institutions with which men rescue themselves from their loneliness, their megalomania, and the seductions of self-annihilation. Had I been blessed with great genius, like Robinson Jeffers perched upon his rock in Carmel, I might have been able to make something out of nothing. But in San Francisco, as in Los Angeles, I woke up every morning thinking that I had to invent the wheel and discover the uses of fire. I needed the company of other men who had roused themselves from sleep and set forth on the adventure of civilization. □

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BEHIND CLOSED BORDERS

Paraguay's use of torture and repression

by Penny Lernoux

THROUGHOUT LATIN AMERICA, the political doctrine rationalizing the acquisition of enormous wealth by a few men through the continued exploitation of workers and peasants goes under the rubric of "anticommunism." Any demonstration of popular discontent, including labor and student strikes, is therefore a "communist conspiracy." In the more sophisticated regimes, such as Brazil and Argentina, the anticommunist rationale is dressed up in complex economic arguments. (On closer examination these turn out to be yet another excuse for corruption and exploitation.) Yet both these governments look down on the old-fashioned dictatorship of General Alfredo Stroessner in neighboring Paraguay as a crude throwback to the nineteenth-century *caudillo*. Whatever may be said of Stroessner, he has the courage of his convictions, never having pretended that his government existed for any reason other than to satisfy greed through systematic corruption. Brazil's wealthy generals may talk about technology and efficiency in government, while privately enjoying such privileges of office as butlers, lakeside chalets, and unlimited expense accounts. Paraguay's military and police make no such excuses: they support Stroessner for what they can get, and in addition to land, this includes govern-

ment graft, contraband, and revenue from narcotics and prostitution.

General Alfredo Stroessner has ruled Paraguay since 1954 through a shrewd combination of corruption and force. A burly man with an amiable public air, Stroessner has survived longer than most Paraguayan dictators because he has never trusted either general or politician to share his power. Even today, at the age of sixty-six, Stroessner makes all major decisions and many minor ones, even choosing the days when cattle should be slaughtered, based on his hunch about market prices. Like most Paraguayan dictators, he is a social upstart, the son of a Bavarian brewer from the river port of Encarnación. There is nothing of the intellectual about him: his political philosophy is a crude mix of Latin American conservatism and German Nazism. Educated in the army, he demonstrated his courage and leadership in battle as an artillery officer in the 1932-35 Chaco frontier war with Bolivia. Stroessner also learned to back the winners in the constant plots and palace revolutions, although at one point, from 1949 through 1950, when there were seven successive coups, even he found himself on the losing side, and for a while he was known as "Colonel Trunk," after being driven to the Brazilian embassy concealed in the back of a car. Following yet an-

other coup, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the armed forces, a position he used to seize the government in 1954.

Unlike Nicaragua's Somoza, however, Stroessner has not monopolized the fruits of power, sharing the graft with the military, the police, and the leaders of his tame Colorado Party. So long as his henchmen do not question his supremacy, they are free to terrorize the rural and slum populations and to carry on their lucrative businesses in the contraband and narcotics traffic—always, of course, with a kickback to the government, as customary in Latin America.

JUST AS "COMMUNIST" is a catchall for any government criticism, repression of "communists" is motivated by economic ambition that have nothing to do with politics. Most Paraguayans would privately agree with Frisco Gilchrist, a United Protestant missionary who worked in Paraguay for twenty-four years, when he says that "very often, employment of the ownership of land, commercial

Penny Lernoux is Latin American correspondent for The Nation and a contributing editor of Inquiry. Her book on the Latin American Catholic Church and human rights, entitled The Cry of the People, will be published in September by Doubleday.



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BEHIND CLOSED BORDERS

terest or advantages to be gained in contraband transactions are the real cause [of repression]."

The publicly acknowledged contraband trade, for example, is run by military men and a few privileged civilians. Most of the goods come from the United States in large transport planes crammed with cigarettes, whiskey, liqueurs, perfumes, and other expensive items that land at the Asunción International Airport, in the special contraband section. (One of the smaller countries in Latin America, Paraguay is the world's largest importer of American cigarettes.) The goods are reshipped to neighboring South American countries, either in Paraguayan air force planes or on navy landing ships that cross the Paraguay and Paraná rivers.

Narcotics are almost totally controlled by the police in charge of the torture centers and Stroessner's spy network. The coca paste to make cocaine comes from neighboring Bolivia, run by another right-wing general; heroin is brought in from Europe. The drugs are reshipped through Buenos Aires or sent direct to the United States.

As a State Department report wryly notes: "It seems to be difficult for some officials of Paraguay to understand the importance of the effort of the United States to terminate the illegal drug traffic into our country." One of the more obtuse officials by all accounts is Police Chief Pastor Coronel, head of the country's Criminal Investigations (read Torture) Department and a prominent organizer of the heroin trade. Coronel was a key contact of Auguste-Joseph Ricord, the Asunción-based Corsican kingpin of Latin America's U.S.-bound heroin traffic, whom Stroessner steadfastly refused to extradite to the United States despite seventeen months of arm-twisting. (He eventually agreed to Ricord's deportation in 1972 after Washington threatened to cut off \$5 million in aid.)

Another lucrative source of income is government bribes. Most foreign businessmen accept such bribery as routine, but a number of international foundations have chosen to abandon their programs in Paraguay rather than agree to such conditions. One representative of an international aid agency, which was considering a \$5

million grant for rural programs, describes how he was wine and dined and offered his pick of a bevy of local beauties at Asunción's plush Ita Enramada Casino by Stroessner's oldest son, Gustavo, the heir apparent and the government's "chief bribe collector," in the words of the agency representative. When he turned down Gustavo's incredible suggestion of a \$2 million bribe, plus \$50,000 as his own fee, the man was literally booted out of the casino. "It's a terrible place," he said of Paraguay. "At the bottom of the pit with Haiti."

The Brazilian government is not so squeamish. Diplomatic sources report that in order to secure Stroessner's approval for the construction of the \$7-billion, 12.6-million-kilowatt Itaipu hydroelectric project on Paraguay's Paraná River, the Brazilians paid the government \$150 million in bribes. In view of the terms of the agreement, however, this would not seem excessive, since the Paraguayan government has agreed to sell all of Itaipu's output to Brazil for fifty years at the same price of 2 cents a kilowatt hour.

In today's nationalistic Third World, even the most Neanderthal multinational would think twice about such a contract, since, sooner or later, it is bound to cause the local resentment and acrimonious arguments over revision that often lead to nationalization. Some Brazilians, at least, fear such a possibility. Itaipu "could be our equivalent of the Panama Canal," warned Marcones Ferraz, former head of the Brazilian state electrical company, Electrobras.

Itaipu is the biggest, most controversial sellout to date, but there are plenty of other, smaller deals for the ambitious: for example, land sales to Brazilians, even though these entail the eviction of Paraguayan peasants by the military. In one incident near Villarrica, 250 peasants were forced at gunpoint to abandon 2,500 acres, so that the Paraguayan real estate firm Ruis and Jorba could sell the land to a Brazilian company. When the Asunción daily, *El Radical*, described the eviction ordered by General Otello Carpinelli, one of the largest landowners and head of the II Military Region headquartered in Villarrica, the editor was sentenced to two-and-a-half years in prison.

Unable to endure the degradations

of Paraguay's "pirate state," as the country's bishops describe the Stroessner government, one out of every three Paraguayans has fled the country, including a high percentage of the labor force. Half the country's doctors have abandoned Paraguay, where there is now only one doctor for every 6,600 people. By far the largest number of Paraguayans live in Argentina, but while better off economically, few have security, living in daily dread of expulsion by the Argentine government or arrest by Stroessner's secret police who work closely with the Argentine regime.

AS MALCOLM LOWRY remarks in *Under the Volcano*, the silence that engulfs Latin America came to the New World with the Spanish and Portuguese conquistadors. Only when seen through the prism of colonial Spain and Portugal can the ongoing atrocities be understood. Thugs and adventurers for the most part, these colonists built a society based on exploitation, a society that has survived wars of independence and industrialization. Today the principal values of the ruling class in Latin America are still those of the white conquerors—brute force, or *machismo*; a contempt for the law (businessmen are expected to pay bribes but not taxes); disdain for manual labor (only the poor work with their hands); and racial discrimination (the level of education, income, and social standing is directly related to the color of a Latin American's skin, avowedly to the contrary by white government officials notwithstanding).

As elsewhere in Latin America, Paraguay's exploitation dates from the first Spanish settlers, who enslaved the Guaraní and Guayakí Indian tribes. Portuguese raiders called *mamelucos* destroyed tribal settlements in the frontier regions. Independence in the early nineteenth century changed nothing for the Indians, who continued to work as serfs on the Spanish haciendas or to serve as cannon fodder in Paraguay's periodic wars with its neighbors, including a disastrous venture in the 1860s against the combined forces of Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay, that cost the country most of the male population. One tyrant succeeded another, most of them upstarts, than



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HIND CLOSED BORDERS

the anthropophagous habits of the ling cliques that periodically massacred each other in bloody palace volutions. Thus the only tradition survive was "macho" violence. Or the words of one brief-lived dictator: "There is always a dynamite imb under the presidential chair."

From this tradition of violence there developed a fatalism not just among the Indian peasants but at all levels of society. Foreigners frequently remark on the Paraguayan attitude to imprisonment and torture. "They don't seem to feel any rancor," marveled one U.S. diplomat. "As if it were a normal part of Paraguayan life."

Paraguay is often held up as an example of racial fusion between Spaniards and the Guaraní Indians, with 43 percent of the population speaking both languages, but Spanish is the language of the government, the schools, the news media, of technology and money, and Guaraní is the language of the kitchen, the rural poor, and the slums. Nowhere are the divisions between these two cultures more apparent than in the countryside, where 60 percent of the people live. Most are illiterate Guaraní peasants, with little or no land and an annual per capita income of \$85. White ranchers own 87 percent of the country's arable land and pay below-subsistence wages of less than 50 cents a day. Such exploitation would not be possible if the peasants were organized and had a minimum of education, but rural schooling is deliberately discouraged by the government, which views the education of peasants as subversive. U.S. historian Robert Alexander describes a revealing conversation on this subject between a Paraguayan general and a peasant leader who thought to dispel government suspicions about his cooperative by explaining to the general that "one of the things we are doing is reading the constitution to the people." Replied the general: "Well, the constitution is a subversive document and you shouldn't be doing that."

Cooperatives especially are viewed with hostile suspicion: every time a movement gathers strength, the government suddenly discovers a "communist conspiracy" in the countryside, sending in troops to destroy the rural farm cooperatives, burn the peasants' huts and crops, rape the women, and kill or imprison the men. During the

last such reign of terror, in 1976 in southeastern Paraguay, some 3,000 people were arrested and several cooperative leaders murdered. Peasant leader Constantino Coronel, for example, was decapitated by government troops in the presence of his wife and eight children. The Catholic Church also was severely punished for sponsoring some cooperatives: twenty-four priests were jailed, tortured, and expelled.

Landless and illiterate, the Indian peasant is daily reminded of his inbred inferiority: in the western Chaco scrublands, for example, the word for such Indians is "pig." The Right Reverend Anibal Maricevich, the Catholic bishop of Concepción, reports that on many ranches the peasant has "less value than a horse or a cow." Even in the Mennonite colonies, which were founded in the Chaco as an outpost of religious freedom, the Indian is underpaid, cheated of his produce, and generally treated as an inferior. The Indian peasant does not protest these distinctions, say Paraguayan anthropologists, because he believes himself a *guarango*, the white man's insult for someone without principles, stupid and uncultured, who speaks only one language—Guaraní.

Yet wealthy Paraguayans are genuinely indignant at any suggestion that the peasants are mistreated. "They're just dirty animals!" exclaimed the wife of a large rancher, as if I were some far-out advocate for the ASPCA. This insensitivity is partially a defense mechanism, but it also is "bred into you from youth," claims a Paraguayan journalist. In a society where crime is socially acceptable, the lawmakers themselves venal, and government simply a test of the strongest or most "macho," morality is a definite handicap. "Most of my friends lost any idealism by the time they were eighteen or nineteen," said the journalist. "Whether they wanted to or not, they were drawn into the contraband traffic and the rackets, either by their fathers or the pressures of society. They were given carte blanche in the casinos, the bars, the whorehouses, the promise of power and unlimited money; they were deliberately corrupted. The few who held out were threatened with either jail or scandal—say, compromising photo montages sent to all one's friends and relatives. Why? Be-

cause anyone who is not corrupt is a threat to the system."

LATIN AMERICA, Lowry said, is a land without compassion overrun by predators. "First, Spaniard exploits Indian, then, when he had children he exploited the halfbreed, then the pure-blooded... *criollo*, then the *mestizo* exploits everybody, foreigners, Indians, and all. Then the Germans and Americans exploited him; now the final chapter, the exploitation of everybody by everybody else."

The same theme runs through Latin America's new fiction. Decadent oligarchs, corrupt public officials, and oafish soldiers vie in their cruelty to one another in the novels of Mario Vargas Llosa. In Gabriel García Márquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, the army machine-guns 3,000 workers, then pretends nothing has happened. "There weren't any dead," they say—even as the corpses are being carried away in railroad cars.

Yet the reality today is worse than fiction: in the Dominican Republic a political prisoner has a heart attack and dies in his filthy cell after he discovers that the exceptionally hearty meal he has just eaten was his murdered son's flesh; in Uruguay and Argentina political prisoners are shackled in a barbecue pit and slowly roasted; in Brazil a three-month-old baby is tortured to death in his parents' presence; and in Paraguay prisoners are forced head downward into the *pileta*, a tub of excrement and urine, until nearly asphyxiated.

Stroessner's Paraguay is not the exception but the rule in Latin America. Though Stroessner's rule has been brutal, no Paraguayan will claim that he introduced the use of torture or assassination. In the aftermath of the 1947 civil war, for example, several thousand people were arrested and killed, torture was commonplace, and no Paraguayan could safely walk the streets without wearing a touch of red, the Colorado Party color.

But if Stroessner continued a tradition, he also refined it. With the help of the United States, which supplied \$160 million in aid, he modernized and expanded his surveillance system, until there was no sector of Paraguayan society not directly under his personal

BEHIND CLOSED BORDERS

control, save the Catholic Church. Doctors' and lawyers' associations, businessmen's groups, even soccer and theater clubs were subjected to government control, as were naturally the unions, student federations, peasant groups, and newspapers.

Like similar systems in other Latin American military regimes, Stroessner's network of surveillance depends on the social attitudes engendered by centuries of exploitation, particularly the fear born of fatalism. "It's better to do nothing!" or "Don't complain because you'll find yourself on the losing end" are heard everywhere in Latin America, in the marketplace, the factories, the jails, the courts, but most particularly in the homes of the poor. The result of long experience, this fear to protest feeds the injustices of repression. Spokesmen for the Paraguayan Catholic Church and Amnesty International concur that, with few exceptions, Paraguayans are too frightened to risk public denunciation, preferring to bury their dead and to nurse the victims of torture without revealing the cause of their suffering.

Nor is arrest the only fear. There is the insecurity of the unemployed and the homeless, and this, too, works in favor of the system. Less because of greed than need, hundreds of Paraguayans work as part-time police spies, or *pyragues*, reporting on the activities of neighbors, friends, even relatives. The maximum that most receive in return for this service is a small tip or an occasional free meal at the local police commissary, but such is the want, and so widespread the corruption, that *pyraguismo* forms a sub-industry for the prostitutes, maids, newspaper vendors, and others who do not earn enough to eat.

As cannibals in the service of the government, the *pyragues* fulfill a second function, a fifth column for the rancher and businessman who can continue to exploit peasant and worker because there will always be one or more prepared to betray the solidarity of the poor for a pittance.

For those who cannot be bought, there is the threat of selective repression: sixteen university intellectuals were arrested in July, 1977; nineteen Christian rural labor leaders in December; thirty workers and doctors at the beginning of 1978; three opposition political leaders in the fall (two

others were expelled from the country, six threatened with expulsion). The majority of those arrested eventually are released, but their ordeal in prison, including the electric prod and repeated submersion in the *pileta*, usually ensures their silence, as well as that of family, friends, and neighbors.

Since Stroessner came to power in 1954, "thousands of political prisoners have been held for months or years without official trial," reports the U.S. *Congressional Record*, yet so little is known of their cases that no one can say with certainty how many died or survived, not even the government, which lumps political prisoners together with common criminals. Some, such as Antonio Maidana, have spent most of their lives in prison. On his release, Maidana reported that during fourteen of his nineteen years in jail he was not allowed any reading or writing material, in order to "paralyze my mind."

Prisoners are kept in police stations or barracks, often chained to each other or to the wall for months at a time. Others are incarcerated in solitary cells so small that they cannot stand. Such was the fate of Celsa Villagra, who was tortured and kept in one of these *calabozos* for three months despite the fact that she was pregnant. In April, 1976, she gave birth to a son in prison. Both are still in jail.

According to one ex-prisoner, "Some police are like wild beasts. They derive pleasure from the sheer physical contact of a beating." A favorite club used in the Police Department of Investigations, he said, was referred to by jailers as the "National Constitution." In addition to beatings, electric shock, and the *pileta*, other commonly used methods of torture documented by Amnesty International include whipping with a cat-o'-nine-tails with lead balls attached to the thongs and burning of sensitive parts of the body with cigarettes and hot iron bars. Amnesty International also reports children being tortured in the presence of parents and vice versa.

Paraguayan defense lawyers complain that justice depends on the whim of the government, random prisoners being released without a hearing, others by executive decree, even though the courts had sentenced them to prison. Thus judicial actions have no value. Only thirteen of the estimated 1,900

political prisoners released in 1977, for example, were charged under Paraguayan law.

As in South Africa, ex-prisoners remain in civil limbo, unable to obtain a passport or work permit and subject to re-arrest for association with a politically independent group or professional organization. Second offenders are judged more harshly, a warning to other ex-prisoners. Dr. Juan Felix Bogado, a young physician who gave free medical aid to the Asunción poor, was sentenced to two years in prison in April, 1978, for collaborating with a critical cultural review, *Criterio*, that the government deemed subversive. Unlike the five other defendants, who received one-year sentences, Bogado previously had been arrested for political activities. As is traditional in Paraguayan courts, the sole evidence for the convictions came from police reports, including a confession by Bogado that he said was extracted under torture with the threat to torture his pregnant wife.

Such police actions are allowed under a state of siege in force since Stroessner seized power. The Paraguayan Supreme Court justifies this extraordinary situation as "convenient for executive authority to be able to take preventive measures." "Unaccountability is also highly convenient," the court says.

Whether tried or released by executive order, former prisoners are marked for life, having lost their lands, jobs, and friends, who are afraid that they, too, will become suspect if seen in the company of alleged subversives. And with good reason: one of the government's newest ploys is to publish two-year-old, torture-induced "confessions" of selective ex-prisoners in the government newspaper, *Patria*. The mere mention of a friend or distant acquaintance in these "declarations" can tarbrush the person as a "communist," "the worst epithet that can be used in political and military circles," says university professor Ramón Justo.

Yet very few Paraguayans have the slightest notion what communism is, least of all the soldiers arresting "communist" peasants and priests. When asked to explain communism, a security agent faltered, "Well... it's... it's something very complicated, and I wouldn't know what to tell you exactly."

IN PART BECAUSE OF the seeming hopelessness of their situation, in part from habit, many Latin Americans look to the United States to deliver them from dictators. In fact, there is a definite limit to how much Washington can or wants to do. The State Department can deny the right of men like Stroessner to call themselves old and loyal friends of the United States. Washington also can question the credentials of those regimes that claim to be democratic governments. In Paraguay, for example, the State Department argues that there is no reason for a police apparatus or torture if the country is as tranquil and democratic as Stroessner says.

A more convincing argument in Latin America is the threat to withhold military and economic aid and to veto loans from such international lending agencies as the Inter-American Development Bank. But even here the effects are marginal unless the United States is prepared to go all the way. While the Carter Administration has suspended aid to Paraguay and vetoed three loans from the World Bank and the Inter-American Development Bank, there has been no noticeable improvement in the human rights situation, because these days Brazil, not the United States, calls the shots in Paraguay (as well as in Uruguay and Bolivia). In order to pressure Stroessner, Washington must pressure Brazil. This it is unwilling to do, not because of diplomatic niceties but because U.S. corporations have invested more than \$3 billion in Brazil, most of it since 1964, when the military seized power. Though just as corrupt and brutal as the Stroessner dictatorship (even the generals themselves are likening the government to a "sea of mud"), the Brazilian regime has been exonerated on economic grounds. Paraguay, on the other hand, has no important U.S. investments, and therefore Washington has no reason to condone the thuggery of the Stroessner government. On the contrary, Stroessner's friendship is a liability. But because the Carter human rights policy is selective, it is having no effect even in those countries where the United States can afford to be sincere. Stroessner is not in the least persuaded by Washington's arguments, because he can always turn to Brazil for arms and aid. □

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AGAINST BILINGUAL EDUCATION

Why Johnny can't speak English

by Tom Bethell

THIS YEAR the United States government, which I am beginning to think is afflicted with a death wish, is spending \$150 million on "bilingual education" programs in American classrooms. There is nothing "bi" about it, however. The languages in which instruction is conducted now include: Central Yup'ik, Aleut, Yup'ik, Gwich'in, Athabascan (the foregoing in Alaska), Navajo, Tagalog, Pima, Plaut (I promise I'm not making this up), Ilocano, Cambodian, Yiddish, Chinese, Vietnamese, Punjabi, Greek, Italian, Korean, Polish, French, Haitian, Haitian-French, Portuguese, Arabic, Crow (yes, Virginia...), Cree, Keresian, Te-wa, Apache, Mohawk, Japanese, Lakota, Choctaw, Samoan, Chamorro, Carolinian, Creek-Seminole, and Russian.

And there are more, such as Trukese, Palauna, Ulithian, Woleian, Marshallese, Kusaian, Ponapean, and, not least, Yapese. And Spanish—how could I have so nearly forgotten it? The bilingual education program is more or less the Hispanic equivalent of affirmative action, creating jobs for thousands of Spanish teachers; by which I mean teachers who speak Spanish, although not necessarily English, it has turned out. One observer has described

the HEW-sponsored program as "affirmative ethnicity." Although Spanish is only one of seventy languages in which instruction is carried on (I seem to have missed a good many of them), it accounts for 80 percent of the program.

Bilingual education is an idea that appeals to teachers of Spanish and other tongues, but also to those who never did think that another idea, the United States of America, was a particularly good one to begin with, and that the sooner it is restored to its component "ethnic" parts the better off we shall all be. Such people have been welcomed with open arms into the upper reaches of the federal government in recent years, giving rise to the suspicion of a death wish.

THE BILINGUAL EDUCATION program began in a small way (the way such programs always begin) in 1968, when the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965 was amended (by what is always referred to as "Title VII") to permit the development of "pilot projects" to help poor children who were "educationally disadvantaged because of their inability to speak English," and whose parents were either

on welfare or earning less than \$3,000 a year. At this germinal stage the program cost a mere \$7.5 million, and its sponsors (among them Sen. Alan Cranston of California) later boasted it was enacted without any public challenge whatever.

"With practically no one paying heed," Stephen Rosenfeld wrote in the *Washington Post* in 1974 (i.e., six years after the program began),

Congress has radically altered the traditional way by which immigrants become Americanized. No longer will the public schools be expected to serve largely as a "melting pot," assimilating foreigners to a common culture. Rather, under a substantial new program for "bilingual" education, the schools—in addition to teaching English—are to teach the "home" language and culture to children who speak English poorly.

Rosenfeld raised the important point that "it is not clear how educating children in the language and culture of their ancestral homeland will better equip them for the rigors of contemporary life in the United States." But in response, a withering blast of disapproval was directed at the *Post*.

Tom Bethell is a Washington editor of *Harper's*.



ters" column. Hadn't he heard? melting pot had been removed in the stove.

inequitable imperative (and, I would like, a surreptitious death wish) decided that the \$7.5 million "pilot program" of 1968 grow into something more luxuriant and permanent. As it happened, the U.S. Supreme Court decision *Lau v. Nichols*, handed down in 1974, provided the stimulus.

In this case, Legal Services attorneys in Chinatown sued a San Francisco school district on behalf of 1,800 Chinese-speaking students, claiming that they had been denied special instruction in English. The contention that these pupils had a constitutional right to such instruction (as was implied by filing the suit in federal court) was denied both by the federal district court and the appeals court. The Justice Department entered the case when it was heard before the Supreme Court, arguing that the school district was in violation of a 1970 memorandum issued by HEW's Office for Civil Rights. This memorandum in turn was based on the 1964 Civil Rights Act, which decreed (among other things) that the recipients of federal funds cannot be discriminated against on the basis of national origin. The 1970 memorandum defined language as basic to national origin and required schools to take "affirmative steps" to correct English-language deficiencies.

Evidently intimidated by this rhetorical flourishing of "rights," the Supreme Court unanimously affirmed that federally funded schools must "rectify a language deficiency in order to give instruction to students who had linguistic deficiencies." In effect, the Office for Civil Rights had taken the position that the immigrant's tongue as to be regarded as a right, not an impediment, and the Supreme Court had meekly gone along with the argument.

Armed now with this judicial mandate, HEW's civil-rights militants went on the offensive, threatening widespread funding cutoffs. No longer would the old method of teaching immigrants be countenanced (throwing them into the English language and allowing them to sink or swim). No longer! Now the righteous activists within government had exactly what they are forever searching for: a huddled mass of yearning... victims! Dis-

criminated against the moment they arrive at these teeming, wretched, racist, ethnocentric shores!

America the Bad... One Nation, Full of Victims... Divisible. (I have in my hands an odious document, the "Third Annual Report of the National Council on Bilingual Education," which remarks that "Cubans admitted after Castro; and more recently Vietnamese refugees... became citizens unintentionally." No doubt they are yearning to be free to return to Ho Chi Minh City and Havana.) That's about the size of it in the 1970s, and so it came to pass that the Office for Civil Rights "targeted" 334 school districts, which would have to start "bilingual-bicultural" classes promptly or risk having their federal funds cut off.

"The OCR [Office for Civil Rights] policy is difficult to explain," Noel Epstein remarked in a thoughtful survey of bilingual education titled "Language, Ethnicity and the Schools" and published recently by the Institute for Educational Leadership. "There is no federal legal requirement for schools to provide bilingual or bicultural education." The Supreme Court had merely said that some remedy was needed—not necessarily bilingual education. For example, the Chinese children in the *Lau* case could have been given extra instruction in English, to bring them up to par. But the Office for Civil Rights took the position that they would have to be taught school subjects—mathematics, geography, history, et cetera—in Chinese. And the Court's ruling had said nothing at all about bicultural instruction. (This turns out to mean teaching that in any transaction with the "home" country, America tends to be in the wrong.)

In any event, the bilingual education program was duly expanded by Congress in 1974. It would no longer be just for poor children; all limited-English speakers would qualify; the experimental nature of the program was played down, and there was the important addition of biculturalism, which is summarized in a revealing paragraph in Epstein's booklet:

Bicultural instruction was elevated to a required component of Title VII programs. The definition of "bilingual" education now meant such instruction had to be given "with appreciation for the cultural heritage of such children...." This

underlined the fact that language and culture were not merely being used as vehicles for the transmission of information but as the central sources of ethnic identity. The U.S. Civil Rights Commission had in fact urged the name of the law be changed to "The Bilingual Bicultural Education Act," but key Senate staff members blocked this idea. They feared it would "flag a potentially dangerous issue that might defeat the overall measure," Dr. Susan Gilbert Schneider reports in a valuable dissertation on the making of the 1974 act. Some lobby groups had expressed discomfort about federally sponsored biculturalism. The National Association of School Boards suggested that the legislation could be read as promoting a divisive, Canadian-style biculturalism.

It certainly could. Notice, however, the strong suggestion here that the objection was not so much to the possibility of cutting up the country, as to being seen to promote this possibility, which of course might defeat it. As I say, these things are best kept surreptitious—at the level of anonymous "Senate staff members."

AT THIS STAGE the bilingual seed had indeed taken root. Congressional appropriations had increased from the beggarly \$7.5 million to \$85 million in fiscal year 1975. The Office for Civil Rights was on the alert. A potential 3.6 million "victimized" children of "limited English-speaking ability" had been identified, and they would furnish the raw material for an almost endless number of bureaucratic experiments. Militant Chicanos, suddenly sought out to fill ethnic teaching quotas, stood on the sidelines, ready to pour a bucket of guilt over any old-fashioned, demurring Yankee who might raise a voice in protest.

Even so, there was a cloud on the horizon—perhaps only a conceptual cloud, but nevertheless an important one, as follows: the idea behind bilingual education was that children would begin to learn school subjects in their native tongue while they were learning English elsewhere—in special English classes, on the playground, through exposure to American society generally. But while they were in this "stage of transition"—learning English

—instruction in the home tongue would ensure that they were not needlessly held back academically. Then, when they had a sufficient grasp of English, they could be removed from the bilingual classes and instructed in the normal way. That, at least, was the idea behind bilingual education originally.

But you see the problem, no doubt. At bottom, this is the same old imperialism. It is a "melting pot" solution. The children learn English after all—perhaps fairly rapidly. And at that point there is no reason to keep them in bilingual programs. Moreover, from the point of view of HEW's civil-rights militants, there is rapid improvement by the "victims"—another unfortunate outcome.

The riposte has been predictable—namely, to keep the children in programs of bilingual instruction long after they know English. This has been justified by redefining the problem in the schools as one of "maintenance" of the home tongue, rather than "transition" to the English tongue. You will hear a lot of talk in and around HEW's numerous office buildings in Washington about the relative merits of maintenance versus transition. Of course, Congress originally had "transition" in mind, but "maintenance" is slowly but steadily winning the day.

The issue was debated this year in Congress when Title VII came up for renewal. Some Congressmen, alerted to the fact that children were still being instructed in Spanish, Aleut, or Yape in the twelfth grade, tried to argue that bilingual instruction should not last for more than two years. But this proposal was roundly criticized by Messrs. Edward Roybal of California, Baltasar Corrada de Puerto Rico, Philip Burton of California, Paul Simon of Illinois, and others. In the end the language was left vague, giving school boards the discretion to continue "bilingual maintenance" as long as they desired. Currently, fewer than one-third of the 290,000 students enrolled in various bilingual programs are significantly limited in their English-speaking ability.

Then a new cloud appeared on the horizon. If you put a group of children, let's say children from China, in a classroom together in order to teach them English, that's segregation, right? Watch out, then. Here come the civil-

rights militants on the rampage once again, ready to demolish the very program that they had done so much to encourage. But there was a simple remedy that would send them trotting tamely homeward. As follows: Put the "Anglos" in with the ethnics. In case you hadn't heard, "Anglo" is the name given these days to Americans who haven't got a drop of ethnicity to their names—the ones who have already been melted down, so to speak.

Putting Anglos into the bilingual program killed two birds with one stone. It circumvented the "segregation" difficulty, and—far more to the point—it meant that the Anglos (just the ones who needed it!) would be exposed to the kind of cultural revisionism that is the covert purpose behind so much of the bilingual program. Put more simply, Mary Beth and Sue Anne would at last learn the new truth: the Indians, not the cowboys, were the good guys, Texas was an ill-gotten gain, and so on.

As Congressman Simon of Illinois put it so delicately, so *surreptitiously*: "I hope that in the conference committee we can get this thing modified as we had it in subcommittee, to make clear that we ought to encourage our English-language students to be in those classes so that you can have the interplay."

As things worked out, up to 40 percent of the classes may permissibly be "Anglo," Congress decreed. And this year there has been another important change: an expanded definition of students who will be eligible for bilingual instruction. No longer will it be confined to those with limited English-speaking ability. Now the program will be open to those with "limited English proficiency in understanding, speaking, reading, and writing." This, of course, could be construed as applying to almost anyone in elementary or high school these days.

To accommodate this expansion, future Congressional appropriations for bilingual education will increase in leaps and bounds: \$200 million next year, \$250 million the year after, and so on in \$50 million jumps, until \$400 million is spent in 1983, when the program will once again be reviewed by Congress.

Meanwhile, HEW's Office of Education (that is, the *E* of HEW) appears

to be getting alarmed at this runaway program. It commissioned a study by the American Institutes for Research in Palo Alto, and this study turned out to be highly critical of bilingual education. The Office of Education then drew attention to this by announcing the findings at a press conference. ("They've got it in for us someone at the Bilingual Office told me. 'Whenever there's an unfavorable study, they call a press conference. Whenever there's a favorable study they keep quiet about it.'")

In any event, the Palo Alto study claimed that children in bilingual classes were doing no better academically, and perhaps were doing slightly worse, than children from similar backgrounds in regular English classes. The study also reported that 85 percent of the students were being kept in bilingual classes after they were capable of learning in English.

THERE HAS BEEN very little Congressional opposition to the bilingual programs, though bearing out what the Washington writer Fred Reed has called the Guppy Law: "When outrageous expenditures are divided finely enough, the public will not have enough stake in any one expenditure to squelch it." (Reed adds, in a brilliant analysis of the problem: "A tactic of the politically crafty is to pose questions in terms of rightful virtue. 'What? You oppose a mere \$40 million subsidy of copier manufacture by the Nez Percé? So! You are against Indians...') The thundering opprobrium of anti-Indianism outweighs the \$40 million guppy bite in the legislators' eyes.")

Risking that opprobrium, John Ashbrook of Ohio tried to cut out the bilingual program altogether. Referring to the evidence that the program was working, but the budget for it was increasing annually, Ashbrook said that "when one rewards failure, one buys failure." On the House floor he added: "The program is actually preventing children from learning English. Someday somebody is going to have to teach those young people to speak English or else they are going to become public charges. Our educational system is finding it increasingly difficult today to teach English-speaking children to read their own language. When ch-

...n come out of the Spanish-language schools or Choctaw-language schools which call themselves bilingual, how our educational system going to make them literate in what will still a completely alien tongue...?"

THE ANSWER, of course, is that there will be demands not for literacy in English but for public signs in Spanish (Choctaw, et cetera), laws promulgated in Spanish, courtroom proceedings in Spanish, and so on. These demands are already being felt—and it, in part. As so often happens, the effects of one government program result in the demand for another government program, rather than the abolition of the original one.

This was borne out by what happened next. When the amendment abolishing bilingual education was proposed by Ashbrook (who is usually regarded in Washington as one of our curmudgeons who can be safely ignored), not one Congressman rose to support it, which says something about the efficacy of the Guppy Law. Instead, the House was treated to some ussillanous remarks by Congressman Claude Pepper of Florida—a state in which it is, of course, politically unwise to resist the expenditure of federal money “targeted” for Hispanics. Pepper said: “Now there is something like parity between the population of the United States and Latin America. My information is that by the year 2000 there probably will be 600 million people living in Latin America, and about 300 million people living in the United States.”

Perhaps, then, it would be in order for the “Anglos” to retreat even further, before they are entirely overwhelmed. This brings to mind a most interesting remark made by Dr. Josue Gonzalez, the director-designate of the Office of Bilingual Education (the head of the program, in other words), in the course of an interview that he granted me. Actually, Dr. Gonzalez said many interesting things. He suggested a possible cause of the rift with the Office of Education. “Bilingual education was hatched in Congress, not in the bureaucracy,” he said. “The constituents [i.e., Hispanics, mostly] talked directly to Congress. Most government programs are generated by so-

called administrative proposal—that is, from within the bureaucracies themselves.”

He said of regular public education in America: “I’ve plotted it on a graph: by the year 2010, most college graduates will be mutes!” (No wonder the Office of Education isn’t too wildly enthusiastic.) And he said that, contrary to what one might imagine, many “Anglo” parents are in fact only too anxious for their children to enroll in a bilingual course. (If Johnny doesn’t learn anything else, at least he might as well learn Spanish—that at least is my interpretation.)

The melting-pot idea is dead, Dr. Gonzalez kept reassuring me. Why? I asked him. What was his proof of this? He then made what I felt was a revealing observation, and one that is not normally raised at all, although it exists at the subliminal level. “We must allow for diversity...,” he began, then, suddenly veering off: “The counterculture of the 1960s showed that. Even the WASP middle-American showed that the monolithic culture doesn’t exist. Within the group, even, they were rejecting their own values.”

I imagine that Attila or Alaric, in

an expansive and explanatory mood, might have said much the same thing to some sodden Roman senators who were trying to figure out how it was that Rome fell, exactly.

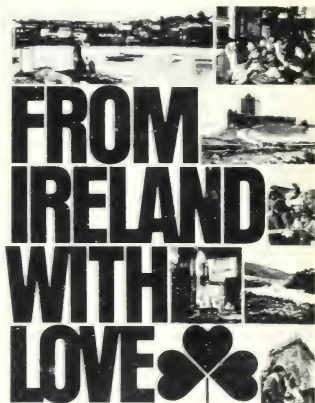
Dr. Gonzalez had me there and he knew it, so he promptly resumed the offensive. “There are those who say that to speak whatever language you speak is a human right,” he went on. “The Helsinki Agreements and the President’s Commission on Foreign Language Study commit us to the study of foreign languages. Why not our own—domestic—languages?”

Later on I decided to repeat this last comment to George Weber, the associate director of the Council for Basic Education, a somewhat lonely group in Washington. The grandson of German immigrants, Mr. Weber speaks perfect English. “Only in America,” he said. “Only in America would someone say a stupid thing like that. Can you imagine a Turk arriving in France and complaining that he was being denied his human rights because he was taught at school in French, not Turkish? What do you think the French would say to that?” □

HARPER’S/FEBRUARY 1979

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THE UNLETTERED UNIVERSITY

Degrading the liberal arts on campus

by John C. Sawhill

I HAD JUST FINISHED TEACHING my undergraduate seminar on ethical perspectives on energy policy at New York University when a bright young woman walked up to discuss a philosophical question that troubled her. Impressed by her knowledge of moral and social philosophy, I asked why she was majoring in business rather than in one of the humanities. She replied, "How else can I get a job?"

This student's ambition reflects what has gone wrong in higher education today. Once considered an essential enterprise for the improvement of American society, higher education has become the handmaiden of successful career planning, spurning both creative teaching and the rigorous pursuit of knowledge. Now that higher education is viewed largely as a passport to the job market, can we again create an institution and a curriculum that recognize the value of learning for its own sake?

Exposure to a range of perspectives on human behavior is essential to education. All that we know about ourselves and our world is codified in a body of learning that illuminates our own struggles and those of our ancestors, so that each succeeding generation profits in some measure from the experience and vision of the past. This body of learning takes a variety of names: arts and letters, humanities, culture, liberal arts. However it is known, it encompasses what we have done, what we have observed, how we think and communicate, and the tools to put such information to practical use. The liberal arts enable each individual to make

what W.E.B. DuBois described as "that fine adjustment which forms the secret of civilization."

Liberal education implies as much an attitude toward learning as a specific course of study, and thus its importance extends far beyond the formal disciplines that compose its syllabus. The liberal arts provide a context of values that gives meaning and resonance to more narrow academic pursuits.

Lately, liberal education has fallen—or perhaps it has been pushed—into disrepute. Statistically the picture is grim. Proportionately fewer of our students pursue the liberal arts, and fewer still graduate with liberal arts degrees. Between 1971 and 1976, the number of undergraduate degrees awarded in the U.S. in English and literature fell by 38 percent; in mathematics by 35 percent; in the foreign languages by 22 percent; overall, the number of students majoring in the traditional humanities fell from 9 to 5 percent, and in the social sciences from 18 to 14 percent.

In addition, fewer courses are required of majors in these fields, and those offered are often superficially taught by the least-experienced, least-qualified, and least-interested teachers. Undergraduate instructors are distracted from teaching by the demands of research and publication necessary for professional advancement and tenure. And in most cases tenure frees professors from the unruly claims of freshmen in order to pursue their own interests and to monitor the work of equally disciplined graduate students.

John C. Sawhill has served in the Office of Management and Budget and the Federal Energy Administration. He is currently president of New York University, and the first incumbent of NYU's David B. Kriser Professorship in the Humanities.

The absence of experienced teachers in undergraduate classrooms is reflected in the number of graduate assistants (who are paid less and are thus more in demand) either teaching, or grading papers and examinations of entry-level students. I need look no further than to New York University for an example of the consequences. There we found, to no surprise, that many freshman students could not write fluently. But I was astonished to learn further that NYU, the largest private university in the country, did not have faculty able to teach them how. The graduate assistants traditionally assigned to teach writing skills were themselves deficient. As a result, having introduced a required two-semester expository-writing program, we then had to recruit trained professionals capable of criticizing the students' work and of training other instructors to carry on with the program.

The growth of specialization

TO UNDERSTAND THE SIGNIFICANCE of the decline of the liberal arts, one must look to the contrasts of the recent past. In the very midst of the Great Depression, Robert Maynard Hutchins, Richard McKeon, and Mortimer Adler established the liberal arts college at the University of Chicago; Lionel Trilling and his colleagues applied their talents to the Introduction to Contemporary Civilization program at Columbia; the classical curriculum was introduced at St. John's College in Annapolis, Maryland; and experimental and highly innovative curricula emerged at Bennington and Black Mountain. When American society creaked and shuddered, leaders in higher education responded by emphasizing the moral foundations of Western culture.

The flourishing of the liberal arts in the 1930s was short-lived, disrupted by the demands of World War II. The wartime recruitment of university personnel—whose ranks were swelled by refugees from the great centers of learning in Europe—to pursue a range of research projects on the national government's behalf was intensified after the war ended. Thus, although most major universities and virtually all nontechnical four-year colleges remained committed to broad degree programs in the liberal arts, these disciplines were overshadowed by the government's financial power and seemingly insatiable appetite for the technical specialist. Hosting thousands of programs, from space and medicine to weaponry and covert intelligence, universities became the servants of government; the present

eminence of their graduate and professional schools was financed in large measure by federal funds.

The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare was established under President Eisenhower to administer the government's interest in the classroom. Gradually at first, and then with increasing momentum, the federal government began to intrude itself into the management of education in this country. In the zeal to comply with the welter of regulations and restrictions attached to government-funded research, universities abdicated more and more of their educational and managerial prerogatives.

A largely intangible but significant impact of the research orientation of our universities is seen, not surprisingly, in the relationship between the faculty and individual students. Traditionally, faculty members have been closely involved with their students' development both within and without the classroom. But as professors join the payrolls of federally funded research, they have less and less time for the fundamental educational purpose of the institution. And even if time would allow, these research-oriented faculty members are often temperamentally unsuited to the thoughtful give-and-take that should and must exist in a meaningful faculty-student relationship.

A free-spending government was not the only alien influence on academic affairs during the postwar years. America's corporate community also nurtured institutions of higher learning as resources for private enterprise funded at modest cost. Like the federal government, American corporations turned to the university for basic and applied research in science, technology, and management, with the same pernicious results. Business and industry are the nation's largest employers; the needs for personnel—supported by their wealth and implemented by the seasonal visits of recruiters on campuses—encourage students to sacrifice broad courses of study in a variety of disciplines to the narrow pursuits that guarantee them employment upon graduation. So again, in the confrontation between the value of liberal education and the rewards of concentration, the liberal arts have lost, and lost badly.

BUT GOVERNMENT AND INDUSTRY COULD not have influenced higher education so significantly without the participation of educators themselves. Academic specialization in science and technology was perceived by many humanists and scientists alike as antithetical to the traditions and tenets

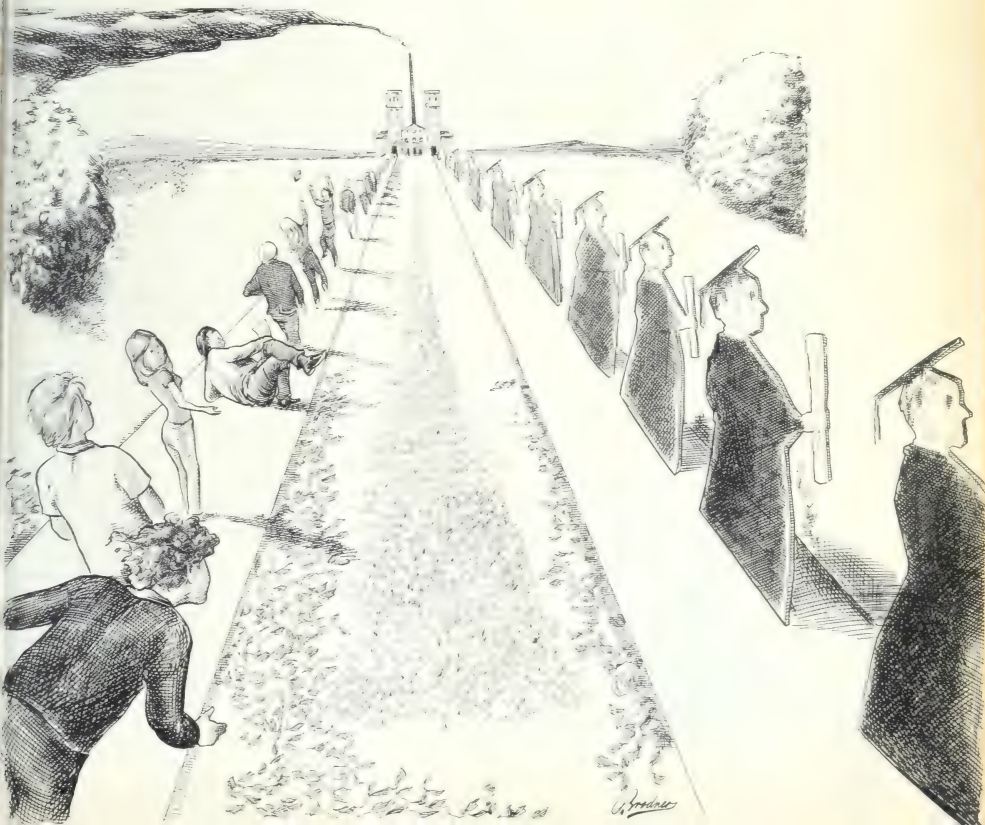
the liberal arts. Nonetheless, as university budgets became increasingly pressed, subsidies "unproductive" departments became difficult to justify. The new rules of the game dictated that departments that did not attract a sufficient number of students must fold, and the competition for the diminishing number of tenured appointments grew more intense. In this environment, liberal arts departments began to mimic the sciences in order to attract students and therefore survive. The process, which began as the liberal arts faculty became engaged in ever more specialized research, led to more narrowly defined Ph.D. programs and dissertations and eventually affected undergraduate studies. Soon undergraduates were asked to devote themselves early not only to a specific discipline, such as history, but to a particular, recondite area, such as the Boer War: to adopt the role of junior graduate students."

The social and political upheavals of the 1960s further narrowed humanist studies. Liberal

education was scorned by student activists for its lack of "relevance," and, already on the defensive, many of those who labored longest and hardest on behalf of the liberal arts seemed to lose their grip entirely in a manic rush to prove their worth. Catalogues began to fill with electives that appeared bizarre even when judged by the standards of those turbulent years. The search for "relevance" turned out to be a capitulation to the trendy and shallow in education, which liberal educators, with some heat, always had claimed to abhor. Even in the best of these new programs—such as black studies and women's studies, where revised curricula were meant to correct past neglect—what was in fact introduced was a selective perspective on humanity. The worst of these programs descended to the free-for-all of the "make-up-your-own-major" system, which accommodates the student for whom even the conventional specializations are not narrow enough.

A 1978 graduate and former editor-in-chief

"The search for 'relevance' turned out to be a capitulation to the trendy and shallow in education. . . ."



of the school paper contributed to the *New York Times* Op-Ed page a belated regret for an educational opportunity missed:

The other day I graduated from Yale with a B.A. in English. I am now, officially, a college graduate, a member of the company of educated men and women. I have never read anything by Sigmund Freud or Karl Marx. I know nothing about the history of Africa, the history of Latin America, or the history of Asia. I have not come within a quarter-mile of a test tube since I took chemistry my senior year in high school.

The point is surely that the university, by letting the student go his own way, unencumbered by requirements, has managed to protect and preserve his God-given right to remain ignorant. In so capitulating, educators have lost the respect of their students, their colleagues, and, most sobering, themselves. They see ground lost every day, a loss felt all the more keenly because it is—in part—self-inflicted.

Treating the "me first" malaise

THE DISPOSITION of the students themselves has further damaged the estate of the liberal arts. Born between 1950 and 1960, the young people who entered universities in the past ten years are the inheritors of society's "me first" ethic.



These children are members of a family under attack as obsolete. Years of television watching have filled their heads with images of political assassination, civil disobedience, corruption in government and in the corporate boardroom, abortion, euthanasia, recreational drug use, and human sexuality in its positive and negative aspects. They are indulgent, self-absorbed, poorly educated when they reach us, and disdainful of the traditional values the university represents. Although many people have observed similarities between students of the 1950s and the 1970s, my own undergraduate experience at Princeton in the mid-Fifties makes me suspicious of the parallel. I recall a more urgent sense of social responsibility and desire for knowledge than exists among students today. And after graduation, my classmates have demonstrated a more passionate interest in public and community service and social reform than I am discovering in graduates of the Seventies. Coming from federal service, the presidency at NYU in 1975, I expected to find students active in political campaigns interested in improving the city, and concerned about the unfinished struggle for equal rights. But I was disappointed. The students I meet at NYU and elsewhere have a sometimes obstreperous sense of their personal likes and dislikes, but lack a sense of history. They are, by and large—and despite their protest to the contrary—desperate for comfort and economic security, but they scorn hard work and the postponement of gratification as means of attaining these goals. In their real life, become employable, they cast aside the opportunity to become educated as well.

These are not minds receptive to the traditions of the liberal arts.

The fault does not lie finally with the students. Again, educators must bear a large share of the responsibility for the student's disdain of study that is not immediately and obviously profitable. Little that they encounter in secondary schools prepares them for the kind of thought and discipline a liberal education demands, and with few exceptions, undergraduates today lack the basic skills to perform adequately even the most rudimentary tasks associated with serious scholarship. Of course, it is true that the public schools cannot be blamed for compensatory and remedial programs designed to correct social disorders arising outside the classroom, and the readiness with which our schools have accepted this responsibility, leave little time or energy for the formidable task of educating our children in the basic concepts and skills that undergird the liberal arts.

Unfortunately, when these students first reach the university lecture hall, they more often than not encounter young instructors who have themselves avoided a broad, general education as undergraduates, and whose interests are further refined as faculty members within an academic environment that is more restrictive than expansive. In our drive to provide society with more and better craftsmen for business, government, and the professions—including academic teaching—we have failed to teach men and women to be comfortable with a number of disciplines and to relate their knowledge in a creative synthesis. The potential for a twentieth-century Renaissance man or woman dies when philosophers are content to perform only exercises in linguistics, when literary critics become immersed in the methods of structuralism, and when historians care only to footnote the events of a single war. It is unfortunate especially when these academicians are charged with the education of undergraduates, teaching them to regard the Renaissance scholar as merely a dilettante. Yet it is among the “dilettantes” that we must look for informed and creative leaders.

The formulation of a truly liberal curriculum will not be accomplished overnight, and will not be meaningful or lasting if it does not heed the lessons of recent experience. Nevertheless, it is not only desirable but possible to begin devising liberal arts curricula in formats that work. For example, NYU has recently established a humanities council to arrange for special, extracurricular lectures and seminars in the liberal arts for undergraduates; humanities courses have also been introduced within some professional schools, among them the medical, business, and dental schools. In addition proposals for a core curriculum that would be required of all NYU undergraduates are now being debated.

MANY PEOPLE BELIEVE that specialization in education, and in society as a whole, is a good thing, and that the primary responsibility of universities is to prepare students for the world that awaits them upon graduation. The demands of that world are such—so this argument goes—that there is neither the time nor the necessity to engage in the study of the past, nor any value in considering the abstractions of literature, art, philosophy, and natural science. Our world requires the highly focused skills of specialists, this argument contends, who can bring specific knowledge to answer specific questions. Thus it is beneficial to

manipulate our educational system to such ends, and to reinforce these goals with appropriate economic rewards.

This argument fails on three counts. As a social philosophy its greatest weakness is that it does not work. During the past three decades tensions among the various social, ethnic, and economic strata of our society have grown worse, often erupting into violence directed toward the very symbols of material gain this philosophy holds out as proof of its virtue. We have, in fact, created a vast new class made up of those who, for whatever reason, cannot or will not function within a capitalist technocracy. Our present course only isolates this class still further and widens the gap between the haves and have-nots.

Second, as economic policy, this argument has proved to be deficient. Whatever comforts society enjoys are more than offset by spiraling inflation. We are discovering an unforeseen corollary to the consumer ethic: the loss of control over the cost of the goods and services that have come to master rather than serve our lives.

And finally, as an educational philosophy, disregard for general education is an unmitigated disaster. There is much evidence to suggest that we have little patience for books, preferring mindless entertainments as a distraction from the emptiness of our lives. We neither read nor reason, measure nor calculate, and we are giving up to machines those functions that distinguish humanity. I submit that the national malaise is evidence of the failure, on a grand scale, of the technocratic ethic, and is itself the best reason to restore the liberal arts to prominence in all academic disciplines.

Matthew Arnold recognized that “men of culture are the true apostles of equality.” In *Culture and Anarchy*, Arnold stated that

plenty of people will try to indoctrinate the masses with . . . the creed of their own profession or party . . . but culture works differently. . . . It seeks to do away with classes: to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light.

However awkward Arnold's language to the modern ear, recognition of those characteristics and dreams that all men share remains the most solid of foundations for correcting social inequities. Where morality by legislative and judicial decree has failed, the liberal arts provide a common ground upon which all men can meet and share their experiences in striving to achieve lives richer in content and in meaning.

“We neither read nor reason, measure nor calculate, and we are giving up to machines those functions that distinguish humanity.”

PERHAPS THE MOST PERSUASIVE argument for the reemergence of liberal education in institutions of higher learning is the fact that such studies inform human nature, and are as much a part of us as our physical needs. They allow us to grow emotionally and intellectually.

In the first century B.C., Cicero argued that "when noble and elevated natural gifts are supplemented and shaped by the influence of theoretical knowledge, the result is then something truly remarkable and unique." That is to say, when the best in us is enhanced by the study of the history and works of civilization, we surpass those who lack such knowledge; we are, in essence, more fully human.

Limited, career-directed studies alone provide no lasting solutions to the multitude of difficult and potentially dangerous problems we confront. The universities must reassert the

balance between the transient interests of particular society and the enduring truths of civilization. Universities must cease doing the work of government and industry and reclaim their position as the agency that instructs and enlightens these institutions in how best to function for the benefit of all.

Much of what must be accomplished may well require a radically different view of how we teach, what we teach, and whom we teach. We may find that many of the innovative and even outrageous practices that have evolved in higher education in the past ten years have merit after all. Whatever change takes place, it must oppose the expedient that Ortega y Gasset identified as the "barbarism of specialization." The same determination that has spurred American higher education so far down the wrong path should be summoned now to find a new direction.

GOING WEST by David R. Slavitt

Behind are those disasters of civilized
ambition which I flee, selfish and eager
for life in undemanding California,
where there are trivial

men and women who are all pleasant figments
of each other's imaginations—which is
what we'd all like the nerve to be, protected
by miles, plains, mountains from

the distresses of our old imperatives,
ethical and cultural, the hurts of such
fussy Atlantic notions as honor or
consequent self-esteem.

Here, where only a few cute missions are old,
where, in the sunshine of the present moment,
fugitives can thrive, flourish like lettuces,
our faults and pretensions

diminished seemingly, for the only fault
worth the fretting about is that of the earth
we walk, not living and not building (those are
proud words) but satisfied

to improvise for a while, as in a country
where there are no cold seasons demanding thrift,
patience, the responsible postponement of
all gratifications.

Winters and rocky soil with its promises
made for what we called stern character, taught us
to hold on, but here, no past, no future
but a present like fruit

always in season lets us let go the tics
of Eastern time. I play with grown-up children,
frivolous, contemptibly happy as I
hope, myself, to become.

*Copyright © 1978
by David R. Slavitt.
This poem appears
in a collection of Mr.
Slavitt's work entitled
Rounding the Horn,
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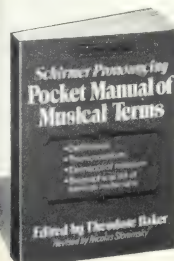
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GOING HOME

Taxicab drivers are certain rescue.
They come like fathers
who fetch their girls
from grade school parties
and interrupt the apple bobs
and kissing games in living rooms.
Feeling drowned.
I would watch for headlights on the blinds,
listen for the family car.

Now taxi drivers come for me
in cabs of pumpkin gold, like Jimmy's.
How good I am inside his cab
with my hands in my lap,
clearly father's girl.
I can shut as smugly as any mollusk
in on myself, leave nothing unbuttoned,
and ask for home.
I am Jimmy's charge and fare,
and he never asks
the name of the one on the sidewalk who,
after leaning into my open window
to kiss me hobbing in the dark,
presses a bill into Jimmy's hand
and asks if this is enough. Love
plays on Jimmy's radio.
He must believe. He sings along.

When games go rotten, when rooms
begin to fill like a tank
with salt and blue, air nearly gone—
when I end in beds and apartments
Jimmy will never find—I still believe
I could make a call, believe
someone will say *it's over,*
your father's here, it's time to go.
And the kind visored face
might take me away
by midnight: no tire marks,
no slippers, no trace.

PARKED IN THE COUNTRY

From the city, out to authentic darkness:
a dirt road picked at random
and a farmer's driveway where we stop
half a mile from the unlit house.
You switch off the headlights.
Turning to you with half-closed eyes,
I see how the sky, fallen in,
bears down on the window glass,
then starts to rise as our eyes adjust,
and things come out, like animals, in silhouette—
a rough log fence, two firs, the shed,
framed in the windshield's dusty arc.
We lean, begin our loosening.

And I know there must be another woman:
across that field, knotting her hair
in tight, good braids, without a mirror.
Her thick-lensed glasses lie on the nightstand
beside a clock. She works the strands,
then sleeps and dreams in the rimless vision
of one who sees these seasons all day
from the center of a growing field.
She sings in the dream to daughters
she's rocked here, and I strain to listen:
the familiar rhythms rise and break—
hold, lull, sway. They mean *sleep now,*
safe, you have a place. It starts to rain.
Her songs fade out. The rain comes in.
Perhaps she knows, in another dream,
how love is trying to work somewhere
after accidental turns in the dark.

Down her driveway, where after she wakes,
the pickup trucks will rut the mud,
the burning tips of our cigarettes
make brief, small lights. We are too far
out, so that when we turn the radio on,
it picks up nothing but crackling air.

—Linda Mizejewski

SPIRITUAL OBEDIENCE

The transcendental game of follow the leader

by Peter Marin

A LETTER CAME the other day from a good friend of mine, a poet who has always been torn between radical politics and mysticism, and who genuinely aches for the presence of God. A few years ago, astonishing us all, he became a follower of the Guru Maharaj Ji—the smiling, plump young man who heads the Divine Light Mission. Convinced that his guru was in fact

God, or at least a manifestation of God, my friend gave his life to him, choosing to become one of his priests, and rapidly rising—because of his brilliance and devotion—to the top of the organization's hierarchy. But last week I received a phone call from my friend, who told me he intended to leave the organization, mainly because, as he said, he could neither “give up the idea of the individual” nor “altogether stop myself from thinking.”

Then, a few days later, the letter came, scrawled unevenly on lined yellow paper, in a script more ragged than I remembered, and made somehow poignant by the uneven tone:

The decision in me to hang it up is the one bright light within me for the time being. Because what is actually the case is that I've lived very much the lifestyle of 1984. Or of Mao's China—or of Hitler's Germany. Imagine for a moment a situation where every single moment of your day is programmed. You begin with exercise, then meditation, then a communal meal. Then the service (the work each member does). As the Director of the House in which I lived and the director of the clinic, it was my job daily to give the requisite pep talks or Satsangs to the staff. You work six days a week, nine to six—then come home to dinner and then go to two hours of spiritual discourse, then meditate. There is no leisure. It is always a group consciousness. You discuss nothing that isn't directly related to “the knowledge.” You are censured if you discuss any topics of the world. And, of course, there is always the constant focus on the spiritual leader.

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*Except where noted, the illustrations in this article are from *Inner Development: The Yes! Bookshop Guide*, by Cris Popenoe (Random House, 1979)*

Can you imagine not thinking, not writing, not reading, and no real discussion? Day after day, the rest of your life? That is the norm here.

What is the payoff? Love. You are allowed access to a real experience of transcendence. There is a great emotional tie to your fellow devotees and to your Guru—your Guru, being the center stage of everything you do, becomes omnipresent. Everything is ascribed to him. He is positively supernatural after a while. Any normal form of causal thinking breaks down. The ordinary world with its laws and orders is proscribed. It is an “illusion.” It is an absolutely foolproof system. Better than Mao, because it delivers a closer-knit cohesiveness than collective criticism and the red book.

Look at me. After a bad relationship, a disintegrated marriage, a long illness, a deep searching for an answer, I was ripe. I was always impulsive anyway. So, I bought in. That feeling of love, of community. The certainty that you are submitting to God incarnate. It creates a wonderfully deep and abiding euphoria which, for some, lasts indefinitely.

To trip away from such a euphoria, back to a world of doubt and criticism, of imperfection—why would anyone reject fascism or communism—in practice they are the same—once one had experienced the benefits of these systems?

Because there is more to human beings than the desire for love or the wish for problems to go away. There is also the spirit—the reasoning element in man and a sense of morality. My flight now is due out Dec. 5. I am hoping to last that long. I think that with a little luck, I will. If not, I'll call.

Love to you, K

Nothing is simple. A few days later my friend called again, his voice a bit stronger, still anxious to leave, asking me to make his travel arrangements. But this time he began talking about William Buckley, how he liked his work, how he had written to him, gotten a moving letter in return. I could hear, as he talked, the beginning of a new kind of attachment, the hints of a reaction tending toward conservatism, the touch—ever so faint—of a new enthusiasm, a new creed, something new to believe in, to join. Never having been to China, he had once extolled its virtues; now, without seeing it, he denounces its faults. His moods are like the wild swings of a quivering compass needle, with no true pole.

I remember going a few years ago to a lecture in which the speaker, in the name of enlightenment, had advocated total submission to a religious master. The audience, like most contemporary audiences, had been receptive to the idea, or more receptive, rather, than they would have been a while back. Half of them were intrigued by the idea, drawn to it. Total submission. Obedience to a “perfect master.” One could hear, inwardly in them, the gathering of breath for a collective sigh of relief. At last, to be set free, to lay down one's burden, to

be a child again—not in renewed innocence, but in restored dependence, in *admitted*, undisguised dependence. To be told, again, what to do, and how to do it. . . . The yearning in the audience was so palpable, their need so thick and obvious, that it was impossible not to feel it, impossible not to empathize with it in some way. Why not, after all? Clearly there are truths and kinds of wisdom to which most persons will not come alone; clearly there are in the world authorities in matters of the spirit, seasoned travelers, guides. Somewhere there must be truths other than the disappointing ones we have; somewhere there must be access to a world larger than this one. And if, to get there, we must put aside all arrogance of will and the stubborn ego, why not? Why not admit what we do not know and cannot do and submit to someone who both knows and does, who will teach us if we merely put aside all judgment for the moment and obey with trust and goodwill?

The audience in question was a white and middle-class group, in spiritual need perhaps, but not only in spiritual need. They were also politically frustrated and exhausted, had been harried and bullied into positions of alienation and isolation, had been raised in a variety of systems that taught them simultaneously individual responsibility and high levels of submission to institutional authority. As a result, without adequate or satisfying participation in the *polis*, or the communal or social worlds, the desire for spiritual submission may reveal less of a spiritual yearning and more of a habitual appetite for submission in general. Submission becomes a value and an end in itself, and unless it exists side by side with an insistence upon political power and participation, it becomes a frightening and destructive thing.

There are many things to which a man or woman might submit: to his own work, to the needs of others, to the love of others, to passion, to experience, to the rhythms of nature—the list is endless and includes almost anything men or women might do, for almost anything, done with depth, takes us beyond ourselves and into relation with other things, and that is always a submission, for it is always a joining, a kind of wedding to the world. There is, no doubt, a need for that, for without it we grow exhausted with ourselves, with our wisdom still unspoken, and our needs unmet.

But that general appetite is twisted and used tyrannically when we are asked to submit ourselves unconditionally to other *persons*—whether they wear the masks of the state or of the spirit. In both instances our primary relation is no longer to the world or to others; it is to “the master,” and the world or others suffer from that choice, because our relation to them is broken, and with it our sense of possibility. In our attempt to restore to ourselves what is missing, we merely intensify the deprivation rather than diminish it.

Tibet in Boulder



URING THE SUMMER of 1977, I taught for several weeks at Naropa Institute, a Buddhist school in Boulder, Colorado, begun by Chögyam Trungpa Rinpoche,* who is considered by his American followers to be a sort of spiritual king. While there, I made

most of the entries and notes that appear on the following pages. But they are selected from a longer manuscript, and I suppose they will not make much sense without an explanation of Naropa and what I was doing there.

Trungpa is certainly no fraud; prepared from childhood on to be the abbot of several monasteries in Tibet, he fled the country when the Communists took it over in 1959 and later came to America in 1970. He is believed by his followers to be the incarnation of Trungpa Tulku, an earlier Tibetan master, and to be heir to a tradition of "crazy wisdom" dating back 1,800 years to Milarepa and Padmasambhava, revered Tibetan saints. Trungpa's earliest American followers were drawn mainly from the counterculture, and I suspect that they are generally more intelligent, literate, and profligate than those drawn to other contemporary spiritual leaders. Forty years old, bright, witty, and a hard drinker, Trungpa also appealed to several artists and writers, many of whom—like Allen Ginsberg—became both his students and teachers at Naropa.

Trungpa's disciples are not nearly so well organized as members of some other modern spiritual groups. Though they sometimes live communally at the spiritual centers set up here, for the most part they live independently and separately and owe him allegiance or obedience only in terms of their spiritual lives. Nonetheless, Trungpa does wield power over some of them. His disciples apply to him for counsel as they might to Dear Abby, and Trungpa has even upon occasion strongly suggested to people whom they should marry. Many of his followers believe him to have magical powers gathered in Tibet. In general, however, the power that Trungpa has seems as much a result of what his disciples project upon him as of what they are taught.

I came to Naropa because I had been curious about it for a while, and because some people there, familiar with my writing, hoped that I would later write something about the school. When I first explained my misgivings about teaching there, the staff said to come anyway, and I went, having certain mild but not decisive prejudices, feeling a bit guilty about a summer spent so far from things I really cared about, but also curious and self-indul-

gent enough to want a few easy weeks in the mountains.

I taught two courses, both of which I had suggested: one on autobiography, which was filled to overflowing, and one on social action and morality, which drew only a handful of students. Not knowing quite how to fit me into their scheme of things, the administrators thrust me upon the poets in Naropa's "Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics." Perplexed by my presence, a bit resentful of those who stuck me there, and as competitive and hermetic as poets can often be, they left me pretty much to myself. For the most part I went about my private business, knowing enough about summer schools in general to construct a separate life for myself, and finding my real pleasures in the mountains or among friends.

Naropa, which is a year-round school, attracts most of its students during its two summer sessions. In general, the guest faculty is impressive: artists, intellectuals, and academicians who are flattered by the invitation to teach and genuinely hope to combine or enhance their own work with Buddhist ideas and meditative techniques. The 600 students who were there for each summer session ought not to be confused with Trungpa's regular disciples, who number perhaps 1,500 and are scattered across the country. The real disciples run, rather than attend, Naropa, and are associated primarily with Vajradhatu, an essentially religious organization coordinating the various activities and meditative centers set up by Trungpa during the past several years. Vajradhatu and Naropa are legally separate; though Trungpa often lectures at Naropa, his spiritual teaching is offered mainly in the activities of Vajradhatu, and Naropa is—or so its administrators claim—an attempt to leaven Western culture with Eastern wisdom. Whereas Vajradhatu is organized around a single truth and obedience to a single master, Trungpa, Naropa is more secular and various,



The dragon-horse of the I Ching
From *The I Ching and Mankind*, by Diana Hook (Rutledge, Kegan, Paul, 1975)

* *Rinpoche* is a title denoting high rank among Tibetan Buddhist monks. Translated literally it means "the precious one."

with several points of view represented. Nonetheless, Tibetan Buddhism forms the heart of the summer's teaching. Most of the students there temporarily seem drawn by an interest in Buddhism, meditation, and enlightenment, and the most popular weekly events are the lectures conducted by spiritual teachers and the peripheral activities associated with them: studies in the Buddhist tradition, and instruction in meditation, without which, it is explained, one cannot understand Buddhist ideas.

The school has no campus of its own. Its central offices, along with a rehearsal hall, are on the second floor of a building on Boulder's mall close to the modish center of town, among the hip bars and health-food stores. Classes were held several blocks away in a large Catholic high school rented for the summer. Most of the summer faculty members were housed, along with some students, in a nearby apartment complex, which took on, as the summer progressed, the untidy and noisy, but not unpleasant, vitality of unmanaged tenement life. Trungpa's disciples were scattered around town in their own houses, and they spent most of their time in another building altogether, where Vajradhatu's affairs were conducted. There things appeared to be more orderly; the building—efficiently busy, manned at the entrances—resembled a bank or a mini-Pentagon. Trungpa himself was not at Naropa while I was there. He was off "on retreat" for the summer. His place had been taken by Ösel Tendzin, the "Vajra Regent," who had more recently been Trungpa's prize student—an American with an American name—before being elevated to his new role. Trungpa had in no way abdicated his place at the center of the school and its disciples, but the trappings of royalty, and the attitudes of the disciples toward them, had passed entire from Trungpa to Ösel. It is the position and not the man that commands obedience—not so very different from the Catholic attitude toward the Pope. Ösel was constantly attended in public—as is Trungpa—by a small legion of Vajra guards, rather muscular and doggedly loyal bodyguards who do his bidding. Their presence, as with many things at Naropa, was partly symbolic. But that does not mean it was purely ornamental. Symbols at Naropa take on immense weight and significance, often superseding everything else. I remember a friend telling me he had been asked by one of the guards to prepare a performance for Ösel's birthday.

"What sort of performance?" he asked.

"We don't care," answered the guard. "Just make sure you do it as if it were for a king."

As for Boulder itself, it is a complex and curious place, as is all of Colorado. Nature is so overpoweringly present that one feels as if one has escaped the ordinary and arrived at a place more beautiful and innocent. But that is not the case. For a while, bored with Naropa, I wandered the town, picking up stories and myths. The state is a paranoid dream,

with drugs flowing into towns from the south, and drug money from the southwest, and guns being run to Latin America, and ex-Green Berets and soldiers of fortune and agents from nine different federal security agencies, and the same odd mix of interests, influence, and alliances that turns up in Miami and Cuba or the drug trade in Southeast Asia. Rocky Flats is nearby—where we reprocess fissionable material from all our nuclear weapons, and so is Cheyenne Mountain, our underground headquarters in case of war. The Rockies are honeycombed from one end to the other with installations of all sorts; a great war grows in the state over mineral and water rights; the state's powers include the Rockefeller and Coors families; branches of the Mafia contend with one another; many of the university professors are said to have extensive ties with the CIA; this is where several years ago a mysterious busload of Tibetans turned up stranded in a ditch, preparing for a counterinsurgent invasion of Tibet; where Thomas Riha worked at the University of Colorado on a secret project before disappearing without a trace in Eastern Europe; where his confidante, Gayla Tannenbaum, is said to have committed suicide from a dose of cyanide in the same hospital where they once hid Dita Beard; where the young man who murdered his uncle, the King of Saudi Arabia, went to school and was, some insist, recruited by CIA agents working in the Drug Enforcement Agency. It is here, too, that the wife of the Shah of Iran arrived with her full retinue on three private planes to lecture at the Aspen Institute about social justice. In short, this is America, and the underside of town, invisible to tourists and Buddhist residents, is inhabited by bikers and hoodlums, outlaws and adventurers, rebels and Moonies, all percolating under the surface and at the edges of town and perhaps a better measure of our age than the stained glass and ferns of the singles' bars or the herb displays at the health-food stores.

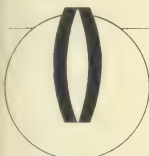


Dharmachakra: Veneration of Buddha turning the Wheel of the Law

Though I love these details and tales, I have no room for them here, and I mention them briefly as a way of setting the scene, for they are related to what goes on at Naropa. This, too, is the world—the mix of power and violence and sophistication from which the students turn away, as if hoping to leave it behind even as it surrounds them and presses close.

And finally, one note of caution. What goes on at Naropa and Vajradhatu is by no means as excessive or oppressive as what some other sects inflict upon their members. I do not intend here an exposé. In many ways, it is the sect's relative innocuousness that interests me. Even in Naropa's comparative normality one can see the tendencies that lead in more radical expressions to far more troubling ends. Finally, I should say that while passing through Boulder in 1978 I passed many of these pages on to someone at Naropa, explained that I intended to publish them, and asked if Trungpa would like to discuss them. The answer was no.

June 16



F COURSE, one must not forget this is Vajrayana Buddhism, a particular tradition—an aristocratic Tibetan line set free of moral constraint, in which all action is seen as play, and in which the traditional (if somewhat hazy) questions at work in Bud-

dism about moral responsibilities to sentient creatures are largely set aside. For the most part, moral and social questions disappear from all discourse, even from idle conversation, save when they are raised by outsiders. Then they are dealt with, a bit grudgingly, and always briefly.

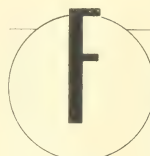
The Naropa Institute embodies a feudal, priestly tradition transplanted to a capitalistic setting. The attraction it has for its adherents is oddly reminiscent of the attraction the aristocracy had for the rising middle class in the early days of capitalistic expansion. These middle-class children seem drawn irresistibly not only to the discipline involved but also to the trappings of hierarchy. Stepping out from their limousines, hours late for their talks, surrounded by satraps, the masters seem alternately like Arab chieftains or caliphs. Allegiance to the discipline means allegiance to the lineage, to the present Vajra, as clearly as if it were allegiance to a king.

If there is a compassion at work here, as some insist, it is so distant, so diminished, so divorced from concrete changes in social structure, that it makes no difference at all. Periodically someone will talk about how meditation will lead inevitably to compassion or generosity. But that, even according to other Buddhists, is nonsense. Certainly here it is nonsense. Behind the public face lies the in-

trigue and attitude of a medieval court, and that shows up in the peculiar and "playful" way in which Buddhists enter the world of hip capitalism. It is no accident that they are in Boulder, where such businesses flourish. America is what it is, and business is play, and so the Buddhists happily take part in the moneymaking, unconstrained by any notion of a common good, and certainly unconcerned about the relation of individual conscience and the dominant attitudes toward the entrepreneurial self and the primacy of property.

For Vajrayana Buddhists, the "open space" of the world is an arena for play rather than for justice. Nothing could be further from their sensibility than the notion of a free community of equals or a just society or the common good. In their eyes justice is another delusion, another proof of personal confusion. For this reason one begins to see how well the institute fits into Boulder, and why it has such an attraction for certain intellectuals and therapists.

June 17



F OR THE SAGES HERE, every form of pain can be understood in terms of attachment or ego. Conscience does not exist, nor what Blake would have called a yearning for Jerusalem. Precisely those joyous powers and passions that feel, in the self, like the

presence of life and its graces are taken to be fictions, and discounted or abused. In that, ironically, Naropa becomes, as its founders want, a living part of American intellectual life. In its denial of the felt world of persons and the lessons to be learned there, the truths to be found in others, it shares the limitations of intellectual America, and it caters to its weakness.

This particular brand of Buddhism is neither quite so morally aware as some Buddhist traditions nor so humble as others. Because it is elitist, aristocratic, and in some ways feudal, there lies at its heart, or at least close to the heart of Trungpa's aristocratic thought, a disdain for politics and for the yearnings behind it.

Though Trungpa's spiritual views lead inevitably and sometimes quite prettily to theories of radical aesthetics (see, for example, how another brand of Buddhism leavens the work of John Cage), and though one can even base upon them a fairly radical psychology, somehow they emerge, in his talks, as reactionary, establishmentarian politics—something Trungpa has in common with most spiritual leaders who appeal to America's mindless middle class. The zeal one feels at work at the institute is in some ways simply a zeal to establish itself at the heart of American mainstream life, to conventionalize itself and make itself respectable. In that re-

gard, Trungpa's early connections with the hippie or fringe community appear to be simply the easiest or only available way to build a foundation for his ensemble.

June 18



WHEN TRUNGPA DOES TOUCH upon politics, as he sometimes will in his lectures, it is always to devalue it, to set it aside. And when one raises with his disciples various questions about moral reciprocity, human responsibility, moral value, or political action, they dismiss such inquiries, muttering about "all sentient creatures" or confused attachment to the world. But one must not make the mistake of thinking that they are otherworldly. Far from it. Trungpa and his students are very much of the world, and enter it in terms of business enterprises, the expansion of their institute, and so on. Trungpa seems to have no trouble with the structure of American capitalism, the idea of property, the underlying relations between castes and classes of persons. These, I believe, appear to him divinely ordered—a kind of spiritual hierarchy hardened into human norms. The notion that individual well-being hinges on change does not occur to him any more than it seems to have occurred to his predecessors in feudal Tibet.

The fact that this notion is taught by a privileged class of priests to their followers ought to make it somewhat suspect, of course. But one can also understand its appeal to middle-class Americans, whose nervousness is such that they would like to believe that spiritual progress is possible without further upheavals in history and the loss of their privileged estate.

Trungpa's implicit conservatism seems, then, both appealing to his followers and also destructive to qualities in them still feebly struggling to stay alive. And that is to say nothing of its real consequences in the concrete world—those that will show up not in the fates or destinies of these middle-class Americans, but in those of the poor and black and disenfranchised, those who invariably find themselves suffering the results of reactionary American politics. For those whose well-being rests upon either the structural transformation of society or changes in dominant American notions about justice, moral philosophies like Trungpa's, and the encapsulated moral world in which they are taught, can only spell further pain, if they are widely taken seriously, or remain unleavened by moral ideas rooted in a vision other than that offered at Naropa.

I do not suggest that Trungpa actually means that kind of harm to anyone, or is an incipient fascist. Certainly the obvious eclecticism at work in the

summer institute, and the plethora of views expressed, and the relative freedom of their expression, leave intact at least a minimal sense of the free play of thought and a willingness to subject Buddhist views to all sorts of challenge and criticism. But to claim for it—as is often done—a supremacy of vision, or to demand, in its name, a singular allegiance, or to denounce in its name a other devotions, attachments, or obligations as confusion (as is also done) is a violence done to those present. It becomes, in that instance, not the healing that it might be, but a still further cause of pain.

June 19



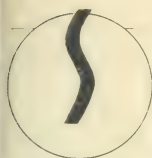
YESTERDAY WE SOUGHT among the places on our map a town still untouched by the modernity that has overwhelmed these mountains. Everywhere now there rise from the steep valleys row upon row of condominiums and chalets, and the signs of the culture that accompanies them: hip stores, self-conscious fashion, the fancies of a white American hipness now coming into its own. In many of the towns, to find something authentic one must go to the outermost avenues, to the traditional gas stations and cafes that, though scars on the landscape, have at least a reality the make-believe cuteness of the towns—Dillon, Vail, Georgetown, Frisco, Boulder, and Aspen—do not have.

In these towns, one feels at the precious, airless dead end of culture, among fashionable sleepwalkers. Each seems to mimic and mock what its builders remember of their college campuses. Complete with apartments, pools, tennis courts, groceries, jewelry stores, restaurants, and bars made to look like saloons, these towns close in on the soul at the same time that they sustain its life. They remind one of the "sundomes" Ray Bradbury once described in story about rainswept Venus: self-enclosed pockets of weather creating a world totally separate from the planet's life.

A few nights ago, watching the faces of the rap students as they listened to a Buddhist speaker, it appeared to me that the world into which they seemed compelled to move was the spiritual version of these modish towns. Though they sought surcease from the tribulations of the self, they seemed trapped in themselves by precisely the absence of what the teacher denounced: a passion for the world. Peculiarly, they seemed engaged in trying to escape an appetite that no longer seemed alive in them. Though the administrators of the institute were calm and had a kind of clarity, the atmosphere around them seemed humanly empty, too hygienic, too claustrophobic by far. Lacking both irony and joy, the atmosphere was watery, insubstantial. Watching it,

moving through it, one felt very little. There was not enough passion present in it to engender any kind of reaction. The world itself seemed so absent, so distant, that the dislocation between this reality and that other seemed itself to have become unreal.

June 20



SOMETIMES THE ENTIRE institute seems like an immense joke played by Trungpa on the world, the attempt of a grown child to reconstruct for himself a simple world. It is no accident that he should construct it here, in Boulder, through the agency of yearning

Americans whose ache for a larger world is easily reduced to a passion for aristocratic form. He makes easy use of the voracious elitism by which American members of the middle class increasingly justify their wealth or rationalize their sense of separation from the world. But what makes it painful to see is that there exists in many of these young students a pain and shame and unused power that issues from the deepest and best parts of themselves and that they must learn to live and speak of. But there is no way for them to do that through Buddhism, no teacher to help them, no rhetoric to reveal to them what they feel. Instead, their human yearning, the ache of conscience, the inner feel of justice, the felt sense of freedom are passed off as illusions, as Western childishness. These impulses, ironically, are destroyed in the name of a spiritual wisdom perhaps necessary to complete them. But that destruction is not in any way inherent in wisdom or even in the tradition of meditation. It is inherent in the priestly class. Aristocrats of any sort, after all, especially those given to pomp and hierarchy, are not the best sages to consult about political frustration or moral pain.

As is true of people in almost any contemporary institution, these students are better than what they are taught. Just as, in the Sixties, the truths of their rebellion, garbled as it was, exceeded the institutional truths of their teachers, so, too, the yearning of these students unused is abused by the institution that defines reality and truth for them. Troubled not only by their separation from a felt connection to the world, these students also experience the pain of a vision of self or human nature that allows no room for what they feel about the world, and offers no way to express it. Their pain is not spiritual; it is *moral*. Their problem is to regain their moral lives in the way that we have recently struggled to regain our sexual lives. But just as we looked mistakenly to sexuality for certain political or moral satisfactions, thereby corrupting that realm, now we mistakenly search in the spirit's world for the same satisfactions; just as Columbus, sailing among the



An illustration from a Jataka, showing the Buddha's past life as a crane.

American isles, thought himself to be in the Indies and called everything by the wrong name, so, too, we drift in a landscape that we do not understand, and we have the wrong names for things.

June 21



WE HAVE COME TO DENVER, to Lakeside, an amusement park built in the Twenties, to picnic on the lawn under the cottonwood trees. Just yesterday we were in the mountains, crossing a series of passes at 12,000 feet, above the timberline, where the

tundra was covered everywhere with small blue and white flowers. The wind played about us as we wound our way among melting snowbanks to come finally to what seemed like the top of the world. In the distance we could see nothing human, merely the high saddles of mountains, their tree-covered flanks, and the tall cloudy skies above them barely distinguishable from the snow-white peaks. There was a beauty to that almost beyond belief, but there is something no less beautiful in all of this: the amusement park with its small lake and weathered, brightly painted buildings, the fat lady laughing above the ride through the fun house, lovers and children passing on the narrow paths or gathered at tables under the trees. This, too, is a gift, perhaps more profound than that other, because its beauty is crowned by human presence. Sometimes, somehow, almost as if

by accident, we get things right; the spaces we create for one another—like this small amusement park—reveal the presence of the human heart. The indifferent generosity of nature gives way to the human generosity of the accidentally just city.

Now at noon, we sit on the grass beneath this tall tree, having within reach the fruits of countless harvests: wine, bread, cheeses, fruit, chocolate. I look at the grass, the sky, the passers-by, my companions, and my heart fills with a joy equal to any more obviously mystical or religious sentiment I have ever had. There is nothing beyond the absolute beauty of the transience of this day—this wind, this ease, this flesh. It arises from the heart in answer to a human presence, and one understands—if only for a moment—what it would mean to be free.

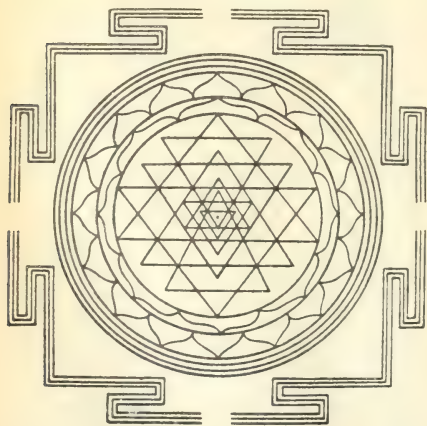
There are those, back at Naropa, who would escape all this. A few nights ago, in answer to some questions about the nature of joy, one of the sages in residence, a Buddhist monk, answered that joy was always followed or equaled by suffering, and that enlightenment meant leaving them both behind. Nobody in the audience bothered to argue. Yet there is, I think, a discipline graver and more demanding than the one offered the audience. It is open to those whose joy in life seems to justify whatever suffering is entailed. It is a passion beyond all possessiveness, a fierce love of the world and a fierce joy in the transience of things made beautiful by their impermanence. I would not trade this day for heaven, no matter what name we call it by. Or rather, I think that if there is a heaven, it is something like this, a pleasure taken in life, this gift of one's comrades at ease momentarily under the trees, and the taste of satisfaction, and the promise of grace, alive in one's hands and mouth.



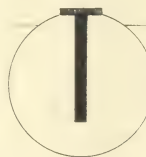
Vara mudra

The discipline of living with this grace, of seeking it out, is what calls to some of us as surely as the escape from pain calls to others. This is not the cessation of passion, but its completion, its *humanization*. The question posed by this discipline is a simple one, demanding a lifetime as answer. It is: *Can one live as man?* It is a call that echoes in the soul as a significance of being: a sense of meaning as a power that runs beneath all thought and lifts the flesh beyond all questioning, as a certainty of belonging in a world that seems, on its face, indifferent to our presence. Here, in the city, where we have made our homes there lives a beauty that exceeds—when it is present—the beauty of the mountains, because it is human, and thereby lifts the heart even higher. It is not antithetical to the mountains, it calls to the same thing in the soul; it, too, is what one might call, with Giono, “the song of the world.” Stone, sky, earth, and tree—these beckon to man as enigmas, facts, and gifts: a world beyond that suddenly opens in the soul to reveal itself, outside of us, as a home. That same thing is true of these others, this human community. This, too, opens in the soul, revealing itself as our home. This beauty, not accidental, issues from the human hand, is a song of his joy. It is like the beauty of certain cities, of certain human landscapes, in which human habitation merges with sky and sea to form a world that would vanish if either were missing.

June 23



From *In Praise of Krishna*, by Edward Dimock and Denise Levertov (Doubleday, 1967)



TODAY, WHEN A STUDENT asked me what I thought of all this, I filtered through my mind all the polite or witty things I might say, and then responded with what I really meant: “I think it is beneath contempt.” And that is true. Beyond the reasonableness

of my controlled responses, all of this seems worse than absurd, mainly because at the heart of its senselessness lies a smug self-congratulation beyond all belief. Things here are closed, small, careful, secure. I remember, as a child, hating my obligatory visits to the synagogue, hating them with the passion of a secularized Jew, as if still stirring in my blood were the currents of the impulses that took a whole people out of their tiny towns and shtetls, and into the larger world—as if gasping for air. If there is a god, it is a god of the open world, oceans and deserts, of great distances and beasts. How he must shudder at these shuttered truths, these betrayals of the world.

June 24

TWO SUMMERS AGO a well-known poet, P, came to Naropa to teach for the summer, accompanied by a lovely Oriental woman, W.* Trungpa befriended and apparently impressed them both. At the end of the summer, P, who had already had experience with

Catholic modes of meditation, asked Trungpa if he and his friend could attend the fall retreat ordinarily open only to regular disciples. Admission to these retreats is always much sought after, in part because it is a sign of Trungpa's approval, but also because it is here that certain truths are supposedly revealed for which the other aspects of the discipline are simply a preparation. For several weeks Trungpa becomes the "Vajra Master," an absolute authority in all things, a spiritual master who is himself almost divine. The retreat involves alternating periods of meditation and formal teaching, but these are not nearly so serious as one might imagine; they are also marked by much celebration, drinking, and horseplay, and rumors abound about their sexual aspects—lovmaking, wife swapping, et cetera.

The particular retreat in question, held at a rented ski lodge in Snowmass, Colorado, and involving about 125 people, apparently was no exception.

During the first several weeks there were the usual incidents of roughhousing and hazing, most of which make it sound more like an extended fraternity weekend than a religious event. There was a slow escalation of what began as playful violence; Trungpa took to using a peashooter on unwary students; there was a strenuous snowball fight between Trungpa's Vajra guards and his other disciples; at one point the disciples trapped Trungpa in his car and rocked it violently in the snow; there were playful student plans (in which some claim P participated) for releasing laughing gas at one of Trungpa's lectures; and once, apparently, some of the students trashed Trungpa's chalet.

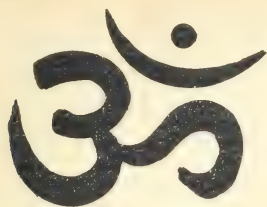
* I tell this story with some hesitation because I have heard so many different versions of it from so many different people. Though I first learned most of the story in the summer of 1977, many of the details in this account are drawn from a full-length manuscript compiled at Naropa by the members of Ed Sanders's class in investigative poetry. In 1977, they interviewed all those involved and tried to reconstruct not only the events but the attitudes of the witnesses. Their manuscript is well over 100 pages in length and includes several verbatim transcripts of interviews with participants. It is on file—much to the institute's credit—and available to anybody using Naropa's library. This fact, I should note, seems to set those who run Naropa apart from members of other and more secretive religious groups. I should also make it clear that the retreat in question was not a Naropa activity; it was part of the Vajra training, sponsored by Vajradhatu itself, and was restricted to Trungpa's year-round disciples.

During all of this P and W kept to themselves, just as they had done at Naropa during the summer. They spent their free time together in their room, coming down only for lectures, rituals, or meditation. Their aloofness, which the community members had resented all summer, took on, in the new context, a more disturbing quality. Many of the disciples later described it as antisocial, or an insult to Trungpa, or a form of rebellion or egotism, or precisely the kind of personal detachment and self-protectiveness that Buddhism is meant to dissolve. This communal resentment, in the claustrophobic atmosphere of the retreat, escalated in much the same way as did the initially playful roughhousing; both of these attitudes found their expression on Halloween night.

A party takes place—though nobody is quite clear whether Trungpa has arranged it. These parties have reputedly been more or less bacchanalian. Everyone is expected to come in costume; some disciples spend days planning and making their outfits. That night, at the party, Trungpa is slightly drunk and perhaps feeling bad-tempered. One of the participants later described the way Trungpa greeted her that evening: "He was being so brutal, and like clawing my arm, and just biting my lip, so vicious." But she was, after all, dressed as a biker, and perhaps Trungpa's approach was satiric and mocking, as is sometimes his way. And earlier in the evening, a woman is stripped naked, apparently at Trungpa's joking command, and hoisted into the air by the Vajra guards, and passed around—presumably in fun, though the woman does not think so. P and W have apparently put their heads in earlier in the evening, stayed for perhaps an hour, dancing only with one another, keeping apart, wary of the tales they had heard of the sexual commons. Later, when Trungpa begins to lecture his students about the meaning of the ball and its relation to his teaching, he notices their absence and sends someone up to get them. They come downstairs again, peer



From *The Cult of Tara*, by Stephan Beyer (University of California Press, 1973)



in, don't go in, go back upstairs. Trungpa sends someone up again, saying politely, "The Vajra Master has extended an invitation to P to come." But P says he has gone to sleep, and that, anyway, he was at the party before. Then Trungpa says, "Well, he is sort of *required* to come." But when the message reaches P he answers that nobody can tell him when to go to sleep.

Hearing this, Trungpa grows angrier. He addresses his listeners: "You know, a certain kind of resistance is going on. . . . I want you to realize I'm going to insist he come down."

His students try to stop him, realizing perhaps that he is too drunk to know quite what he is doing. "Drop it," they say. "Let it go."

But he is insistent. "I want that door broken down," he says.

Now the gang goes upstairs. They crowd the hallway outside the room, explaining to P what is going on, asking him again to come out, *telling* him to come out, warning him what will happen if he doesn't. A few of them, afraid of what is coming, caught between common sense and their promised obedience to the master, *plead* with them to come out. Inside (as P and W will later explain), they are both angry and a bit frightened. It must seem to them as if everyone at the retreat is arrayed against them. P, who ordinarily professes pacifism, is aware only of trying to protect W, and he has pushed furniture against the wall and broken a beer bottle in readiness, waiting to cut whoever comes through the door.

The crowd sends word again to Trungpa, telling him they are unable to break through the door. He tells them to go in from the balcony, breaking the window. That is what they do, shattering the window and bursting through the door at the same time. As they do, P lunges at the first few who enter, going for their faces, cutting several people around the eyes, on the chin, along the arms. There is a scuffle, shouts and screams. Blood is everywhere. P realizes what he has done, suddenly stops fighting, hands over the bottle. The wounded are taken off for doctoring. P and W are brought by the crowd downstairs to stand in front of Trungpa while the assembled, costumed disciples watch.

Trungpa is apparently drunk and not particularly coherent. P is angry but contained; W is more

volatile, struggling with those who hold her, calling Trungpa names: Fascist, Hitler, Bastard, Nazi, Cop. Trungpa says a variety of things, in no clear sequence. He wants them to reveal themselves, to give themselves up, or over, in some way. "I mean you no harm," he explains at one point. "What is your secret?" But he is also abusive. He mutters something about "my country ripped out from under me, it was the Chinese Communists who did it." And he mentions W's race, implying a solidarity with her and a betrayal on her part, asking her what she is doing with a white man.

Then he wants them to strip. He "asks" them to do it, but warns them that he will have it done by force if necessary. When they refuse, he orders his guards to proceed. P, who is passive about it, is stripped first. But W looks around at the onlookers, staring each one in the face for a moment, asking for help. "Someone call the police," she says. Nobody intervenes. Nobody moves. All watch. Then Trungpa tells his guards to strip W. She struggles. One of the guards hesitates. Trungpa insists that he continue. The guard proceeds. Now a solitary male witness tries to intervene, to stop it. He is quickly overpowered by the guards, then moved out of the way. Finally both P and W are naked. Trungpa seems satisfied. The lovers huddle together. Nobody speaks. Then P looks around the room. "Why," he asks, "are we the only ones naked?" Then a few others begin to strip, then many others take off their clothes. Trungpa says: "Let's dance." The crowd begins to dance. Perhaps forgotten or perhaps simply adequately chastised, P and W go back upstairs.

The next day Trungpa posts an open letter to everyone at the retreat, saying, among other things, "You must offer your neurosis as a feast to celebrate your entrance into the Vajra teachings." There is no note of apology sounded, simply an explanatory justification. P and W meet with Trungpa, who says that nothing like it will happen again. They consider leaving, but they finally, a bit oddly, decide to stay on. Perhaps it is pride, or maybe a kind of greed. P explains later: They were, after all, about to receive the Tantric teachings, and he did not want to miss them.

It would be possible, of course, to pass off all of these events as unimportant, as a kind of roughhousing that got out of hand, or a momentary drunkenness with embarrassing consequences. Or it would be possible to tell the story in a more dramatic way, stressing the almost literary symbolism of the details—the shattered glass, the cries of Fascist and Hitler, the naked lovers exposed and vulnerable, surrounded by guards, and the gradual transformation of the "innocent" onlookers into passive participants. Certainly there are almost mythic elements in the story, and that is the quality it seems to retain not only for those directly involved, but also for many of Trungpa's other followers, who

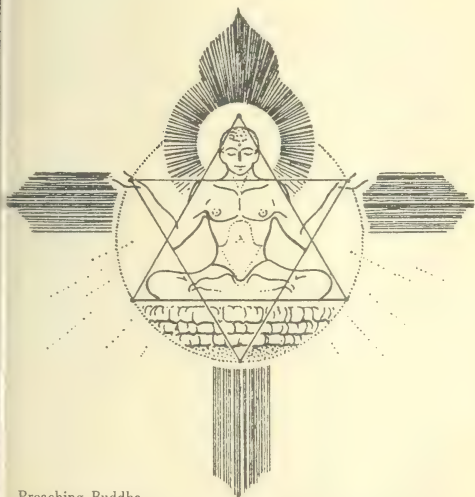
cannot quite stomach the event, and for whom it has a shadowy and continual presence, like bad conscience they cannot quite dispel.

But what concerns me here is less the event itself, or Trungpa's behavior, than the reactions of his followers and the way they now try to explain away what happened. To someone who sees Trungpa—as I do—as simply an ordinary man dressed in the chimerical robes of a mystical king, his behavior is not particularly surprising. Power and alcohol go to most men's heads, and if you raise a man from childhood to believe in his own power, it is not surprising that he sometimes abuses it. Nor am I surprised by the behavior of his followers—the students—in the midst of the event and afterward when talking about it. Most of them, looking on, were frozen into immobility. Though that is sad, it is not at all startling; people have an immense capacity for passivity and obedience, and it takes more ego and courage than most of them have to speak out forcefully in a situation where what they believe to be genuine mystical powers stand over and against them. Whether it is a savage with a shaman, a private with the Fuehrer, or even an ordinary teacher, most people are too timid, too unsure of themselves, and (at times) too *sensibly* scared to oppose authority in a situation where it has been vested in a single man or a few individuals. No doubt many of the onlookers felt the stirring in themselves of a desire to intervene or refuse, but they were conscious after the fact of a kind of paralysis of will, the impossibility of movement, which is not so much the failure of will or nerve but the

immobilizing conflict between those things and a learned obedience to authority, a submission to those in whom one has vested immense amounts of psychological and institutional power. No, the real problem lies in what happened *before* the incident, in how the disciples had been taught to accept authority, and in what followed after, in their inability even after the fact to see that Trungpa might have made a mistake, or that he was merely human.

"I was wrong," Trungpa might have said. "*He* was wrong," his *disciples* might have said. But they cannot say such things. And what that means is that they then must further skew the world, deny their own sensibilities, twist things out of focus, assigning virtue to Trungpa's action, and seeing P's resistance as "*mere*" ego, or ignorance, or the denial of truth. It is there, then, that the whole event begins to take on its full significance, echoing after the fact in a way that shrinks the world to something intolerably small, and less than human, as the disciples struggle endlessly to rationalize and explain the facts that call their faith into question. I have heard the same thing over and over from cultists of all sorts. In the face of the immense complexities of experience, they must deny whatever truths call their faith into question, projecting outward, onto the world, the paper-thin *trompe l'oeil* "*realities*" with which they have comforted themselves. One sees, called into the play, the immense human capacity for self-securing self-delusion, Plato's cave-dwellers shutting their eyes as the cave explodes, pretending that they are still safely protected from truth.

June 25



Preaching Buddha
From *Through Death to Rebirth*, by James Perkins (Theosophical Publishing House, 1961)



ONCE WHILE TEACHING a course to two dozen high-school teachers, I became embroiled in a bitter debate over the rights of students. I showed my pupils a film about Stanley Milgram's experiments, in which he measures the extent to which ordinary individuals will do what they are told. Subjects are chosen randomly, brought into an office, and told by a scientist behind a desk that they are going to participate in a learning experiment. They are introduced to a "*plant*," who they are told will be doing the "*learning*," and somewhere along the way the plant mentions that he has been ill, has just recovered from a heart attack. They go into another room where the second subject is hooked up to a machine and seated out of sight behind a panel. The naive subject is then told that he must ask a series of questions in rapid succession, and that each time the second subject makes an error, he is to "*correct*" him with what he believes to be an increasingly severe but in fact imaginary elec-

trical shock administered by pressing a button on the machine.

When the plant begins to make a few mistakes, the test subject administers the first few shocks, making them slightly stronger each time. For a while everything goes smoothly, but then the second subject begins to complain, claiming the shocks are too painful. As the shocks grow stronger, so do the exclamations, and after a while the test subject usually begins to look questioningly at the scientist in charge, often saying he wants to stop. The expert always says go on, the experiment *must* continue. Sometimes the subjects argue, trying to reason with the expert, but they almost always go on. The shocks grow stronger, the cries grow louder, until finally the planted subject is talking about his heart, pleading for things to stop, screaming with pain. Through it all the supposed expert remains adamant, unbending, and though some subjects somewhere along the line refuse to administer shocks past a certain point, at least half of them see the experiment through to the end, when the plant, after screams and pleas, has been reduced to ominous silence, and is apparently dead or gravely ill.

The most significant aspect of the experiment is that not one participant refuses to continue when the planted subject *first* asks to stop. It is only later, with a threat of death or grave illness, that people refuse to go on with the shocks. It is only the scream that is heard, and never its antecedent, never the beginnings of pain—the simple, quiet human voice. Amplified, magnified, horror becomes visible; but



its earlier stages are never acknowledged, never perceived; matched against authority, that small voice of choice is never accredited, does not seem even to register in the mind.

One sees this at work in cults: the refusal to recognize in early excesses, early signs, the full implications of what is going on and may follow later. Relinquishing, step by step, the individualities of conscience, followers are slowly accustomed to one stage of abuse after another, so respectful of the scientist's authority that they never quite manage to rebel, or else rebel when it is too late. How many in America, after all, would not respond in this way? The teachers to whom I showed the movie were disturbed by it. Some were shaken. Obviously, the subjects administering the shocks ought to have stopped, ought to have said no. But when I asked the teachers about their own students' rights to choose, or to refuse to do what they are told, they insisted that they neither needed nor deserved those rights. "How," they would ask, over and over, "can we teach anything, or preserve order, if our students need not obey?"

June 26



THINK BACK TO a conversation I recently had with the director of Naropa's summer academic program. I happened to like him; he was quiet, literate, interested in many things besides Buddhism. But when, in the course of the conversation, I asked him whether

er Trungpa can make a mistake, he answered: "You know, a student *has* to believe his master can make no mistake. Sometimes Trungpa may do something I don't understand. But I must believe what he does is always for the best."

And when I asked him whether there are other truths in the world equal to his, he said, simply, "No. I think *this* is the way. I believe that without a meditative discipline others cannot come to truths akin to this."

As he talked, I looked out the window, through which I could see the afternoon sky blue and infinite in its depths, and the mountains, green and complex, and, in another direction, a street full of people of all sorts, with dreams and visions and partial truths hidden behind each gaze, countless adventures folded into their flesh. For all this, a single truth! The man talking to me was quiet, reasonable, curious, attentive; he meant me no harm at all, and he tried as we talked to hear what I was saying and to integrate it into what he already knew.

But still, behind it, there was another and harder edge, one that hides, always, behind the thought of those who believe the truth has already been given and has a single source. For how, then, can another

man's truth, issuing from a different source, and contradicting one's own, be given a value equal to one's own? And if that is so, then how can one fully credit the other man's experience or thought?

Or I think of two remarks made by a woman I know, one who was present at the retreat, and close to Trungpa, and not on bad terms with P and W. After the event she went to see them, to try to make them "understand" what had occurred, to explain to them Trungpa's action. "I was trying to say," she says, "Vajra teachings are ruthless; compassion takes many forms. And they had some rapid-fire answer to every statement which one way or another defended their sense of 'self'—their sense of propriety. It was impenetrable."

Impenetrable! As if it were a weakness, or something that stood between them and wisdom. No modesty, no privacy, no integrity of choice. All of that seen as a failure of nerve, a neurosis, or even—God help us—a form of aggression against the community.

It is here, finally, that living others begin to disappear, superseded by fantasy. And when those living others intrude themselves into the dream, threatening it with their actions or words, just as P and W did on the retreat, then their behavior must be classified as antisocial, or sick, or perverse, if only to protect the dreamers from the truths that might expose them to the ambiguities of the world. They make the other their victim, but only partially out of envy or animosity. The other is victimized by their fear and their greed, their desire for safety, and their stubborn insistence on locating the truth in one man alone, and creating for themselves an authority beyond all question.

And then there is what the same woman said much later, describing the event itself: "P and W are standing together, facing Rinpoche, just completely huddled around each other. Very beautiful. Adam and Eve. [She laughs] Gorgeous bodies. . . . The whole thing, just visually, was elegant somehow. . . ."

It is that last phrase that is resonant, echoing in the mind. *The whole thing, just visually, was elegant somehow.* It is this that offers the key to this particular discipline, in which aesthetic delight replaces all ethical notions, and in which the visual replaces the felt passions of sympathy or the heart. It is *all* visual—the little throne, the Vajra guards, the limousines—and distressingly common. I have seen other forms of it dozens of times around the world—Mayan temples, Aztec shrines, Egyptian pyramids, the gold and kingly ornaments over which American tourists exclaim in Latin America, the treasures of King Tut. These are all the emblematic, visual aspects of history removed from the truth of things, from their flesh and blood, from the facts of life itself—the circumstances under which they were made, the systems of power they celebrate, the hierarchies of authority and injustice

they reveal. The world flattens itself into spectacle; it becomes a film, a film envelops and coats what we see; behind it, the truth vanishes—and with it the parts of the self that might have inhabited or changed, rather than merely *watched*, the world.

It is easy, I know, looking at this, to recoil in instinctive horror, and to cry out, "My God!" and wonder how some people get that way, and to bemoan the desperation of others, and see it as somehow contrary to the American way. But, to tell the truth, it seems to me that what went on, although more dramatic than usual, was simply the lurid equivalent of what endlessly repeats itself in most systems of coercive authority, not only those at Naropa.

Trungpa's behavior toward P and W was essentially no different—in essence or extent—from the relations we ordinarily accept without question between doctors and mental patients, teachers and students, coaches and players, and military authority and recruits. It is here, where we always think discipline is necessary, that we habituate people to coming when called, to stripping naked, to acceding to authority, and to accepting, without question, what they are told to do. If we think to ourselves, as we read this tale, that Trungpa's disciples ought to have rebelled, ought to have refused or interceded, then we would have to accept—as few of us are willing to do—the obligation of patients to rebel, and students, and players, and recruits, and our own responsibility to resist whenever we see (and who does not see it daily?) the humiliation of others, or the denial of their humanity.

I know all the standard explanations about the growth of sects and cults—future shock, the nation's size, the collapse of the family, the failures of the Church, the absence of community, and so on. Certainly there is some truth in all such explanations. But what we tend to forget is that such persons are behaving in precisely the ways they have been taught to behave.

The issue is not merely the unquestioning acceptance of authority, though we tend to teach that everywhere in America. It is the inability to hear the still, small, quiet human voice that says *no*, that speaks for nothing but itself, that makes no claim to any authority other than the heart, and asserts no power other than its own. It is to *this* voice, fragile but binding, that one owes allegiance, to this that he must listen, rather than to the whisperings of secret powers, the thunderings of authority, or even the promise of salvation itself. It is the truly human, the "merely" human, that is, in the end, significant and the source of truth. Only those who believe it, only those whose home is in the flesh, and among equal others, will be able to comprehend fully the absurdities of power when they first see them, and to perceive what is wrong, long before the final drama occurs, in the first requests for submission, in the first assault on inde-

pendent thought. The only real alternative to hierarchy, submission, and unquestioning obedience is a passion for freedom and a belief in the true community of equals, one in which every member is acknowledged as a possible source for truth or meaning, and in which truth and meaning are forever being formed, never fully given—always opening up, ahead, in the future, never fully attained.

And yet how many people in America—not just among the cults, but among us all—feel as if this is the real nature of experience, or that the truth that binds their moral lives is fully human, coexistent with the living members of their community? How many children are raised to the fierce independence or the generous receptivity such a way of being requires, and how many adults seem to feel, as the heart of their lives, the significance of being that confers upon them the immense responsibility of moral life, and opens their eyes and hearts to others like themselves?

June 27



PERHAPS NAROPA and its students make sense only when seen in the light of the Sixties, for many of those who follow Trungpa are survivors of those years, and many of the younger students here for the summer are the unknowing heirs of that decade's

lessons. Trungpa and his teachers never seem to tire of insisting upon the futility of politics in general, or, more specifically, the infantilism of Americans during the Sixties. There is some point, of course, in what they say. The forms of rebellion in the Sixties were raw and often childish, but that childishness, we must remember, was often not generated from within, but was itself called forth by the behavior of their elders, who forced the young—through their unresponsiveness and brutality—into forms of behavior we see, in retrospect, as adolescent. And of course there was, undeniably, something adolescent in those forms, but it was something that might have deepened and ripened into a richer kind of rebellion, into more powerful forms of communal action and social change. For what moved beneath them was *not* adolescent, it was an inward yearning as old as the human heart, close to the bone of Western history, as if the culture itself—in shame and self-disgust—rose up to demand that the values essential to its forward progress be more fully established in the corrupt social world. What spoke in those days was simultaneously a fuzzy dream of the future and a dim remembrance of the values to which the culture was ostensibly committed, values that had been lost along the way.

Though that rebellion was in part successful, ending the war, establishing minimal civil rights,



opening out into certain kinds of ambiguous and limited struggles for gay rights, women's liberation, et cetera, students at Naropa, as elsewhere, seem to feel a peculiar kind of defeat: a combination of sorrow and fatigue. One hears continually in what the students say the echoes of a humiliation the students have forgotten: the intrusion of murder into the political process—the killings at Kent State, Attica, and Orangeburg, the assassination of the Kennedys and Martin Luther King, Jr. Those events combined—in ways we have failed to explore fully—to create at the heart of all private life a terror that we have suppressed. And that, coupled with the complex shame of being well-meaning moral children in a brutal and privileged nation, has produced in the young a sense of frustration and paralysis, which they feel as a personal defeat.

There seems to lie at the heart of that rebelliousness something immeasurably lovely, something that spoke for a brief time through the young in the Sixties and then fell silent. It is possible to imagine that with the right elders, the right comrades, the right sustenance, they could bring at least into partial being in the world the Western values that lie coded in their minds and bodies as history and tradition: the extraordinary dream of remaking the human world in a shape that the heart and reason combine to tell us is just. One does not discover this vision at Naropa or among Trungpa's students.

Trungpa's devoted disciples, emerging from the Sixties wounded and in pain, seem to have found a way to keep themselves intact and to create lives, but at the expense of something else. That some-



thing else might not have lived in any case, but it *does* live in the temporary and younger summer students to whom Naropa now opens its doors, and the uneasiness one feels at the institute is that what move the young but have never been named in our modern psychologies—the appetite toward co-operation and the common good, the promptings of reason and conscience, the relation of class and consciousness—are no more explored here than they are at the traditional university.

The incompleteness of the moral rebellion of the Sixties was confounded by several things: the absence of intelligent elders or a familiar tradition of moral and political thought; the ambiguity of the response—a partial capitulation coupled with a reign of terror (killings, threats, et cetera); a diminished notion of human nature; an absurd vision of politics; and a lack of organizational ability. In some sense those who now follow Trungpa were the victims of that combination of things, and what they now find in his community is a partial answer to what was missing then. But it is only a partial answer because the system has no real place for the yearning from which their rebellion arose. It was a yearning for what the French have called fraternity, equality, and liberty—a condition of the social world in which the self comes simultaneously into its own and the world of others. It was a *hunger*, an appetite—by which one means an appetite extended into gesture. In the rhetorics of the East, in their modes of salvation, there is little room for an ache of the soul that demands a restructuring of the world. The fixed caste system, taken as fate, as something as final as the stars, drove the notion of salvation further inward than it has ever been forced to go in the West. What we consider in the West the freedom of the *polis*, the public space belonging to the people, is internalized in the East, and becomes the abstract “open space” one discovers in meditation.

June 29

IT IS FASHIONABLE these days in intellectual or countercultural circles to decry the loss of mysticism, irrationality, and intuition, and to believe that their return will somehow restore the generosity and stability men have lost. But all that is nonsense, of course. The great rationalist dream of the Enlightenment—that reason might lead men toward justice and lives of conscience—has never been proved unworthy or false; *it has hardly been tried.*

One can look back, if one wants, to the American Constitution, the attempt of fallible men to establish as the foundations of their society what reason had taught them about the just relations among

men. But one can say, at the same time, that the history of America has been something else again—wave upon wave of zealotry, ideology, and religious excess, generations of superstition, salvation, and foolish beliefs, and the ceaseless abdication of the stoic virtues necessary to democratic life: independent thought, the acceptance of human weakness, humility in the face of complex truths, the refusal to abjure either choice or responsibility, and the willingness to choose conscience and uncertainty rather than submission and safety. These, I believe, are the marks of reasonable *and* passionate men, but they are virtues as rare in the university and politics as they are in the cults that currently abound among us, and if reason has “failed” as a way of conducting human affairs, it is not because reason is an insufficient guide, but because it has rarely been put to use.

And yet, and yet... There is more to all this than I can adequately describe, or that a reasonable man can comprehend. One of the women I know here—one of Trungpa's most dedicated and insular disciples—described to me once, in moving detail, how she had been enabled by meditation and Trungpa's teaching to return home for a period of months to her alcoholic mother and father, to see them through a crisis that brought them both close to death, and then to nurse them back to sober health. Had she not learned patience and affection from Trungpa, she said, she would have been unable to do it, and she would have remained estranged from both her parents, and they would no doubt have died. I believe that, too, believe that in complex ways this odd mixture of falsehood,



From *The Coffee Table Book of Astrology*, edited by John Lynch (Viking, 1967)

power, submission, and partial truth sometimes releases in those exposed to it sources of strength and love previously untapped by all that surrounded them, and that lives are saved or remade here. I have known the woman in question for years, and she usually appears to me to be both silly and self-concerned, but when she spoke about her parents she became suddenly human, her eyes filled with intelligence and affection, and her face took on a different cast altogether; she wore a face that had become hers through this teaching.

I say that to be fair, and to avoid the easy condemnation with which we smugly react to such things as these. The problem is more complex than we imagine, for these absurd sects often release or sustain in people powers that the larger and institutional culture has failed to liberate and has for the most part destroyed. What ties these disciples to their master is often the best part of human nature, the deepest aspect of human yearning—not merely fear or greed, but a love for the world that has found no outlet in the past, and has gone rejected or unused by conventional society. That is why, looking at all this, one is filled not only with anger but with sorrow, with a sense of human waste and loss, and a pervasive sadness at the huge price people are forced to pay in order to come close to being human, the pain in which the mind must be sacrificed so that the heart can come into play.

July 1



WITHOUT A DOUBT, what the world demands from us is a kind of attentiveness, a *wakefulness*, and an open receptivity through which the other can be taken in and made, somehow, a part of our own inner lives. Out of that arises a feeling of connectedness, out of which, in turn, the beginnings of conscience make themselves felt. It may well be that this is what some Buddhists mean by *compassion*—a word that has a softer and more generous sound, and strikes the ear less tyrannically, than what I have here called *conscience*. Call it what you will—compassion or conscience—neither is sufficient in itself. Each needs to be acted outward, and into the world that surrounds us: not spontaneously but with the rigorous thought and care and even the cunning that is demanded of us by the complexities of the concrete realities around us, the realms we call *history* and *politics*.

"To make a home in history for flesh"—that is the phrase that sings itself in and out of my mind these days, meaning the struggle we all must make not only to feel at home in the world but to *remake* the world so that it is a proper home for us. The great Western dreams of justice and fraternity, of



a community of equals, of men and women moved by both passion *and* reason—these, though they may finally be unobtainable in any permanent way, must somehow be kept alive, if only in the private ways each of us determines right and wrong, and what we should do in the world. It is here, finally, that the promptings of the heart, guided by thought, open out into the ambiguous realms for which we have learned an unfortunate disdain—history, morality, politics: those realms in which we mix fact with value so as to come as close as we can to what in our human fallibility we judge to be best or just.

July 4



SIT HERE WONDERING HOW to put together all these concerns—not into a piece that makes sense, but into a life that makes sense. Cars pass outside. The sky is heavy with rain, and the clouds are lit, from the underside, by the lights of towns. I want to think that the mountains are answer, or the wind, or the sound the trees make as the wind blows among them. But that is not so. The only answer will come from what it is we *do*, in how we learn to act as moral creatures, making a future that does justice to the heart. Seen in that light, Buddhism is not a sufficient answer. But if there is one, it is one we have not yet spelled out in word or action. It waits, still, like a landscape to be entered: one simultaneously as beautiful and as treacherous as the mountains can be. I, like almost everyone else, am reluctant to enter it, but where else does it make sense to go? Of what use is any future or enlightenment that does not restore a just and fully human world? Now, as I work, I can hear its insistent calling, not unlike the wind in the trees. □

HARPER'S/FEBRUARY 1979



OTHER THINGS BEING EQUAL

by David Suter

THE STRATEGIST DREAMS . . .

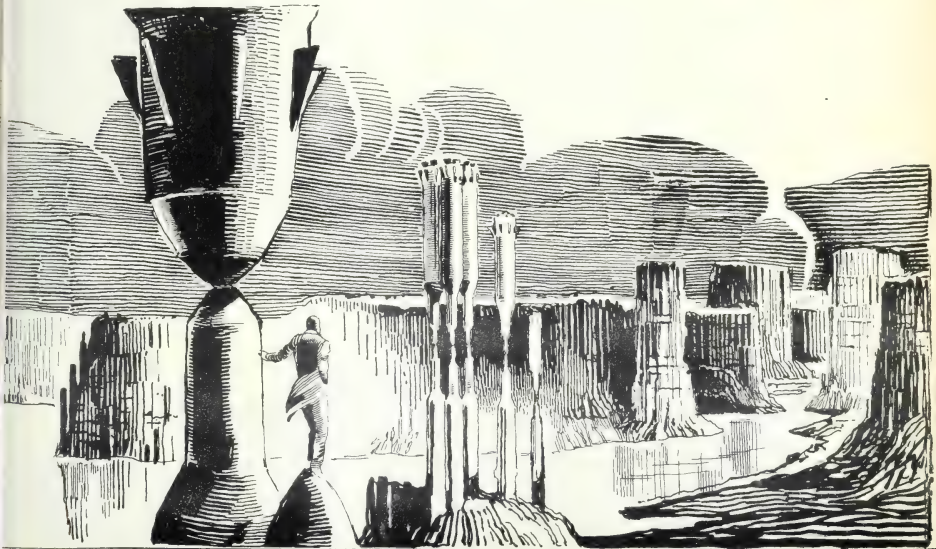
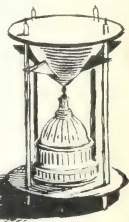
. . . of perfect deterrence, the unique point where maximum stability intersects minimum fear.

Nuclear deterrence consists of the shared perception that one may place a nuclear explosion in his opponent's home at a moment's notice. Sustaining this perception with missiles required not only a growing complex of launch sites, guidance systems, and personnel, but an incongruous mix of secrecy and visibility. The latter was accomplished through the indirect evidence of increased military spending: as years passed, the price of the perception multiplied geometrically.

The wastefulness of all this had long bothered the strategist. In his dream he sought a refined deterrent, a negotiated trade of fixed nuclear devices, one in Washington and one in Moscow. They could be perpetually armed and, by sophisticated methods, ever at the command of their distant owners. Wasn't this what the cruise missile amounted to, anyway?

Still, people living near the chosen sites might not appreciate the elegance of the solution. It eliminated the material cost of deterrence without addressing the psychological impositions. Perhaps there was a way to soften the threat, disguise it somehow. . . .

In the morning, in MIRVed traffic stalled on a bridge over the Potomac, the strategist noticed a crowd angrily protesting the construction of a nuclear power plant. Obliquely, his dream and its solution came to him: the very dangers of the fission reactor that make it a dubious and inefficient energy source suit it perfectly for the job of deterrence. Taking the morning off, the strategist drew up a proposal. Thus informed, the SALT talks took a new turn. A special, volatile Soviet reactor has been installed near the White House, selling its feeble current to the city. It is manned by Russians in direct contact with Moscow where, in the slight violation of symmetry that distinguishes an art from a science, an American reactor powers the Kremlin for free.



MINUTES OF A VILLAGE MEETING

A short story by
Beñat LeCagot

(translated by
Trevanian)

About the Author

ARNAUD ETCHEBERRIA (1902-71) has been styled "poet of the Basque revolution," but this sobriquet is misleading to the degree it suggests the image of a fiery ideologue astride the barricades, dashing off lines of verse to whip up the passions of young people seeking to justify their existences by attaching themselves to a cause.

Under the pen name Beñat LeCagot, Etcheberria wrote simple poems, folk tales, and wry accounts of Basque village life that reveal the ways of a people whose naive institutions and ancient values are rapidly being dissolved by the corrosive effects of Spanish repression and French cultural seduction. It is true that he fought against the Falange forces during the revolution; but, as he has said, who did not? He could never view himself as a revolutionary; the last thing in the world he wanted was change; and in his later years, he resented having his work and person used as a banner around which mindless terrorists might rally.

Written in Basque, the most primitive and therefore most complex language of Europe, his tales and poems received little critical attention outside centers of Basque study.

It is not possible to translate his poems or his prose/poetic folk tales, as they rely heavily for effect upon the particular and subtle qualities of the Basque language, with its doubled sets of verb forms, mutable word orders, conventional obliquities, and sensational onomatopoeia. But a few of his short stories were written in French, perhaps for reasons hinted at in "Minutes of a Village Meeting"—fear that the erosion of Basque culture by the heavy social pressures of its occupying powers would condemn the young people to growing up not un-

derstanding their Eskuara heritage and language.

Of the few available tales, this is my favorite, a story that takes an affectionate but sly long view of life in a small Basco/French village in Haute Soule before the second world war.

—Treva

Minutes of a Village Meeting

OURS IS A SMALL VILLAGE in Haute Soule perched on a hillside above the Gave of Uhaitz-handia, which flows through the flat pastures each spring and makes the earth rich again. We are neither rich nor poor; God provides enough for those who work hard and tend their flocks closely, and He protects us from the temptation of wealth by giving us land that is not excessively bountiful. Without meaning to brag, I can tell you that we have three festivals each year, whereas there are villages larger than ours that have only two, and one I could name (but will not) that has only one. I do not condemn the other villages for letting their ancient Basque traditions slip away, for I understand that old ways are easily forgotten by those who live on the side by side with the outlander and cannot desire his machines and radio; but it comforts the people of my village to know that we are in the unbroken flow of ritual and joy, and that the tragedy that has been the Basque life in the mountains since before Roland broke the mountain with his sword. (It was we, the Basque, you know, who defeated him at Ibañeta—cesvalles—ancestors of mine, perhaps.)

We are considered by those who live close to the outlander to be dour and old-fashioned. Our accent is imitated in bars to make jokes funnier, and occasionally people come from

Treva makes his home for part of the year in the Basque country of France.



away as Paris to photograph our *lera* carts ed to the horns of the russet ox of Urt and d high with dried ferns from the hillsides. y tell us we are the last people in all of nce to use wooden wheels; and while they le on us and say that we are charming and int, still they shake their heads and tell us we must inevitably change with the chang-world. Perhaps this is so. Surely things are nging, even here. We are slowly becoming illage of children and old people, as our ng men and women leave to work in facto- in the lowlands, only coming back to visit asionally, the young men with automobiles have radios inside of them, and the young en wearing skirts that show their legs.

Well, enough about the village. It is perhaps wards, as they say, and any chance for gress is ruled out by our cumbersome old que style of government, village meetings which every person may say his piece be he votes, even if he has only a little vote. all people have the same vote in our vil- es; some have heavier votes and some light- it depends upon what you have inherited l how well you have done with it. We are l that in the lowlands all people are equal er the law. This seems to us to be very lish, for any man with eyes can see that gs and men are not equal, and the role of is to assure equality amongst equals, and make it possible for someone to become re equal if he works hard. Perhaps our way seeing things is flawed, but we like it. After as the old *dicton* has it: *chori bakhoitzari r bere ochantzea*.^{*} And old sayings are wise ings, as the old saying says.

We do not exactly make laws at our village etings; what we do instead is come to under- ndings that are written up in the minutes. d these minutes are sometimes very compli- ed, because we take every possible consid- tion into account and leave no loopholes it might tempt men to do things for which e village would have to ostracize them. Os-

Each bird finds its own nest beautiful" (trans.).

tracism is a great penalty here, for it extends past the man to the wife, whose gossip will not be listened to at the place where clothes are washed, and such a wife will make a subtle hell of the life of the offending man. The wife becomes the stick for beating the man. Ancient Basque understanding does not allow the ostracism to extend to the children, for that would be unfair. Wives select their husbands, but children do not choose their parents.

What I wanted to write about was the minutes of a village meeting we held a few years ago, just before the war came and took seven of our young men into the army, two of whom went to God, and one of whom came back without an arm and strange in his head. I wanted to show you how careful and clever is our thinking out of things—not from pride, which is a sin, but to make a record of ourselves, because I am beginning to believe that the old way of things is passing, and without a record the great-grandchildren of our village will be lost in the world of the outlander, where, as you know, all people are exactly alike.

But you could not understand the minutes of the meeting unless you knew something about the Widow Jaureguiberry, now gone to God, but at that time still amongst us. So I will tell you about the Widow Jaureguiberry.

Each day the Widow Jaureguiberry would drive her small troupeau of sheep from our village to Etchebar, the next village down. And each evening she would drive them back. Now, it is required by tradition that a shepherd *lead* his flock so that the beasts will not stray into other people's pastures. He is not permitted to *follow* the troupeau and allow it to fatten on the grass of others, unless night or bad weather has caught him out, and a little foraging is necessary for the good of the flock. This exception is not easily abused, for everyone knows if the bad weather could have been anticipated by looking for the signs in the sky.

The Widow Jaureguiberry always *followed* her flock, and her sheep were forever straying

"We do not exactly make laws at our village meetings; what we do instead is come to understandings . . ."



Beñat LeCagot
MINUTES OF
A VILLAGE
MEETING

into the pastures of others and eating of the grass, while the Widow shouted and limped after them, seeming confused and at her wit's end, scattering the sheep from one pasture to the next. And she would visit each farm in turn to mutter her prolonged apologies to the owner of the field, complaining how hard it was to have one's house in our village but one's land down in Etchebar, and to have to drive the sheep back and forth each day. And all the while the old woman was explaining this, her sheep were eating your grass!

Of course, God makes fools only in Béarn, and everybody in our village knew that, in truth, the Widow Jaureguierry had no fields of her own, neither in our commune nor down in Etchebar. Before his death, old Jaureguierry had not been a good peasant, and he had lost his land and gone to God leaving his wife nothing but the goodwill of Utuburru, the wine merchant. She sustained herself by allowing her few sheep to feed on the grass of others. But she was fair about it; she distributed her sheep evenly, allowing them to stray longer into the pastures of the richer peasants, and controlling them so that they bypassed the land of the poor (proving that, in reality, she was as good a shepherd as you or I).

You see, the Widow Jaureguierry was a proud Basque woman who could not humble herself to request public assistance. To do so would be to admit that her husband had not been a good provider—which, of course, he had not been, but that was her own business. Also there was the matter of shaming her dead father, who had made the match for her. She had found a way to live off the commune without appearing to do so. We all knew what she was doing, and everyone was a little proud of her Basque ingenuity. Everyone, that is, except the Colonel, who had been in the army, as many colonels have, and who was the richest man in our village and therefore the stingiest—for God punishes the stingy by exposing them to the temptations of wealth, as the priest has assured us.

All right then, that is all you have to know about the Widow to understand the minutes of our village meeting.

ALL THE MEN MET in the house of Utuburru the wine merchant, who opened his home to our village meetings because wine is drunk at these affairs strengthen the blood and free the tongue. The problem before us was this: it was necessary to put a new roof on the *école maternelle*, for rain leaked through, and the teacher who came up from the valley three days each week she would not come again until the roof was paired. Of course, the men of the village would do the work themselves. We would make a list of it and have a good time. But the tiles must be bought with money, so we decided to levy a small tax on ourselves for the purpose. It would be so many francs per hectare of land owned.

Fine. It would not cost too much, and we could never have lived down the shame of leaving the only village in the mountains without an *école maternelle*, particularly as we had recently been forced to close up our church and accept the walk down to Etchebar every Sunday, for the priest had told us he could no longer come up and say an additional mass every week for fewer than fifty people. It had been a sad day when two of the younger men scaled the tower to take the hands off the clock that would no longer be running. But this was necessary. We could not allow God's clock to give the wrong time.

So the agreement to do the work ourselves and to purchase the tiles by levying a small tax on our land was easily arrived at—perhaps three glasses around. Of course there were complaints from the Colonel, who was rich and stingy and who had no children of his own to school, as he was far past doing it. And there was some grumbling about the Ibar family which had very little land to tax, but which nevertheless gave a baby to the village every year and always had children in school. Such little problems are to be expected. All in all, as the saying has it: Nothing is complete



out the Last Judgment—so much the worse as.

seemed that this would be a fairly easy er, and we thought we could draw up the g minutes in a few hours of close thinking arguing.

When someone thought of the Widow Jaureerry! "But wait! The Widow will either to pay her share, or she will have to admit ily that she has no land of her own. And would shame her!"

But she is too poor to pay! She lives on se and prayer!"

Bof!" said the Colonel. "What shame will e be? She knows that we know that she has and!" The Colonel was bitter about Widow eguiberry because she always allowed her p to linger longest on his land, as he was richest of us all.

Of course she knows that we know. That is the point! The point is that no one has ever it aloud! Shame comes with the saying of loud, as any fool would know, if he were a stingy man who used to be in the army—offense to anyone here intended."

Ah, ah, ah," said one old man. "This is a zle that will have to be discussed over a e glass."

And so, for the next many hours, there was rp discussion and narrow reasoning chez burru, and the oldest of us who could write k down the minutes, constantly wetting the l of his stubby pencil with his tongue as he ored at his smudged sheet, his body hunched r the table, his face not twenty centimeters n the paper, scratching out and rephrasing, tching out and rephrasing, while the rest as took turns speaking out our minds and rring new wording.

And this is how the minutes finally read:

MINUTES OF THE MEETING ABOUT THE
TAXING OF OURSELVES FOR TILES FOR THE
NEW ROOF ON THE ECOLE MATERNELLE,
HELD ON THE 11TH DAY OF MARCH, 1938.

T IS RESOLVED AND AGREED that from each farm—or from each man if there are two or more adult men living on one *etche* - (and by adult is meant over eighteen years age, or already married, or both; but ex-ting the one who is hoping to be admitted

to the University at Pau next year and who needs every centime he can save for that purpose—but not excepting him if it turns out that he is not received at the University) and also excepting any person who is generally known to be an "innocent" because he was struck in the head by a pelote while playing rebot, representing the village against Mauléon in 1927 when we won second place amongst all the Basque villages—but each and every other farm will contribute one hundred twenty-three francs per hectare (or part thereof). And the number of hectares owned by a person will not be based on what he claims for his taxes, but upon his estimate of his land the last time he tried to borrow against it, or upon how much land he told the potential father-in-law he had, when he was trying to marry off his daughter. (It is understood that the Elicabe family does not agree with this last phrase because they consider it to be a slander and will fight anyone who intended it to be so, particularly Bernard Iroulgy, who proposed the phrasing in the first place.)

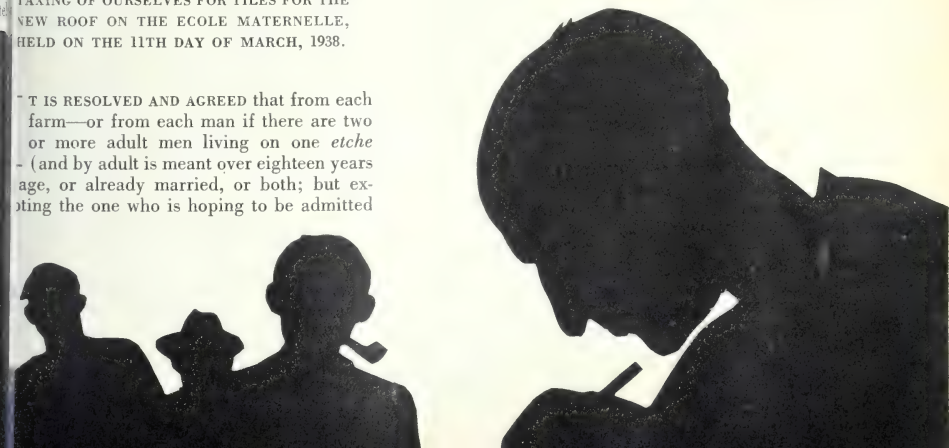
However, if any person happens to own fields in some other village (such as Etchebar, for instance), then that person (or these people, whoever they should be) will not have to pay the general levy, because this council cannot find a way to make them (or her) pay without seeming to ask Etchebar to contribute to an *école maternelle* that is not theirs. And anyway, such persons probably do not have any children in the school because of his or her age.

But if the Colonel decides to buy a bit of land in Etchebar to escape paying his share, then this exception does not apply to him.

Signed by the Undersigned □

"After all, as the saying has it: Nothing is completely fair but the Last Judgment—so much the worse for us."

HARPER'S
FEBRUARY 1979



FACE THE NATION

as broadcast over the CBS Television Network
and the CBS Radio Network

Sunday, September 3, 1978—11:30AM—12:00 Noon, EDT

Origination: Washington, DC.

GUEST: ADMIRAL HYMAN RICKOVER
United States Navy

HERMAN:

Admiral Rickover, this week brings two newsworthy events in the United States—the opening of the nation's schools, and the debate over overriding President Carter's veto of the nuclear carrier. We'll get to education in a moment, but first, probably because it's briefer, let me ask you about the nuclear carrier. A lot of Congressmen want to know whether you, Admiral Rickover, think we really need it. Some of them watch this program, so I'll ask you—do we really need it? Should we have it?

ADM. RICKOVER:

The carrier issue is now up before Congress, and is therefore not a subject in which I should become involved in. Whenever I testify to Congress—and this does not have that—this meeting here does not have that legality or formality—I will tell Congress exactly what I think,

as I always have. But I am not involved in extracurricular comment on what is going on between the President and Congress.

ANNOUNCER: From CBS News, Washington, a spontaneous and unrehearsed news interview on *Face the Nation*, with Admiral Hyman Rickover, Deputy Commander of the Naval Sea System Command for Nuclear Propulsion. Admiral Rickover will be questioned by CBS News correspondent Ike Pappas, by Haynes Johnson, columnist for the *Washington Post*, and by CBS News correspondent George Herman.

HERMAN:

Admiral Rickover, let me try one more question which may possibly be in the forbidden area that you've outlined, the area in dispute between the President and the Congress in which you do not feel you should comment. But you have advocated

publicly a government takeover Navy shipbuilding yards because say the inflated claims are a form of harassment to which the government should not continue to be subjected. Have you had any reaction from the Pentagon, from the White House, from Congress—anything the public area—in this line that we should know about?

ADM. RICKOVER:

I regret, this is also a subject under consideration right now by the Navy Department, and will be considered by Congress when it returns. I regret, therefore, I cannot, nor will I, comment on that.

JOHNSON:

Admiral, I realize what you said about extracurricular comments this program about the carrier, but there is one question, that it does

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beyond just a bill over money for ship. Around this swirls a controversy over the role of the Navy, a kind of a Navy we have; the President has said that this would generously weaken the Navy by taking the money for a carrier. No in our history has had more of a role in shaping the Navy, probably, than you—certainly the modern Navy, the nuclear Navy. I wonder you agree with the President. Is this an issue that has profound implications of what kind of force we have in the future?

RICKOVER:
You are suggesting that I now get opposition with my Commander-in-Chief?

JOHNSON:
No, I'm not suggesting at all. . . .

RICKOVER:
I'll not. I've already indicated that I will not get into areas which are being considered by the President by the Congress. That is not my job, nor is it my duty. When I am asked by Congress, in formal testimony, I will, as I always have, give my simple views. And as you well know, I have never hesitated to say yes or no whether they pleased my boss or not did not please them—including the President.

PAPPAS:
Admiral, I wonder if we can talk a little bit about, then, theory. The Navy's ship inventory is down to its lowest point since Pearl Harbor, and some of your critics charge that your insistence on big ships, such as the nuclear carrier and the Trident submarine, is the cause for this—that they're expensive and that there's very little money left for other kinds of ships. Now how do you answer those charges?

RICKOVER:
You know, you're trying to ease into this issue. When I came on this program, I did not ask to; I thought I was to talk about an important subject, education, which is far more important than the questions you have raised, and I suggest that you confine yourself to those questions, and I will do the best I can to answer them.

HERMAN:
Well, we have a little. . . .

ADM. RICKOVER:
Thirty percent of the people of the United States are involved in education, either as students or in some form or other connected with the teaching or administration of education. School starts a couple of days from now, and there are some real important issues. For example, I will give you one very important issue. On July 3 of this year, the National Education Association, which is the teachers' union, held a convention in Dallas, Texas, and they came out against competency testing. They said it was unfair to the teacher, it was unfair to the pupil, and so on. On the twenty-third of July of the same year, a test was given to the first-year teachers in Dallas, and to the administrators, on a thirteen-year-old basis, and more than half of them failed that test. That is the issue. If we are to spend about \$155 billion a year, and 30 percent of our people involved, and the children are involved, and they represent the future of this country and of the world, and as you well know, as the Talmud says, the world is upheld by children who study. . . .

HERMAN:
I'm not sure who knows what the Talmud says. . . .

ADM. RICKOVER:
That is far more important than any of these, what I might call stupid questions that you want to ask me.

PAPPAS:
Sir, may I submit that we all understand education is a very important subject.

ADM. RICKOVER:
Then let's discuss it.

JOHNSON:
Admiral, let me try something on education that does bring together—it's a theme you have stated for at least twenty years, and that's—and I have here an old clipping from the *Wall Street Journal* of just twenty years ago, which says that you say that education should get top priority over defense spending. And

I wonder how you feel about how we allocate our resources today—education *vis-à-vis* defense—in the resources of the country.

ADM. RICKOVER:
Well, we are doing that, because the amount of money we're spending on education this year, and for many other years, has been much greater than defense. We're spending \$155 billion a year on education; we're spending much less than that on defense; so I think that the priorities are all right. Now, whether the \$155 billion is being spent properly is another matter, and that should be a subject of discussion.

* * *

HERMAN:
Well, what do you see in the people who are being recruited for the Navy, in the state of their literacy, their ability to take on the technical jobs of today's Navy?

ADM. RICKOVER:
The Navy is not getting as many qualified people as we should. In fact, in the nuclear program, we have to do—go through quite an expensive course of instruction prior to. . . .

HERMAN:
Higher instruction or. . . ?

ADM. RICKOVER:
Sir?

HERMAN:
Higher instruction or basic instruction?

ADM. RICKOVER:
Basic instruction.

HERMAN:
Why is that?

ADM. RICKOVER:
Because our schools aren't doing the job, and I thought, that's what I'd like to get at; you may do some good for this country, for the people of this country, in getting off these pseudo-political questions and getting onto a real subject.

HERMAN:
I thought that's what I was doing when I asked you about why the Navy is planning these. . . .

ADM. RICKOVER:
No, you know, a suspicion enters in my mind. You know, my opinion

THE PUBLIC DEBATE

of CBS and the other public networks is, they're advertising agencies, and all that counts with them is what will sell advertising. That's the whole function of this program. It has a sponsor. And that's why, instead of showing this program in Washington, there's a new football—professional football—coach in Washington. My God, that's the biggest event in many years around here; naturally, the parents who look at advertisements, possibly, for beer or deodorants would much rather see—much rather see and hear—the football coach talk than to be concerned about the education of their children. And yet, right here in the District of Columbia, we have one of the poorest educational systems in the United States, despite the fact that we're spending about as much money as any—as anywhere, and there are more functionally illiterate children proportionately, probably, than most other places, and yet the parents are not—the parents would rather hear the football coach.

JOHNSON:

Admiral, may I ask you? . . .

HERMAN:

. . . answer to the question that started this all off . . .

ADM. RICKOVER:

I'm trying to get it back to something rational, but you . . .

* * *

HERMAN:

But I'm trying to get you there, sir, and we went off on football coaching. But I want to find out, what is the problem?

ADM. RICKOVER:

I didn't get off on football. CBS got off on football. (laughter)

PAPPAS:

I understand that the Navy has had to write down its manuals from, I guess, an eleventh-grade level to a ninth- or an eighth-grade level to make it more understandable for the volunteers that are coming in.

ADM. RICKOVER:

That is correct, Mr. Pappas.

PAPPAS:

Now the question is, sir, do you feel

that if we had a draft we'd have a better-educated Navy, a better-educated military? Do you think we ought to give up the all-volunteer force?

ADM. RICKOVER:

Let me answer your first question.

The second question is a political one. I think we would do better with a draft, and my personal opinion is that defense is important for the United States. It should be a responsibility of every citizen, because defense is for all citizens. Whether we should have a draft or not is a political issue which must be decided by the President and by Congress and not by me.

JOHNSON:

Admiral, let me try something in the form of a question that may, again, link the two subjects. I don't think you—you'd agree that politics can't be divorced from education, in that we have to decide what we do in the free society to educate our people and how we put the resources. I'm interested in—aside of that, you have been, in the past for many, many years, warning us about the allocation of resources, the diminution of energy, and so forth, and I wonder there which is—whether it's the lack of the schools. We can't—the President can't get energy legislation through the Congress, a political process that affects everything else in the future. I wonder where you put the—the blame. Why is it that we can't seem to operate and function that way politically?

ADM. RICKOVER:

First, the government and the country today is more complex than any society has ever been. I have grave doubts that a democracy consisting of 218 million people can be run as a pure democracy, yet we are trying still to run it that way. I have very grave doubts about it, and the reason is not the number, the reason is this football game. People are not—people are only—now have a pretty good life and everybody is taken care of. HEW spends \$181 billion a year, and in many cases there is no real incentive for people to work anymore, and that's a natural human tendency, so why should they work when they can get

handouts? And I—my opinion, and I'm not talking about the money you of it, but what impact it has on the character of our people and how they live and what they consider important.

Now, let's get back to the Presidency because that's part of it. Now, as you may know from your history, even the Lord Jesus Christ only batted ninety-one-and-a-half percent in choosing followers, but we expect the President of the United States to be pluperfect, even more perfect than the Lord, and don't understand. We put a man in a job with little power, little authority, and we expect him to do everything that every citizen wants, and yet we have problems which appear are not even being solved either by business, by the press, certainly by the commercial TV stations, or by Congress, and but we expect him to do it, and that means we don't have a fundamental understanding what government is all about, and the basic thing is that people are not interested in the little dirty things that you should have.

Now, back in ancient Greece Plato said that the ideal number of citizens for a country was 5,040, and that was based on the fact that on the hill of the Pnyx where the ecclesia met, that is, all the voting citizens, could only accommodate 5,040 people and you could have a pure democracy. That number was determined by how many people could gather in an audience and be heard by a single speaker.

PAPPAS:

Admiral, may I ask you another question?

ADM. RICKOVER:

Aren't you interested in things like that, Mr. Pappas, or on football?

* * *

JOHNSON:

Let me try something else. To follow up what you were saying just a moment ago about—maybe democracy isn't working well, Admiral; wonder about the government itself the operation. You have been very critical, again, over the years of the bureaucracy, the way Washington works; do you have any sort of suggestions? There's an area where

le within the government are
ged with making changes, of
tioning better. How can we do
tter?

RICKOVER:

I—I have in a general way.
are living in a highly technical
ety and it is getting more tech-
l. The curse, in my opinion, of
ness and of government is this
ssive management and system
ysis. We believe now that any
blem in this world can be solved
onsultants, and so on. In fact,
even getting into theology. That
olutely wrong. Nothing useful
ever be done except by human
igs, and whenever we try to
ersonalize operations this is what
get, we get huge organizations.
true in education. You remember,
used to have a one, a one-room
choolhouse with one teacher. Today
one-third of the people in the
national system are teachers; the
of them are all administrators,
are battenning off the thing.
It is wrong in government, it's
ng in business, it's wrong in
spapers, and it's wrong in CBS
n. It's wrong all over.
Now, have I answered that
stion?

INSON:

J. RICKOVER:

w, you can ask me any embar-
sing question that you wish, except
t—you'll lay off this Defense
partment business where issues
being considered by them and
—and in Congress. That is unfair.

ERMAN:

me try one, then.

M. RICKOVER:

tell you another part of that. We
ve many appointed officials, but
at I have seen in my many years
re nearly all of them soon act as
they're anointed, and it reminds
of when the kings of France were
owned and they stuck up a little
a pigeon way up in the eaves with
a little bottle of holy oil attached
it. Now, today every official that's
pointed now, obviously, has his
le bottle of holy oil and he be-
comes anointed, he becomes sacro-
nct and his word counts.

HERMAN:

Let me try one along this line. You
said a few moments ago that
people have—because of the way
government operates in this country,
people have no incentive to work
hard. Is that correct? That's your
feeling?

ADM. RICKOVER:

That doesn't apply to everybody,
but the incentive is not there for
those who normally wouldn't want to
work anyway, and who can get
almost as much on a handout as they
would by using effort.

HERMAN:

What—what I'm trying to find out,
since you so broadly indicted the
whole society of...

ADM. RICKOVER:

I'm not indicting the whole society.

HERMAN:

Well, you—from football through
school...

ADM. RICKOVER:

You know, if I were to sit here and
be exact in every statement I make
I'd have to have several dictionaries
and encyclopedias. I'm talking as a
human being.

HERMAN:

What I'm trying to find out—your
view as a human being, whether
you are deeply pessimistic to the
extent that you feel that this process
is no longer reversible, that we are
too late to be saved?

ADM. RICKOVER:

Oh, I don't think anything—and
there's always death. That reverses
things.

HERMAN:

That irreverses, as well, in some
ways. But do you think that this
picture that you see, and the Ameri-
can people that you see struggling
with this, can be and will be
turned around?

ADM. RICKOVER:

Of course, it will be turned around
when the energy crunch comes, when
we start in running out of our
easily obtainable natural resources.
It will run out. I look at this whole
era as a sort of a little pimple on
top of a curve. It'll go down.

PAPPAS:

I'd like to—before—before the time
runs out I've had a question that
I've been waiting to ask you for so
long when I interviewed you. I have
heard, and it's been said for so many
years, that you've established your
own Navy within the Navy, the
Rickover Navy, that you operate
independently of the rest of the Navy.
How do you react to that kind of
comment?

ADM. RICKOVER:

I don't. If I didn't turn out a good
job, do you think the Navy, or
anyone else, would let me get away
with it? I do it by making the ships
work better than any other ships in
the Navy, and they're the most
difficult, and that's why I get by
with it. If they want to beat me they
ought to put in a better system.

JOHNSON:

Admiral, about your relationship
with President Carter—this is a
personal question, now. How do you
feel that he's doing? He's someone
—I'm not talking about the specific
issues, but just in the terms of
leadership. You've said that Presi-
dents can't be pluperfect, shouldn't
be judged that way. How do you feel
that he's doing in terms of...

ADM. RICKOVER:

I think that, under the circumstances,
he's doing a darn good job, but
people expect him to do everything.
He cannot. He doesn't have the
power. He's only one single human
being, and I could talk more on
that subject...

HERMAN:

But time won't allow us. Thank you
very much, Admiral Rickover, for
being our guest today on
Face the Nation.

ADM. RICKOVER:

It's finished?

ANNOUNCER: Today on *Face the Na-
tion* Admiral Hyman Rickover, De-
puty Commander of the Naval Sea
System Command for Nuclear Pro-
pulsion, was interviewed by CBS
News correspondent Ike Pappas; by
Haynes Johnson, columnist for the
Washington Post; and by CBS News
correspondent George Herman. Next
week another prominent figure in the
news will *Face the Nation*. □

TO THE CAMPANILE

A short story
by Ella Leffland

SHORTLY AFTER HELEN MARIA moved to Berkeley I had received a few lines in her elegant, spiky hand. She was very busy, but as soon as she could have me down she would let me know. The weeks had passed without another word, but in late May, when I had given up all hope, she wrote again: "Terribly short notice, but what about this coming Saturday? My parents have to drive to San Francisco in the forenoon, and they could drop you off on the way and pick you up when they go back around six. . . ."

What had happened to our plans for a whole weekend? With dinner at a restaurant and everything? But I would not quibble; a less than perfect visit was better than none at all.

It was only a twenty-mile ride from Martinez to Berkeley, but it seemed endless to me. With wartime gas rationing, people didn't go driving very often, and when they did they liked to take their time and enjoy everything. I sat fidgeting in the back seat as we snailed along. Wearing my good Scotch-plaid dress, my Dutchboy bob neatly brushed, I watched the sun rise higher in the sky. I counted the cows we passed, looking for a group of thir-

teen to match my age. I looked at the Bu Shave signs.

SLAP . . .

THE JAP . . .

WITH . . .

IRON . . .

SCRAP . . .

BURMA SHAVE . . .

At our rate of speed I could read each about eight times.

But finally we arrived in Berkeley, and drove up before a large brown-shingled house shaded by evergreens. Several girls were sprawled on the front lawn. One of them, wearing a cap and print dress and no shoes, jumped up and covered. It was Helen Maria, smiling and slouched. I jumped out of the car, slammed the door, and stood beside her as her mother rolled down the window for a chat. Everything was fresh and green, the air fragrant with the cool smell of cut grass. I smoothed my hair and straightened the skirt of my dress. At last my car moved off.

"Well!" she said. "Marvelous to see you. Come say hello to everyone!"

And taking my arm, she conducted

Ella Leffland is the author of two novels, Mrs. Munck and Love Out of Season. This short story is adapted from her forthcoming novel, Rumors of Peace, which Harper & Row will publish in June. Copyright © 1979 by Ella Leffland.



fily across the lawn. "A little friend of my er," she told the others in passing, "Wants see the campus." Glimpsed faces as my stess swept me on, up the steps, into the use. A little friend of her sister? We hurried on a hall, the bare feet padding ahead, then more stairs, and down another hall and more stairs. "Voilà!" She swung open a or.

It was a true Parisian garret, slant-roofed and fascinating. But it was barer than her room at home, and messier, and there was no familiar smell of incense, and how could she be a little friend of her sister?

"Do you want to wash up? It's just down hall."

"No." Why should I wash up? I was very clean, cleaner than she with her black-soled shoes, which she was sticking into a pair of matted loafers. Slinging on a shoulder bag, she led me back out the door. "You missed much, but we'll grab a bite on campus."

It struck me like a blow: her English accent so almost gone. And I hated the way she walked, with none of her old hauteur, but loose and slouched. How could she have changed so much? I clumped sullenly behind her down the stairs, my dress suddenly cutting me under the arms. Outside she once again led me quickly past her friends on the lawn. My mouth stilled in a hard line.

But down the street she said, "It's really good to see you, Suse!" My name was Danish and was mispronounced as Soosa by most people; but Helen Maria always said it right: Suseh. And her smile was so spontaneous, so light and unquestionable, that the little end of her sister vanished from my troubled mind like a puff of smoke. "I want you to catch up on everything," she went on, taking my arm as we walked.

I looked over at her sideways, with excitement. "Well, the big thing is that I'm being tutored in math by a very excellent tutor, and he says I'm bound to get an A this term."

This was not strictly true, but Helen Maria's face lit up. "That's wonderful!" she exclaimed. "I'd given up all hope for you, but that's miraculous. Although I'm surprised your interest in math, I shouldn't think you had a very mathematical mind."

"I do, though. I really like numbers, the way they always come out one certain way because they can't come out any other way. You know what I mean?"

"Yes, quite. They're reliable. Which, for me, includes the possibility of excitement. But what I don't doubt my own shortcoming. If you have a mathematical mind, I'm delighted to hear it."

The air was fresh and bright around us, and there were no soldiers anywhere, no sandbags or barrage balloons or black oil tanks, as there were in Martinez. Students on bikes pedaled lazily by, tennis rackets in their wire baskets, and from open windows floated soft strains of radio music, and bells were chiming melodiously in the distance.

We passed through a big gate into a campus of sweeping green lawns and stately buildings. As we walked, Helen Maria began describing the history and function of each building. It was not very interesting; I looked at the students instead. There weren't many to be seen on a Saturday, and because of the draft they were mostly girls, sunning themselves on benches or strolling around as we were. It was a sunny, peaceful scene, and I felt content just to walk along, thinking a little about Mr. Thompson, a junior high school teacher I was in love with, and a lot about lunch.

In front of a building being described by Helen Maria as the Main Library, constructed 1911, I beheld a beard: small, white, pointed, attached to a bookladen old man with bicycle clips around his trouser legs.

"A beard. Look."

"Professor Ford, our Shakespeare expert. Please don't stare, it's rude."

But the next moment she was staring herself; then a radiant smile broke across her face. Coming out of the library was a young man in dark slacks and a white shirt, his jacket thrown over one shoulder, reminding me with a pang of the last time I saw my brother Peter. But though his eyes were as blue as Peter's—even bluer, light and startling—his hair was jet black, combed straight back without a part, and he was much older than Peter, maybe twenty-five or -six, with lines around his mouth. A 4-F, or he wouldn't be here in college.

With a grin making deep grooves of the lines, he came striding over and stood before us, his hands planted on his hips. The two of them kept grinning and staring at each other.

"So you are here today," he said at last, speaking in thick guttural accents that made my ears prick suspiciously.

"I'm showing Suse the campus," Helen Maria answered, still grinning like an idiot. "I think I mentioned yesterday she was coming?"

Yesterday? That amazed me; I thought from their expressions that they hadn't seen each other for weeks.

"Suse," she was saying, "This is Egon Krawitz. And this is Suse Hansen."

At least she didn't call me a little friend of her sister. She must have gotten that out of the way yesterday. Egon Krawitz extended a large

"I was hungry. I loathed their private tones. My dress was too short, too small, hideous."

Ella Leffland
TO THE
CAMPANILE

virile hand with which he shook mine warmly, sending a good-sized thrill up my spine. He was a person who looked directly at you, with great friendliness. His eyes shone.

"Delighted. And you are having a nice visit? You have seen the Campanile?"

"No," I said politely, bringing back my tingling palm. "What's the Campanile?"

"Ah, then we shall take you there," he smiled as the three of us walked on. Egon Krawitz was solid and tanned, not like a 4-F at all. His features were large, well formed, and his light blue eyes and jet black hair made a striking contrast, and there was something magnificent about him, something polished and exceptional, foreign. Krawitz, I mused as we walked; it was not German, of that I felt sure. It could be anything, Polish, Czech, Russian. And as we strolled, Helen Maria between us, I curled my fingers in and touched my palm, suddenly feeling—not only toward Helen Maria, but toward Mr. Thompson as well—a pang of treachery, a darkly immoral yet not unpleasant feeling; and I cast lowered, sidelong glances to my left, trying to see around the barrier of my hostess.

We never reached the Campanile, whatever it was. As my precious afternoon dwindled away, we strolled up sunny walks and down dusty paths, through stone archways and over broad lawns, and they walked with their arms around each other and talked so that I couldn't hear. I was hungry. I loathed their private tones. My dress was too short, too small, hideous.

Then suddenly Helen Maria recalled my existence. "Tell Egon how good you are in math, Suse."

I gave a sullen shrug.

"It is your field, mathematics?" asked Egon.

I nodded, feeling less sullen.

"Not only that, but she serves Flaubert. Tell Egon how many times you've read *Madame Bovary*."

"Five," I murmured, blushing with pleasure at his rich, foreign exclamation of approval. And at that heady moment I realized that our endless wandering had had a destination, and that we had arrived.

IT WAS THE OUTDOOR TERRACE of a campus restaurant, filled with sunny café tables and the pleasant sound of voices and clinking china. Everything was improving, and with a thrill of familiarity, I even recognized one of the diners: Professor Ford of the beard and bicycle clips, forking up a carrot salad. I smiled at him, and as we sat down at a nearby table I looked with confi-

dence at Egon. Professor Ford's field was Shakespeare, mine was mathematics.

"And what's your field, Egon, if I may ask?" "Political science."

"I think that sounds very interesting."

He nodded agreeably, picking up his menu. "Useless, probably, but interesting. But me," he said, and the blue eyes looked warm across the table, "how is it that this little of yours produces such unusual young scholars as Helen Maria and yourself?"

I glanced horror-stricken at Helen Maria but she only smiled, lighting a cigarette, and at all insulted that he should be putting me in her class.

"I really don't know," I murmured with embarrassment, taking up my menu. A hamburger and root beer float would have been my liking, but it was not what an unusual young scholar would order, especially with Professor Ford looking over at me now and then, stroking his beard. We had salad, turkey sandwiches, and coffee, and while we ate everything went wrong again.

They talked in German. I had heard enough movie Nazis to know. A harsh, nasty language as if they had sore throats. Shamefully, my eyes went around the terrace, but no one was listening. Returning to my food, I chewed ignored and unhappy, listening to the horrible language, my eyes on the pair. Their eyes were on each other; when one chewed the other talked, and sometimes they both talked at once and laughed. I clattered my fork. I set my cutlery down resoundingly, there was no reaction might have been air, and it was *my* day, my visit. With a mental slash I disowned the tinge of his handshake, a dirty Axis thrill—she could have him, they deserved each other. And she was shameless, you could see she had her hand on his knee under the table. When I was finished, I sat back and folded my arms in a large gesture.

This had an effect. Egon looked over at me. "Ah, see how rude we have been. Here Suse has finished already. You have enjoyed your Good!" And settling back in his chair, he gave me his attention. "Do you know, I wish you would tell me something about *Madame Bovary*, for I read it so long ago I have forgotten it."

Blankness and terror. Those blue shining eyes. Helen Maria sipping her coffee. I had only one wish, that they would ignore me again.

"Well?" said Helen Maria.

Under the table, my feet came nervously together. "Well, Flaubert was an unvarnished realist... he wasn't romantic, romantics and sloppy thinkers, he didn't like them..."

it even like Madame Bovary too much because she was a sloppy thinker . . . but what he hated was the priests and notaries, and why she, because they stifled her. And so she poisoned—" Vainly I racked my brain for the details. "-it's beautifully written." "I am relieved to hear it," said Egon, and added, "Well, I must reread it now, upon your recommendation."

His heart flew to him. And Helen Maria, drinking her coffee, seemed pleased with what he said. My eyes darted to Professor Ford, who was raising a spoon of red Jell-O, and raising his eyes, too, which met mine with depths of silent congratulation. It would have been a perfect moment if only Egon weren't a German. But my mind was spiraling with accomplishment, and now I realized that he probably spoke several languages, as Helen Maria herself did, and that two such linguists might pick anything at random, German, French, ancient Greek. It didn't mean a person was smart just because he spoke German. After no German would be at an American, at my university. He was from Poland, Czechoslovakia, or Russia. I put my money on Rus-

"Where are you from, Egon, if I may ask?" Berlin."

He dropped my eyes. Berlin. The black heart of the Reich. He went on, not even lowering his voice as the waitress came over and poured her coffee. "That is to say, Dahlem, it is a suburb of Berlin, and a very pleasant one. It is very much like Berkeley, with all its trees—" The waitress moved off. I could hear Professor Ford's spoon clinking in his dish as he ended.

"—not that Berlin is old, in the sense of Remberg or Cologne, but it is a very beautiful city, nevertheless. . . ."

"It isn't anymore," I said coldly, looking at him. "It's been bombed a hundred and twenty times."

"Too true," he said sadly.

"Egon," Helen Maria said, "please don't let me get started on the war. She'll never stop."

"A young lady of so many interests," he remarked, brightening again. "That is unusual, to know the exact number of raids on Berlin."

"I read the papers. And there's going to be an invasion. Then your whole Germany will be wiped out. Totally."

"Will you please get off your hobbyhorse!" Helen Maria snapped, and turned to him. "All these panes are spies, and all Germans are Nazis. You haven't had to listen to it for years. It becomes boring in the extreme."

I felt a rush of resentment, looking at her annoyed, superior face. She had no under-

standing of war. She had never imagined, as I had, what it was like to be blown up in your cellar; she didn't think about that Polish family in *Life* magazine, machine-gunned to death in a potato field; she didn't have a soldier brother in England, waiting to go in with the invasion. She knew nothing except that place she once mentioned, Verdun, where the two sides threw down their guns at Christmas and played soccer together—as if they didn't even hate each other, as if war had no meaning. She wouldn't care if Egon were Hitler. She had no inkling of anything. How dare she sit there insulting me because I did know something and was honest?

But Egon himself seemed amused. "No, Suse," he said, "I'm afraid you're a bit off the mark. For I happen to be a Jew."

Jew. Though he said it casually, it seemed to be a word that took care of everything, and Helen Maria looked from his face to mine with a righteous air. "And now," she said, "I for one would like to talk about something else."

"I never said anything about Nazis. How do you know what I think, Helen Maria? You're always doing that. It's unfair."

"We're dropping the subject." She spoke quietly, even pleasantly. You could tell she wanted everything to be smooth and nice. A woman was coming up the steps waving at us.

"It's true," I told Egon. "I never thought you were a Nazi."

He nodded, as if he believed me.

But what was a Jew? From Sunday school they were mixed up with bulrushes and date palms, and that's where they were, in the Bible. I didn't know they still existed. But here was Egon. How did he fit in with Germany up in the north? How could he be from Berlin and the bulrushes both?

THE WOMAN HAD PULLED UP a chair and flopped down, vigorously shaking her hands with Egon and Helen Maria.

Her face was plump and smooth, with sharp brown eyes, her thick brown hair swept carelessly into a bun, her heavy figure clad in a brown cotton skirt and black turtle-neck sweater. She must be a refugee. Helen Maria told me about them once; she said there were a lot of them at the university, and that they had gotten out of Europe before the war, and that the women had buns and burning eyes. Even though I couldn't figure how you could have refugees without a war, I was looking at her with my naked eyes at a refugee.

"My cousin Ruth," Egon introduced us, and I realized that if they were cousins that she must be a Jew, too, and that Jews must be

"'Egon,' Helen Maria said, 'please don't let her get started on the war. She'll never stop.'"

refugees, and Egon must also be a refugee. Things seemed to be fitting together.

Her handshake was more violent than her cousin's, and her accent harsher. "So, you are visiting the campus. You have been to the Campanile?"

"Not yet."

"You must. A splendid view. *Atemberaubend!*" She reached over and pulled a cigarette from Helen Maria's pack of wartime Fleetwoods. "*Dreck,*" she murmured, lighting up with a grimace, and began conversing in German.

The sunlight was still warm on my tight plaid shoulders, but as my eyes wandered around the terrace I saw that the tables cast long blue shadows, and that Professor Ford had gone, leaving behind only a crumpled napkin that cast its own long blue shadow. The day was slipping away. I sank my chin into my hand but no one noticed. I wondered if Egon knew that Helen Maria's feet were dirty inside her shoes. I wondered if anyone was ever going to order dessert. I wondered how long they were going to sit there using up my visit without a glance in my direction. I wasn't just anyone to be treated so shabbily. I was a mathematics scholar, I read Flaubert, and not only did I know the exact bombing score on Berlin, but on Hamburg and Bremen as well. I heard a pause in Ruth's loud voice and took my hand confidently from my chin.

"Are you a Jew, Ruth, if I may ask?"

She looked me sharply up and down. "What does she say?"

"Who knows?" said Helen Maria lightly, but her eyes slitted dangerously across the table at me. Once more my feet came nervously together.

"Why do you wish to know?" Ruth asked, and her sharp brown eyes were unpleasant.

I managed to say, with a shrug, "Just curious," but to my alarm, the unpleasant look deepened.

"We have here a young lady of many interests," came Egon's voice, calm and even genial. "What is it exactly you wish to know?"

Helen Maria's eyes closed.

But Egon's tone gave me courage. I would ask something that could not possibly make Ruth's eyes more unpleasant, and which would also show that I already knew a thing or two.

"Well, I would like to know what year you got out before the war."

"What year?" said Egon. "Late in 'thirty-eight. You have heard of Crystal Night?"

It brought to my mind ice, snow, crystal stars. German Christmas Eve. I nodded.

"So you know, then. Jews were beaten and arrested. shops and synagogues were de-

stroyed."

And on Christmas Eve, that was horrible. Did it happen every Christmas Eve, a monstrous German custom? And had Egon himself been beaten and arrested? And Ruth I didn't care about, let them beat But Egon . . . I felt a surge of anger.

"I'd like to beat *them*, didn't anybody *them*?"

"A little difficult, under the circumstances," he said dryly, and even smiled, but it seemed that as he spoke, a memory of the purest loathing flicked across his face and was gone.

"I think it's horrible that they do it on Christmas Eve."

"Christmas Eve?"

"Crystal Night. . ." But even as I spoke I realized with a cringe of my toes that I misunderstood and had now released a found stupidity.

Egon did not seem at all surprised by "No, that is not quite it," he explained. "There is no connection between Christmas Eve and Crystal Night, though I see that it may so that way."

Helen Maria was calmly finishing her sandwich. She seemed relieved. As for Ruth, she had been silent all this time, puffing on her cigarette. She no longer looked unpleasant, she did even look interested. She blew out a stream of smoke and looked at Egon.

"Do you always air the matter to school children?"

"Not always."

"It is in poor taste."

"I have poor taste."

But to me she seemed the one with the poor taste, with her straggling bun and loud voice, and the way she took cigarettes without asking. But she seemed in a better frame of mind now. So I asked, "Are you from Berlin, too?" to point out my knowledge of the city, I added "From Dahlem?"

"Berlin, yes," she snapped, grinding out her cigarette and glancing at her watch. "Dahlem I am afraid not. I am not quite so grand as you always ask so many questions? I pity teachers." She stood up and shook hands with the others, then turned and shook hands with me, too, and surprised me with a brief parting. "I hope you will enjoy fully the Campanile."

I watched her go down the steps with her straggling bun. I did not really dislike her, I hoped she had not been beaten.

"I must go too," said Egon.

My heart sank at this, but Helen Maria and I would walk with him part way, and when he and I were left alone while she went to the ladies' room—a place I needed badly to

self, but for which I was not willing to give this private moment.

IT WAS HE WHO SPOKE FIRST. He asked if I was looking forward to summer vacation. I said yes, and confided that summer was my favorite season. He said it was his, and this, I felt, was something special between us, a bond. I asked if he liked America. He said yes, although it was, well, very different of course. I asked if his family was, too. He said his mother was in New York, his two older brothers were still in Germany. His father had died a few years after war.

"Was that the first world war?"

He nodded.

Helen Maria insists they played soccer together at Verdun, the enemies together." I laughed for a scowl of denial.

No scowl appeared. "Verdun? No. But things like that happened at other places. Als, for instance." And to this crushing reply, he added, "My father spoke of it. Or so you tell me; I was too young when he died have heard about his experiences."

I hesitated. "You mean he was there? He fought in the war?"

He nodded. "He won the Iron Cross, First class." And just as a flicker of loathing had crossed his face earlier, a flicker of pride crossed it now. I looked down. He was the enemy after all, with his passion for Berlin where Hitler raved from a balcony, and with his her slaughtering Yanks in the mud and staining the Iron Cross for it; but why would a father who was a Jew fight for the Germans, to beat up Jews? And why did they beat them? And how were they from the Bible and Germany both? My brain creaked with confusion. I had an eleven-year-old math tutor, and I had said about *Madame Bovary* was what Helen Maria had once said, and Professor Ford didn't know I existed, not even when he raised a spoon of red Jell-O.

"I don't know anything," I confessed, looking up tiredly. "I don't even know what a Jew

is."

Again, Egon did not look surprised. "Well, is no disgrace. I think you consider it a disgrace not to know everything. You know quite a lot of things. I would have no worries; it will come, by and by."

Helen Maria was returning across the terrace.

"And the Jews—?" I asked.

"—have a long and complicated history."

"I knew it must be complicated."

"More complicated—" And as he stood up

in the slanting sunlight I was again struck by the contrast between the jet black hair and light blue eyes "—than you can ever imagine."

We walked back along the deserted campus. The sidewalks and benches shone with an aching gold, filling me with melancholy, with a sense of sun-sinking journeys. I thought of Peter in England, waiting for the invasion to begin. I thought of the Polish family lying dead in their potato field, and of bombed cities standing in twilight, and of my long ride back through the evening hills.

On the street Egon shook my hand. "It has been a pleasure, Suse."

"Me too," I said, standing bereft as he took his hand away.

"See you at seven," he waved at Helen Maria, and started down the street.

My eyes flashed from his back to her face. "I have to go to the bathroom!"

"You should have come with me at the restaurant," she said, heading for a gas station.

"Well I didn't!"

"Are you angry about something? Is it because I was sharp with you at the table?"

See you at seven! While I was snailing through the evening hills, they would be going out together, talking and laughing!

"I'm sorry, but you bring it on yourself. I never know what you'll say in front of people, you're such a mass of peculiar ideas."

Running off together as soon as they got rid of me, and it was my day, my visit!

"But it all turned out fine. And Egon liked you, he liked you very much, I could tell."

She spoke with real pleasure, with no jealousy at all, swelling my wrath to a peak. "I'll wait for you over there," she said, pointing at a bookstore. I slammed the rest-room door behind me. Just like her, couldn't even wait, had to run off to a bunch of books.

But when I joined her there it was to be presented with a gift, a scholarly volume called *Principia Mathematica*, by someone called Whitehead Russell. As she placed it in my hands, there was on her face that same spontaneous smile, that same warmth and interest that had made me so happy earlier. "You won't understand it now," she said, "but at some point, if you go on to higher levels, the numbers will stop being reliable, and that's when you'll want to read it."

I thanked her from the heart, for I knew her look was real, as real as Egon's blue and shining gaze. But in neither of them did it last, and that was real too. There was some gap between me and them, some distance so wide and deep and impassable, that I felt tired in all my bones, and was almost glad to be going home. □

"I thought of the Polish family lying dead in their potato field, and of bombed cities standing in the twilight, and of my long ride back through the evening hills."

THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED

The literature of memoir

by James Atlas

HENRY JAMES mistook him for G.E. Moore; Gide and Malraux invited him to dinner, then pushed their plates aside and left the table; Roger Fry thought him a bore. Snapshots printed in Lady Ottoline Morrell's Bloomsbury album show a wan, spindly man whose trousers are so short they resemble knickers. "Forster? The writer? A little cissy," recalled a schoolmate. A more hapless figure could be found only in his novels, where awkwardness and minor humiliation are made to seem the significant afflictions in life. Forster exploited violence, dramatic clashes, and sudden death in his novels to illustrate the unpredictable nature of fate, but he was far more interested in the quotidian: friendship, conversation, the small betrayals that reduce us to misery. His books are a compendium of these inward struggles and private events—as was his life, a life so barren of incident that it would discourage any biographer. But Forster believed that our lives acquire resonance, even heroism, less from circumstance than from the unrelenting labor to impose upon our conduct a self-generated force of moral will. There are moments, he claimed in *Howard's End*, "when the inner life actually 'pays'"; and P. N. Furbank, whom Forster chose to write his life, has appropriated this discovery. His biography is in a sense mimetic of Forster's novels: from experience that seems cloistered and uneventful

he has contrived to elicit a worldly drama.*

Furbank's *Forster* exemplifies a style of biography common in England and unfortunately rare in this country; it is more a portrait of the "inner life" than a chronological narrative. Not that Furbank is given to "psychobiography," the rude probing of unconscious motive; of Forster's intense attachment to his mother, the demure biographer remarks only that "a love-affair sprang up" between them. What really concerns him is the quality of Forster's experience, and how it determined his character.

I suspect that English biographers can afford to devote attention to such

* *E.M. Forster: A Life*, 656 pages, illustrated; \$19.95. Just published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.



James Atlas is the author of *Delmore Schwartz: The Life of an American Poet* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), and an editor of the New York Times Book Review.

matters because they needn't labor to depict in every detail the society whose subjects inhabit. Certain shared attitudes and a distinct uniformity of experience are assumed; T. S. Eliot's collection of emblems is as good as a "Derby Day, Henley Regatta, a final, the dart board . . . nineteenth-century Gothic churches and the music of Elgar." (My own list would include letters to the London *Times*, electric heaters, and high tea.) Biographers of American writers have to work much harder; they must reconstruct the whole culture, the landscape and the history that informs their subjects' lives. What, after all, do Emily Dickinson, Stephen Crane, and William Faulkner—three recent biographical subjects—have in common apart from their nationality? Michael Holroyd's *Lydia Strachey*, Quentin Bell's *Virginia Woolf*, and Furbank's *Forster* introduce a milieu of country houses, journeys abroad, public school, and shared literary precursors known to every upper-middle-class reader in England. American, Harry T. Moore, could write D. H. Lawrence's biography because Lawrence was *not* of that world.

CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD, with their form a social tradition broken since the Renaissance, dominate that world; in the chronicle of one's years there is as dictable a convention of English fiction, biography, and memoirs as shepherds once were of formal elegies. English writers, the university has used virtually as a character in its

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right, susceptible to moods and intellectual fashions, its virtues and failings unfixed. How many biographers have resorted to describing their subject's college affiliation or the political and social temper of the university during a given epoch in order to show up some character trait? Anthony Powell, whose accounts of Oxford in his volumes of autobiography typify the sort of elaborate debate about colleges and universities that abounds in contemporary English literature, offered a scholarly portrait of seventeenth-century Oxford in his biography of John Aubrey (author of the famous *Brief Lives*); and Evelyn Waugh did the same for the turbulent Oxford of the Renaissance in his biography of Edmund Campion. Furbank, who lived on the same staircase as Forster at Cambridge, provides touches that would have eluded an American biographer. He is very good on the donnish temperament: the "preposterously snobbish" Oscar Browning, who slept with his face draped under a red handkerchief while Forster read aloud his weekly essays; the "squeaky" Cambridge aesthete exclaiming over dinner, "I am so much enjoying your delicious salt!"; a convivial King's dean, who reprimanded two students overheard discussing philosophy at a tea party, "No thinking, gentlemen, please!"

Forster paid homage to Cambridge, where "intelligence joined hands with affection, speculation became a passion, and discussion was made profound by love," in his portrait of Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson, a paradigm of that traditional English literary form: the biography written by a disciple, a friend, even a relative of the subject. Virginia Woolf's dutiful *Roger Fry*; Waugh's biography of the Reverend Ronald Knox; Forster's *Dickinson*: what one looks for in such works is a sort of literary homage, more comprehensive than a memoir but nonetheless informed by intimate knowledge of the subject's character. Surely Nigel Nicolson's *Portrait of a Marriage* and Quentin Bell's biography of his aunt, Virginia Woolf, owe some of their popularity to their confidential tone. Eschewing the quest for "objectivity" sought in "definitive" or "authorized" biographies, they are works of commemoration (which is not to say that their authors would ever concede, as Carlos Baker did in the preface to his

biography of Hemingway, that "no biography can portray a man as he actually was"). The notion that biographies should be written by some dispassionate source is an American invention. So many of the great English biographies have been the work of disciples and friends, from Boswell's *Johnson* to Thomas Moore's *Byron* and Froude's *Carlyle*—a work involving such a complicated relationship between author and subject that Froude felt obliged to provide an exculpatory account of his biography in *My Relations with Carlyle*.

Nor have English biographers been unwilling to practice open advocacy—whether of a class, a religion, or an idea. Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* represented an impertinent, subversive rebellion against the Victorian convention of decorum and reticence; Waugh's biography of Campion was really a sustained polemic against the Protestant Reformation, and his portrait of Ronald Knox offered an opportunity to declare what he had only intimated in *Brideshead Revisited*: that Catholicism constituted England's right religion—if only the aristocracy knew it! Geoffrey Faber, in his otherwise subdued biography of Benjamin Jowett, the famous master of Balliol College during the mid-nineteenth century, suddenly breaks off from his narrative to inveigh against the subsequent desecration of Oxford "by a vast sprawl of houses, loud with incessant traffic, and a swarming industrial population." And George Painter, in his biography of Proust, declares his bias against the modern world in general by way of a dramatic peroration on the vanished aristocracy Proust fixed forever in his novel. "It is our duty as twentieth century barbarians," he admonishes his readers, "to salute the nineteenth century civilization which we have overwhelmed."

How dreary by contrast are the industrious accumulation of detail, the lack of enthusiasm, and, in many instances, the open dislike of their subject so characteristic of American biography. Mark Schorer failed even to conceal his distaste for the awkward, obnoxious, fearfully ugly Sinclair Lewis, announcing, after belaboring his victim for more than 800 pages, that Lewis was "one of the worst writers in American literature," a "vicious and corrosive" character guilty of "bad art."

Arthur Mizener can scarcely curb his resentment of Ford Madox Ford, who "divided nature" (I wish biography would abjure these Laingian diagnoses), "ill-concealed flattery," and "controllable vanity" made for a ruous, deluded life. Ford's considerable charm, his vacillation between hauteur and sly self-effacement, his composure of importance are lost on his biographer, who labors to discredit—did Leon Edel before him—the substance of Ford's memoirs. But one need only read a page or two of *Return to Yesterday* or *Portraits from Memory* to catch Ford's tone and know that he is lying; so why trouble to prove it?

Of course, scholarship on both sides of the Atlantic has resulted in magnificent accomplishments: Holroyd's *Strachey*, Ellmann's *Joyce*, Edel's *Henry James*, and now Frederick R. Karly's immense work on Conrad,* which I predict will become a classic of biography. But American biographers tend to rely on documentation and the manifest importance of their subjects to sustain them; the English scribe to Virginia Woolf's speculation that "anyone who has lived a life, and left a record of that life," deserves biography (even, one presumes, a distant witness J. R. Ackerley's *My Dog Tuppence* and Woolf's *Flush*, a biography of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's dog). Ronald Knox, Waugh noted, "had grown up in a tradition by which every man had some literary commemorations: even the men of twenty who were killed in battle, and he regarded the attention of a biographer as an inevitable concomitant of death like that of the coffin-maker and grave-digger." In England, obituaries constitute a literary form, autobiographies are composed of old age as a matter of course; and the network of interwoven commentary produced a distinct genre, with a cast of characters notable largely for their appearance in various memoirs and biographies.

WHY DO WE NOT HAVE a sort of biographical literature in America? Perhaps our writers have concentrated on the novel to the exclusion of other, minor forms. Or perhaps

* Joseph Conrad: *The Three Lives*, to be published in February by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

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they have yet to acquire that reflexive tendency to annotate their own experience prevalent in cultures that possess a more self-conscious literary tradition; surely there were even more diarists and memoirists in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century France than there are in England now. But the only American writers I can think of who made a habitual effort to record the literary life are Edmund Wilson and Malcolm Cowley; Norman Mailer's manic self-explorations, Alfred Kazin's breast-beating performances, and Willie Morris's sentimental reminiscence of James Jones hardly constitute a literature of memoir.

Our very sense of what is significant in a life seems primitive. How is it that Forster's biography of Dickinson, a timid don who struck even the old-maidish Forster as "dowdy," is infinitely more fascinating than Carlos Baker's biography of that legendary adventurer Hemingway? And for all our bold publicity of private lives, few American biographies can rival Furbank's account of Forster's homosexuality, a masterly blend of candor and reticence. Haunting public lavatories in Hyde Park; seducing an Egyptian tram conductor in Alexandria and a barber in India; furtive assignations with policemen, a miner, and various denizens of the London underworld: Furbank is brilliant on this curious feature of English sexual *moeurs*, the proclivity among the intelligentsia for homosexual whoring—the pursuit, in Furbank's words, of "a hearty, egalitarian, sexually promiscuous low-life." But Joseph Blotner, in a work of nearly 2,000 pages, can never bring himself to deal with his subject's peculiar marriage, or even to speculate about Faulkner's attitude toward women. Leon Edel devoted five volumes to Henry James without ever quite settling the matter of James's sexual dormancy. Among American biographers, only Richard Ellmann seems willing to address himself to what he calls "the precise anatomical convolutions" of his various subjects; but then, he is said to be at work on a biography of Oscar Wilde, whose sordid life would soon thwart any squeamish biographer.

What American biographers have mastered is the narrative of their subjects' ascendancy to greatness. The story of how a writer became who he did, how he managed to escape the

confines of his childhood in Utah, Mississippi, Sauk Centre, Minnesota, or Oak Park, Illinois, offers a theme of which our biographers never seem to tire. Given the sprawl and diversity of America, our cultural innocence and poverty of tradition, the emergence of every novelist demands elaborate interpretation; their backgrounds must be sifted through for clues to their genius, the family archives and high-school yearbooks scoured for evidence of notable accomplishments or signs of early genius. "Turn then, Muse of Boytown, to Master Harry," Schorer writes in his bantering way, informing his readers that Sinclair Lewis "mowed the family lawn; he swept and shovelled the walks." Is there nothing one can take for granted? Biographers of these giant American novelists appear to be so transfixed by the discrepancy between their subjects' ordinary childhoods and later fame that they dwell on them for hundreds of pages. Entombed in a mass of documentation, Lewis, Faulkner, and Hart Crane in John Unterecker's tiresome biography emerge from these interminable works as figures whose lives were of a virtually unnatural duration. One wonders whether any life, however remarkable, could survive such scrutiny.

Still, Boswell's *Johnson* is interminable, and one is seldom bored by it—perhaps because chronology occupies only a few of its thousand or more pages. A cautionary citation from Plutarch defines his biographical strategy: "Nor is it always in the most distinguished achievements that men's virtues or vices may be best discerned; but very often an action of small note, a short saying, or a jest, shall distinguish a person's character more than the greatest sieges, or the most important battles." Johnson himself, in his *Lives of the Poets*, found character revealed in "the details of daily life," convinced that one could learn more about a man from a conversation with his servant than from "a formal and studied narrative, begun with his pedigree, and ended with his funeral." Some of Johnson's *Lives* are only a few pages long (though none rival the brevity of Aubrey, who assigned Abraham Wheloc the two words "simple man"); but he drew closer to the essence of his subjects' lives than subsequent scholarship has done by approaching biography as a literary art,

selecting and generalizing from incidents resonant with implication.

One of the more notable episodes in Furbank's *Forster*, to my mind, is the scene where Forster observes Beerbohm warming a white burrito before the fire; "Neither then or later," Furbank dryly notes, "could I decide if it had been a hoax. . . . Does this anecdote reveal? That Forster was unworldly; that he was humorous and shy (why could he not have been Beerbohm if it was a hoax?); that his life was sufficiently placid for such an event to lodge in his memory and come a matter for contemplation. . . . he inhabited a world so finely nuanced that the very possibility of a white burrito being enjoyed warm rather than cold seems preposterous; and that Forster the biographer assumes this knowledge as the part of his readers.

It is possible to weary of this refined, overly refined world of biographical talk in parlors, of clever ripostes uttered in university common rooms on the staircase of some London house to find England's devotion to its literary culture as stifling as a Lyons restaurant at teatime. But one wearies as well of our literary culture, where academic scholars and their chosen subjects appear to have so little in common with many American biographers who claim, as John Wain does in the preface to his *Samuel Johnson*, to be in "a position to see Johnson's life from the inside"? Born in the same day as Johnson, of the same social class as Wain—like Johnson—attended Cambridge and "lived the same life of grub, chance employment, and the unending struggle to write enduring works against the background of an uncertain existence." In this country, the biographer is more a servant than a literary accomplice, less a writer than a court reporter.

Vexed by Henry James's insistence upon burning his letters, Leon Edel accused the novelist of "enraging the historian and spurring him on to the higher skills of deduction and interpretation." This is the sort of provocation every writer bequeaths his biographer in one form or another; character is ambiguous by its very nature. Biographers must do, then, is make those resources—of intuition, scholarship, and literary form—that establish in Edel's words, "parity between writer and hunted."

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AESTHETIC SUICIDE

by Katha Pollitt

Johnny Panic and the Bible of Dreams: Short Stories, Prose, and Literary Excerpts, by Sylvia Plath. 313 pages. Harper & Row, \$10.95.

WHY ARE FEMINISTS so fascinated by madness and suicide? Consider the cultural heroines of the women's movement: Virginia Woolf, Anne Sexton, Sylvia Plath. Margaret Peters's recent biography of Charlotte Brontë, widely praised for its feminist insights, claims that even she, that most stouthearted of women, as a covert suicide, subconsciously killing her death as a protest against what else?—pregnancy.

It is a curious bias. One would expect feminists to be joyfully celebrating women who came closest to achieving what feminists themselves want, who managed by their talents and courage to grasp what in a fairer world would have been within the reach of many women. Yet instead they cherish the breakdowns and self-destruction of women who have accomplished much, even when that means distorting and diminishing those accomplishments. Thus, the late-nineteenth-century writer Charlotte Perkins Gilman is honored for her semiautobiographical short story "The Yellow Wallpaper," in which a young wife goes mad, apparently permanently, in a life of enforced idleness. The dozens of books Mrs. Gilman went on to write after she recovered from her breakdown, left her marriage, and embarked on a life of gargantuan literary efforts that included the founding of a monthly magazine of which, for seven years, she wrote the entire contents—these feats are mostly ignored. Her collected works may not be great literature, but the fact of their existence strongly qualifies the vision

of female powerlessness that "The Yellow Wallpaper," taken alone and as literal biography, represents.

It is fitting that the women's movement insist on the special and enormous obstacles—home and motherhood—that talented women throughout history have faced. What I note and am troubled by is not outrage at the existence of obstacles but an undercurrent of grim satisfaction at female failure to surmount them—the "You see? I told you so" that takes suicide or madness (or self-imposed silence or neglect by history) as the natural, even inevitable, corollary of female ambition.

Women are not alone, of course, in making a connection between great gifts and great suffering. The trade-off of artistic genius for happiness, health, and sanity is the Romantic version of

the Faust myth: since the mid-eighteenth century poetry in particular has been seen as carrying off its practitioners by the dozens: Pushkin, Lermontov, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Hart Crane, John Berryman. It seems to satisfy something deep in our natures to believe that one must pay for seeing more clearly and daring more greatly than the burgher or the housewife. Perhaps, in a culture that holds such a belief, one does pay.

For men, though, there is an older and competing image of art as an intensification of health: the genius as Dickens, Tolstoy, Goethe, striding across his century and summing up whole civilizations in a paragraph, as often as not the progenitor of a large brood of children to boot. Or the gen-

Katha Pollitt is a poet and critic.



Elizabeth Van Hallie

ius as Wallace Stevens or William Carlos Williams, choosing a life of placid ordinariness behind which the creative work goes on. It is significant that the women who come closest to these models have failed to excite the popular feminist imagination: George Eliot, Jane Austen, Mrs. Gaskell, Eudora Welty, Elizabeth Bishop, Willa Cather. (Colette, whom Erica Jong touts as the ideal writer-as-role-model, is an exception; but what Colette is valued for is primarily her frank sexuality and cozy charm, her usefulness as a counterexample to the picture of the woman writer as intellectual spinster. Behind the admiration is a certain unease with seriousness.)

THE CULTURAL HEROINES of the women's movement are the night side of the sunny, optimistic world of equal opportunities and class-action suits. For all the obeisance now being paid to the idea of female achievement, the persistent attraction of outstanding women who can be seen as victims shows how deep lies the sense that to be a woman is, one way or another, to fail. If one avoids failure of ambition one must pay for it by failing at life—at marriage, or sanity, or existence itself. In the modern collective imagination, the brilliant woman kills herself the way in the collective imagination of an earlier era the fallen woman died of syphilis. It is the price she must pay. Thus, the suicide of a great woman appears to have about it an almost aesthetic rightness, an inevitability that the self-destruction of a man does not have to possess. When Randall Jarrell killed himself he simply ended his existence; when Virginia Woolf did the same her act conferred a mythic dimension onto her whole life, which promptly arranged itself in the public imagination as a long journey to an inescapable conclusion. How insipid, by comparison, how lacking in resonance, the placid end of Edith Wharton, who died rich and famous and at peace, and didn't even regret that she never had children.

Sixteen years after her death, Sylvia Plath is for countless women the archetype of the woman genius as victim. Not only did she suffer greatly, but the books that came out of her suffering—her popular novel *The Bell Jar* and

her posthumously published collection of poems, *Ariel*—connect her pain and rage to the fact that she lived most of her life in dutiful submission to domestic arrangements that stifled her. That a careful reading of Plath's work shows this connection to be by no means simple, or even clear, is beside the point. Her work is read as if it were. From the poem "Stings":

*I am no drudge
Though for years I have eaten dust
And dried plates with my dense hair.*

*And seen my strangeness evaporate,
Blue dew from dangerous skin.*

Lady Lazarus, the hitherto obedient victim who vows that next time "Out of the ash/I rise with my red hair/And I eat men like air"; Esther Greenwood, the adolescent heroine of *The Bell Jar*, who appears to find madness the only escape from a future that promises merely drudgery and pregnancy—such figures have been popularly taken to support a view of Plath as a kind of proto-feminist fury whose death was somehow caused by her rebellion.

To turn from Plath the mythic figure to this collection of short stories, essays, writing exercises, and journal excerpts is quite a shock. It seems barely credible that in her mid-twenties, when she was already an accomplished poet, Plath was spending precious energies struggling to fabricate moralistic little stories in which badly treated children learn that the world is a difficult place, or in which a death occurs in the family but life is enriched for those who remain. It seems even less credible that in 1960, with *The Bell Jar* well under way, Plath was churning out commercial fiction aimed at flattering the very housewives she was so bitterly satirizing in her novel. Was this what she had in mind when she wrote, "For me, poetry is an evasion from the real task of writing prose"?

It would seem that the answer is yes. As Plath's husband, Ted Hughes, notes in his introduction, her ambition to write competent, salable short stories aimed at *The New Yorker*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and *Ladies' Home Journal*, as well as to nail down the art of free-lance journalism, amounted to obsession. Her journals are full of self-castigation over her difficulties with prose: "Still sick on waking and will

be until the story is more interesting than my self-musings." "Wakeful last night. Tossed and turned. *New York* fear, as if I could by main force actually weld my sensibility into some kind of articulateness that would be publishable." Her failure to master the short-story form Hughes calls "the most visible burden of her life."

Plath's efforts to shoulder the burden were herculean. An unknown quantity of what she wrote has been lost (including a novel she was working on at the time of her death, which Hughes mentions oddly as having "disappeared somewhere around 1970"). But enough is left to testify to her industry: some seventy stories (of which twenty are included in this volume), all carried through to a final draft, no matter what state of despair they reduced the creator; most submitted for publication, usually without success. Throughout the decade or so of her literary career, which began while she was an undergraduate publishing in *Seventeen* and *Mademoiselle*, Plath produced a book-length manuscript of stories every two or three years—strong evidence that the writing of slick-magazine fiction filled some need in her.

WHAT WAS THIS NEED? On the surface, for a writer of Plath's gifts to have agonized over her inability to produce conventional mass-market fiction is as odd as for Schoenberg, say, to have bemoaned his inability to compose dinner music. The power of this superficial style of prose to compel her attention has psychological roots, the nature of which is suggested in the brief essay "A Comparison":

How I envy the novelist!

I imagine him—better say her, for it is the women I look for to for a parallel—I imagine her, then, pruning a rosebush with a large pair of shears, adjusting her spectacles, shuffling about among the teacups, humming, arranging ashtrays or babies, absorbing a slant of light, a fresh edge to the weather, and piercing, with a kind of modest, beautiful X-ray vision, the psychic interiors of her neighbors—her neighbors on trains, in the dentist's waiting room, in the corner tea-shop.

We have met this lady before,

re: she is the self that Plath pre-
delude to her mother year after year in
deluge of mail collected as *Let-
Home*:

*Well, here I am, sitting at my lit-
tle enamel table in the warm, cheer-
ful kitchen, my Olivetti open be-
fore me, the timer (yours) ticking
away, an appenkuchen in the oven
and a chicken stew gently simmer-
ing away on the stove.*

*Well, I am writing this from my
ugly "back kitchen" (not really a
kitchen, for I cook and wash up in
a small room across the hall)...
surrounded by my copper sauce-
pans and the Dutch tea set you
brought, all displayed in the vari-
ous lovely nooks and crannies.*

her letters she rhapsodizes over rec-
s, gushes about her pots and pans,
notes detail after detail in the best
y-novelist manner: the dimensions
her new bed, every article of furni-
re in the room she occupied at Yad-
the writing colony, the price of the
h for her baby's nightgown, and of
pattern, too. And over it all she
hers the relentless good cheer of the
men's magazines she loved:

*I shall be one of the few women
poets in the world who is fully a
rejoicing woman, not a bitter or
frustrated or warped man-imitator,
which ruins most of them in the
end. I am a woman and glad of it...*

*I am definitely meant to be mar-
ried and have children and a
home and write like these women
I admire: Mrs. Moore, Jean Staf-
ford, Hortense Calisher, Phyllis
McGinley.*

The letters are not simply an attempt
please her mother or to share with
her more varied life, although that
part of it. Rather, they record the
vention of the self in which Plath
sperately wanted to believe; that was,
she puts it at one point, "a rich,
ill-balanced, humorous, easy-going
erson, with a joy in the daily life, in-
cluding all its imperfections." That this
is not her real nature she knew all
o well. Diary excerpts from the same
onth as this description speak of hate
d fear:

*The horror is the sudden folding
up and away of the phenomenal
world leaving nothing. Just rags.
Human rooks which say: Fraud.*

*I long to permeate the matter of
this world: to become anchored to
life by laundry and lilacs, daily
bread and fried eggs, and a man,
the dark-eyed stranger, who eats
my food and my body and my love
and goes around the world all day
and comes back to find solace with
me at night. Who will give me a
child, that will bring me again to
be a member of that race which
throws snowballs at me, sensing
perhaps the rot at which they
strike?*

Plath appeased the contradictory re-
quirements of her character by a com-
plex system of double-entry literary
bookkeeping. Some of her writing—
much of her poetry, her diary, and *The
Bell Jar*—expresses more or less openly
the profound ambivalence she felt
about her capacity to lead what she
saw as a normal life, involving men,
houses, and babies and solid, perman-
ent connections to other people. Other
of her literary labors—the letters and
her efforts at commercial fiction—are
used to deny that ambivalence, to cre-
ate a conventional, pleasing self full of
optimism and good humor. Thus the
badness of her commercial short sto-
ries is inextricable from her need to

write them. Her problem lay not with fic-
tion per se, as she believed, with tech-
nical inabilities, or with the dullness of
her powers of observation or narration.
Her problem lay with the essential
falseness of her purpose in writing
such stories in the first place: not with
realism, but with truth.

WHEN PLATH USED PROSE
to express rather than to
deny her inner life she
could do remarkable
work: the title story, for example, which
sees madness not as a challenge that
leaves one stronger and ready to meet
the world with new understanding
(Plath's usual official line) but as a
controlling image for existence itself
both inescapable and glittering with
allure. Her journal and notebook en-
tries, intended for no audience, reveal
the very fluidity of narration and vivid
observation so strikingly absent from
most of the prose she wrote for pub-
lication. Her accounts of her neigh-
bors in Devon, her home for most of
the last year of her life, may have
been intended as workmanlike exer-
cises in local color and Flaubertian

THE NICKEL AND DIME TOUR OF NORTH CAROLINA.

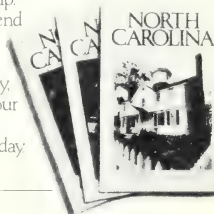


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realism, but they soon take on the energy of high autobiographical drama. In her short stories she struggled to come up with reasonable, realistic plots; the notebooks are full of plots, but of quite another sort: a teenager is being egged on by her parents to seduce Ted; the wife of a sick old man makes outrageous demands on Plath's time; no one will pay her for the flowers she sells. Plath in her journal notes furniture, clothes, and mannerisms not dutifully but gleefully, the better to convey the selfishness, treachery, and bad taste of their possessors. I doubt very much that these scenarios are a faithful rendering of actual life. Rather they take the material of actual life and place it at the service of private obsessions. For this reason, they are among the best fiction she wrote.

Plath belongs to the small group of writers whose every word is of interest to somebody. Uncollected poems are

still coming out in literary magazines, and sooner or later her diaries are sure to be published in full, though since they are apparently full of slander, it will probably be later rather than sooner. The continued interest is a tribute to the force of her myth as well as to the brilliance of some of her work, but the more we learn about her the more the myth shifts and reshapes itself into new puzzles. This book of prose is one more piece of evidence against reading Plath's life as a cautionary tale about what happened back in the oppressive Fifties to a woman who dared pursue her artistic destiny. It presents instead the much more painful spectacle of a brilliant woman who for much of her life struggled to force her talents into the service of mediocrity and half-truths. If Plath must be seen as a woman punished for her gifts, she herself must be recognized as the chief agent of that punishment. □

welter of conjecture and debate, thing is certain: the dyslexic lives in a world whose anarchy is inconceivable to those who have not experienced

Reversals, a layman's introduction to dyslexia, is also the educational biography of a recovered dyslexic. (As it is for alcoholics, "recovery" may be a more accurate term than "cured"; the dyslexic can learn how to manage his disorder, but the property remains.) Eileen Simpson is a psychotherapist and novelist whose work in these two highly verbal professions would seem to make her an unlikely subject. Indeed, she writes, "For years now I have 'passed'. Were it not for periodic threats of exposure—anyone who passes learns to live with them—I would almost have forgotten what was like to live in the limbo of illiteracy." The fear of exposure seems, Simpson's account, to haunt most dyslexics. Added to the dread of ridicule and failure must be the pain of bringing the old troubles back to life, particularly in the literary form that was so long the enemy; so dyslexics have chosen not to write about themselves. *Reversals* is therefore a triply rare combination: a dyslexic's own story, coupled with a novelist's skill and a psychologist's perspective.

THE LIMBO OF LITERACY

by Frances Taliaferro

Reversals: A Personal Account of Victory Over Dyslexia, by Eileen Simpson. 246 pages. Houghton Mifflin, \$8.95.

PRELITERACY IS PREHISTORY for most of us. Memory can hardly stretch to the time before we read, when the letters of the alphabet were so many runes. It's somewhat easier to remember a time when we could not write, and covered pages with rows of noodle drawings that we called "handwriting"; but it seems almost impossible to reconstitute the blank and meaningless look of the printed word in our illiterate days. An adult look at a foreign alphabet is a useless analogue. The Arabic or Cyrillic shapes are like foreign money, too decorative to seem real; they do not suggest the forgotten impenetrability of our own written language.

For the easily literate, then, dyslexia is almost unimaginable. This term, much publicized in the past decade, names the incapacity to read in people

who are otherwise intelligent and healthy. Dyslexia is probably as old as literacy itself, but it was not identified as a collection of recognizable symptoms until the mid-1920s, with the pioneering work of the neurologist and psychiatrist Samuel T. Orton. Orton's first name for this malfunction was *strephosymbolia*—"twisted symbols"—and the layman's acquaintance with dyslexia may often have begun with the recognition that some children mix up their letters and numbers, reading them upside down, inside out, and backward: *b* becomes *p* or *d*, *M* becomes *W*, *was* turns into *saw*, 36=63. Mathematical symbols such as plus or minus signs may also be confusing or unrecognizable to the dyslexic; he may be unable to read aloud or to summon the name he needs: his sense of direction may be poor and his physical coordination ungainly. Or they may not: opinions differ as to what symptoms should be included in descriptions of this malfunction, and there is no medical agreement as to its causes. In the

SIMPSON'S LEARNING troubles came vividly apparent when she was in fourth grade. "even-tempered and submissive" child, she had slipped through the previous years in undemanding schools, until she moved to P.S. 52 and encountered the fierce Miss Henderson. Reading aloud was agony and shame. Miss Henderson construed her silence as "mulishness" and defiance. Eileen been able to utter a sound in class, she might have read like Tom Sawyer. A nine-year-old of superior intelligence whom she heard years later at Princeton's Educational Therapy Clinic:

A kangaroo likes as if he had been stuck together warm. His saw neck and head do not... [Here Toby sighed with fatigue] seem to feel happy back. They and tried and saw every a tiger likes Moses and shoot from lonesome day and shouts and long shore animals. And each farm plays with five friends...

Frances Taliaferro teaches English at Brearley School in New York City.

was "reading" this:

A kangaroo looks as if he had been put together wrong. His small neck and head do not seem to fit with his heavy back legs and thick tail. Soft eyes, a twinkly little nose and short front legs seem strange on such a large strong animal. And each front paw has five fingers, like a man's hand.

Eileen, the terrible cycle of failure, and chastisement at school was forced at home. Auntie, her guardian, grimly took on her education in nightly sessions that pitted the teacher's determination against the child's pair.

Reversals chronicles minutely Eileen's steps toward literacy. There was an inspiring teacher to thrust it upon her; circumstances were sometimes helpful and sometimes treacherous. In years of agonies and stratagems, she slipped through elementary school and high school, but she would not become a willing reader until her sophomore year at college. The final inducement was Auntie's contemptuous appraisal of Ulysses when Eileen found it for her in the drugstore lending library: "Why, a man is . . . illiterate. He makes up words and misspells the way you do." Eileen, with her "high tolerance for incomprehension," fell upon it with grateful recognition.

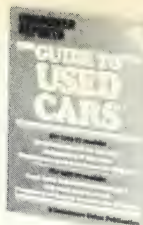
It was her first husband, the poet John Berryman, who diagnosed Eileen's condition as dyslexia. (Her characteristic response was to repeat the word: "Lysdlexia.") Berryman, a "brilliant, witty, conscientious, intuitive instructor" at Harvard and then Princeton, was for his wife a subtle and irresistible guide. She learned osmotically from him and from his friends and colleagues in the academic world, who included Delmore Schwartz and R. P. Blackmur. Their conversation was an education in itself. She paints an amusing—no, horrifying—picture of the intelligentsia at play: for a dyslexic, the Greek side of academia was the practice reading plays out loud, or playing spelling games after dinner.

The succeeding chapters carry Simpson through more dangerous academic territory. Her decision to become a clinical psychologist was the beginning of a long obstacle course that ended with her master's thesis: a Rorschach study of poets. To read of the difficulties she

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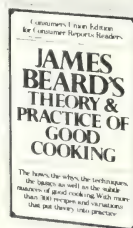
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encountered on the way is to recognize a literary genre with which *Reversals* has much in common: the "handicap book" that recounts the triumph of tenacity over adversity, whatever the milieu. Eileen Simpson, a writer of modesty and taste, might wince at the description of her book as "inspirational," but so it will seem to many.

Reversals is divided between auto-

biographical sections, which read like fiction, and "professional" sections, which anatomize dyslexia itself. Such an arrangement invites criticism because it is neither one thing nor the other. In this fascinating book, however, it produces an eloquent authenticity. *Reversals* takes the reader to the heart of an alien condition; reading can offer no richer experience. □

the everyday mishaps of ordinary life. Did they want reality wrapped up in neatly labeled bundle? Green believed that narrative prose should be "a gathering web of insinuations" with precise meaning, "as diffuse and variously interpretable as life itself." If they seek to infiltrate vicariously thoughts and innermost natures of fictional characters? Green believed that some questions were better left unanswered. He stressed in every book "how impossible it is to tell what others are thinking or what, in ordinary life, brings people to do what they are doing."

As John Updike says in his introduction to the Penguin volume, Green was "a saint of the mundane, embracing with all his being." The glory of his writing is that he was able to bring such vitality to the texture of the mundane, to all the quotidian comings and goings, the jobs, the meals, the jokes, the fallings in and out of love, the illusions and triumphs and defeats that were his subject matter. He got it done with preternatural precision, catching not only what was said and done but also what was not said or done. As he saw so steadily and wholly that effect, for all the triviality of his subjects, was to magnify them, to raise them to the radiant intensity of things perceived in their irreducible things.

He abandoned "good English," the English of leading articles, for a terse, colloquial, astringently lilting style. To maintain fidelity with the living (spoken) language, he let sentence structure take the hindmost position. In syntax, as Diana Trilling said, "was his own wild and brilliant secret." This passage from *Loving* gives some of its flavor:

He got up, made after her. "No," she said, "no," but she did not move as he came grinning. He reached round her middle and drank her in a kiss like a man home after a journey. He pressed her back against the glass that fronted that huge cabinet. Through the opening behind could be seen those peacocks getting up with a sort of chattering as though alarmed. She sank into him as her knees gave way, yet both of them stayed decent.

Experimental or not, it is a kind

Christopher Porterfield is a television producer and the co-author, with Dick Cavett, of *Cavett* (1974).

ORDINARY MIRACLES

by Christopher Porterfield

Blindness, by Henry Green. 207 pages. Viking, \$8.95.

Loving, Living, Party Going: Three Novels, by Henry Green. 528 pages. Penguin, paper, \$4.95.

FIVE YEARS after his death, Henry Green remains unknown by the many and admired by the few, and I suspect some of the admirers feel about his novels the way Samuel Johnson felt about Congreve's plays: they would rather praise them than read them. Until now, all of Green's books had slipped out of print in the U.S.—nine quirky, brilliant novels and an autobiography, the last hastily written on the eve of the second world war, in which he felt sure he would be killed. It is an odd fate for the man W. H. Auden once called "the best English novelist alive." But everything about Green has always seemed odd and elusive, starting with the fact that he wasn't really Henry Green. The name was a pseudonym. The man behind it was Henry Vincent Yorke, a successful London industrialist. He ran H. Pontifex & Sons, Ltd., a family-held business that made plant equipment for the food-and-drink trade. He lived with a wife and a son in an elegant Knightsbridge townhouse, kept a manservant, voted Tory, and indulged in bluff, executive-style facetiousness about "my love of outdoor sports—billiards, patience, and half a bottle of gin a day." At night, usually for only an hour or so, he sat down to write in a crabbed long-hand.

"I write books but I am not proud of this any more than anyone is of their nails growing," he said. He was uneasy about letting his Green and Yorke iden-

tities get too close to each other, and he was so protective of both that he refused to be photographed except from the rear. (A friend once greeted him with "I'd know that back anywhere.") Although he had writer friends—among them Evelyn Waugh and Anthony Powell—he assiduously ducked the literary whirl. As Yorke he was remote; as Green he was a phantom.

GREEN ADMITTED that he was out to "break up the old-fashioned novel." In the process, he was bound to frustrate the traditional expectations of the novel-reading public. Did they long for a plot full of momentous events? Green believed that "true life has nothing to do with sudden death and great tragedy. The novel should be concerned with



Cecil Beaton

ing that takes getting used to. But I wanted to extract some effort from the reader. This is partly why he put so much that other writers put by he relished ambiguity, why he such a horror of authorial procrements or windy disquisitions. ovelist, he believed, had the job of ng the reader's imagination to "of creating "life in the mind of eader." This creative transaction en writer and reader was for him iracle."

ndness, although it offers a few miracles, seems an odd choice to printed in hardcover. Originally shed in 1926, it is Green's first least characteristic book. It is a cious performance, but as much ything else it is remarkable for the that Green wrote it while still in il.

a child of wealth and status, a was sent off to the best schools e taught (as he came to see it), ury, bullying, and received ideas. on he rebelled by joining with the of Harold Acton and Brian How- n a dandyish clique whose mem- cated themselves The Aesthetes. also began *Blindness* (which eleted at Oxford), about a thinly ised Henry Green among thinly ised Aesthetes. Blinded in an ac- t, the hero of *Blindness* is forced ruggle to an independence and rity from which the posturings of Aesthetes seem pretentious and ow. Although it is a story of growth terpillar," "Chrysalis," and "But- r" are the headings of its main sec-), *Blindness* proceeds by a series ntimental deflations.

fter two years at Oxford, Green l up to an acute case of money . He left without taking a degree went to work in his father's factory irmingham. Unlike George Orwell, contemporary, Green had no poli- motive, no desire to explain social litions. Empathy, not explanation, his way. And *Living*, not *The Road igan Pier*, was the result.

th *Living*, which was published in), Green overcame in a single stroke e regarded as "the English nov- 's worst restriction: ignorance of on all social levels except his own." n loved the Birmingham workers their decency, solidness, humor, "unsurpassed" gift of talk. Without eplaying the grimness of their lives,

these are the qualities he celebrates in the short, jagged scenes of the novel—clashes between the workers and their manager, the dogged attempts of an aging foundryman to hold his household together, an abortive elopement by the foundryman's housekeeper, et cetera.

In an attempt to forge a prose as "taut and spare" as the milieu he was writing about, Green eliminated *a*, *an*, and *the* wherever possible. ("She laid dish on the table. She wiped red, wet hands on dishcloth.") While this never entirely rises above mannerism—and Green moved away from it in subsequent books—in *Living* it often has a surprising force, giving the characters a simple, massive dignity. The density of the novel is formidable. It achieves an epic tone without epic proportions.

FROM THE FACTORY floor, Green rose rapidly to take over the business at its London headquarters. He married a wealthy and well-connected woman and began moving in the world of the fashionable young tycoon. He also wrote *Party Going* (1939), in which a group of young Mayfair socialites prattle, flirt, drink, and make a variety of ineffectual phone calls and sorties as they sit fogbound at a railroad station and its adjoining hotel prior to a spree in France. The action of the novel spans approximately the time it takes to read it—about four hours.

These characters are the Bright Young Things of Evelyn Waugh's *Vile Bodies*. Yet where Waugh's underlying disgust led him to heighten them into caricature and propel them into an apocalyptic climax, Green remains equable and humane before their silliness. By means of the mysterious fog, the swarms of humanity on the platforms, the illness of an old woman, he manages to suggest, with never a heavy-handed nudge, that this journey is like all our journeys, including the final one. A sense of mortality rises like an aroma through the chatter.

And what chatter! Green's uncanny gift for dialogue was much more than a gift for hitting off people's idioms. It was a gift, as Eudora Welty put it, for "turning what people say into the fantasy of what they are telling each other, at the same time calling up out of their own mouths their vital spirit."

Having, to his surprise, survived the war, Green in 1945 produced what may well be his masterpiece, *Loving*. It is the most resplendently colorful of his novels and probably the most romantic. His bird imagery (sparrows in *Living*, pigeons in *Party Going*) here bursts forth in a dazzling flurry of doves and peacocks.

The book is an inverted fairy tale, set in a crumbling Irish castle during the war, with the opportunistic English butler Raunce as its seedy Prince Charming. Life in the castle is tossed on two strong but conflicting currents—disintegration, and the various binding forces that come under the heading of Green's title. Masters and servants alike, from their respective redoubts, battle each other with suspicion, jealousy, theft, and spite. But romantic yearning, lechery, marriage vows, flirtation, and, above all, family feeling keep reasserting themselves. And while these kinds of loving don't make things come right, they do help keep things going.

Green's happily-ever-after ending, in which Raunce runs off to England with Edith the housemaid, may be in part a spoof. Nevertheless, Raunce and Edith are the sort of characters who always do best in Green's novels, and Green is no doubt telling us something about the qualities they exemplify. They respond to the practical and immediate, take short views, live by their wits, keep alive their sense of fun, and, most important, have a capacity for love.

Green wrote three more novels after *Loving* and then in 1952, twenty-one years before his death, stopped. Much has been made of this long final silence. In an interview in 1959, when he was fifty-five, Green said, "I find [writing] so exhausting now I simply can't do it anymore. The older you get the harder it gets." His friend Anthony Powell has suggested that Green was "divided in two" by his double life as a businessman and writer and embittered by his lack of recognition. Updike, in his introduction, speculates more generously: "A vision so clear can be withering; it takes great natural health to sustain a life without illusions."

In any case, this is no time to lament the writing that Green didn't do. What he did is legacy enough. These four reissues constitute an invaluable step toward retrieving it. □

LOOSELY SPEAKING

The First Amendment makes strange bedfellows

by M. J. Sobran

THE PREVAILING PHILOSOPHY of the First Amendment is easy to approximate: the more freedom of expression, the better. For some people this has the appeal of self-evident truth, and certain First Amendment fundamentalists believe that as long as small towns can ban pornographic films, or Jewish cities Nazi marches, American liberties are poised to topple like so many dominoes. This line of reasoning, commonly found on the editorial pages, is essentially primitive. Though disguised as rational prediction, it belongs to prophecy: if the sacred object is defiled, famine and pestilence will surely follow; if the First Amendment is marginally compromised, freedom will perish. We need not argue with such apprehensions, beyond noting their superstitious structure.

There are saner votaries of the First, however, who are concerned less with imminent orgies of repression than with pure principle. They may agree that, for the moment at least, freedom of expression is securely guarded; but they still think we ought to have more and more of it. Thus Alan Dershowitz, a professor at Harvard Law School. M. J. Sobran is a senior editor of National Review.

goes around defending indicted pornographers. One of his remarks deserves special attention. Speaking of *Screw* publisher Al Goldstein, who was indicted in Kansas last year, Dershowitz told a *Newsweek* reporter: "*Screw* is a despicable publication, but that's what the First Amendment was designed to protect."

Note that Professor Dershowitz seems not to be of the mind of William O. Douglas, former Supreme Court Justice, who worries that admitting the validity of community standards of obscenity will allow "some benighted place" to ban James Joyce's *Ulysses*. If obscenity were as definable and as palpable as bananas, Dershowitz's point would be unaffected. He is not out to protect *Ulysses* by constructing a Maginot Line around *Screw*. He is out to protect *Screw* itself, and for its own sake: he claims for it a kind of constitutional equal protection with *Ulysses*. He wants pornography unfettered as a matter not of prudence, but of right.

Libertarianism is a venerable cause, but it seems to be approaching dotage. Its adherents, like old soldiers remembering glorious campaigns, can't understand that the famous victories have been won. Further battles will

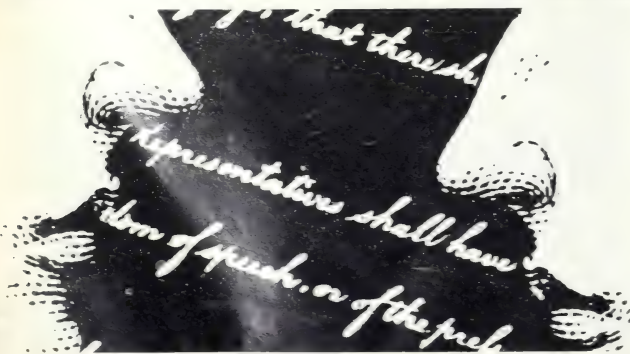
mean a new war, not just a continuation of the old one.

The phrase *freedom of expression* sums up a long history of struggle for the right to speak and publish with arbitrary state restraint. That history has so far been one of progressive expansion of these rights. As with forms of progress, however, it is easy to ask at some point just what it is that is progressing, and toward what, and why.

THE FACT is that many civilizations have gotten along very well without the libertarian ideal. Desirable it may be, but not necessary. This is difficult for many liberal Westerners to accept, and so they tend to see mirages of libertarianism in acts of protest and dissidence in other times and places. Some Americans have felt perplexed and even betrayed upon finding that Solzhenitsyn holds what they thought rightly if narrowly, an "authoritarian" philosophy of society and state; that he assumed he was a liberal, and that he assumed he should be. Even Socrates is often described as a champion of "freedom of thought," whereas Solzhenitsyn, clearly regarding himself as a champion of truth, was the late political scientist William Kendall observed, Socrates agreed in principle with his accusers that teachers ought to be punished.

Pop libertarianism tries to simplify difficult procedural problems by posing a false dilemma: either total freedom or arbitrary suppression. But both of these variants of subjectivism ask

*Liberal, here, refers not only to political liberals, but to the educated natives of secularized Protestant culture. I use *libertarian*, of course, to mean those with a civic passion for expanding the boundaries of free expression. The libertarians tempt to turn a distinctive value of culture into its supreme principle.



ect, to choose between the whim
armed censor and the whims of
titude of impotent individuals.
en sense, and lucid men know,
ome truths are so important that
deserve social and institutional
rt of a kind that obstructs the
gation of their subversive oppo-
Even liberals want public schools
ill—in minds too young to judge
ndently—certain doctrines about
racy, freedom, and equality.
don't want equal time for ra-
they, too, have their sacred
and they don't want them pro-
in the temple of education.

ne of the greatest believers in
—Aristotle and Milton, for in-
—have evinced little confidence
capacity of popular opinion to
hend truth; on the contrary, they
tended to be aristocratically
ry. Advocates of free inquiry and
sion are principally concerned
the rules of inquiry and discus-
The right they seek is less a per-
right than the autonomy of the
seeking disciplines.

t in the current confusion, por-
phers claim constitutional license,
harge their opponents with a lack
verence toward the First Amend-

Apparently you can't put out a
magazine anymore without dis-
ing on "ideas," especially "un-
lar" ideas—unpopular being syn-
ous with a circulation of 5.6
on.

seizure of liberal terms has
the forces of license and priv-
a proprietary grip on a tradition
deserves better. One may believe
philosophers should be spared ar-
rrest without supposing that
entails subjecting every newstand-
rby to a groin's-eye view of real-
Yet I wonder if the remote bene-
of philosophy warrant putting up
the more immediate presence of
Goldstein, Larry Flynt, and the
e fraternity of pseudoconstitution-
anders.

NE STEP IN REDEEMING the
First Amendment is to read it.
That means reading the Consti-
tution of which it is a sub-
nate part. The whole Constitution
subject to a prescribed amending
ess, and the First Amendment is
unably subject to repeal. There

is no hint that the Framers intended
any part of their handiwork to have
the status of scripture. The free-speech
clause, so inflated by subsequent pas-
sion, was meant to subserve a good
beyond itself: the public weal. And
that must be the measure of its value.

Once the First has been plucked
from the empyrean realm of slogan
and restored to the world of reason



where it belongs, it can be better un-
derstood. When passed, it was a limi-
tation of the power of the federal
government: "Congress shall make no
law..." Kendall makes the point in-
cisively: It was a states rights, not an
individual rights, measure; it was noth-
ing more than the Tenth Amendment,*
turned around and applied specifica-
lly to the areas of religion, speech, et
cetera. Since 1925 it has been gradu-
ally applied, through complex judicial
ratiocinations, to states, smaller units
of government, and even private insti-
tutions.

The Bill of Rights was intended not
to expand but to preserve. It was

*The Tenth Amendment reads: "The pow-
ers not delegated to the United States by
the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to
the States, are reserved to the States re-
spectively, or to the people."

passed not to create new rights but to
guarantee that the new federal govern-
ment did not violate those rights al-
ready possessed within the several
states, and it has an earthy quality
that should instruct us. It is by no
means a universalist manifesto, pro-
claiming lofty and comprehensive hu-
man rights.

Consider the all but unread Ninth
Amendment: "The enumeration in the
Constitution, of certain rights, shall
not be construed to deny or disparage
others retained by the people." The
key word in the Ninth, for our pur-
poses, is "disparage." I think it is fa-
tal to another innovation in judicial
theory, the "preferred freedoms" doc-
trine. The enumeration of these rights,
it says, shall not be taken to diminish
other equally strong rights the Fram-
ers did not see fit to mention by name.
What may these unlisted rights be?
The Constitution leaves the question
unsettled—deliberately. The rights
enumerated in the first eight amend-
ments are, as I say, particular. They
are rights violated within the Framers'
memory, and they are listed out of
historical urgency, not because they
are necessarily and inherently prior
to all other rights. The Ninth leaves
preference among rights to be settled
by republican institutions. It does not
presume to settle them in advance. This
is an example of the Constitution's
startling modesty.

If the people through their repre-
sentatives decide that a man has a
right not to be libeled, or that a com-
munity has a right not to be affronted
by obscenity, such a right need not
give way to any absolute right of free
speech. The Ninth tells us that the
Constitution recognizes no absolute
rights, but admits the competing
claims of a plurality of rights. A ban
on human sacrifice may be an abridg-
ment of the free exercise of certain re-
ligions, but only incidentally. Free
speech is a right, but it is not a right
to violate other rights.

IN THE CURRENT VENERATION of
the press, again, we may detect a
note of superstition. The indigna-
tion over the revelation of coop-
eration overseas between American re-
porters and the CIA suggested not so
much the abuse of a good thing as the
defilement of a sacred thing. The up-

roar on behalf of *New York Times* reporter M. A. Farber, found in contempt for refusing to make his notes available to a defendant in a murder case, showed a remarkable contempt for ambiguity. It is hardly self-evident that a reporter should have the right, generally or constitutionally, to promise his sources confidentiality even, if need be, at the expense of the rights of the accused in a criminal case. Justice Potter Stewart has even developed the theory that the press, under the First Amendment, is the only business to receive explicit constitutional protection. Put otherwise, "the freedom . . . of the press" refers not to the absence of prior restraints and that sort of thing, but to the privilege of an organized interest. What's good for the *Washington Post*, apparently, is good for the country.

It is helpful to remember that the fight for "freedom of expression" began not with speech but with the press. I think the general assumption is that a "natural" right to speak one's mind must have been secured at one time, and only then, as an extension, freedom of the press; but the reverse is true. The free press preceded free speech. There was no organized constituency for free speech; but the press won its own freedom largely by virtue of its own power. And in time its rationale was, quite naturally, applied to speech, too.

The ethical restraints we observe in private conversation are simply too undeniable for anyone to claim utter liberty in speaking; nobody in his relations with family or neighbors thinks he or they have any right to lie, backbite, incite violence, foment malice, insult, speak obscenely, or even to refrain from speaking when one has knowledge that ought to be shared. Ordinary speech is controlled by morals and manners. The claims of "free expression" are plausible as absolutes only in a context so abstract and artificial as to make it hard to imagine any expression doing real harm. Can Hitler have a right to preach genocide? No sane society can say yes, unless it is certain that its institutions are sturdy enough to withstand his mania.

Just as terrorists feed on publicity, so does intellectual extremism. Of course, there are penalties for slandering individuals; but there are actual

rewards for saying monstrously false things about whole races, classes, nations. Thus we find people saying publicly things they would probably never say privately, and saying them precisely because they lack personal reference. It is easier to say before a microphone that the whole country is racist than to tell a man to his face that *he* is racist. Impersonality, the mode of public utterance, begets grandiosity. The general may be plausible when the specific would be absurd.

Hence Susan Sontag can say that the white race is the cancer of history; R. D. Laing, that society is crazy and crazy people its sanest members; Garry Wills, that racist America is headed for a second civil war, and that our prisons are like Nazi crematoria; William Kunstler, that the murderers, robbers, and rapists in those prisons are really political prisoners. Such statements are best taken, perhaps, as literary conceits, since those who make them publicly do not, in their private lives, cleave to blacks, lunatics, and criminals. Where speech is free, talk is cheap.

Speech is a category of behavior, subject to rules of right and wrong. The common speech-action dichotomy is misleading. Sometimes we establish conventions under which some forms of speech are judged by special rules. We say that the philosopher and the artist are not to be held immediately answerable for the ultimate consequences of their works; likewise the scientist and his experiments and theories. We hold it inappropriate to take the *Venus de Milo* as a piece of indecency, or the Darwinian theory as an insult to one's lineage. We agree, by a rather sophisticated social rule, not to take such things personally. The offense they may give is regarded as incidental.

But when a man calls you a son of a bitch or says that Jews are vermin, it is equally inappropriate to take what he says as if it were a serious genealogical statement. In these cases the offense is not incidental but inherent—inherent in the *kind* of utterance he makes. What he says is not on the wall, like a painting, or in the air, like a speculation, either of which invites disinterested contemplation: it is a direct social action, inseparable from the offense it gives.

The modernization of speech theory

and practice can be sketched by going at four familiar Western classics. In Book I of *The Iliad* it is assumed without a trace of moralism or realism, that kings will punish the advance of uncongenial truths. The seer Calchas refuses to give what would regard as "expert testimony" until Achilles promises to protect him from Agamemnon's wrath. Homer does not a world in which truth easily exists with rank and power. In the opening scene of *King Lear* the ruler rages at his honest subjects for fatal results. But here we find a Christian moral that even a king must yield to truth. The play also assumes a Christian pessimism about the likelihood of this actually happening. John Milton's *Areopagitica* would approach the modern optimism of cognition. Milton praises the reformer; in Parliament he addresses as a new regime, the regime of reason. "no respecter of persons, has no in superstition and error, and "the voice of reason from what quoesoever it be heard speaking," "as willing to repeal any act of own, as any set forth by your predecessors." It may let truth and hood "grapple" in "a free and encounter." A "good book"—which "reason itself," distilled and intellectualized—acquires an almost sacral importance, and censorship comes a kind of sacrilege. John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty* goes further, sacralizing truth as such and extending the individual's quest for truth to the idea of a public truth—an orthodoxy commanding the loyalty of the citizen—loses, in Mill, not only its authority but its meaning. Unreasoning conformity to any established dogma becomes a profanation of "divinity," Mill's god-term.

Though a certain amount of utopian rhetoric persists even today, the libertarian emphasis has lately followed Mill, stressing the individual's expressive, as against the object and cognitive, purposes of speech. The stress on the individual and "rights" has actually led to a ritual derogation of "truth" that have puzzled and appalled many. Hence the term "freedom of expression" and Mr. Dershowitz's condemnation for pornographers. It has become constitutional" for society to insist that some utterances really are intol-

THE STAKE IN free-expression controversies is a philosophy of conversation. Slippery-slope arguments about free-expression are basically witless. As soon as you empower policemen to arrest people, you increase the chances that the person you want to be arrested. That is a strong point for not having policemen, and a strong point for due process. It is argued that nobody regards running the speed limit as a peril to right to travel, to which a friend objected that travel and speech are not analogous. I fail to see why not. The right of roads is that they lead somewhere; wise speed limits don't abridge right to travel, because they actually increase the chances that we will reach our destination. The purpose of traveling is not motion, but arrival. The purpose of public discussion is to let everyone talk but to arrive truth, especially that socially useful truth we call consensus. Seen in this light, the First Amendment, as originally conceived, is not a mere primitive and narrow groping toward liberalism, pointing ultimately to Alinsky, but a device to protect government by discussion. It was designed to protect not the despicable but the respectable. I don't insist that its particular breadth, or straitness, of reference was ideal for this purpose, but that was the purpose. At its heart was deep respect for discourse, for the civil conversation of mutual respect appropriate to republican society. Setting aside the Constitution, the first free-speech problem is deciding at what kinds of speech we want to protect. Obscenity, slander, insult, detraction—these are among the kinds of expression we should discourage socially, and in some cases legally. It is without saying that we can't simply ban them all, and that legal prohibitions require the most cautious intentions and procedures. But that does not mean that we must accept them all as valid exercises of rights, natural or constitutional. Not every factual opinion uttered enriches our public discussion, nor is every pornographic photo a valuable tile in the mosaic of our world view. Volume of reference and multiplicity of sensation could never be confused with the quality of speech, which depends on its ethics, manners, and character. □

HARPER'S / FEBRUARY 1979

A CHANGED SEASON

by Michael Ryan

The tree has given its brief fruit
and the wind comes on with its weird caress.
Now, without stars, night seems limitless
like shadows of shadows over the earth.

She wanted to hold for one slim moment
leaves as they opened, the tree
unfolding its thin arms like a cripple
wheeled out for his afternoon sun.

But after any touch what stays on?
Wind, tree, or tongue, delicate and warm?
Better she curl in her own dark warmth
than try to go where they have gone.

And the wind comes on with its weird caress
like shadows of shadows over the earth.
The tree has given its brief fruit.
Now, without stars, night seems limitless.

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TRYING THE LAND

... with a friend and two dogs

by Barry Lopez

ON WINTER AFTERNOONS Richard and I cross through the woods behind the farm he rents, cross the long pasture where the white horse remains distant (wild mustard coming in strong here, come spring), and slip into the farther country along the creek, like salmon. The days are overcast and wet. We go miles without speaking.

Richard hands me a black cottonwood leaf that covers both my hands, and goes on. I examine it, expertly. The detritus of the forest floor that clings to it; the patches of disintegration where the gossamer veinery is exposed, like steel rods uncovered in a roadbed.

Two snails, barely visible, small as pinheads, chew at the leaf. Snails at work, tearing the woods apart.

We cast about for the dogs. Gone ahead somewhere.

In the creek flats the alder is thick as row corn, and the signs of beaver are everywhere. We come to a skidway where they have cut and hauled, moved this fodder down to the bank, off to deep water to anchor it against the hard months.

And here, deep in the woods, we find a huge ash, big enough and straight enough to floor my house four times over. But we aren't beaver. Or

Barry Lopez's most recent book is Of Wolves and Men, published last fall by Charles Scribner's Sons.

we care too much for secrets, and move on.

The down Douglas fir that used to take us across at the mouth of the creek is gone, blown out in high water in a country without dams, hurled end for end into the river (which is dammed, higher up, and so in summer a damned liar whose water level makes no sense).

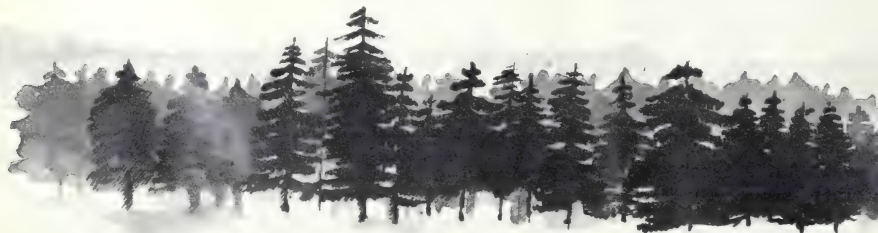
We find a way across, get wet, and have to help both dogs. They get on well in the woods. Are quiet. I trust when we spook deer they will heel. Years ago I would have eaten meat brought to bay by dogs. Now I take the meat straight across or not at all. Each year these contracts with game animals are renewed, rewritten. Each year you grow older and there are new terms.

On the other side we come on a beaver dam and a lodge. We imagine them in there, imagining us, and go on after moments of appreciation. More than moments. I am on my knees, inspecting the intricate levelheadedness of the dam, touching the mystery. The dogs stand quiet as seals in the still water. I tell Richard: There is a line in Maximilian of Weid's journal — "We saw white wolves on the opposite shore, and the cranes flew heavily before us." Richard, a woodworker, reads as much as I do. We trade a good many books in winter. And I speak of Maximilian, who came up the Missouri River with the painter Karl Bodmer in

1832, often, as though he were a native.

ABOVE THE BEAVER POND find a trap. No. 4 Newhouse Bread-and-butter beaver in the 1850s, and still around. Designed by Sewell Newhouse, student at the Oneida Community in 1849. Newhouse was trapping and his traps to spread gospel in the wilderness. In 1869 wrote in *The Trapper's Guide* that trap, "going before the axe and plow, forms the prow with which the clad civilization is pushing back barbaric solitude; causing the bear the beaver to give place to the wolf, the library and the piano."

The trap was sprung years ago forgotten. I don't mention Sewell Richard, gone ahead. I follow his trail and the dogs' (my wet, cold hands buried in my pants pockets) trying to remember the afternoon when I nineteen and clearing trails in Teton National Forest with an old named Bill Daniels, who jumped headily off his horse and ran to the top of a tree where, cursing the loss of memory, he dug up a bear trap he'd found in 1921: unsprung. No. 6 Newhouse Rusted open. Big enough to trap a truck tire. Walking with my hands in my pockets (recalling the morning slipped off a log's frosty back



ed the pockets out of my parka
ing to get my hands free to break
all, and didn't make it).

ne woods are soaked Pacific North-
Douglas fir-dominated rain for
Eighty inches of rain a year
When David Douglas came into
country in 1825 his backers in
don at the Horticultural Society
ght his was a long shot to bring
to Europe the first collection of
fic Northwest flora. Slight of build,
onically shy, he was determined,
t, and as self-contained in the
ds as mercury. The Indians thought
ly of him, took him to see the
ed sugar pines with cones as long
man's arm from elbow to knuck-
When I walk in the woods in win-
damp but warm in wool clothes, I
k of him huddled over his fire
evening, hand-drying each of the
s specimens to preserve them—just
man who fell in a creek might hold
notes up to the sun to dry them,
earnest. When Douglas returned
London in 1827 his herbarium be-
the celebration of English natu-
sts. His second trip, farther north,
ed as well until the whole collec-
went to the bottom of the Fraser
er in a nameless rapids, as quick
opping a button on a shirt.

RICHARD IS WAITING at a rock
outcrop. We back up like
bears into a shallow cave and
eat, watching the woods, list-
ing for spruce grouse. The dogs
p. Richard is the only man I know
o's read all of Samuel Pepys.
n the cave there are certain mys-
ies—the presence of an animal once
e (last winter?)—no sign of which
I finally discover. But I enjoy the
se of certainty. I look up to find
h dogs staring at me.
We step back into the woods and
n upslope for the ridge. We climb,
r hair damp with rain, our fore-
ds beaded with sweat, breathing
e bulls. John Muir, God, how you
nt on, as detached as a raven, alone,
rely provisioned, as indomitable as
wolverine in those Sierra snows, to
d the winter life of the water ouzel.
ie bird remains largely unknown
w, sixty years after you're dead and
ne, and your ashes scattered. We
ach the top, blowing like whales, un-
le to see anything in the fog.

I run my hands down the flanks of
a slick-skinned madrone and wonder
at all the things I think I've touched
and haven't, while the fog condenses
on the madrone where my fingers have
passed.

In summer we've lain up here like
wolves watching the country below for
deer, after having eaten down there
at the creek, yellow violets, sorrel and
cress; like deer.

We come downslope as graceless as
boulders.

Beneath a cover of barren alder
branches at the creek's edge, in the
failing light in our dark clothes, we
hide. Still for a long time (the dogs,
used to this, asleep back in the trees)
before the birds come back. Mergan-
sers skim the surface of the creek like
skipped stones, headed upwater. That
river monk, great blue heron, meditat-
ing behind the lightning strike of his
beak in a downwater pool. Long mo-
ments and then we hear scream but do
not see an osprey, who has seen us;
and the heron lifts as slowly as a dir-
gible and evaporates downstream, and
we go too.

We cross the creek at a familiar
place and note without speaking the
signs that others are using the same
log-across-the-water crossing. Raccoon.
Deer. High fast winter water. Working
back south along the creek we are
whipped hard by the leafless vine ma-
ple, cracked in the shins as though
the loss of leaves had made them angry
and they cared not a damn for the plot
of seasons. Vine maple and I do not
get on well, winter or summer.

Muir, do you know we cut the same
country, that our walks are just shorter
now? (Once in Livingston, Montana,
a harmless drunken cowboy hung over
me and demanded to know what it was
I was reading, and I, young, said just a
novel and quickly stuck it away in my
things. It was George Catlin's journal.
I was seduced by firsthand reports.)

Richard reaches down ahead of me,
snaps up a deer's small pelvis, and
waves his find (smooth, cool as mar-
ble), slips it into his shirt.

The light is going fast. We are al-
ways caught like this at dusk, and must
break cross-country by dead reckon-
ing past towering cedars at a constant
pace to get to the road. On the way I
spot grouse flowers, tight against the
earth. First sign of spring. ☐

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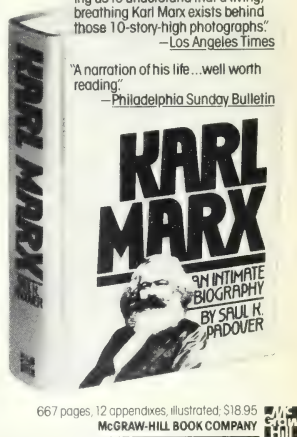
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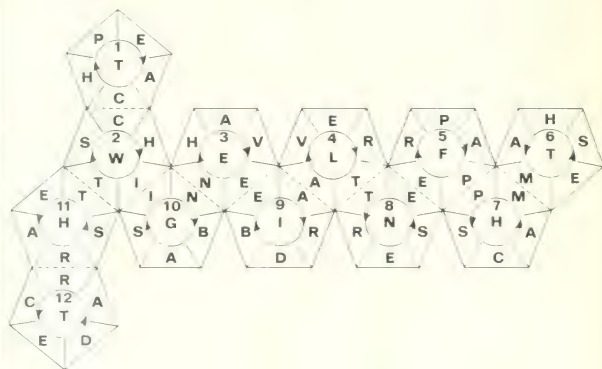
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Solution to the January Puzzle Notes for "Seasonal Dodecahedron"



The pentagon into which each clue answer is entered is indicated by
the number in parenthesis at the end of each clue explanation.

6-letter words: 1. abider, anagram (9); 2. heave-N (3); 3. hepat, anagram of chapter(r)
(1); 4. SW-itch (2); 5. ba(sing) (10); 6. travel, anagram (4); 7. Fra-ppé, anagram
(5); 8. earths, anagram (11); 9. champs, two meanings (7); 10. (p)resent (8); 11.
traced, anagram (12); 12. t(ham)es, reversal (6). 5-letter words: 1. b(a-s-)in (10); 2.
haven, hidden (3); 3. c-hits (2); 4. reset, anagram (8); 5. P(a)peR (5); 6. peach,
anagram (1); 7. tears, homonym (11); 8. Ave-rt. (4); 9. sh(a.m.)e (6); 10. beard,
anagram (9); 11. S-camp (7); 12. cedar, hidden (12).

PUZZLE

OUR FUNNY VALENTINE

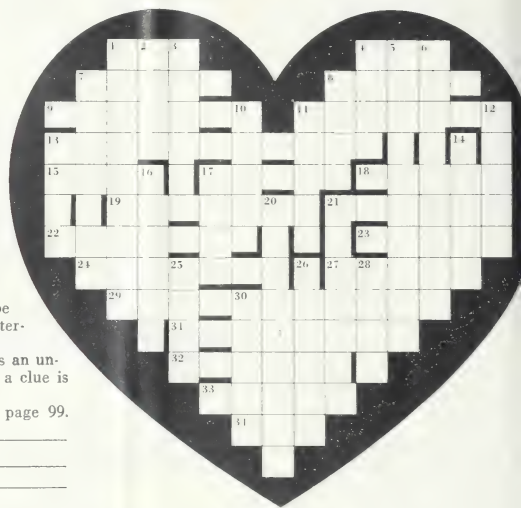
by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions:

The answers to the nine italicized clues must be altered before insertion into the diagram. The altering operations required are 17A, 29A.

Clue answers include four proper names; 21A is an uncommon word. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 99.



CLUES

ACROSS

1. Mother of the farm lady loses mother (3)
4. Fish in Volga resort (3)
7. Port one sent back in southern state (5)
8. I'm limitless, if at all mortal (5)
9. I, for example, or my money (7)
11. Spotted cloth, spoiled by being placed outside (7)
13. *Before the Pilgrims came, this could make plain cooler* (11)
15. Name held by top soprano (4)
17. SEE INSTRUCTIONS (5)
18. Ox-like? Very good! (5)
19. *Called bad names perversely, the head of the newspaper brought you the paper* (9)
21. It's pinochle, if I eat the church-ground meal (6)
22. Passes out, keeping one in sterile condition (7)
23. This lady sang remarkably, being instilled with the mark of excellence (5)
24. Paves the way for the French curse to come back first (7)
27. Jealousy winds up contemptible (5)
29. SEE INSTRUCTIONS (11)
31. Since ape developed man's reasoning... (8)
32. ...monkey, educated, provides clear evidence of having musical tonality (5)
33. First lady is countermanded, but it won't hold water (5)
34. Fish heads back for shelter (3)

DOWN

1. Hanging a child (9)
2. A nothing color (4)
3. Reason for shift: it turned up inside (6)
4. A log jam is cooler in England (4)
5. A time payment for property (10)
6. Press in as grouping—is grating sound (9)
7. *Abe's gone crazy for some West Africans* (8)
8. Downright tasteless (4)
10. Newsreel shows up anything but good looks (5)
11. Girls in London, right in the action at Sotheby's (5)
12. *Certainly outside a king's age* (5)
13. Quiet meadow's appeal (4)
14. Bellow—one taken up with the straight and narrow way (5)
16. Went with departmental opening (6)
17. Healthy-sounding acclaim (4)
20. *I come from Greenland—and I don't!* (9)
21. Sink plug around north-east (6)
25. Tan basilisk's skin (4)
26. It's a bit of a tussle evenly covering tube (6)
28. 1 in 100? Quite the opposite! Almost never (4)
30. Prize baby (5)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Our Funny Valentine, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10016. Entries must be received by February 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription

to Harper's. The solution will be printed in the March issue. Winners' names will be printed in the April issue. Winners of 1 December puzzle, "And One to Grow On," are John C. Weich Washington, D.C.; R. C. Hedler, Toledo, Ohio; and Patricia Delaney, Millington, New Jersey.

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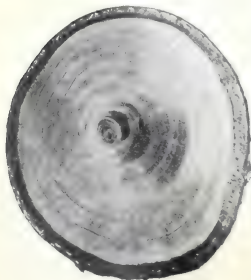
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| | POETRY | 4 LETTERS |
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| | THE CENOTE AT CHICHEN | <i>David Suter</i> 104 OTHER THINGS |
| | ITZA | BEING EQUAL |
| | BOOKS | <i>Tom Wolfe</i> 114 IN OUR TIME |
| <i>John Aldridge</i> 115 | THE DECEITS OF BLACK | <i>John P. Sisk</i> 127 AMERICAN |
| | HUMOR | MISCELLANY |
| <i>Timothy Foote</i> 119 | A review of <i>The Wind from America</i> , by Claude Manceron. | On the flat earth |
| <i>Jeffrey Burke</i> 122 | IN PRINT | <i>E. R. Galli and</i> 132 PUZZLE |
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LETTERS

Memories of underdevelopment

So scandalous was Philip Terzian's description of his trip to Cuba ["Cuba in Panavision," January] that I feel impelled to discard the cloak of anonymity Terzian so graciously provided for myself and my companions (dare I say "comrades"?) in order to reply in print. Terzian was one of a group of some thirty film critics and journalists invited by the Cuban Film Institute to spend a week viewing Cuban films and speaking with Cuban filmmakers. The purpose of the trip was to introduce Americans to the body of Cuban cinema, some 80 features, 900 newsreels, and 900 shorts and documentaries produced in the two decades since the revolution. . . . Terzian dismisses the films out of hand, without even a pretense of real criticism, and then goes on to a vicious attack on Cuba and the other members of our delegation, describing them as "fugitives from the '60s," stock characters supplied by "Central Casting."

Terzian's account is good propaganda but poor journalism. It is a tissue of half-truths from beginning to end. I was at the screening of the documentary on Angola: it is simply not true that one of our number offered "tactical suggestions to the director for the better slaughtering of the enemy." I was also present when Margaret Randall, an American poet, made an eloquent plea to a small group of journalists on behalf of Doris Tijerino, who is now being tortured by the Nicaraguan government. Randall made it clear that Tijerino is an opponent of Somoza, and so Terzian drew the conclusion that she probably deserves what she gets. But the point of all this, which seems to have escaped him, is that torture is still a no-no, no matter what Tijerino stands accused of.

PETER BISKIND
Film Editor
SUNDAY
New York, N.Y.

PHILIP TERZIAN REPLIES:

Unfortunately, Mr. Biskind is entitled to his opinion. He is a good sample of the American leftist who reads and chooses among repressive news. It seems important to me to be recognized the fundamental similarity between a Somoza and a Castro: they both abhor them both. Other members of the delegation have told me they saw a version of events: readers will have to choose between Mr. Biskind's information and mine.

Back in the U.S.

As a journalist who traveled in Asia last year—though no friend of the Soviets—I cannot for the life of Sisyphus understand what Craig Whitney is complaining about ["On Trial in Moscow," December].

Whitney and Harold Piper, by their own admission, published erroneous news. One could even say malicious—criticizing the professional conduct of Soviet journalists. It is a cardinal rule of our press that no Soviet journalist could possibly have any integrity, and that any admitted misleading information should be blown out of proportion. The Voice of America, which Whitney should know better, defends as its own an organ of propaganda. Soviet journalists, quite naturally, would not be treated differently if Whitney had called for their news interviews a fraud.

Whitney and Piper then had the effrontery to hold themselves innocent of any such suit. They refused to redress the charges. They refused to make any kind of defense on the merits of the case (probably because they knew that they were wrong) and refused even to attend the trial. No doubt as to what many, if not most, U.S. judges would have done faced with such "smart aleck" behavior. At least they weren't thrown out for months for refusing to reveal sources as Myron Farber and Doris

American reporters have been. At the Soviet police didn't raid Moscow offices of the *New York Times*, as courts in their country have ruled is perfectly legal after the raid on the *Stanford Daily*. Whitney and Piper got off lightly: a fine and court costs. I hate to think of consequences in a U.S. court if a *New York Times* reporter ignored a slander suit and refused to offer defense whatsoever—and our legal system has the best protections for journalists in the world.

BLAKE FLEETWOOD
New York, N.Y.

G WHITNEY REPLIES:

Mr. Fleetwood's letter is a perfect example of what I meant when I wrote one of our biggest problems was Russian instincts. It is naive, to put mildly, to take the Soviet actions in case at face value and assume that Gamsakhurdia's confession on television was just a legitimate interview by censored Soviet journalists. It was, as I pointed out, a propaganda appearance, cloaked with a fig leaf of journal-

istic legitimacy that fluttered off when the Soviets admitted in court that the "interview" was videotaped in prison before Gamsakhurdia even went on trial. The rest of Mr. Fleetwood's letter proceeds from the same premise, that a parallel can be drawn between the controlled Soviet organs of government and party propaganda and the free press of the United States, or between the Soviet system of administrative legality and our judges and courts. I can only commend further travel in Russia and a rereading of the Myron Farber case to disabuse Mr. Fleetwood of the notion that our legal system has the best protections for journalists in the world.

The powers that be

So Walter Berns sees the pubescent empire-building of early Rome and the plotting chicanery of Machiavelli in the District of Columbia's desire for full representation in Congress ["Rome on the Potomac," January]. Well, it's unlikely that "simple justice" will be

undone by the conspiracy theories of people who have forgotten their Gibbon and misread their Machiavelli. What's more likely is that some people will be taken in by Berns's constitutional sophistry, in which he tries to bamboozle democracy by flapping with Article V.

If Article V reads "that no state, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage," then simple seventh-grade mathematics demonstrates the inability of two new Senators to infringe on equal suffrage. As it is clear that each Senator is equal with respect to his or her "senatorship," the distributive law of mathematics dictates that subtracting an equal amount of suffrage from each of fifty states equally endowed leaves equal suffrage intact, if somewhat diluted, in each case. But "only states shall have senators," says Berns, citing as proof the above final phrase of Article V quoted. How he gets from point A to point B I don't know, but since there was no District of Columbia in the Union when the Constitution was written his point is moot.

WALLY Harper's



Machiavelli would have been ashamed to have had such adherents as those who naively think they can boost the district's power by appropriating a couple of Senators. Rome may have "calculated" its way to jurisdiction over all its neighboring city-states, but the district, as a locality, never has. As a seat of government it has *appeared* to have the sort of jurisdiction a federal government is supposed to have. But the district is not the federal government, only that place where the government happens to have its offices. To the extent this distinction is hazy, it works to the advantage of those Washingtonians who supposedly plot to brighten their aura of power. Given two Senators, the aura would diminish, until citizens of the states would see the district as almost down to the level of a state. As Machiavelli points out, the image of power is power, hence two Senators—Senators not being quite the battering ram of force some people make them out to be—would subtract from more than add to whatever pretensions Washingtonians might already have. As many recent *Harper's* articles have demonstrated, the power of this government is largely illusory.

Finally, Berns does not seem to recognize (though he works here) the essential transience and rootlessness of power in the government. Those with real power here left interests back in their home states. A legislator or an appointee in the Executive branch spends much time enhancing the power of his home state by getting the federal government to send it money or projects. Or by getting the federal government to set it up so that the home state's industries (and, likely enough, the official's interests) have an easier go of it. With the short and unstable duration of elected and appointed office, he certainly can foresee the day when he will return home.

Those who live in the District of Columbia more or less permanently—the true Washingtonians, who regard it as home—have little or no power. They staff the many beadleoms of government and act more against each other than for the whole. They mainly cancel each other out, so it is understandable that they pine for a couple of placebos and for the power to write a hate letter to their Senators.

DAVID BRUSSAT
Washington, D.C.

WALTER BERNS REPLIES:

Mr. Brussat's "simple seventh-grade mathematics" is familiar to me; it was used frequently during the hearings on the proposed amendment, as was the conclusion he derives from it. But this mathematics also demonstrates that while their suffrage might be "diluted," the states would not be deprived of their equal suffrage even by the award of fifty or a hundred Senators to the People's Republic of China: from which I conclude that more than "seventh-grade mathematics" is required to understand the Constitution. Second, although it is true that "there was no District of Columbia in the Union when the Constitution was written," the Constitution does provide for the creation of such a district, indicating that the Founders distinguished between non-states and states.

The tattered union label

The article by Nicholas von Hoffman ["The Last Days of the Labor Movement," December] was perceptive. I have knocked around in a few unions in my day, and I can agree with much of what he has written. Mr. von Hoffman failed to mention the one weakness of the labor movement that has contributed so greatly to its present decline: the fervent anti-Communism that has gripped the Old Guard. Red-baiting has removed young idealists from the leadership of the AFL-CIO and kept the unions from the mainstream of innovative ideas.

Things were not always so. In the early days of the New Deal, for example, the so-called radicals knocked themselves out to organize and to develop union spirit. Unions could not even rent a hall in many towns in Pennsylvania and elsewhere. However, they were welcomed by such groups as the International Workers Order, a beneficial organization that provided life insurance to workers at very low rates. The IWO became a casualty of the McCarthy witch-hunts.

The so-called reds were in the forefront of every picket line. They faced the police, court injunctions, and all the rest. Then, after the unions were established and on firm ground, the union leadership kicked them out ignominiously. From that point on, the labor movement has descended into the

doldrums. Interestingly enough, maritime unions on the West Coast which have been accused of radicalism have never been tarred with the charge of kickbacks and collusion that has tainted the East Coast locals. And dockworkers along the Pacific have more democracy than the ones along the Atlantic.

BERNARD
Sarasota,

The shareholders' response

Having just finished reading Lapham's "Annual Report" [January], I can no longer resist thanking the author for consistently putting language and thought together in a remarkable way. I don't know what sort of this most recent editorial will produce but it would be churlish of me to upon my delight while your mailboxes were filled with letters of the defeated.

The comments on the "intellectual and the plutocrat," and on people's fear the future, provide a rare and significant pleasure. The pleasure increases when language serves ideas.

I was also struck by the comments about language and the way the theft of lies to oneself constitutes a sort of suicide. Perhaps Camus's well-dictum that the first moral choice is the taking of one's own life is freshly reborn in the demise of language. I had never thought of it so; it's pertinent to encounter lights that spark substantial refractions.

SHARON S.
South Pines,

When magazines blame their readers for failure to understand, I myself pondering who's communicating what to whom. I am particularly struck by Lapham's penetrating discovery of a conspiracy of either personal or corporate greed behind a single effort to rescue this mortal national future he's so worried about.

Paranoid, I thought. And the name clear: Lewis Lapham is the Milton Mather of magazine journalism. Well, as our Pilgrim fathers used to cry, Forbear, Reverend Lapham. God's sake, forbear.

JOHN JEFF
Franconia, N.H.

HARPER'S/MARCH

How one family got their laundry done over the phone.

Based on an actual call made to the toll-free 24-hour Whirlpool Cool-Line® service.

one Rings)

ine Consultant: Whirlpool Cool-Line. May I help

certainly hope so. I rush home from work, gobble dinner, pack the kids in the wagon and head out to our new Whirlpool washer. Then back home, hook and...nothing.

tant: Nothing?

Absolutely zotz. Our four year old can make the pen and close, but that's all. So now, the store's my wife's really steamed and I'm not too thrilled. Now what are you gonna do about it?

tant: Our Cool-Line service is here to help get working for you. Let's run through a quick check-st, now don't get mad, did you plug it in?

We're not that dense.

tant: Both water lines hooked up
e water turned on?

Of course.

tant: And you set the dial to
r wash and pulled out the control

Look, the washer really doesn't
Might take the repairman
e day to fix it.

tant: Might take just
minutes. You see,
ool appliances
signed to make
ing as quick and
is possible.
efore you call
rvice, let me
u one more question.

Shoot.

tant: Why did you

buy a new washer? What was wrong with the old one?

Man: It was really on the fritz. Blowing fuses and stuff. The service guy said it was hopeless.

Consultant: Is there any chance that old washer blew a fuse one last time without your knowing it? Will you check?

Man: Oh my aching...hang on. (MINUTES LATER) This is embarrassing. All we needed was a new fuse. I'm sorry I hassled you.

Consultant: Sorry you had trouble. Glad we could help.

Man: Hey, thanks again.

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ONE MAN'S NUCLEAR WAR

On civil disobedience at Rocky Flats

by Edward Abbey

A CANVAS TEPEE straddles the railroad tracks, clearly obstructing passage. The railway—a spur—curves across a field of tawny grass and basaltic rocks toward the distant complex of buildings, towers, lights, enclosed within a high-security fence topped with barbed wire, patrolled by armed guards. Occasional wisps of steam rise from the short stacks within the plant, fading out in the chilly blue as they drift toward the rich brown haze of Denver, sixteen miles to the southeast. West of the railroad and the highway nearby stand the foothills of the Front Range of the Rocky Mountains.

A steady stream of truck and auto traffic moves on the highway, but few of the drivers of these vehicles pause to wonder at the strange sight of a wigwam erected across a railroad track. Mostly local people, they have doubtless grown accustomed to this oddity; the archaic tent has been standing here for most of the past six months.

Two flags and two young men attend this structure and the scatter of camp-

ing equipment around and within it. One flag is the red, white, and blue of the United States; the other bears a golden sun on a field of green, representing—what? Some adventurous new nation in the human community? A nation within a nation? A gesture toward another form of independence? Aspen poles twenty feet tall carry the flags well above the peak of the tepee; the cool November breeze rolling down from the mountains stirs both flags with separate but equal nonchalance.

One of the young fellows is a student at Denver University. He wears a heavy wool shirt, a light blond beard, a shy but friendly smile—I fail to catch his name. The other looks like a pirate: bandanna for a headband, gold earrings, black beard, skin darkened by sun and wind. He wears a green sweat shirt, baggy gray sweat pants, the canvas sneakers of a jogger, the fingerless wool gloves of a rock climber—or of a golfer. He admits with a grin to a touch of Irish in his genes; his name is Patrick Malone. Patrick Malone has been here, like the wigwam, for most of the

past six months. He says he plans to stay here through the winters, zards, ice, subzero temperatures withstanding—until that quiet but industrial-looking installation at the end of the railway spur is shut down forever, or converted perhaps to the manufacture of something different—solar heating devices, let us say, or mopeds, bicycles, plow-shares.

An electrical power line on wooden poles parallels the railway and runs into the factory. Wooden poles incite me that one resolute man with a chain saw could put that place out of business for a short while, easily and quickly. Such a suggestion would be welcome here: Malone and his friends are opposed both in principle and in practice to violence in any form. Even to moderate violence. Technically restrained, tactically precise, aggressive in inanimate property.

They do not consider the wigwam

Edward Abbey is the author of The Wanderer, The Wrench Gang (Lippincott), The Juggler, Home: Some Words in Defense of the American West (E.P. Dutton), and other books.



racks, barring the right-of-way a sign that reads U. S. PROPERTY (TRESPASSING, a form of violence. A week, when the train comes, the train of specially designed arched cars marked FISSILE MATERIAL—ACTIVE, Malone and helpers dismantle the tent and carry it out of the way (saving it from confiscation by the security forces from unnecessary paperwork). Then he and friends, some of them totaling about 200 so return to the railway and sit on the tracks, offering only their bodies to the advancing engine. The train always stops, or has so far, and the people on the rails are taken away by the police, charged for trespass and obstruction of justice, and jailed or released on their own recognizance. This scene has been repeated more than twenty times since July 29, 1978, when some 4,000 people, mostly from the cities of Denver and Boulder (nine miles to the north), gathered in a well-organized and peaceful assembly at the gates of the Rocky Mountain nuclear weapons plant to make their feelings known to whoever, however, might be interested. There have been so far no fights, no bodily injuries of any kind on either side. Demonstrators, protesters, security guards, and the Jefferson County sheriffs and deputies who make the actual arrests have all been on their best behavior. The world has not been watching but a small part of it has, including the local press.

WE SAY GOODBYE to Malone and his mate—they are now being visited, interviewed, and photographed by a German professor of American literature from the University of Hamburg—and attempt to enter the plant itself. We are turned back at the gate. The guards are polite but firm: No entry without a pass from Rockwell International Corporation, which manages the plant under contract to the U. S. Department of Energy and the Pentagon. What Rockwell makes here is no longer a secret, if it ever was, though it was only gradually leaked to the public since 1952, when the plant was established. Rockwell makes an essential component—the plutonium “trigger”—of what the government calls thermonuclear devices, hydrogen bombs. The trigger, which

itself is an atomic detonating device equivalent in explosive power to the atomic bombs dropped on Japan, is shipped from here to another factory near Amarillo, Texas, where the actual H-bombs are assembled. Our government has been in this business, operating through various private corporations (Rockwell was preceded by Dow Chemical here at Rocky Flats), for thirty years. The total number of atomic and hydrogen bombs now available for use is a military secret; but everything leaks, eventually. Careful students of the matter, such as Daniel Ellsberg, estimate the size of the American stockpile at something between 11,000 and 30,000 nuclear bombs. Since a few hundred of these weapons could obliterate most mammalian life from Dublin to Vladivostok, that should be, from a layman's point of view, sufficient. But production continues, a \$1.7 billion annual business. The government justifies continued production on the grounds that bombs made ten, twenty, and thirty years ago are no longer reliable or adequate, and that ever more sophisticated refinements in design and delivery make regular model changes desirable. Furthermore, the Russians are

doing the same thing. And the Chinese. And the English, and the French. And maybe the Israelis, the Indians, the South Africans, the Brazilians. All governments need enemies. We have lived for so long under the umbrella of Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD) that perhaps we would feel uncomfortable, even defenseless, without it. It is certainly arguable that the threat of nuclear devastation has helped prevent a major war. When presidents and premiers, commissars and commissioners, generals and admirals are compelled to share the dangers of war with ordinary citizens and common soldiers, then we are all a little safer. We hope.

We drove on to the town of Golden, seat of Jefferson County, State of Colorado, where the trial of the railway trespassers was taking place. An arch across the main street proclaims WELCOME TO GOLDEN—WHERE THE WEST BEGINS. We found the courtroom packed, the proceedings under way, with thirty-one-year-old Judge Kim Goldberger presiding over his first criminal case. Several days had already been spent in selecting the six-member jury, a touchy and difficult process, and in the presentation of its case by the pros-

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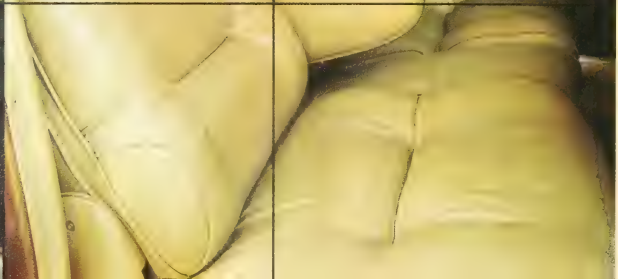
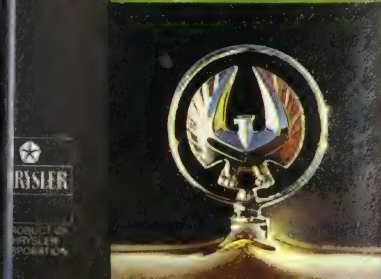
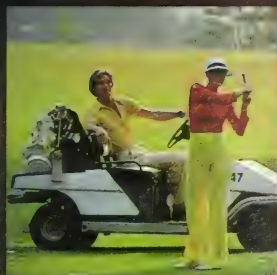
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caution, a much simpler affair. The defendants freely confessed to being present on the tracks at the time alleged, freely admitted their attempt to block rail traffic into the weapons plant. But they did not plead guilty; they pleaded not guilty, using as their defense an old Colorado "choice of evils" statute that allows the intentional commission of an illegal act when the purpose of such act is to prevent a greater harm, a greater crime. For example, the law allows you to violate speed limits when your purpose is to save a life, or to escape imminent danger. Unfortunately for the defendants and their lawyers the judge had ruled that only he, and not the jury, had the right to determine if the choice-of-evils defense was "applicable" in this instance. The defendants, therefore, were obliged to present their case without being heard by a "jury" of their peers: the jury had been excused, forbidden to hear the defense, read about it, or talk about it. Since trial by jury in criminal cases is supposed to be a constitutional right, the judge had already given the defense firm grounds for appeal to a higher court. Which may have been the judge's purpose, since he had been quoted earlier as saying that the issues involved were too important to be settled in a county court.

The defense went ahead with its case, jury or no jury, calling a number of experts to the stand to testify to the reality of radiation hazards imposed on the residents of Boulder, Denver, and environs by the Rocky Flats installation. One witness came from England, another from Georgia, another from California: the remainder were recruited locally. All traveled at their own expense and gave their time without monetary compensation. The seven Denver attorneys working for the defense were doing the same thing: they had volunteered their time out of sympathy. The defendants, of course, though presumed innocent until proved guilty, are not allowed, under our system of justice, any form of reimbursement for their loss of livelihood, even if they should finally be acquitted. The judge, meanwhile, and the prosecuting attorneys (including a couple of lawyers on loan from the U.S. Department of Energy) continue to receive their pay without interruption. Since the trial dragged on for eleven days the defendants and their counsel were effectively punished

(for challenging the law?) even before the judge pronounced sentence. But nobody questions this way of doing things. Perhaps, in a rational society like ours, there is no better way. As Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel concluded in his 457-page *Philosophy of History*: Whatever is, is right.

THE DEFENDANTS and their legal counsel did not appear to share my concerns. They were busily and happily engaged not so much in defending themselves as in prosecuting the adversary, putting on trial the Rocky Flats weapons plant itself, and by implication the Department of Energy, the Department of Defense, the U.S. government, the Russian government, the nuclear arms race, the freight train of history, the complacency and cowardice of us all in meekly accepting, like mice in a laboratory, the miserable nightmare that statesmen and politicians, scientists, industrialists, and technologists have laid upon our lives, without our consent, and upon the lives of our descendants (if any) for thousands of years to come.

The first witness that I heard was Karl Z. Morgan, a professor at Georgia Tech of what is called "health physics." Dr. Morgan, age seventy-two, is an old-timer in the nuclear enterprise: he took part in the origins of the Manhattan Project, when the first atomic reactor was built under the stadium at the University of Chicago during World War II: he served for twenty years as director of safety operations at the government's radiation laboratories at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, before returning to teaching. He has published many books and papers on the subject of radiation-induced illness and is considered to be one of the world's authorities on the subject. In his soft, gentle voice, with a slight southern accent, Dr. Morgan reviewed for us what should be familiar stuff by now: the invisible and insidious effects of low radiation, intangible to the senses, measurable only by instruments, but potentially fatal all the same, given sufficient years, to any organism unlucky enough to inhale or ingest even the most minute particles of plutonium or its derivative, americium. There is no such thing, he maintained, as a safe or "permissible" dose of internal radiation; the slightest quantity *could* be enough, in a suscep-

tible human, to cause some form of cancer. He is not, he said, against nuclear power, nor would he support unilateral nuclear disarmament: but thinks present safety standards dangerously inadequate. Accidents inevitable, he said, given human liability, and he mentioned (over objections from the county attorney) three deaths at Los Alamos and three at Idaho Falls that resulted from nuclear mishaps. People living near downwind of Rocky Flats are subject to a 3 to 6 percent greater risk than those in other areas: he accused the Environmental Protection Agency of failure to enforce uniformly even present inadequate safety standards. The Rocky Flats installation should never have been built so close to a city and should be shut down or relocated as soon as possible, "preferably inside a mountain." Did he think the dangers posed by Rocky Flats justified the demonstrations, protests, and highway sit-ins staged by the defendants? Since ordinary political means had failed to produce the needed change (Colorado's governor and Congressional delegation have been advocating removal of the Rocky Flats plant for years), Dr. Morgan thought that any nonviolent action that served to publicize the problem was probably justified—even though, he added, railway trespass would not "miraculously" decontaminate the estimated 11,000 acres stretching from the plant grounds toward Denver that were already poisoned by plutonium leaked from waste-storage barrels.

Dr. Morgan's testimony required hours for its detailed elaboration. By the more days of similar testimony by other defense witnesses followed. Dr. Arthur Stewart from Oxford University, epidemiologist by trade, and Dr. Jerome W. Gofman of the University of California at Berkeley, a specialist in physical chemistry and, like Dr. Stewart an M.D., reinforced Dr. Morgan's findings of the long-range effects of nuclear contamination in the Denver area. "Protest is always justified," said Dr. Morgan, "when it is the only means to make a deaf government listen."

Local scientists from the University of Colorado, the Colorado Department of Health, and the Atmospheric Research Center appeared on the stand to back up Drs. Morgan, Stewart, and Gofman. Dr. Anthony Robbins testi-

he had "serious concerns as to whether one could believe or trust the statements of the Department of Energy about radioactive emissions at the site. Dr. Edward Martell, a nuclear physicist, said that Rocky Flats officials "resisted suggestions" that they do tests for nuclear contamination in soil beyond the plant boundaries. Martell made the tests himself and found, in Jefferson County and the Denver area, concentrations of plutonium—"hot spots"—more than 250 times greater than normal background levels of radiation. Dr. John Cobb, a member of a governor's task force appointed to investigate the safety of the site, said that he had made sixteen recommendations for improving safety precautions, but that none, so far as he has been able to find out, were put into effect. As for nuclear power in general, Cobb said that he was in favor of it only if reactors were confined to a safe distance from human habitation, about 93 million miles away . . . on the moon." Like the other witnesses and most of the defendants, he opposed unilateral nuclear disarmament, given the presence of international affairs, but did think it would be worthwhile, from the point of view of human survival, for the U.S. government to take a significant initial step toward such disarmament; world opinion, he felt, as well as its own best interests, would compel the American government to follow. The proper course, he said, is one of suicide-madness.

THE TRIAL was adjourned for four days of official Thanksgiving. After the recess some of the defendants were alerted, through a constant barrage of objections by the prosecution, to make their statements directly to the three men and three women of the jury. Said Nancy Young, age thirty, a Boulder geologist: "I was on those tracks not to commit trespass but to prevent random murder on the population of metropolitan Denver." [Objection, your honor! Objection sustained.] "And if I bought," continued Young, "that by staying on those tracks . . . I could close the plant tomorrow, I would be willing to stay there for the rest of my life." [Objection! Sustained.]

Said Nancy Doub, age forty, housewife and child-care worker from Boul-

der, who with her seventeen-year-old daughter had been arrested on the night of May 8: "It was a pretty far-out thing. I'm not accustomed to going out at night in two feet of snow to stop a railroad train." They waited two hours for the train to emerge from the plant. "When we saw the light we walked up the tracks together . . . singing 'We Shall Not Be Moved.'" [Objection! Sustained.]

Skye Kerr, age twenty-three, a registered nurse and student at the Uni-

versity of Colorado, said that she had received her training at the Boston Children's Hospital and was familiar with the effects of radiation-caused cancer and leukemia. She said: "There were three-year-old children with their hair falling out. They were getting sick from the medicine they were taking and didn't understand." [Objection! Sustained.] She said: "The children keel over and die. They gush out blood from all over." [Objection! Objection! Inciting sympathy in the jury, Your Hon-

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or 'Sustained.' "It happens years later. You can't see or feel or touch radiation, but it's as real as a gun." [Objection! Sustained.] "I felt the only thing I could do... was to bodily put myself on the tracks. I knew that laws much, much higher [than trespass] were being broken." What kind of laws? she was asked. "Laws of human—of life. You know—violations of rights you have as a human being." [Objection! Objection sustained.]

The defense rested its case a few days later, after a summation by chief defense attorney Edward H. Sherman that appealed to the jury as "the conscience of the community." The prosecuting attorney, Steve Cantrell, summed up his argument by saying that this was "a case of simple trespass. We are not here to change the policy of the U.S. government...."

The judge read his instructions to the jury. It took him twenty minutes to guide their deliberations. He reminded the jury that he had ruled as irrelevant the choice-of-evils defense, as well as a defense based on the First Amendment right to assemble peacefully for redress of grievances. The members of the jury were to disregard emotional appeals and consider only, and nothing but, the formal charges of obstruction of traffic on a public right-of-way and trespass against U.S. government property.

The jury went into deep seclusion. It emerged five hours later to confess inability to reach a decision. The judge excused the jury for the night but put it back to work next morning. After another five hours, the jury announced its verdict: All defendants guilty of trespass, innocent of obstructing traffic.

The jurors explained that though in sympathy with the defendants, they could not, under the judge's instructions, acquit them of the trespassing charge. One juror wrote a note to the defendants: "My support and prayers are with you all." Another, Diana Holman, said to defendant Jack Joppa: "We all support you and your cause." Another juror tried to explain her decision to reporters, faltered in mid-sentence, left the courtroom weeping. The judge looked glum and a little bored. The defense attorneys looked weary, sad, disappointed, the prosecuting attorneys tired and exasperated. Both sides claimed a moral victory but the divided verdict satisfied no one. No one, that is, but the defendants and their sup-

porters; they alone seemed pleased by the results of the trial—not jubilant, but serenely happy. Linking hands and arms they sang "We Shall Overcome," about seventy of them there in the crowded little courtroom, while the flashbulbs flashed, the high-intensity video lights glared, the cameras clicked and clashed.

The judge set a later date for sentencing; penalties up to six months in jail and/or a fine of \$500 are possible. The defense attorneys announced, as expected, their plans for appeal to a higher court.

ISPOKE BRIEFLY with a few of the defendants, including Daniel Ellsberg, who now lives in San Francisco and makes his living, he told me, as a writer and lecturer, devoting most of his efforts to the antinuclear crusade. I met Steve Sterns and Ellen Klaver, both students at the University of Colorado: the latter supports herself by working as a seasonal ranger with the National Park Service. I met Peter Ediger, about age fifty I would guess, who is the minister of the Mennonite Church in nearby Arvada, another Denver suburb. All of these people impressed me not so much with what they had to say as with their manner. They are happy people, these crusaders, at ease with themselves and with others, radiant with the confidence of conviction, liberated by their own volition from the tedious, heavy, wearisome slavery of routine and passive acquiescence in which most of us endure our brief, half-lived half-lives. One single act of defiance against power, against the state that seems omnipotent but is not, transforms and transfigures the human personality. At least for a time. For a while. Perhaps that is enough. I had come to the Rocky Flats affair in a state of mind vaguely sympathetic with the protesters, but basically skeptical, detached, burdened by the resigned cynicism that passes for wisdom in contemporary America. Like some people I know, I could sometimes settle for the belief that our most serious problems are finding a place to park the car, the ever-rising costs of gasoline and beefsteak, the nagging demands of the poor, the old, the disinherited. Now I felt a guilty envy of the protesters, of those who actually act, and a little faint glow of hope—perhaps something fun-

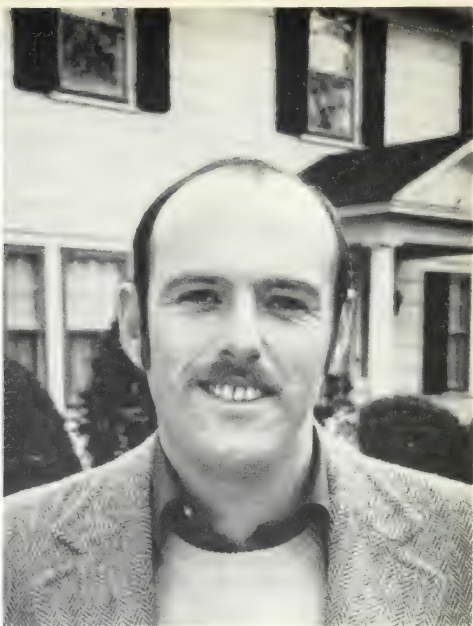
damental might yet be changed in the nature of our lives. Crusaders for virtue are an awkward embarrassment to society; they force us to make choices either side with them, which is difficult and dangerous, or condemn them which leads to self-betrayal.

While the glow lasted, one of the defendants—Robert Godfrey, transplanted Englishman, mountaineer, maker, writer—and I walked down streets of Golden (golden Colorado) to the Coors Brewery, where visitors are always welcome. We had been denied entrance to the Rocky Flats nuclear-weapons plant; here we were admitted by cheerful ladies wearing red-and-white uniforms and Disneyland smiles. Which was gracious of the Coors people, I thought; liberals and radicals like Godfrey and myself have never felt said anything nice about Adolph Coors and company—a highly influential right-wing force in Rocky Mountain politics. We took the official "short" tour of the plant, direct from front door to free-beer dispensary, sampled the product, generously offered, liberally taken. If we could celebrate exactly a victory, then—César Chavez has said—we would celebrate our defeat. The beer tasted fine. I am happy to report, despite what seemed to me a strange, Day-Glo phosphorescence in the foaming head. I had come by now to imagine patches of plutonium 239 and americium 241 everywhere I looked, floating in the air, settling on my shoulders, microscopic flecks of dandruff, lodged in my lungs, where they—the particles—could carry on, undisturbed, the peculiar half-life of 24,000 years. Nevertheless, we drank the beer.

Drank the beer and carried on. Driving home to Boulder that evening, Godfrey and I were happy to see Pat Malone and his wigwam, flags flying firmly and symbolically obstructing traffic on the nuclear railroad. Can a man derail a train with nothing but will? Can a few thousand human beings armed with nothing but audacity purpose bring to a halt the mighty freight train of government, industry, power, war, that overwhelming vision of a future charged by pride and ambition?

The only answer we know is the most comforting and terrifying of answers. Anything is possible.

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¹ Source: U.S. Dept. of Labor ² Cost does not include land. Source: U.S. Dept. of Commerce

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HARVARD FLUNKS A TEST

Vintage curriculum in new bottles

by Adele Simmons

IN FEBRUARY, 1978, Henry Rosovsky, dean of the Harvard faculty, circulated to the Harvard community copies of a thirty-six-page typescript entitled "Report on the Core Curriculum," a set of guidelines for some changes in that portion of the undergraduate program known as general education. At the college, reaction was mild, but beyond the Yard the press has celebrated the report as a significant reform and a vindication of those who for more than a decade have decried an erosion of academic standards in undergraduate education. The *New York Times* editorialized its hope that "the Harvard way becomes the nation's way." Many who have read the report closely are, like Henry Rosovsky himself, surprised at the flurry of attention it has received.

Calls for a dramatic revision of undergraduate curricula have been made throughout the history of higher education. The present restiveness at Harvard has been growing for some years as the rules have been relaxed regarding what courses students may take to satisfy the general-education requirements. Faculty members have confessed embarrassment and dismay that graduates are welcomed "to the company of educated men and women" each June simply for having passed a required number of courses, without necessarily having mastered any common set of skills or body of knowledge. Harvard's distress has been echoed at other insti-

tutions around the country and was summed up in the finding of the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education in 1977: "General education in America is a disaster area."

Against these frustrations any reform Harvard might have proposed was likely to be greeted with enthusiasm. Disarmed by the title of the report, the public was quick to suppose that the core curriculum would prescribe common courses and reduce the number of electives allowed undergraduates. But the differences between what the report in fact proposes and what its title implies are considerable.

LET US FIRST ESTABLISH what the proposed core curriculum is not. For one thing, it is not what most of us understand by the phrase *core curriculum*. Frederick Rudolph, a historian of education, offers this definition: "Core... programs are common, tightly knit, yet broad and often interdisciplinary series of courses usually required of all students." In a pure core curriculum, all students take the same courses. The modern prototype of core curricula was established in 1937 when Stringfellow Barr and Scott Buchanan, two advisers to Robert Maynard Hutchins at the University of Chicago, went off to rescue the floundering St. John's College in Annapolis, Maryland. Since then, all students at St. John's have studied the same 120 "classics of Western civilization," and only these, during the four undergraduate years. In contrast, Harvard's so-called core cur-

riculum asks students to select from about 100 courses.

The Harvard report might legitimately have claimed the rubric of "curriculum" if it had mandated one or two courses such as those required of all undergraduates at Columbia and Reed. But it did not.

Part of the public pleasure in the Harvard report seems to arise from the expectation that a core curriculum supply undergraduates with a basismoment of common learning. Like the craze for minimal competency standards in high schools, the notion of the educated share a single set of ideas and is satisfyingly simple. It gratifies our need to perceive something as unified and consensual in the face of ample evidence to the contrary. The "Report on the Core Curriculum" expressly denies that it intends to furnish any common core: "We are proposing an identical set of courses for all students, and we are not proposing an even-handed introduction to all fields of knowledge.... We do not think there is a single set of books that every educated person should master." Those who look to Harvard to define a body of knowledge common to all educated people must be disappointed.

What the Harvard core curriculum does require is that every student take at least one course in seven or eight of the following areas: literature and languages, arts, history, social and philosophical analysis, science and mathematics, foreign languages and cultures. In each of these areas, students will select from a list of eight to ten approved courses.

Adele Simmons is president of Hampshire College in Amherst, Massachusetts, and a former dean of students at Princeton University.



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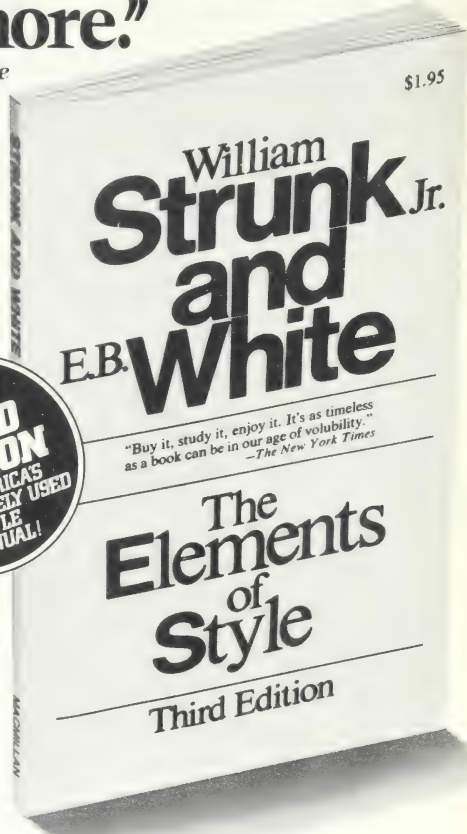
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MACMILLAN

some specially designed for the core curriculum, some adapted from present offerings. It is intended that all courses on the list in any area will impart the "mode of understanding" characteristic of that area. The "core" of Harvard's new curriculum is the mastery of these modes of understanding.

Neither does the proposed core curriculum reduce the number of electives taken by Harvard men and women. Under the present scheme, an undergraduate takes thirty-two one-semester courses to earn the bachelor's degree—sixteen in the major field, eight to fulfill the general-education requirements, and eight free electives. Under the proposed scheme, an undergraduate would take sixteen in the major (as before), as few as seven to fulfill the core curriculum requirements, and as many as nine free electives—one more than is currently permitted.

Not a core curriculum, the new curriculum is also not radically new. By the current rules, a student's eight general-education courses are chosen from more than 800 and distributed over three broad areas: humanities, social sciences, and natural sciences. Under the new rules, a student will select seven or eight courses from an estimated 100 alternatives distributed over ten areas. Given the notorious difficulty of effecting any changes at all in college curricula, Dean Rosovsky and his colleagues deserve credit for a victory over institutional inertia, but the result is hardly dramatic reform. By slicing the pie of learning into not three portions but ten, and by reducing the choices from 800 courses to 100, the revised curriculum may be regarded, as Mortimer Adler recently said, "as some check on the indigestible smorgasbord of the elective system, but it can hardly be defended as a restoration of the truly general education."

Nothing in the "Report on the Core Curriculum" offers other institutions an example of thorough reform. Nonetheless, *Saturday Review* called the report "a quiet revolution." Ralph Nader, who has a reputation for looking at innovations with a critical eye, characterized the report as mandating "more required courses and fewer electives." Why, one wonders, do so many people see in the report what is not there?

I think they are simply clothing the Emperor. In higher education as in other social institutions, Americans

crave order, the restoration of absolutes, and the reassertion of traditional values. For many, especially parents, the tendency of colleges in the late 1960s and early 1970s to permit undergraduates more latitude in choosing their programs and, in some instances, to reduce or eliminate general-education requirements manifests the anarchy of those years. People remember the 1960s not just as chaotic but as nihilistic. Liberty became license; freedom ran amok. Joseph Kraft has discovered in the 1960s the origins of "a crumbling of consent" that continues today, with wives challenging husbands, children defying parents, students "sassing teachers," and workers resisting orders. The widespread reaction to the "Report on the Core Curriculum" reflects a desire of many Americans to believe that the academy, led by Harvard, is assuming an authority they themselves have abdicated and is taking charge of their children.

THESE ARE REAL dangers, I believe, both in greeting the Harvard report as genuine reform and in basing judgments about what is best in higher education on reactions against what we believe happened in the 1960s and 1970s. Particularly as we try to strengthen general education, we must create new forms, not copies of a pale revision of programs past.

A single vignette may illustrate my view of our task in undergraduate education. One night last winter, a student who came to my house for dinner announced that she would have to leave early to attend a meeting. She was a member of a Town of Amherst citizens' committee that had been convened to make recommendations about what recombinant DNA research would be permitted in the town.

This young woman was not a specialist in genetics: she was simply a concerned citizen. Clearly society expects colleges to prepare nonspecialists to sit on such committees and exercise informed judgment about such questions. That is one function of general education in a democratic society, and to fulfill it well may be the most important job of educators today.

It may be that the future, to members of any generation, always looks more fragile and demanding than the

present could possibly have appeared to their fathers and mothers. Even knowing a degree of generational parallax, I believe that today's undergraduates will need an unprecedented breadth of knowledge and richness of imagination. The technical and moral subtleties of the decisions they will make can leave one defenseless before temptation simply to renounce personal responsibility. Undergraduate education must prepare the student not to stray from choices, not to leave them to the experts.

The temptation not to act—or to respond to complexity by acting reflexively, according to the demagogic examples that are always plentiful—made more attractive as knowledge multiplies and traditional paradigms of moral behavior lose force in society. Relatively little uncertainty surrounds the decision of American men and women after Pearl Harbor to take up arms against the Nazis, and the right moral choices quickly became clear during an era of civil-rights agitation. But the right choices appear elusive, and strain created by living with moral ambiguity is already distorting the responses of many Americans.

This is a time of single-issue politics. Now that the Keynesian principle of incompatibility between inflation and recession no longer explains our problems or points toward solutions, Americans betray a certain desperation of self-preservation by supporting indiscriminate, meat-ax measures like Proposition 13. Traditional assumptions about life's very nature and value seem to be threatened by cryogenics, in vitro fertilization, and recombinant DNA research. In reaction, citizens tend to ward off anxiety and uncertainty by taking simple positions—usually against change in the status quo. The growing tendency of voters to judge a candidate on the basis of his or her position on only one issue—be it abortion, tax reform, or capital punishment—threatens representative government and threatens the danger of an ill-educated electorate in times of stress.

Nobody has yet empirically demonstrated that one curriculum achieves more thorough general education or broader literacy than another. Research has singled out no one program as superior. Education is not so much a science as a civil religion, arguably an American religion. In an increasing

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similar society, education has come to be seen, as a means of practical salvation from poverty and powerlessness. One school of social critics argues that our educational institutions do not promote upward mobility; yet faith in education persists.

Debates about curriculum are essentially religious, then. In these terms, the kind of curriculum reform represented in the Harvard report corresponds to the work of the Talmudic scholars who reinterpret texts that are themselves reinterpretations of earlier interpretations. Harvard's reworking of the existing general-education program is similarly just a revision. Some institution of undergraduate education should reexamine the purpose of general education and formulate its own program. And because no approach will be demonstrably best, we should encourage a diversity of programs. We must guard against the tendency to see the programs adopted at Harvard, the common consensus, as the infallible doctrine by which all other programs may be judged orthodox or heretical. Often more innovative approaches can be equally rigorous and valuable instruments of instruction. For example, learning of a most useful kind often occurs when students are permitted to participate in the design of their own education. Active, responsible citizenship requires independence of thought, an ability to find issues for one's self, and experience in discovering modes of inquiry that fit the problem at hand. I do not suggest that students be set adrift, but that they work in responsible partnership with faculty.

My own general education in the natural sciences provides a case in point. As a woman student typically ghettoized about courses in the "hard" sciences, I fulfilled the distribution requirement in natural science by taking an easy geology course known lovingly to Radcliffe students as "Rocks for Jocks." I learned little of geology and, more distressing, almost nothing of the scientific method.

In contrast, a young dancer at Hampshire who had a similar antipathy for science declared that she would never graduate because she could not fulfill the college requirement in natural science. Members of the science faculty met with her and determined what in the sciences bore a relation of significance to her work as a dancer. She

fulfilled the science requirement by completing a study of muscles and movement, mastering in the course of her work both physiology and aspects of biochemistry. I am confident that she knows more about the modes of inquiry characteristic of science than I knew when I finished "Rocks for Jocks."

The students' experience when allowed to educate themselves with the advice of wiser elders suggests that the freedom to choose is an advantage in learning. Yet precisely because students sought such freedom in the late 1960s and early 1970s it is rejected now. Can thoughtful people really be satisfied with the pendulum metaphor as a justification for educational policies?

Another curricular innovation that might strengthen undergraduate education is directed toward a goal long sought with mixed success by educators. The complexity of social and environmental issues (to give two examples only) dictates interdisciplinary attempts to solve them and underscores the value of interdisciplinary training. Even the Harvard report, embarrassed perhaps by the buzzword that *interdisciplinary* has become, alludes to the inappropriateness of present divisions among fields. But it avoids concluding that they should be changed:

That different ways of looking at the universe, society, and ourselves overlap to some degree is no disadvantage. These interpenetrations reflect the true state of learning with its ever-shifting boundaries, and also give students and faculty a greater opportunity for interdisciplinary presentations.

The report seems to offer hope for interdisciplinary collaboration, given its titles for three of the five categories of required courses (literature and the arts, social and philosophical analysis, foreign languages and cultures), but these yokings are in fact matters of administrative convenience—the result of reducing the number of categories to five from eight, a total the Harvard faculty rejected as unwieldy.

SIMILARLY, EDUCATIONAL REFORM of the sort suggested here is opposed by the powerful self-interest of most faculty members and the current preoccupations of many undergraduates and parents.

The conservative nature and plain

obstinacy of some faculty have already hindered reform. Woodrow Wilson, while president of Princeton, complained that "reforming a college curriculum is as difficult as moving a graveyard." This parochialism has been the bane of reformers—and principal focus of reform—since the turn of the century, when departmentalism became the basic political unit of large faculties. (The last reform of liberal education at Harvard, for example, was a reaction against just this narrow specialization, which then-President James B. Conant believed threatened to deprive the country of leaders with broad, balanced outlook. In 1937 Conant proposed a program to "counteract the tides of specialization which were beginning to engulf not only students and scholars but the foundations of a free society.")

Most faculty members limit themselves to research and teaching within their specialties because they are trained to do so and because they are rewarded most richly for doing so. Among academics, little prestige is earned by teaching students who major in other fields, much less by teaming with colleagues from alien departments or by engaging in other peculiar activities suggested from time to time by advocates of interdisciplinary learning. When undergraduates begin work on their majors, they learn these specialties and adopt them as part of their preparation for graduate school. In these circumstances, undergraduates rarely have the chance to observe or learn the ways of collaborative problem solving, either among specialists in the same discipline or, less likely still, among colleagues from different fields. Nor are students encouraged to cooperate in their own work. The system of undergraduate assignments, evaluations, and the behavior rewarded in class discussion, encourage a proprietary, exclusive attitude toward knowledge and the fruits of research. To work is viewed with suspicion in many institutions that purport to prepare citizens for a future in which survival itself may depend on effective collaboration.

Much of the debate over "decline standards" during the past decade alluded to the faculty's having abdicated responsibility for general education, surrendering—as if unwilling to the pressure from students for more

rol over their own education. The is that the demand from students the right to pursue whatever education they choose coincided the preference of many faculties to entangle themselves from the enter- Since the turn of the century and departments' rise to power in unity politics, faculty members have easily claimed sovereignty over and less outside their fields of rialization. (At Amherst College, example, the percentage of free tives in the standard undergraduate gram increased from 15 percent in 5 to 44 percent in 1966, and by 5 it had reached 75 percent.) It is alistic to expect faculty members to their departments to sacri- time for general education unless the first occurs a profound change he way graduate students are indo- cated and professors rewarded.

F THE HARVARD core curriculum is a timid reform and not a sufficient model for the rest of higher educa- tion, it is at least a modest change in what went before, and for that it deserves recognition. In the past dec- curriculum committees at Yale and Princeton have spent long hours earnest debate, but, for reasons of ernal politics, in neither institution more than cosmetic changes result. The new guidelines Harvard has adopt- to accomplish some changes of ential significance: the orientation the present general-education pro- to Western civilization is aban- ned; provincialism is checked ough the requirements in foreign guage and culture; instead of the mer emphasis on survey courses, the new curriculum suggests teaching idents the modes of inquiry of the rior fields of intellectual discourse, as to provide access to knowledge, til the 1980s, when courses are of- ed in fulfillment of these guidelines, iver, one cannot know whether en these revisions will be realized.

Yet even to have brought the present idelines through the Harvard legis- tive process whole is a remarkable litical feat. Examples of truly signifi- cant reform in higher education are arce and tend to occur under much ore favorable circumstances. The ong general-education program in- oduced in the 1930s at the University

of Chicago, for example, was favored by the unusual capacity for leadership of Robert Maynard Hutchins and the pressure just after the Great Depres- sion to invigorate the undergraduate program so as to attract students and financial support. The introduction of the Great Books curriculum at St. John's was made possible in part by the fact that the college had lost its accreditation and was headed for bank- ruptcy. Financial exigency made radical innovation possible and saved the institution. At Antioch College in 1919 the work-study program that has since spawned countless kindred programs at other institutions was adopted only when the college had fallen on such hard times that the trustees offered Antioch as a gift to the YMCA. (The offer was refused.) In addition to great leadership and extreme fiscal instabili- ty, a sense of common values and shared national will seems also to favor curricular change. James B. Conant's 1945 reform took hold in part because the country had just been victorious in World War II and still bristled with noble common purpose.

Educators today labor under none of these propitious conditions. For the most part, instead of charismatic university presidents we have skilled managers and businessmen. University budgets are neither so flush as to afford experimentation nor so crippled as to require radical changes in the product offered for sale. And the nation is today united not by common purpose but by common diffidence. Many entering freshmen and their parents seek an education that leads to job security, not critical and independent thinking. In such circumstances, vigorous efforts to design effective programs in general education become more necessary but less easy. Since the time more than four years ago when Dean Rosovsky decided to press for reform of Harvard's undergraduate curriculum (influenced, in part, by the experience of his daughter, then a college freshman), he has involved more than sixty faculty members in hundreds of hours of committee work and debate. Now that he has wrung from the old maid on the Charles probably as much change as she will suffer, the rest of us should recognize the revision for what it is—and for what it is not—and carry on with the hard work elsewhere. ☐

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TRUMPING ASIAN ALLIES

... while dealing from the bottom of the deck

by Michael A. Ledeen

JIMMY CARTER's decision to open diplomatic relations with the People's Republic of China on terms favorable to the PRC was consistent with his previous venture into Asian diplomacy. Even before his inauguration, Carter was planning a dramatic step in keeping with his advisers' ideological predilections: the withdrawal of American nuclear weapons and military personnel from South Korea. Like the China decision, the move in South Korea was taken by a small group of "experts" who were determined to act in secrecy and in defiance of public and Congressional opinion. Like the China decision, the move in South Korea was determined without consultation with our allies, and without serious consideration of the action's effect on the strategic balance. And like the China decision, the move in South Korea increased the chances of war even though it was portrayed as a step toward peace.

As a candidate, Carter promised an "open administration," yet while the country awaited his inauguration, the President-elect prepared a secret plan designed to bypass consultation within the government and the military, and with Congress and allied governments. Like the Nixon Administration that

preceded it, the new regime was prepared to resort to secret and unilateral decisions when its convictions were at stake. The South Korean decision was prepared by a small transition team, most of whose members moved into the second echelon of the Carter Administration after January 20: Richard Holbrooke, managing editor of *Foreign Policy*, who became Assistant Secretary of State for Pacific and East Asian Affairs; Ed Deagle, who hoped to be Secretary of the Army, but actually went to the Rockefeller Foundation; Les Gelb of the *New York Times*, now director of Political-Military Affairs at the State Department; and Dr. Peter Bourne, the former head of the White House drug program. This group, along with a few other people, formulated the secret replacement of American tactical nuclear weapons in South Korea with dummy warheads, and the withdrawal of all ground forces as soon as possible. The President approved the plan before Inauguration Day. By the time the new Administration assumed office, an order was on its way to the Joint Chiefs of Staff to act on the decision.

In the months following, South

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Korea was the subject of intense debates in Washington, ranging from accusations of cash payments to congressmen to the issues raised by the Administration's attempt to withdraw troops. But the clandestine plan to move American nuclear warheads to South Korea, which has yet to come to public attention, presaged both the style and the substance of Carter's Asian policy. It showed that the President and his staff were so definite in their analysis of the world, so sure of their ideological ways, that they felt unnecessary to discuss their decisions with those who had spent a lifetime studying the problems in question with those allies—above all, Japan—directly affected by the American action. As a result, when public international support was lacking for the programs of the new government, Carter and his aides simply took matters into their own hands. Far from initiating a new era of American policy, the government has continued the secrecy and arrogance that characterized Jimmy Carter roundly denounced in the campaign of 1976. The announcement of "normalization" in December was simply the most recent demonstration of how Carter made decisions.



THE COMMITMENT to withdraw from South Korea emerged not only in the attempt to replace nuclear warheads with mines, but also in the National Security Council's Presidential Review memorandum No. 13 (known as PRM-13) which circulated in mid-March.

Most PRMs solicit opinions from various branches of the government on major policy questions, so the President can have the broadest possible spectrum of expert opinion. PRM-13 began with a declaration of intent: the President had decided to draw American troops. The PRM listed only recommendations for the best and speediest implementation of the decision. No discussion of the issue was invited.

The decision to withdraw from South Korea was probably made two years before Carter was even elected. In meetings at the Trilateral Commission and the Brookings Institution, Carter argued that the presence of American troops in South Korea was a risk and might lead the United States into another Asian war. People like Gelb, Brooke, Bourne, and Barry Blechman, formerly of Brookings, now in

the Pentagon—encouraged the candidate in his conviction that if American troops were withdrawn, the United States could avoid fighting in Asia, neatly avoiding the crucial issue that American forces were required to deter aggression and that alliances required a willingness to fight a war if challenged. Thus, although the President or his aides have never provided motivation for Carter's decision, it appears that the overriding concern was the urge to avoid another Vietnam-type war by withdrawing United States forces and weapons. If these actions triggered a new war in Korea by upsetting the balance of power, that would be acceptable, provided that American soldiers were not involved.


Thus, within two-and-a-half months of taking office, Carter had instructed the military to remove American nuclear weapons and requested plans for the withdrawal of American troops from South Korea. These decisions were made unilaterally, and without consultation with American military, diplomatic, and strategic experts, or with Asian and other allies. No effort was made to negotiate matching reductions from North Korea, or even to ob-

tain promises of nonbelligerency from the government of Kim Il Sung.

The China decision bears the same trademark as the Korea plan. When the President had learned that there was considerable Congressional opposition to normalization with the People's Republic unless Taiwan was given strong security guarantees, he switched to covert negotiations with the PRC, and the discussion of the terms of normalization was restricted to a handful of people, all of whom shared the President's bias on the matter. The Department of Defense, which is responsible for Taiwan's security as long as the mutual-defense pact exists, was not—even in a general way—consulted on withdrawal. And leading State Department officers were in the dark as late as the afternoon of December 15, the day of the President's announcement. Indeed, that day a group of them told a high-ranking representative of an allied country that it would be unthinkable for the President to recognize the People's Republic without an extended national debate.

Just as the President wished to withdraw from South Korea without obtaining anything in return from the

N M O M E N T D E M A R T E L L



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TRUMPING ASIAN ALLIES

North, so the normalization with the PRC was achieved without extracting any concessions for Taiwan. Not only did the representatives of the PRC refuse to make any statement about their peaceful intentions in that dispute, but the United States privately guaranteed the PRC that it would not make new arms sales to Taiwan in the twelve months following normalization. Hence, in a single stroke the United States removed its own deterrence, in the form of a mutual-defense treaty, and gravely compromised Taiwan's ability to defend itself, by promising to end the arms-sales program. The significance of the defense treaty with Taiwan was the ability of the heirs of Chiang Kai-shek to buy arms from the United States, and whatever the legal status of the treaty in the next year, it becomes a scrap of paper if we refuse to sell new weapons to Taiwan.

The Administration failed to negotiate an arrangement that would have been more satisfactory to our allies and to domestic critics. And the normalization decision—like the Korea plan—was reached in a way designed to provoke heated reaction at home and abroad. The President's decision to proceed in this manner indicates an unwillingness to learn from the past in light of the reaction to the Korea plan a year and a half before.

THE KOREA plan consisted of the covert elimination of American nuclear weapons and the parallel withdrawal of American ground forces. The nuclear initiative collapsed rather quickly. The Joint Chiefs were so appalled by the instructions to sneak the nuclear warheads out of South Korea that they mustered a counterattack, even though the military is notoriously timid and inept at bureaucratic infighting. The generals made it clear that if the President persisted, they would spread the decision all over Washington, with catastrophic effects for the new Administration. The weapons remained.

The scheme to remove American troops was more successful. In the first place, Carter's advisers rightly judged that it would be difficult for opponents of the policy to fight a decision that appeared to be sanctioned by the responses to PRM-13. The pressure tactic of asking for advice on implementation

rather than for opinions on the soundness of the Presidential decision itself effectively thwarted opponents in the Pentagon and the Department of State. Nonetheless, some opposition did emerge, most notably from Carter's Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, Stansfield Turner. On at least two occasions, Admiral Turner expressed reservations about the withdrawal: in testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in June, 1977, and in a personal memorandum to the President during the discussions of PRM-13. Turner was the only senior member of the Administration to try to get Carter to face the question: Could U.S. forces be withdrawn from South Korea without risking war in the area? The other senior official to express reservations about the President's ideas on Korea was National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, who sent a note to Carter suggesting a delay in the withdrawal of the nuclear warheads, but the memo came back with a brusque note from the President: "Get them out . . . quickly."

For the most part, Carter's appointees accepted his decision and concentrated on implementation. But they did not feel inclined to "go public." There was no attempt to justify the move to either the Congress or the two allies most immediately involved: South Korea and Japan. From February through June there were efforts by civil servants, military men, and civilians to dissuade the Administration from its course, but these efforts merely slowed implementation. The policy was unaltered. The President was intent on convincing the government to go along with his view, although at no stage did Carter or his aides explain precisely why they wanted to withdraw. This pattern was repeated in the case of normalization with China: when the decision was announced there was general bafflement. In each decision, the motivation remained puzzling.

The lack of justification fatally weakened the Korea policy. Since no coherent rationale was ever offered, both Congress and the allies became concerned, prompting the Administration to adopt a masquerade of consultation. The parody began with Vice-President Mondale's spring, 1977, trip to Japan, where he asserted that American forces could be withdrawn without any ill effects. Badly equipped to discuss strat-

egy, the Vice-President did not make a persuasive case. The "consultation" continued with the June mission to South Korea of General George Brown, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and State Department Under Secretary Phillip Habib to Seoul. But then the troop withdrawals envisaged had been scaled down and stretched out.

The Japanese were the first of allies to comprehend Carter's Asia policy. It is no accident that steps recently been taken in Tokyo to limit a Japanese defense force big enough to protect the country without depending on American help. Prior to the Carter decisions, such a step would have been unlikely for a country that has been resolutely opposed to large military expenditures since the end of the second world war.

Despite Japanese dismay and uncertainty that powerful members of Congress would be angry about such troop reductions in South Korea, a plan was formulated in detail by the Pentagon. It called for the withdrawal, by 1982, of between 25,000 and 30,000 American soldiers. Then there would be token American ground forces in South Korea, aside from some 6,000 men in the Panmunjom Joint Security Area, run communications, installations, and various intelligence units. When South Koreans objected—and protests were supported by some Americans, including Major General K. Singlaub in South Korea, who complained about Administration policies led to his dismissal—the government first announced that it would leave the combat troops of the Second Division untouched until 1982 (instead of taking out the Second Brigade in 1980), and in late April, 1978, the Pentagon announced that only one combat battalion, and not a full brigade, would be taken out of the Second Division.

Thus, the entire hullabaloo had been reduced the withdrawal of a combat of a mere 1,000 men. Yet in order to withdraw those men the Carter Administration had compromised the sense of security in Northeast Asia that had been slowly pieced together since the American defeat in Vietnam. Our Asian allies had learned from Jimmy Carter's government was that the United States was capable of withdrawing from at least part of the area without warning, with-

itation, and without seeking any in return from our rivals.

DISCUSSIONS with those involved in the Korea decision, as well as the evidence that has surfaced thus far about the realization with the People's Republic that the President does not see that his decisions entail the potential for war. In the Korean case, American nuclear weapons were deployed for three major roles: to deter attack from North Korea; to ensure the safety of American troops throughout the Orient by guaranteeing no enemy attack could overrun positions before American troops had the chance to fight; and to contribute to America's overall nuclear deterrent. Although the American nuclear weapons in South Korea have small payloads and relatively short ranges, they can still destroy some Soviet targets east of Lake Baikal.

At a time when the strategic balance is shifting perceptibly in favor of the Soviet Union, a sudden American retreat sends the world a political message. It demonstrates that the United

States is disengaging from another area of potential conflict and abandoning another ally. Against the backdrop of events in Ethiopia, Afghanistan, Yemen, and Iran, the decisions in Korea may have actually increased the risk of a new Korean war. In fact, both the withdrawal from Korea and the one-sided accommodation with Peking were viewed with profound concern by the military in Tokyo and Washington (and almost certainly in Peking and Western Europe as well), because of the likelihood that potential aggressors would be encouraged to invade unprotected areas.

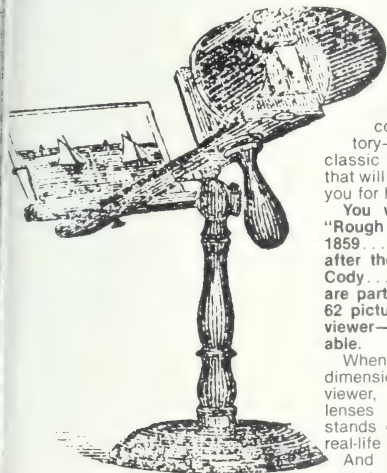
In spring, 1975, American military intelligence discovered that the North Koreans had drilled a tunnel under South Korean lines. The tunnel extended 173 feet and was hacked out of solid granite, and its internal dimensions were two yards high by two yards wide. It was designed for infiltration by enemy forces, and testified to the preparations for war by North Korean dictator Kim Il Sung. Most analysts believed that the presence of American forces was an effective deterrent precisely because the North Koreans knew that any attack

against the South would automatically bring the Americans into the conflict; however, the President evidently wished to remove the possibility that Americans would fight in Korea. These signals can only encourage the North.

Subsequent events have demonstrated the accuracy of this appraisal. A few months ago a new North Korean tunnel was discovered (the third such tunnel found since the end of the Korean war), and the latest estimates of North Korean military strength have increased two- to threefold over those of a year or two ago. Under the circumstances, many Administration members are questioning the wisdom of Carter's decision to withdraw.

But even if war does not break out, the Carter decisions on Korea and on China mean that South Korea and Taiwan will probably "go nuclear." If these two countries are convinced that the United States will not fight for and with them, they will have to provide their own defense. Taiwan knows that the mutual-defense treaty will end in a year, and that arms shipments from the United States will be curtailed. South Korea knows that the President gave orders to eliminate American nu-

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clear weapons from its soil, and that the plan was limited with reluctance. Both countries have every reason to push ahead with crash nuclear programs. Indeed, it would be folly for them to hope for a reprieve in Washington. Thus, decisions that the American President conceived as steps toward peace paradoxically point toward war.

LIKE SO MANY of Carter's unilateral initiatives, those to withdraw from South Korea and to expand relations with the People's Republic have caused confusion in world politics. In the Orient, where the United States is trying to convince the People's Republic that its interests are in an alliance with the West, this shift—paradoxically—could drive the Chinese back into the Soviet bloc. If a change in the balance of power imperiled the Chinese, prudent leadership might be compelled to make accommodations with the Russians. The United States should not be so foolish as to believe that recognition of Peking will blind Chinese leaders to geopolitical realities. But Carter's policies are not part of an overall strategic design, nor are they linked to other developments. Each is considered a sacred goal.

To avoid U.S. involvement in an Asian war was also significant in the plan to secretly remove American nuclear weapons from South Korea. Former Arms Control chief Paul Warnke opposed the presence of atomic weapons in Korea, and the President shared the fear that they might lead the U.S. into a Korean conflict. Carter's visceral aversion to atomic arms surfaced in his decisions to delay full-scale development of the neutron bomb, to cancel the B-1 bomber, and to postpone the M-X missile system. Similarly, the plan to sneak American nuclear weapons out of Korea was designed without considering the importance of the arms as a deterrent. The decision was based on an overriding goal: to eliminate nuclear weapons.

The decision to send an ambassador to Peking was equally narrow-minded. Given the strategic shift in favor of the Soviet Union, nobody can dispute the wisdom of turning to the People's Republic to help contain Soviet expansion. By forging a diplomatic alliance with China, the West can deflect at

least a portion of Soviet military might to the eastern boundaries of Russia, thus lessening the military and political pressure on Western Europe and danger of a land war in the West. The United States has not "played China card"; the People's Republic of China has played the American card. China is not a military threat to the Soviet Union. If the Russians attack China tomorrow, there would be no doubt about the outcome. The only known would be how much damage the Soviets inflicted. Thus, the Chinese hope to obtain aid from the West in defense against the Soviets. Thus, the Chinese need American aid—something they stress in private conversation—whatever the state of formal diplomatic relations between the two nations.

SHOCK DIPLOMACY of the Carter administration, secretly arrived at, jeopardizes our alliances. At a moment when Carter is presumably trying to convince moderates in Iran to take grave risks based on American promises, the precedents of South Korea and Taiwan must scare the Iranians. The same applies to Mesopotamia. Sadat and Begin, who are similarly being asked to believe U.S. guarantees for their safety.

In addition, the Korean and Chinese decisions demonstrate an arrogance of power that recalls the worst of the Nixon years. Jimmy Carter promises an open Administration, yet two of the most important decisions were veiled in secrecy and intrigue, and designed to bypass public debate and full consultation with involved parties. One democratic safeguard is that Presidential impulses are tempered by the wisdom and experience of those who have spent years studying specific problems. A one fundamental ingredient of an alliance is that decisions affecting all parties are at a minimum, discussed before implementation. Yet both the Korean and Chinese decisions were taken without the benefit of such consultation, and bore the imprint of ideologically structured amateurishness. As a Turkish general recently remarked, "The trouble with having the United States as an ally is that you never know when the Americans are going to stab themselves in the back."

PLATS DU JOUR

Conspicuous consumption à la mode

by T. D. Allman

NOTHING IS BETTER for the restaurant trade, guidebook sales, and the expense accounts of food columnists in a raging public controversy. But for the bad blood shed in battle between the partisans of the old French cooking and the nouvelle cuisine française, the astonishing thing is that the notion of haute cuisine has not changed at all.

"Fat," Auguste Escoffier, demigod of the cuisine classique, wrote in 1934, absolutely necessary for the nourishment." Forty-two years later, Michel Guérard, demiurge of cuisine minceur (fat is, diet food), did not revolutionize French cooking so much as he cast inherent fatuities into vigorous new form by standing Escoffier's maxim on head.

"I realized that I had to get rid of its disgraceful fat," Guérard wrote in 1976, proscribing fat, flour, butter, and gar from his cooking as rigorously as the recipes of Escoffier. The gastronomic elite cried revolution, but it was only a palace coup. In those days when Edward VII made obesity de rigueur from Ascot to Marienbad simply by being fat himself, Escoffier was revered "the king of chefs and the chef of kings." Guérard has promoted himself to an international sensation by becoming the celebrity of chefs, and the chef of celebrities. Haute cuisine, like public luxury, is unchanging in that it constantly takes the same picture of its times, but the picture it takes is always a negative. Today's Maries ofomania no longer parade the Bois de Boulogne in horse-drawn phaetons, carrying parasols to protect their pale, ample bosoms from the sun. Like Jackie O. and Grace Kelly's son-in-law, they now pose, tanned and slim, in wimsuits for *Paris-Match* and the lifestyle supplements of the *New York*

Times. In the age of Escoffier to be tanned and thin was to risk being taken for some dreadful peasant woman; one had to be ample and pale. In the age of Michel Guérard, to be ample and pale is to risk the fate of Elizabeth Taylor. When the peasantry works indoors, it is the function of the elite to bask in the sun. Have they no bread? Then let us eat cake.

When considering a classic of nineteenth-century haute cuisine, like *selle de veau à la Prince Orloff*, it is wise to recall that until recently, France was a poor, hungry, and unhappy nation. With its duxelles of minced wild mushrooms, its soubise of sliced foie gras and black truffles, with its Mornay sauce of butter, flour, heavy cream, and Gruyère, Veal Orloff was as much a reaction to the revolutions of 1848 as the resurgence of clericalism. It is forgotten now that the ingredients so despised by the new French cooking—uncontaminated white flour, highly refined sugar, cheese that is not rotten, butter that is not rancid, and wine that is not a health hazard—were not, in

their hour of fashion, the ordinary commodities they are today. They were luxuries. But with the stabilization of the Fifth Republic and the new franc, the components of elite French cooking became available on a mass scale to the masses.

Just as the Paris Communards of 1870, with their fricassées of horseflesh and rat, were the parents of Escoffier, so General de Gaulle was the father of cuisine minceur. By the end of the Algerian war, fashionable French cooking of the old school had ceased to perform its essential function, which is not to nourish those who eat it, but to differentiate them from the rabble. Any housewife could begin a dinner party with salmon mousse, and end it with chocolate soufflé; the tour buses were parking in front of three-star restaurants. Haute cuisine had degenerated into consonance; it no longer stood out in haughty reaction to the commonalities of the times.

IT IS IMPORTANT that you drink neither wine nor alcohol," decreed Guérard to a demimonde already impatient for its messiah. With a single stroke of genius, the creator of cuisine minceur relieved fashionable women from the sixteenth arrondissement to Park Avenue of a recurring social nightmare: finding one's cleaning lady stocking up on the same vintage of Vosne-Romanée. To replace all those vulgar clarets, burgundies, and champagnes, Guérard propounded a beverage of his own invention: *tisane minceur d'Eugénie*, concocted of "dried heather flowers, corn silk, horsetail [shave grass], bearberry, and cherry stems." Cheese? Beyond the pale of truly cultivated dining did Guérard banish each and every one of the 150 cheeses of France. Some Boulette d'Avesnes from Flanders? A little La Mothe-St-Héray from Poitou-Angoumois? One might as well be caught

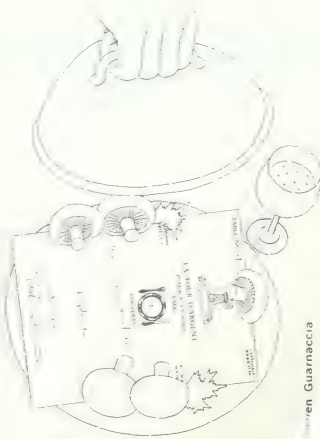


Illustration by Guarnaccia

T. D. Allman is a contributing editor of *Jarper's*.

eating melted Velveeta. Thus Guérard created his own cheese, Taillefine. It contains 83 percent water; its distinction, concedes Roy Andries de Groot, a popularizer of the new French cooking, is that it has neither taste nor texture of any kind.

The rapture that welcomed cuisine minceur was therefore necessary and inevitable. High prices alone no longer sufficed to save the refinements of the chic from enjoyment by the common, so Guérard invented a cuisine that a tiny elite, and a tiny elite only, could enjoy, because to everyone else it was unsatisfying or worse. Let the polloi waste their time with vintage charts; leave Julia Child to those who live in little row houses in New Jersey. Real status now lay in setting one's housekeeper to work drying heather flowers; in sharing only with one's most trusted confidantes the telephone number of the little boutique stocking bearberries and cherry stems.

The social continuity between Escoffier and Guérard is absolute; so, naturally enough, are many of the ingredients they use, so long as they have not become, like quality pastry flour, cheap. Thus Guérard, Senderens, and the Troisgros brothers continue—as Escoffier did—to infest everything with truffles. They dollop caviar all over the place. When you make your *court-bouillon*, it of course must be fresh crayfish, never the pedestrian shrimp. (Fly them in, live, from Louisiana, Guérard tells his eager American disciples.) Wild strawberries, if you please. And raspberries, raspberries on

everything. Not those less expensive fruits.

Nor is it enough merely to be able to afford the right ingredient, one must know the right part of the right ingredient to use. For *lapereau à la vapeur d'hysope*, one must be vigilant to employ only the "hindquarters of a young rabbit," and let the forequarters be damned. On the other hand, only the front end of the duck is permissible for *caneton aux figues fraîches*. Tired of silly old Escoffier, with all his pretentious cant about coxcombs and force-meats, with his Thomist disquisitions on which flesh is more delicate, that of the lapwing or the golden plover? Chef Guérard offers you a soothing, slimming, simple dish of *soupe à la grive de vigne*, that is, wild song thrush soup. To rustle this up, one needs only agaric mushrooms (not the normal kind), truffle juice, a truffle sauce with both cognac and armagnac, and several score other ingredients. Make sure the truffles are Périgord truffles, and that you use only the *breasts* of the wild song thrush, eight to be exact. And for heaven's sake, don't botch the job by getting the wrong kind of wild song thrush. "The thrush in question must be a particular one that feeds on grapes."

While Guérard sends his American followers out on wild song thrush hunts, the latest discovery of the French culinary demimonde, ever as hungry for novelty as it is disdainful of nourishment, seems to be the American supermarket.

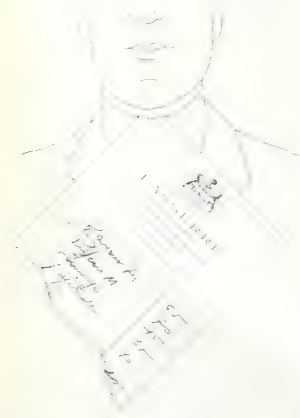
DEL MONTE CANNED CORN is the latest nouvelle cuisine taste sensation here in Paris, where these days the visitor risks discovering that back home in his own kitchen he was like the man who spoke prose all his life without knowing it.

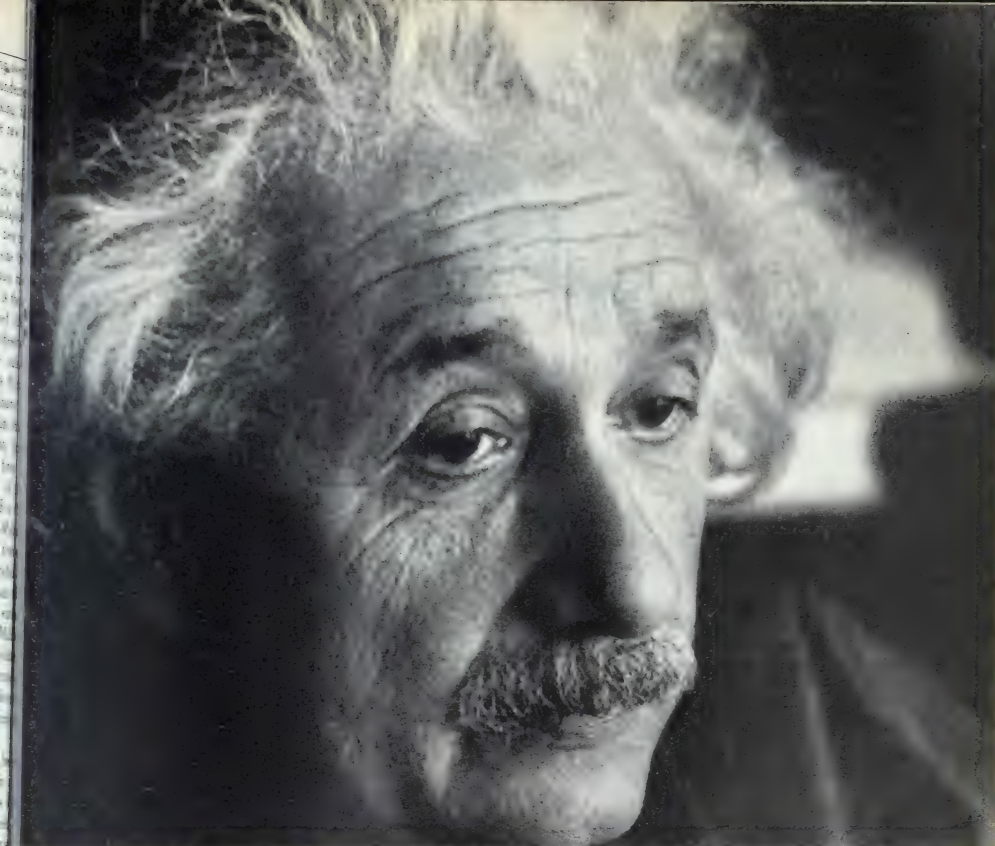
Imagine yourself at 2:00 A.M., famished, with nothing in the house but that inevitable tin of corn and, buried in permafrost—every refrigerator harbors such consequences of last season's impulse shopping—some frozen liver. One is appalled by the culinary crime one is about to commit, but the stomach will not take no for an answer. Many savage thrusts of the ice pick, and the liver is dislodged; at length the can opener is discovered. Present-

ly the canned corn is boiling, over liver burnt outside, raw under. What the hell, no one is looking. Swallow the canned corn over the raw liver and force it down.

Et voilà! Like some New Guinean tribesman happening upon the world, you have created your own adaptation of one of the most celebrated new terpieces of the nouvelle cuisine: *foie gras de canard aux truffles*. Warm duck's liver with corn is the invention of the celebrated chef A. Senderens, superstar of L'Archestrade, the most celebrated nouvelle cuisine restaurant in Paris. The *Guide Michelin*, arbiter of the French culinary establishment, confers its maximum of stars on Senderens's restaurant, making it, in the esteem of that firm of radial-tire manufacturers, one of six best restaurants in Paris. For rival *Nouveau Guide Gault-Michel*, which is to the gastronomically troubled what the Koran is to Colonel Qaddafi, L'Archestrade is nothing less than the most "sublime and exquisite" establishment in all France. Gault and Michel discern in such hitherto unappreciated taste combinations "une dimension quasi métaphysique." They elect Senderens himself "into the Olympe of the premier chefs of France."

In an age in which taste has been demoted to the humble footman's fashion: in which the distinctions between novelty and invention, and between novelty and achievement no longer exist in which the cultivated thing to do is to seek character without suffering, to age without wrinkling, and to grow without ever growing fat, dining on *foie gras de canard aux maïs* at L'Archestrade is like wearing a pair of Gucci loafers. Of course the loafers fall apart after a season; of course the table is unsatisfied. That is the point. Why buy one pair of shoes when that pair of shoes deprives one of the diversion of soon buying another? What is the value in a \$65 lunch, which obliges one to forgo a \$90 dinner? Once conspicuous consumption was the signature of virtue. Today the essence of chic is to be conspicuous without consuming, for to satisfy the appetite is not merely to sate the appetite, but to render it incapable for a time of further stimulation. Contentment is a reckless invitation to introspection, encouraging the ceaseless striving for novelty.





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THE guides gastronomiques, like those food flacks who thrive elevating French fads into American fashion, provide an inestimable service. By noting what the books exalt, the intelligent diner in Paris can learn what to avoid. I do not mean to suggest that it is impossible to get a decent meal in a place that has excited (in the French sense of that verb) *New York* magazine or *Women's Wear Daily*, or that a nourishing lunch cannot be had in a restaurant simply because Michelin has given it three stars.

But if one does eat well, it is in spite of—not because of—the star system, which has the same destructive effect on culinary talent that election to the Académie française has on literary genius. Witness the histrionic fate of La Pérouse: this *Hamlet* of haute cuisine began with the restaurant's acquisition of the third star, provoking mass invasion by Japanese with cameras and Texans brandishing back issues of *Holiday* magazine. The result was repudiation by the French culinary elite and demotion to two stars, followed by the suicide of the chef, changes of ownership, and, in the final tragic tableau, utter banishment from every one of the guides de France.

More often the star system works subtler crimes. Take Tour d'Argent. Everything that can be done has been done to destroy the place. Once a restaurant instead of a tourist attraction, Tour d'Argent has for thirty years been so relentlessly publicized that people feel the same obligation to eat there that they feel to see the floor show

at Moulin Rouge. Parisians, in consequence, now shun the place, but rather than let his restaurant degenerate into a cliché, like a picture postcard of Notre-Dame, the proprietor, Claude Terrail, has elevated it into a museum, like the Louvre. Recently I consumed the 536,666th pressed duck to be served at Tour d'Argent. It was impeccable in the same sense a Mercedes-Benz, fresh off the assembly line, is impeccable. But what can one expect for \$91?

I was struck this time, as I had been once before, by two things about Tour d'Argent. The first is that the duck is really a most uncooperative animal, so far as eating it is concerned, full of fat and almost devoid of tasty meat. Starting out with a duck, there is only a very limited number of things the cooks of any civilization can do. Tour d'Argent does its best; most Peking restaurants do it better. The second is that it is not much fun to eat in a museum.

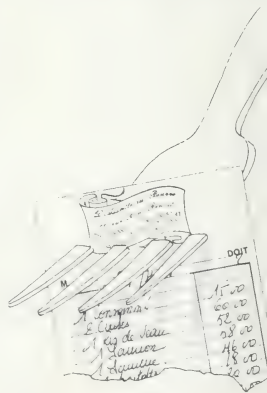
Set pieces or mindless novelties: these are the two basic choices the star system constantly inflicts on those in search of a good French meal. Restaurant Lasserre, which *Michelin* touts as the best in Paris, once was a place of such invention and tact that André Malraux lunched there: that was the beginning of the end. Now the diversion of Lasserre's sliding ceiling may be well worth \$170 a couple, even when the entrées are not. Simply to be admitted to Lasserre's elegant foyer, to be wafted upwards in Lasserre's ornate elevator to the brilliant salon a few steps above, and then led by a captain—in tails—to the table is no mere matter of sitting down for a meal; it is an initiation into some bizarre Masonic lodge.

Thus the sole contribution of the guides and food columns emerges from their central defect. They channel two distinct groups—the gastronomically unlettered and the gastronomically overread, both sharing a basic disinterest in food, and a common obsession with The Correct Thing To Do—into the same small handful of Paris restaurants. This leaves most of the several thousand other places to eat in Paris more or less open to those who are interested in a good meal. Restaurants like Coupole, Brasserie Flo, and Procope, for example, though hardly unknown, have been unfashionable for so long that one seldom needs a reserva-

tion. The food and service have improved, and the insufferable arrogance of the maître d' has noticeably diminished. Since the *Guide Michelin* dropped Maxim's the way Maxim's clients once dropped mistresses who they became altogether too sure of themselves, if Millau and Gault dump Maxim's too, it once again becomes a pleasant place to eat for the first time since World War I.

If restaurants that have decayed in fashion, like courtesans that advanced in age, can be trusted to make the best of their charms, restaurants are another matter. Tour d'Argent always risks returning to Paris to find that a cherished one-star establishment has suddenly joined the rush to three-star tedium. Three restaurants I like—all nouvelle cuisine—illustrate the perils of obscurity, also demonstrate the rewards. In each of them one still can eat well, but they are becoming too fashionable by half. The third serves food of such flavor, originality, balance, quality, and charm with so little pretension, and at moderate prices, that it seems utterly safe from spoil. The transatlantic snobs won't touch the place. *Michelin* hardly deigns to mention it, and Gault and Millau seem offended that it exists at all.

RECENTLY I SAT DOWN at Le Trou Gascon and ate an eleven-course dinner with Alain Dutournier, the thoroughly nouvelle cuisine chef of the place. A crab terrine followed from



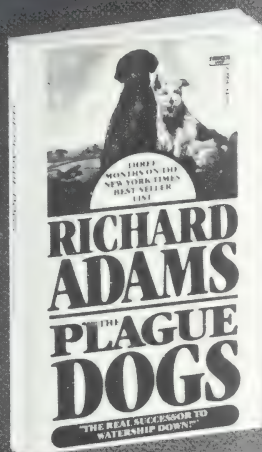
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PLATS DU JOUR

de pieds de porc, updated with sweet-and-sour fruits—a combination unthinkable at Lasserre. There was a salad of smoked goose and fresh fava beans, followed by *huitres en crépinette* “*gourmande*,” telltale adjective for the inescapable caviar. Some delicately cooked wild salmon; and of course one never is very far from liver with something slathered on top in the new French cooking. But instead of Senderens’s canned corn, Dutournier topped his liver with sea urchins. Escoffier would have had apoplexy, but it tasted good. Then came two cheeses, not twenty or thirty, and four desserts, including the inevitable raspberry concoction. With fish and cheese, meats and sweets, Dutournier served a single red wine, a Madiran of his native Gascony. With coffee we tasted three Bas Armagnacs, ’66, ’55, and ’44.

This probably was nouvelle cuisine, for the sake of nouvelle cuisine, at its best. Each dish was gratuitously inventive, but all of them showed a real talent for contrasting subtle tastes, not just mixing them together. It may seem strange to say it about an eleven-course meal—even one served “*à la chinoise*,” in those small portions that are the nouvelle cuisine rage—but I nonetheless left Trou Gascon more conscious of having had an intellectual experience than a visceral one. Dutournier is still in his twenties; already reservations must be made weeks in advance. I wanted to ask, Would the clamor for ceaseless novelty, to say nothing of Dutournier’s own quest for three stars, ultimately drive him, like Senderens, to that can of corn on the shelf? Instead I asked him what he would be at forty. “That depends on the direction of French society,” the chef replied. It was the answer an experimental novelist might have given.

Partisans of nouvelle cuisine, who so reprehend flour and sugar in their food, show a great proclivity for it in their prose. Les Semailles, the tiny restaurant in Montmartre where I ate lunch the next day, still has, like Trou Gascon, only one Michelin star. But already it is being drowned in tributes as thick as bordelaise, suffocated in adulation as rich as a charlotte russe. One of the less absurdly grandiloquent encomiums inflicted on Les Semailles’s young proprietor, M. Jouteux, heralded him as an “*auteur*” (quotation marks in the original text) in the sense that

nouvelle vague filmmakers are “*auteurs*.” Presumably he is thus not a mere *auteur*, without the quotation marks, like Balzac or Racine. All that syrup, happily enough, failed to spoil the flavor of the lunch. Jouteux—like all chefs—must use flashy ingredients if he is to keep his flashy clientele, which includes very chic Parisians and foreigners like Mary McCarthy. So, apologizing for the “vulgarity” of one of its three main ingredients, he served as a first course a seafood mousse of salmon, sturgeon—and caviar. Next came haddock and spinach, followed by kidneys and shredded leeks. Jouteux began by making the vulgar discreet; he went on to make the pedestrian refined. It was rather like an avant-garde film; flash/cut/slice/refocus, the interest lying not in the plot or characters, but in what the director chooses to make of them. No cheese. But five little desserts, including a sorbet of . . . raspberries, what else? Everything from fish to sweets was served with a red wine, *chilled*.

Les Semailles violates all the old commandments of French cooking so successfully that anybody ought to be happy to eat a meal there. The problem is that it rapidly is becoming a place where everybody feels he must have a meal. I wanted to ask Jouteux what it is like to be the Jean-Paul Belmondo of the *Guide Gault-Millau*. Instead I asked him what he would be at forty. He laughed, shrugged, and suggested, “*Passé?*”

Perfectly wonderful dinners do not ordinarily excite the intellect; nor do they stimulate colorful prose. The public does not need guide books and wine charts and didactic expositions to appreciate a meal. That, I suspect, is why a man named Christian Ignace is the most underrated cook in France and the reason Le Grand Phoenix, near the St.-Germain-des-Près, is the most overlooked restaurant in Paris. The *Guide Michelin* fails to give Le Grand Phoenix

even a single star, so it appears safe for now from the crowd and the serre. Gault and Millau denounce its location, the décor, and the house; the mob at L’Archestrate seems likely to invade the place either way. Grand Phoenix rates so little partly for the very reason that some of the Paris restaurants rate so much: its political. Ignace and the restaurant founder, Raymond Oliver, are snubbed by both sides in the great French gastronomic war because they are satisfied with neither the inventiveness of the chef, nor the memory of Escoffier, but only with the pleasure of the taster.

There is little point in describing the splendid meal I ate there. The ingredients do not glitter in print, do the combinations astound. What there to say about a perfect cold soup? All I remember about it is a flawless crab, in a delicious light sauce of onions and orange, encased in the lightest pastry I have ever eaten; that it was the best I have ever had. The main course, sautéed sweetbreads with crayfish, was terrific. Dessert, Nothing more than a fruit sorbet, which I cannot describe but which I should like to eat again.

Like all nouvelle cuisine chefs, Ignace violates the rules. But his cooking is both successful and ignored because the innovations of the nouvelle cuisine do not distract him from what was once the alleged objective of grand cuisine, as well: to fill as much as to please. After such a feast, Ignace does not want to ask questions, so I did manage to ask Ignace what he thought he would be doing at forty.

“I’ll be cooking,” he replied. The absurdities of French food—grand and nouvelle; gourmande and mince—are many, such an answer nonetheless offers hope that the whole game of eating a meal in France is just possibly, worth the price.

HARPER’S/MARCH

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AMERICA'S FOREIGN POLICY: A RAKE'S PROGRESS

Squandering the national inheritance

by Lewis H. Lapham

Preamble

THE INCREASINGLY DISSOLUTE course of American foreign policy makes it difficult to characterize the spectacle of the United States in the world as anything other than a rake's progress. The country exhibits itself in the persona of a profligate heir, squandering his fortune in gambling hells and on speculations in organic farming and utopian politics. Bearing this portrait in mind, I can make sense of the accounts in the newspapers. Otherwise I'm at a loss to know what people mean when they talk about mutual-defense treaties, hegemonies, the China card, and arcs of crisis in Asia Minor and the Persian Gulf. On reading the communiqués from Washington, Peking, and Teheran (together with the supporting sophistry in the editorial pages of the *New York Times*), I see a soft-faced man in a nightclub at three A.M., earnestly seeking to persuade a bored lemmingdom that he still worries about the higher things in life and that his inheritance has failed to bring him true peace and happiness. Through the dance music I can hear him saying, in a blurred but concerned voice, that he means to do what's right, but that this is a much harder thing to do than perhaps the young lady knows. He would have preferred to become a poet or a Protestant minister, or

possibly a guitar player hitchhiking across Arkansas with a girl who sings country songs. But his lawyers keep talking to him about the Russians (the boring, tedious Russians, who never laugh at his jokes), and his trust officers keep talking to him about money—about the goddam price of oil and the second-rate Shah who let him down in Iran, about the Chinese and the Japanese and the Taiwanese and the Vietnamese (all of whom look so much alike that it's hard to remember which ones are floating around in boats), and about the miserable Jews who failed him in the Middle East.

The persona of the spendthrift heir seems to be fitting because in 1945 the United States inherited the earth. During the first half of the twentieth century, the European powers twice attempted suicide, and at the end of World War II what was left of Western civilization passed into the American account.* The war also had prompted the country to invent a miraculous economic machine that seemed

* The United States came so suddenly into its inheritance that the fortune bears more of a resemblance to a family estate than to the wealth of a nation accumulated over centuries. It is no more than eighty-nine years from the closing of the frontier to the walk on the moon; the same span of time measures the building of Chartres Cathedral and the period between John D. Rockefeller's entry into business and his death amid incalculable riches. The alarms and excursions of the 1960s can best be understood as a family quarrel about the distribution of the estate.

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

Lewis H. Lapham
**AMERICA'S
 FOREIGN
 POLICY: A
 RAKE'S
 PROGRESS**

to grant as many wishes as were asked of it. The continental United States had escaped the plague of war, and so it was easy enough for the heirs to believe that they had been anointed by God. In their eager innocence, they made of foreign policy a game of transcendental poker, in which the ruthless self-interest of a commercial democracy (cf., the American policy toward the Plains Indians and the Mexicans) got mixed up with dreams, sermons, and the transmigration of souls. In Europe people may not know very much about foreign policy; as often as not they have no idea what to do about any particular crisis, but at least they can recognize the subjects under discussion. They know enough to know that the dealing between nations is a dull and sluggish business, unyielding in the financial details and encumbered with the usual displays of pride, greed, nastiness, and spite. The

Americans, who have little interest in the some details, prefer to imagine themselves playing cards with the Devil.

THE WEALTH of the United States in comparison to other nations of the world makes the figure of the ruman representative of the countergargantuan extravagance. As the inheritance came increasingly profligate (cf., the rising levels of consumption, inflation, and debt through the 1960s), so also the assumption of pecuniary privilege became habitual among larger segments of the population. I first countered the prevailing attitude of mind in the fall of 1957, when, having studied history for a year in England, I returned to the United States with the notion of working for either the *Washington Post* or the CIA. My interest in foreign affairs had been awakened by the Suez and Hungarian incidents of 1956 and my inability to understand, much less explain to a crowd of indignant Englishmen, the policy of John Foster Dulles. In 1957 the *Washington Post* and the CIA could be mistaken for different departments of the same corporation. Newspapermen traded rumors with intelligence agents, and although the gilding on the Americana was beginning to wear a little thin, anybody who had been to Yale in the early 1950s couldn't help thinking the totalitarian hordes had to be prevented from sacking the holy cities of Christendom. Failing to find a job with the *Post*, I took the examination for the CIA. These lasted a week, and afterward I was summoned to a preliminary interview with four or five young men introduced to me as "some of the junior guys." The interview took place in one of the temporary buildings put up during World War II in the vicinity of the Lincoln Memorial. The feeling of understated grandeur, of a building hastily assembled for an urgent, imperial purpose, was further exaggerated by the studied carelessness of the young men who asked the questions. All of them seemed to have graduated from Yale, and so they questioned me about whom I had known at New Haven and where I went in the summer. I had expected to discuss military history and the risings of the Danube; instead I found myself trying to remember the names of the girls who sailed their boats off Fishers Island, or who had won the summer tennis tournaments in Southampton and Bedford Hills. As the conversation drifted through the ritual of polite inanity (about "personal goals" and "one's sense of achievement in life"), the young men every now and then exchanged an enigmatic reference to "the



Drawings by Paul Degen

nn thing in Laos." Trying very hard not be too obvious about it, they gave me to derstand that they were playing the big sity game of the Cold War. Before I got to leave, apologizing for having applied to wrong office, I understood that I had been ited to drop around to the common room the best fraternity in the world so that the missions committee could find out if I was e right sort."

From that day forward I have never been rised by the news of the CIA's vindictive-ss and inattention. Good, clean-cut Ameri-n boys, with all the best intentions in the rld and convinced of their moral and sol-d primogeniture, must be expected to make few good-natured mistakes. If their innocent thiasm sometimes degenerates into sa-sm, well, that also must be expected. Nobody comes more spiteful than the boy next door ted by the beautiful Asian girl, especially ter he has given her the beach house at Cam-nh Bay, \$100 million in helicopters, and od knows how much in ideological support. is a bitter thing to lose to Princeton and to d out that not even Dink Stover can make e world safe from Communism.

This same undergraduate insouciance has mained characteristic of American foreign policy for the past thirty years. Administra-ions have come and gone, and so have ene-dies and allies, but the attitude of mind re-mains constant, and so does the tone of voice.

is the voice of Henry Kissinger explaining a lady at a dinner that a nation, like an mbitious Georgetown hostess, cannot afford o invite unsuccessful people to its parties. It is the voice of McGeorge Bundy, who told an audience of scholars in the early 1960s that e was getting out of Latin American studies ecause Latin America was such a second-rate lace. It is the voice of James Reston finding omething pleasant to say about this year's ongenial dictator, or the State Department nouncing its solidarity with Cambodia and xpressing only mild regret about the regime's rogram of genocide.

After 1968 the inflection of the voice be-came slightly more irritable and petulant. Dur-ing the early years of the decade the heir to he estate flattered himself with the gestures and exuberant rhetoric appropriate to an op-ulent idealism. He had access to unlimited re-sources (of moral authority as well as cash), and he stood willing to invest in anybody's scheme of political liberty. Nothing was too difficult or too expensive; no war or rural elec-trification was too small or inconsequential. The young heir undertook to invade Asia and to provide guns and wheat and computer tech-

nology to any beggar who stopped him in the street and asked him for a coin. After 1968, when the bills came due and things turned a little sour, the heir began muttering about scarcity and debts, about the damage done to the environment and the lack of first-class ac-commodation on spaceship earth. Nobody be-comes more obsessive on the subject of money than the rich man who has suffered a financial loss. The fellow feels himself impoverished because he has to sell the yacht. President Nix-on closed the gold window, and associate pro-fessors of social criticism dutifully taught their students that sometimes money weighs more heavily in the balance of human affairs than the romance of the zeitgeist.

Even so, the assumptions of entitlement re-main intact. Although feeling himself some-what diminished (as witness the success of the philosopher-merchants on the neoconservative Right) and somewhat older (as witness the dependence on sexual and spiritual rubber goods), the still-prodigious son continues to be-lieve himself possessed of unlimited credit. He is still the heir to the fortune, no matter what anybody says about his horses and dogs, and he can damn well play his game of policy in any way that he damn well chooses. This assumption of grace begets a number of cor-ollary attitudes, all of them as characteristic of a rich man going about his toys and pleasures as of the manner in which the United States conducts its foreign affairs. As follows:

I. The world as theater

C HILDREN ENCOURAGED to imagine themselves either rich or beautiful as-sume that nothing else will be re-quired of them. What is important is the appearance of things, and if these can be properly maintained, then the heirs can look forward to a sequence of pleasant invitations. They will be entitled to a view from the box seats, and from the box seats, as every for-tunate child knows, the world arranges itself into a decorous panorama. The point of view assumes that Australians will play tennis, that Italians will sing or kill one another, that Negroes will dance or riot (always at a safe distance), and that the holders of the season tickets will live happily ever after, or, if they are very, very rich, maybe forever. The com-placency of this view implies a refusal to see anything that doesn't appear on the program. Nobody imagines that he can be dislodged by a social upheaval of no matter what force or velocity, and it is taken for granted that the embarrassments of death or failure will be vis-

"It is a bitter thing . . . to find out that not even Dink Stover can make the world safe from Communism."

Lewis H. Lapham
AMERICA'S
FOREIGN
POLICY: A
RAKE'S
PROGRESS

ited upon people to whom one has never been properly introduced.

Since the end of World War II the people who make American foreign policy have assumed that the world is so much painted scenery. The impresarios in Washington assign all the parts and write all the last acts. Other people make exits and entrances. Thus President Carter, on the last night of 1977, offered a toast to the Shah of Iran in which he described the Shah as his "great friend" and Iran as an "island of stability" in the Middle East.* A year later Iran was in the midst of revolt and Washington was advising the Shah to abdicate in favor of any government, civil or military,

* It is instructive to quote Mr. Carter's toast at some length because it so nicely illustrates the somnambulism of American statesmen content to see whatever they wish to see. Mr. Carter explained that he decided to celebrate New Year's Eve with the Shah because he had asked his wife, Rosalynn, whom she wanted to be with on that occasion, and Rosalynn had said, "Above all others, I think, with the Shah and the empress Farah." The President then went on to say: "Iran, because of the great leadership of the Shah, is an island of stability in one of the more troubled areas of the world. This is a great tribute to you, Your Majesty, and to your leadership, and to the respect and the admiration and love which your people give to you. . . . We have no other nation on earth who is closer to us in planning for our mutual military security. We have no other with whom we have closer consultations on regional problems that concern us both. And there is no leader with whom I have a deeper sense of personal gratitude and personal friendship."

that could restore production in the southern oil fields. In 1941 the Soviet Union appeared on the stage in the role of brave friend and courageous ally; six years later, the scene was rewritten and the Soviet Union appeared as the villainous *éminence grise*, subverting the free world with the drug of Communism. China remained an implacable enemy of man freedom for the better part of thirty years, but in 1972 President Nixon announced the advent of democracy, and in 1978 President Carter proclaimed the miracle of redemption. Following the example set by wall posters in Peking, the American press blossomed with praise for a regime previously celebrated for its brutality. The stagehands the media took down the sets left over from the production of *Darkness at Noon* and placed them with tableaux of happy Chinese workers eager to buy farm implements, military aircraft, and Coca-Cola.

In war, Napoleon once said, the greatest sin is to make pictures. But the man who inherits a great fortune does nothing except make pictures. Unlike the poor man who must study other people's motives and desires if he hopes to gain something from them, the rich man can afford to look only at what amuses or comforts him. He believes what he is told because he has no reason to do so. What difference does it make? If everything is make-believe, then everything is as plausible as everything else. Asian dictators can promise to go among their peasants and instruct them in the mechanics of constitutional self-government; the Shah of Iran says he means to make a democratic society among people who believe that they have won the blessing of Allah by burning to death 400 schoolchildren in a movie theater. The rich man applauds, admires the native costumes, and sends a gift of weapons. He believes that, once inspired by the American example, the repentant Asian despot will transform himself inwardly and seek to imitate the model of behavior established by Henry Cabot Lodge. Dictators don't really want to be dictators; they were raised in an unhealthy social environment, and if given enough time and a little moral encouragement, they will renounce the pleasures of sodomy and murder. The absurd political presentations that have found favor in Washington over the past thirty years resemble the farfetched rationalizations with which New York art dealers sell the latest school of modern painting to the nouveau riche. Like the visitors from abroad, the dealers retain a serene and justified confidence in the customer's willingness to be deceived.



II. The habit of inattention

THE PRESS and the politicians sometimes blame the CIA for being so poorly informed, not only about the events in Iran but also about events in China, Asia, Africa, and Vietnam. The recriminations seem to me unfair. The inattention of the A reflects and embodies the carelessness of society for which it acts as agent. On leaving his club the rich man never looks behind to see if the waiter is holding his coat; in the same way the United States doesn't take the trouble to notice much of what goes on in the world's servants' quarters. The American press reports news from Africa that is full with disputes between whites and blacks; it reports large-scale civil wars between armies of blacks and whites. These wars deserve mention in the dispatches, and not only if the Russians agree to sponsor one of the contenders. The rich man never knows what other people do what they do because it never occurs to him that they have obligations to anybody other than himself. Few among the nation's more prominent journalists speak or think in French. It would exceed the bounds of decent patriotism to expect more than two or three of them to read or speak Russian, Chinese, or Arabic. The same thing can be said for members of Congress, for Presidents, for Secretaries of State, ministers of defense, and for most of the entire cadre of people who give shape and form to the discussion of foreign policy. Whenever I remark too loudly on the magnificent displays of American ignorance, somebody who has published an article in *Foreign Affairs* reminds me that the United States is the last, best hope of earth. This is undoubtedly true, but it has nothing to do with the subjects under discussion.

III. Wastefulness

WHEN PRESIDENT CARTER announced the Christmas demarche to Communist China, various mean-spirited critics observed that the United States had failed to gain any specific advantage from the deal. The United States ceased to recognize Taiwan as a sovereign state, abrogated the defense treaty, and agreed to withdraw its troops from the island. In return for these concessions, the Communist Chinese promised to be as friendly as possible and to do what they thought best for the Taiwanese.

The people who object to the slackness of the rich man's bargain overlook the rich man's unwilling-

ness to set a vulgar price on metaphysics. The United States habitually makes poor bargains because it feels that it already owns everything worth owning, and so why haggle with the poor little fellows in Asia and the Middle East? Why make unreasonable demands on the Soviets in the SALT negotiations? It is the proof of a rich man's freedom that he can afford to pay an excessive price. It never occurs to him that political economy might be a form of destruction as ruthless although not quite so obvious as war, or that the world is full of hungry people still scrambling around for anything they can get. The rich man considers it the height of fashion and good breeding to affect an aristocratic disdain for commerce.

Thus a rich nation's portfolio of treaties resembles a rich man's stock portfolio. It is full of issues that he inherited from his grandfather or his mother's uncles, and he has trouble remembering the assets and liabilities represented by NATO, SEATO, CENTO, and God knows how many other shares and securities for which he can't even recall the names. This explains his careless disregard for those countries denominated as allies. To the extent that none of them take precedence over any of the others, they can be bought and sold as the heir feels himself pressed by the need for cash or funds with which to stage an extravagant fireworks display.*

The habit of mind remains firmly ingrained despite the depleted value of the heir's investments. At the end of 1972 foreign banking interests controlled American assets of \$26.8 billion; in 1978 the same interests controlled American assets worth \$98 billion. During the first five months of 1978 the United States imported machinery and manufactured goods in the amount of \$37 billion, as opposed to only \$16 billion for foreign oil. The dollar continues to depreciate in the world markets, and American multinational corporations have begun to find themselves surpassed by their competitors in France, Germany, and Japan.

But the rich man intent upon his game of policy impatiently dismisses the accountants niggling at his sleeve. He feels compelled to place another bet in Indochina, this time backing the Cambodians (i.e., the friends of his new partners, the Communist Chinese) against the malevolent croupiers in Vietnam. He wants

* Thus, the Carter Administration didn't take the trouble to consult the NATO allies about its decision to postpone the deployment of the neutron bomb. In much the same spirit, the Nixon Administration didn't bother to consult with the Japanese in 1971 about the overtures to China, the shift in the monetary system, or the imposition of tariffs.

"If everything is make-believe, then everything is as plausible as everything else."

to make a grand and humanistic gesture in southern Africa, to do something visible and significant in Turkey, to effect a rapprochement in Central America. As recently as last summer, while listening to people with impeccable credentials discuss the prospects of American diplomacy, I heard a man say that nothing could happen in the world that could affect, in any serious way, the United States. Excepting only a nuclear miscalculation, he was happy to report that the country could consider itself invulnerable.

IV. Immunity

IN AMERICAN military circles, I'm told, it is considered poor form to discuss fortification and the strategies of attrition and civil defense. The whole notion of fortification is seen as stodgy, corrupting, somehow un-American. It brings to mind the depressing memory of stuffy French generals on the Maginot Line in the early weeks of World War II. The United States owes it to itself to cut a more dashing figure in the world. Where is the fun in fighting dreary rearward actions? The young men in the Pentagon and the military academies speak of forward thrusts, of broad-gauged advances, of assaults and landings and insertions.

All the fine talk conceals an ironic paradox. When it comes down to a question of how to go about these romantic maneuvers, the United States relies less on the daring and intelligence of its commanders than on the superiority of its expensive equipment. It is assumed that the wars will be won by the avalanche of American resources, matériel, production, logistics, and assembly lines—i.e., by the bureaucrats who need be neither impetuous nor brave. The faith in gadgetry and the "tech fix" accounts for the incalculable investment in missiles, bombs, airplanes, and anything else that can be bought in the finest sporting-goods stores. Nobody has the bad manners to insist that strategic bombing has yet to be proved a decisive factor in any of the century's wars. The rich man depends on his technology in the same way that he depends on his trust fund. Even if he makes no effort to think about the great bulk of his capital, it goes about the business of gathering its daily ransom of interest and dividends. The miraculous nature of this contrivance persuades the heir to believe in the divinity of machines.

His lack of acquaintance with the domesticity of war gives him further reason to think that he may have been granted an exemption from the scourges by which less fortunate

men sometimes find themselves humiliated. The world is object, and the United States subject, the fighting always takes place somebody else's field. The politicians who recently hold office in England suffered the horror of the German bombing; in Moscow present members of the Politburo watched German tank commanders sight their guns at the spires of the Kremlin. Their peers in many, China, Japan, and Italy all carry within them the memory of wives, fathers, brothers and children killed by the armies of liberation. But in the United States these are tales not told. Perhaps this is why the Americans were obliged to push the Vietnamese off helicopters rising from the roof of the American embassy in Saigon. They hadn't been taught that defeats were as plausible as victories, and so they didn't know how to manage a courageous retreat.

V. Hypochondria

THE DISEASE is popular with the rich because only the rich can afford to be ill, and because, being incurable, it gives them a constant occasion to talk about themselves. Never before in its history has the United States been so heavily armed a nation and yet the newspapers and the literary magazines ceaselessly bring reports of helplessness and alienation, of malignancies in the body politic and the encroaching shadow of Soviet hegemony. The fear of death provides a rather excuse for the feverish rates of spending and the extravagant consumption of the state's assets. Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we may have to pay one dollar for a gallon of gasoline and give up our chalet in Aspen. Like the society physicians who pre-empt upon the anxieties of dowager heiresses, the learned doctors of foreign policy submit to the trembling patient of the illnesses that can befall the unwary traveler in the Third World who strays too far from supplies of safe drinking water.

The symptoms of hypochondria have been chronic since the early 1950s. The moods of euphoria and exultation ("How dare they do us, those scrawny little peasants in Vietnam periodically give way to seizures of doubt and self-reproach. For no apparent reason, stewards of the American empire suddenly come preoccupied with the phantoms of a missile gap or the energy crisis. Every now and then the consensus of alarmed opinion declares a "year of maximum danger." I have heard this moment in time variously given as 1954, 1962, 1968, 1974, and now—with P

ent Carter's casting around for a credible portrait of himself as statesman and world leader—1979.

The obsession with security corresponds to the desire of the American rich to live in protected enclaves and to escape the filth and misance of the world. Howard Hughes ascends to the roof of a Las Vegas hotel, there to keep himself safe from bacteria; Hugh Hefner revolves on a round bed in a darkened room, arranging and rearranging pictures of paradise; David Rockefeller sits drinking milk among reports of poverty and overpopulation; Richard Nixon composes his memoirs in the brooding silence of San Clemente; and President Carter retires to the little study next to the Oval Office, listening to Wagnerian opera, checking off his list of things to say and do, communing with his God.

This inward gaze, and the delight in the

chimpanzee's examination of the American self, contributes to the poor quality of the reporting from abroad. The diplomats and newspaper correspondents compose pictures that accord with their presuppositions when they signed up for the package tour. They see what they have been told to see (otherwise they wouldn't have been sent), and for the most part they notice that the world is a very poor and undeveloped place, not at all like Greenwich, Connecticut, or Far Hills, New Jersey. They assume that happiness cannot be separated from its natural setting amidst suburban lawns, and this leads them to suspect that the natives are dissatisfied and therefore angry. What man in his right mind would not want to drive a station wagon and ride in triumph through Grosse Pointe? The abyss looms on all sides, at all points of latitude and longitude. By confusing his money with his

"Nobody has the bad manners to insist that strategic bombing has yet to be proved a decisive factor in any of the century's wars."



life, the rich heir imagines himself threatened by enemies of infinite number and variety—by thieves, dictators, IRS agents, hijackers, unscrupulous women, kings, radicals, kidnappers, and nationalist sentiment in South Yemen.

VI. Impatience

FORTUNE'S CHILD doesn't like to be bothered with details. He never has time to listen to the whole story or to read through the statistical memoranda and the volumes of supporting analysis. He has planes to catch and meetings to attend, and so he expects his advisers to provide him with summaries and conclusions. Unfortunately, this is a habit of mind that obliges him to conceive of foreign policy in extremely simple categories. A nation is slave or free, North or South, in the First World or the Third.

A man who must earn his own fortune learns to make subtle distinctions, and he knows that in all human undertakings, in diplomacy as well as in art or commerce, it is in the details that the issue is decided. So also the man who depends for his livelihood on the animals that he hunts and kills. He studies them with the fondness of a lover, watching them in all weathers, guessing their moods, admiring their grace, following their tracks.

The heir to the fortune doesn't have the patience for this sort of thing. He hires gun-bearers and assumes that all wars will be short. Because he wants to do everything in a hurry and with the minimum loss to his own troops, he relies on the most brutal and indiscriminating means of warfare. In Vietnam the United States couldn't distinguish very clearly between friends and enemies, and so it had no choice but to send the bombers. The soldiers followed the rich man's simple rule of "shooting everything that moves," and the Eighty-second Airborne Division resolved the political difficulties by defining a Vietcong as any dead Vietnamese.

VII. Family retainers

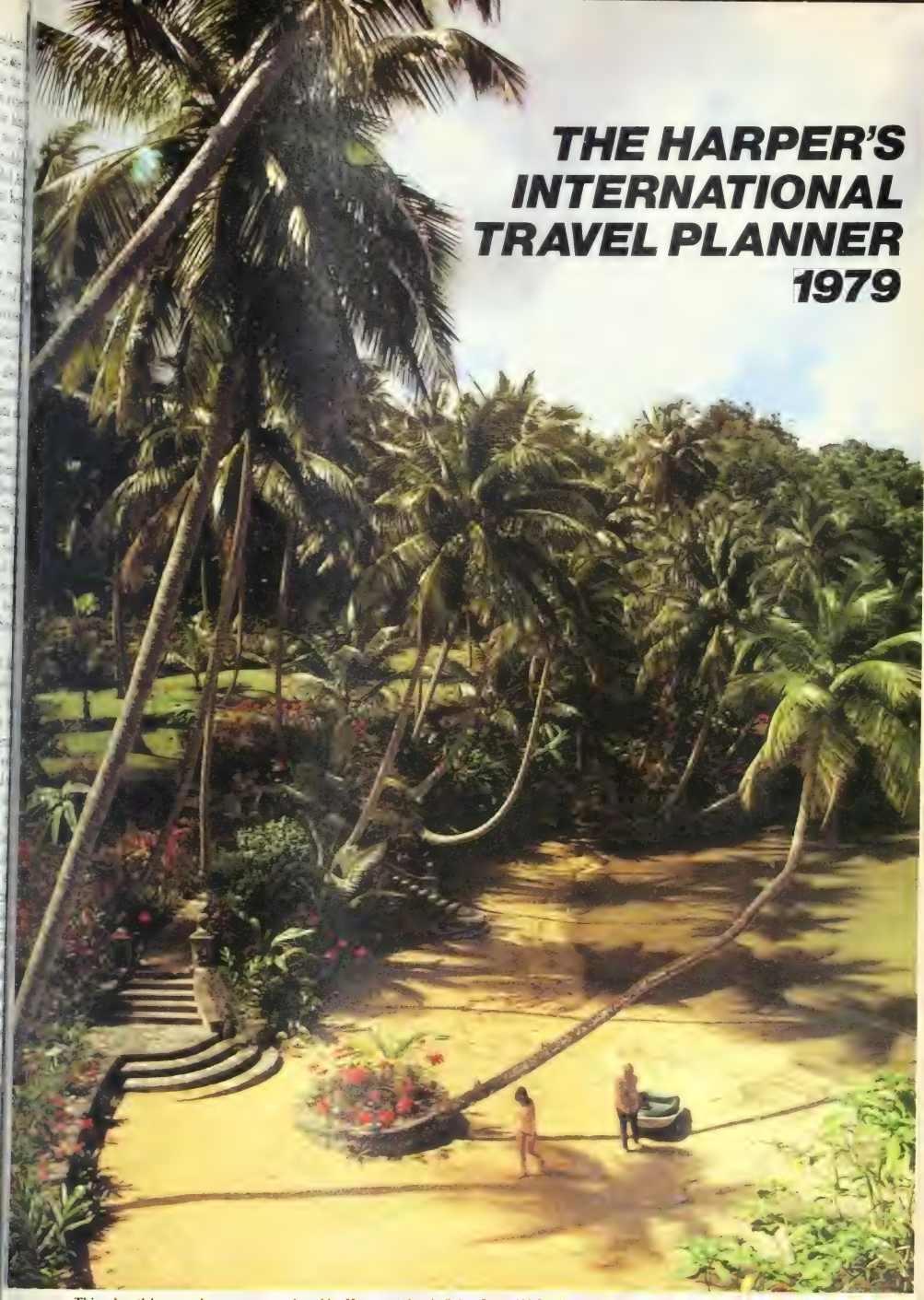
IT IS BOTH customary and correct to say that when President Carter arrived in office he knew very little about diplomatic history, political economy, or geography. Had he been asked, prior to his election and without benefit of public-relations counsel, to give the approximate location of Namibia or Romania, I doubt whether he could have come within several hundred miles of a convincing

answer. But among American Presidents least during their first years in office, the degree of sophistication in these matters is the exception rather than the rule. Who can expect a red-blooded American boy to bother himself with a lot of foreign names? After two years in office, President Ford still had trouble remembering the whereabouts of the Red Army in relation to Poland. Even President Kennedy, who had traveled in Europe and the South Pacific, remained charmingly vague about Asia and Latin America.

Although some schools take more trouble with geography than others, the heirs of American fortune ordinarily have no occasion to learn much more than the broad outlines of the civilization in which they happen to be spending the money. The better schools also insist that the young men have the good manners to know the difference between a sonata and a logarithm table, but for the most part American education (at Harvard as well as at the universities of Michigan or California) constitutes a social rather than an intellectual enterprise. It is also a means of acquiring cash value, comparable to buying a seat on the stock exchange, and it qualifies the recipient for a place in the corporations and the bureaucracies. If the need arises for more refined intellectual goods and services, the heir to the estate can always hire a Wall Street law firm or a Jew.

Thus do the tribunes of the people fall like sparrows into the nets of the foreign-policy establishment. For the past thirty years, the trustees of this establishment have been recruited from the banking and legal hierarchies in New York and Washington as well as from the prestigious universities deemed to be sufficiently sound in their distrust of artistic or political imagination. Although innumerable critics and newspaper columnists have remarked on the primacy of this establishment (cf., President Carter's weaning from the dugs of the Trilateral Commission), the term itself causes confusion. The establishment does not define itself in terms of specific institutions, publications, or club memberships. Rather it can be understood as an organization of support, of both a financial and an intellectual nature, for the belief in the redeeming and transfiguring power of money. Sums in excess of \$100 million have the properties of false gold: they can transform apes into men and frogs into princes. It is this doctrine, enforced with the rigor of an ecclesiastical court, that binds together counselors of such otherwise disparate views as Dean Rusk, John J. McCloy, Cyrus Vance, William Rogers, Henry Kissinger, Clark (Continued on page 12)

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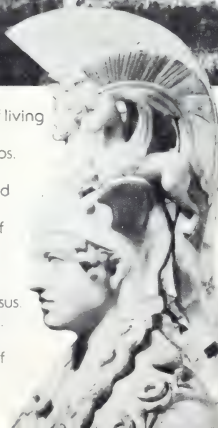
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Contents	Page
Europe	T4
Canada	T18
Mexico	T18
Bermuda	T20
The Bahamas	T20
The Caribbean	T20
Reply Card	T25
Asia and the Far East	T25
The Pacific	T26
Middle East	T28
Africa	T28
Central America	T29
South America	T30



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Compiled by Frances Shemanski

We offer warm thanks for the assistance given to us in the preparation of the International Travel Planner 1979 by the many government tourist offices, a number of consulates, the European Travel Commission, the Caribbean Tourism Association, and the Pacific Area Travel Association.

Since much of our information must be gathered months in advance, we suggest you always verify dates, places, and events. They are occasionally subject to last-minute change. (Where events do not specify a date, they are held nationwide.)

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Faures Robert

EUROPE

Celebrations and anniversaries; music and art festivals; gastronomic and sports events, and much more brighten 1979.

ANDORRA

July 22-23: FOLK DANCE AND MUSIC FESTIVAL, Canillo.

July 23-25: FOLKLORE FESTIVAL, Les Escaldes Village. Includes an old-fashioned fair.

September 8: OUR LADY OF MEITXELL NATIONAL FESTIVAL. Religious pageant and folklore.

AUSTRIA

March-June 30; September 1-December 31: OPERA SEASON, Vienna.

March 13-18: WORLD ICE SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP, Vienna.

March 31-April 8: ART & ANTIQUES FAIR, Salzburg.

April 7-16: EASTER FESTIVAL, Salzburg. Music concerts.

April 28-May 6: SOUTHEAST SPRING TRADE FAIR, Graz.

May 5-13: AUSTRIAN WINE FAIR, Krems, Lower Austria.

May 15-July 1: WORLD EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHY, Vienna.

May 19-June 24: VIENNA FESTIVAL. Concerts at various locations.

June 16-July 1: SCHUBERT FESTIVAL, Hohenems, Vorarlberg. Concerts.

June 29-August 29: CARINTHIAN SUMMER FESTIVAL, Ossiach and Villach.

July 19-August 22: BREGENZ FESTIVAL, Bregenz. Music and drama.

July 26-August 31: SALZBURG FESTIVAL. Music, drama. World famous performers and conductors.

August 4-25: WORLD YOUTH FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND THE PERFORMING ARTS, Vienna. Music, ballet, folkloric dance.

HIGHLIGHTS '79

Among Europe's major celebrations and festivals this year are:

- **Brussels' Millennium, Belgium.** Year-long birthday party to celebrate first thousand years of its recorded history.
- **35th anniversary of World War II battles at various sites.**
- **750th anniversary of founding of Turku, Finland, Scandinavia's third largest city.** Year-long festivities.
- **2,000th anniversary of the city of Regensburg, West Germany.**
- **900th anniversary of the Death of St. Stanislaus, patron of Cracow, Poland.** Religious rites, programs, pilgrimages.

In Britain, a number of important anniversaries take place: the 1,000th anniversary of the founding of the government of the Isle of Man; the 50th anniversary of the death of D.H. Lawrence; the 150th anniversary of the Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race; and the 100th anniversary of the beginning of the Industrial Revolution. All will be the focus of special events.

August 30-September 9: BURGENLAND WINE WEEK, Eisenstadt.

September 2-30: BRUCKNER FESTIVAL, Linz, Upper Austria.

September 8-16: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR, Vienna.

October: STYRIAN AUTUMN FESTIVAL, Graz.

October 13-14: INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW, Tulln, Lower Austria.

Mid-October: "VIENNALE '79," Vienna International film festival.

November 17-20: INTERNATIONAL RIDING AND JUMPING TOURNAMENT, Vienna.

November 17-December 24: CHRISTMAS MARKET, Vienna.

December 24: "SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT" CELEBRATIONS, Oberndorf, Hallein, Wagrain. Recalls the composing of the famous Christmas carol.

December 31: "KAISERBALL" IMPERIAL GALA, Vienna. At the Imperial Palace

BELGIUM

March 3: BALL OF THE DEAD RAT, Ostende. A costumed carnival ball.

April: "DAMNATION OF FAUST," Brussels. Performed by a company of 400.

April 7-16: WOMEN 1979 FESTIVAL, Oostende.

April 28-May 1: 12TH BEAUJOLAIS FESTIVAL, Bomal-Sur-Ourthe. Folkloric parades with bands, majorettes, singer.

May 1: 1,001ST ANNUAL PERFORMANCE OF THE PLAY OF SAINT EVERMAR, Ruttien.

May 6-July 4, July 26-September 30: MUSIC FESTIVALS, Flanders, Ghent, Brussels, Leuven, Bruges. Guest performers.

May 13: CAT FESTIVAL WITH PARADE, Ieper. Folklore event with costumes and floats.

May 24: PROCESSION OF THE HOLY BLOOD, Bruges. At 3 P.M. 1,500 citizens in medieval garb go miles to honor relic from the year 1180.

June 2-5: INTERNATIONAL MILITARY MUSIC FESTIVAL, Mons.

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June 3: CENTURY-OLD PROCESSION OF THE GOLDEN CHARIOT. **Mons.**
 July 2-8: EUROPE CUP FOR TENNIS. **Brussels.**
 July 4-5: OMMEGANG PAGEANTS. **Brussels.** Annual procession with participants in sixteenth-century costumes.
 July 7-9: TOUR DE FRANCE BICYCLE RACES. **Brussels.**
 July 25: GAMES WITHOUT BORDERS. **Brussels.** Various sporting events.
 July 25-27: FOURTH INTERNATIONAL CLOWN FESTIVAL. **Blankenberge.**
 July 27-August 10: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC DAYS. **Bruges.**
 August 7-8: MILLENNIUM SOCCER CUP. **Brussels.**
 August 14-16: MILLENNIUM FLOWER, TAPESTRY. **Brussels.** At the Grand' Place.
 August 30-September 2: INTERNATIONAL HORSE RACE. **Oostend.**
 September 6: "LES GRANDES HEURES DE BRUXELLES." **Brussels.** Skits, plays, and pageantry recall the Middle Ages.
 September 23: FESTIVAL OF WALLONIA. **Mons.** A cartoon festival.
 September 29-October 14: ANNUAL OKTOBERFEST. **Wieze.** Beer festival.
 December 14: THE "NUTS" FAIR. **Bas-togne.** Recalls the famous reply to German demand for surrender. Also the 35th anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge.

BULGARIA

April 11-15: INTERNATIONAL WATER POLO TOURNAMENT. **Sofia.**
 May 1: LABOR DAY PARADES AND CELEBRATIONS.
 May 9-13: VARNA '79: INTERNATIONAL CHORAL COMPETITION. **Varna.**
 May 19-29: 13TH NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF HUMOR AND SATIRE. **Gabrovo.** Parades and exhibits.
 May 22-28: BULGARIAN FILM FESTIVAL. **Sofia.**
 May 23-June 14: MUSIC WEEKS INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. **Sofia.** Opera, chamber music, choral recitals.
 June 1-14: SUMMER FESTIVAL OF SYMPHONY, CANTATA, ORATORIO, OPERA, AND CHAMBER MUSIC. **Varna.**
 June 3-9: ROSE DAY. **Karlovo.**
 June 14-19: GOLDEN ORPHEUS FESTIVAL. **Sunny Beach.** International popular music competition.
 July 1-30: NEPTUNE FESTIVAL AND CARNIVAL. **Albena, Zlatni Pyassutsi, Slunchev Bryag.**
 July 9-24: INTERNATIONAL BALLET COMPETITION. **Varna.**
 August 21-September 1: INTERNATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. **Sunny Beach, Burgas.**
 September 10-19: CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Plovdiv.** Concerts

CYPRUS

Early May: FLOWER FESTIVAL. **Antheistira.**
 Early May: NICOSIA FESTIVAL. **Theater, art, and music.**
 May 15-31: INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT. **Nicosia.**

May 26-June 10: FOURTH CYPRUS INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Nicosia.**
 June-July: ANCIENT GREEK DRAMA FESTIVAL. **Kato Paphos.**
 June 11: CELEBRATION OF THE FLOOD, all seaside towns. Sea games, traditional dances and songs to mark the stemming of a flood long ago.
 June 28-30: SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL. **Limassol.** Drama at the ancient Curium Theater.
 June 30-July 9: INTERNATIONAL ARTS FESTIVAL. **Limassol.** Music, art, drama.
 July: OPEN TENNIS TOURNAMENT. **Troodos.** Open to all.
 July 1-15: FOLK AND CLASSICAL DANCES, CONCERTS, EXHIBITS. **Limassol.** At the Municipal Gardens.
 August 1-15: FOLK ART FESTIVAL. **Paphos.** Craft and art exhibits.
 August 14-15: THE DORMITION OF THE HOLY VIRGIN, **Monasteries of Trooditissa and Kykko.**
 September 15-30: WINE FESTIVAL. **Limassol.** Folk dances, songs, and free wine at all open-air restaurants.
 Early October: INTERNATIONAL CLAY COURT TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS. **Nicosia.**

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

May 2-9: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Brno.** Exhibits.
 May 12-June 6: INTERNATIONAL SPRING MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Prague.** 34th annual event. Concerts, opera and jazz.
 May 30-August 30: BRATISLAVA CIVIC FESTIVAL. **Bratislava.** Concerts, operas, dances, organ recitals, and chamber music.
 June 13-21: INTERNATIONAL TELEVISION FESTIVAL. **Praha.**
 June 22-24: INTERNATIONAL FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Stranznice.** Concerts and competitions.
 August: CHOPIN MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Marianske Lazne.**
 August 24-September 21: 21ST DVORAK FESTIVAL. **Karlovy Vary.** Music concerts.
 August 25-September 9: AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION FAIR. **Ceske Budejovice.**
 October: BACH FESTIVAL. **Bratislava.**

DENMARK

April 4-end of August: DEER GARDEN FAIR SEASON. **Copenhagen.**
 April 16: QUEEN MARGARETHE'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
 April 28-mid-September: LEGOLAND SEASON. **Billund, Jutland.**
 May 1-September 16: TIVOLI GARDENS SEASON. **Copenhagen.**
 May 2-6: SCANDINAVIAN FURNITURE SHOW. **Copenhagen.**
 May 22-27: FOOD FAIR. **Copenhagen.** At Bella Center. Exhibits, demonstrations, and tasty samples.
 June 14-16: COMMON CATTLE FAIR FOR THE EASTERN ISLANDS. **Roskilde.**
 June 22-July 8: VIKING FESTIVAL. **Fredersborg.** The Vikings come back to

life through a pageant, special games, and a banquet.
 June 23: MIDSUMMER EVE. Bonfires and night-time festivities throughout the country.
 Early July-early August: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN FESTIVAL. **Odense.** His stories are dramatized by children.
 July 1-August 17: SUMMER FESTIVAL. **Copenhagen.** Citywide free concerts and other events.
 July 4: REBILD FESTIVAL. **Rebild National Park, south of Aalborg.** Celebrates the American Independence Day.
 July 7-10: TILTING TOURNAMENT. **Sonderborg.** Equestrian event.
 July 14: HORSE FAIR. **Faaborgholm, south of Aalborg.** An auction.
 August: FIRE REGATTA. **Silkeborg Lake District.** Illumination of private gardens and boats.
 September-December: ROYAL THEATER SEASON. **Copenhagen.**
 September 4-12: FESTIVAL WEEK. **Aarhus.** Ballet, music, and opera.
 September 13-16: 28TH SCANDINAVIAN FASHION WEEK. **Copenhagen.**
 October 12-21: FLOWER SHOW. **Copenhagen.** Exhibits.
 October 19-21: FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL. **Aarhus.**
 November 10-18: INTERNATIONAL BOAT SHOW. **Copenhagen.** At Bella Center.

FINLAND

March 11: TAR SKI RACE. **Oulu.** Cross-country race open to visitors.
 March 15, 18, 21, 24: REINDEER SAFARI. **Rovaniemi to Hetta.** With Lapp guides.
 March 24-25: THE LADY DAY FESTIVAL. **Enontekiö.** Lapp songs, reindeer sleigh rides, and lasso performances.
 June 4-14: DANCE AND MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Kuopio.** Modern dance, ballet, and folk drama.
 June 14-17: FESTIVAL. **Vaasa.** Music, art, drama.
 June 23-24: MIDSUMMER CELEBRATIONS. **Åre.** Bonfires, speeches, and pageants.
 June 26-July 5: ARTS FESTIVAL. **Jyväskylä.** Exhibits, concerts, and seminars on different themes.
 July 8-26: OPERA FESTIVAL. **Savonlinna.** Program includes *Boris Godunov*, *The Last Temptations* and *The Magic Flute*. Concerts by Elly Ameling, Emil Gilels.
 July 12-15: JAZZ '79. **Pori.** International performers.
 July 16-22: FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Kuusankoski.** International music and dance performances. Theme: Folk Music Tradition in Lapland.
 July 29-August 5: CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Kuhmo.** Guest composer: Aulis Sallinen.
 August 4-9: MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Turku.** City is marking its 750th anniversary.
 August 14-19: TAMPERE THEATRE SUMMER. **Tampere.** Open-air theater with revolving seats.
 August 23-September 7: HELSINKI FESTIVAL. **Art, ballet, and music.**
 December 6: INDEPENDENCE DAY OBSERVANCES.

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FRANCE

March 31-April 9: INTERNATIONAL BAKERY AND PASTRY MAKING EXHIBITION, Paris.

April-June: PARIS OPERA, Paris. Regularly with Jean Sutherland, Gundula Janowitz, Teresa Berganza.

April 13: 10th ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY ART, Rouen. Film, drama, ballet.

April 13-22: 11th ANNUAL EASTER FESTIVAL OF RELIGIOUS MUSIC AND ART, Lourdes, Tarbes, Saint-Sauvant.

April 15-22: EASTER FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND SACRED ART, Lourdes.

April 28-May 13: FOLK OF PARIS, Paris. Fair at Parc de Vincennes.

May-June: FESTIVAL OF SAINT-DENIS, Saint-Denis. Classical music, jazz, rock, opera.

May-October: PARIS-MOSCOW EXHIBITION, Paris.

May 4-June 10: NORMAN FESTIVAL, Bayeux. Drama, ballet, and music.

May 10-25: INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, Cannes. 12nd year.

May 11-June 3: 4th INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF FILM, At the Parc de Vincennes.

May 29-June 11: INTERNATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP, Paris. At the Stade Roland-Garros.

June 1-17: MUSIC FESTIVAL, Strasbourg. International performers.

June 5-8: 10th INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL, Caudebec, Normandy. 19th year.

June 6-12: 10th JAZZ FESTIVAL, Paris. Old themes are the setting for group concerts and dramatic presentations.

June 8-10: LE BAIN JAZZ RACE.

June 9-17: 33RD INTERNATIONAL AERONAUTICS AND SPACE SHOW, Paris. At Le Bourget Airport.

July-August: AVIGNON FESTIVAL. Drama, film, music, and ballet.

July 1-22: TOUR DE FRANCE BICYCLE RACE, nationwide.

July 1-31: FESTIVAL, Arles. Guitar playing and jazz.

July 14: BASTILLE DAY.

July 15-September 23: SUMMER FESTIVAL, Paris. More than 100 concerts, art exhibits, competitions.

September 1-17: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, Besançon.

September 8: FESTIVAL OF THE NATIVITY OF THE VIRGIN, Lourdes.

October 30-November 11: GASTRONOMIC FAIR, Dijon.

November 14-19: 8th INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC, Metz.

November 17-19: LES TROIS GLORIEUSES, Nuits-Saint-Georges, Beaune, and Meursault. Wine festival.

December 8-14: INTERNATIONAL CHRISTMAS FAIR, Strasbourg.

EAST GERMANY

May 7-12: SIXTH INTERNATIONAL JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH COMPETITION, Leipzig.

May 15-June 2: MUSIC FESTIVAL, Dresden.

July 1-6: HANDEL FESTIVAL, Halle.

July 1-8: BACH WEEK, Erfurt, Eisenach.

July 12-14: INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL, Rostock.

September 2-9: FALL FAIR, Leipzig.

September 28-October 14: 23rd FESTIVAL OF THEATER AND MUSIC, Berlin.

November 11-18: 15th ANNUAL MUSIC DAYS, Halle.

WEST GERMANY

March 4-8: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, Frankfurt.

March 23: GERMAN CARNIVAL DANCE GROUPS COMPETITION, Muenster.

April 26-May 13: INTERNATIONAL THEATER FESTIVAL, Hamburg. Two ensembles from all over the world.

April 27-October 21: "BUNDES-GARTENSCHAU" (Federal Garden Show), Bonn. 247 acres of exhibition grounds.

April 28-May 6: "AUER MAIDULT," Munich. Traditional antique market.

May 1-31: MAY FESTIVAL OF BALLET AND MUSIC, Weisbaden.

June: NYMPHENBURG SUMMER FESTIVAL, Munich.

Second half of June: MOZART FESTIVAL, Wurzburg.

Second half of June: "KABEL WEEK," Kiel. International sailing competition.

June 22-July 3: INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, Berlin.

June 23-July 1: DERBY WEEK, Hamburg.

July: INTERNATIONAL EQUESTRIAN COMPETITION, Aachen.

July-August: MOZART CONCERT SEASON, Augsburg.

July-September: HEIDELBERG CASTLE FESTIVAL. Concerts, illuminations.

July 8-August 2: OPERA FESTIVAL, Munich.

24-August 27: WAGNER FESTIVAL, Bayreuth.

1 of July: GERMAN GRAND PRIX, Hockenheim

1-August: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, Frankfurt.
1-August: ATHLETICS CUP, Dusseldorf.
Track and field.

25-October: WINE FESTIVAL, Rhine River area.

25-October: WINE AND SAUSAGE FESTIVAL, Bad Dürkheim.

25-October 7-29: FESTIVAL WEEKS, Berlin. Opera

25-October 22-October 7: OKTOBERFEST, Munich. Beer festival

25-October 10-October 15: FRANKFURT BOOK FAIR. International book publishing exhibition, mainly to the trade.

25-October 2-December 2: "650TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE "HAMBURG DOM," Hamburg. Folk festival.

25-October 1-24: "CHRISTKINDESMARKT" (Christmas Market), Nuremberg, Munich, Berlin, Frankfurt. Decorations, toys, and gingerbread for sale.

IBRALTAR

14-16: BASKETBALL KNOCK-OUT LIGHTNING COMPETITION.

14-16: INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY FESTIVAL AND TOURNAMENT.

14-16: BASKETBALL INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

14-16: DEEP SEA AND PIER FISHING COMPETITION.

14-16: ROWING REGATTAS. In Admiralty waters.

14-16: TRAFALGAR DAY CEREMONY. Memorial Service at the Trafalgar Cemetery.

14-16: 36TH ANNUAL DRAMA FESTIVAL. At Incess Hall.

GREECE

14-16: FEAST OF THE VIRGIN AND INDEPENDENCE DAY, nationwide.

14-16: SOUND AND LIGHT PERFORMANCES, Athens and Rhodes.

14-16: HOLY SATURDAY AND EASTER SUNDAY, throughout Greece. Church services, fireworks, feasting, parades.

14-16: INTERNATIONAL DANCE FESTIVAL, Chania, Crete.

14-16: LABOR DAY. Flower festivals, fairs, and parades in many areas.

14-16: FLOWER FESTIVAL, Edessa. Exhibits and a pageant.

14-16: REGIONAL GREEK FOLK DANCE PERFORMANCES, Rhodes.

14-16: MIDSUMMER'S DAY FESTIVAL, Rhodes.

14-16: CRETAN WINE FESTIVAL, Rethymnon. Performances by visiting dance troupes.

14-16: EPIDAUROS FESTIVAL, Epidaurus. Greek drama.

14-16: ATHENS FESTIVAL, Athens. Ancient drama, opera, music.

14-16: WINE FESTIVALS, Athens, Rhodes, and Alexandroupolis.

14-16: CRICKET MATCHES, Corfu.

14-16: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR, Thessaloniki. Includes film festival.

14-16: NATIONAL HOLIDAY. Parades.

HUNGARY

April 15-early September: ORGAN CONCERTS IN THE CATHEDRAL, Pannonhalma.

April 27-29: INTERNATIONAL EQUESTRIAN CHAMPIONSHIP, Kiskunhalas.

May-August: FERTOD HAYDN CONCERTS, Budapest.

May 16-24: INTERNATIONAL SPRING FAIR, Budapest.

June-August: BEETHOVEN CONCERTS, Martonvasar. At Brunswick Palace Gardens.

July-August: OPEN AIR FESTIVAL, Budapest. Opera and ballet on Margaret Island.

July-August: OPEN AIR FESTIVAL, Szeged. Symphonic concerts, opera, vaudeville show in nearby Aggtelek caves.

August 18-23 - October 29: ART WEEKS, Budapest.

ICELAND

March-June: ICELAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONCERTS, Reykjavik. Every Thursday.

April 11-16: ICELAND NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP SKI TOURNAMENT, Blafjoll. Outside Reykjavik.

April 19: FIRST DAY OF SUMMER. Events, mostly for children, throughout country.

June 1: SEAMAN'S DAY. Parades, speeches, and sports competitions.

June 17: NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Parades, entertainment, dancing, and competitions.

July 12-15: NATIONAL HORSE SHOW AND RACING, Thingvellir.

August 9-12: WESTMAN ISLANDS FESTIVAL, Island of Heimaey. Open-air entertainment, bonfires.

October 9: LEIF ERICSON DAY. Marks discovery of North America by Ericson in 1000 A.D.

IRELAND

March 12-20: ST. PATRICK'S WEEK CELEBRATION, nationwide, but very festive in Dublin.

March 25-December 8: 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR LADY'S SHRINE, Knock, County Mayo. Days of devotion and pilgrimages.

April 13-17: CIRCUIT OF IRELAND INTERNATIONAL MOTOR RALLY.

April 20-29: ARTS FESTIVAL, Dublin. Music, art, drama.

April 25-29: 26TH INTERNATIONAL CHORAL AND FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL, Cork.

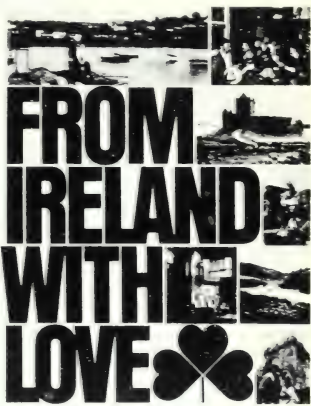
May 1-5: SPRING SHOW AND INDUSTRIES FAIR, Dublin.

May 11-20: PAN CELTIC WEEK, Killynure. Competitions, concerts, exhibits from Celtic countries.

May 18-27: INTERNATIONAL MAYTIME FESTIVAL AND CARROLLS THEATER FESTIVAL, Dundalk.

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May 25-28: THOMAS MOORE BICENTENARY. Avoca. Special programs.
 June 3-15: FESTIVAL OF MUSIC IN GREAT IRISH HOUSES. Dublin.
 June 9-15: FILM INTERNATIONAL. Cork. Short-film competition.
 June 15-17: DONEGAL INTERNATIONAL MOTOR RALLY. Donegal.
 June 23-24: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC. Dublin.
 July 6-8: BACH FESTIVAL. Killarney.
 August 7-11: HORSE SHOW. Dublin.
 August 11-25: YEATS INTERNATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOL. Sligo.
 August 23-27: INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL. Letterkenny.
 September 1-6: ROSE OF TRALEE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. Tralee.
 September 15-30: 21ST INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF LIGHT OPERA. Waterford.
 October 1-20: THEATER FESTIVAL. Dublin. Numerous dramatic works.
 October 24-November 4: OPERA FESTIVAL. Wexford. Also film exhibits and concerts.

ITALY

Throughout 1979: 35TH ANNIVERSARY OBSERVANCES OF THE BATTLES OF ANZIO AND CASSINO, following Allied landings in 1944.
 April 15: EXPLOSION OF THE CART. Florence. Easter Sunday fireworks.
 April 21-May 3: 63RD INTERNATIONAL HANDICRAFTS FAIR. Florence.

April 25: ST. MARK'S FEAST DAY. Venice. Start of gondola regatta season.
 May-June: CLASSICAL THEATER FESTIVAL. Greek and Roman plays.
 May-July: CONCERT SEASON. Venice.
 May 9-July 4: 42ND MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL. Florence. At Teatro Comunale.
 May 15: RACE OF THE CANDLES. Gubbio. Tall shrines are carried by costumed bearers to church atop Mount Ingino.
 May 20: SARDINIAN CAVALCADE. Sassari. 3,000 parade in traditional costumes.
 May 26-June 10: 29TH INTERNATIONAL FAIR OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. Palermo.
 June-September: SUMMER THEATER. Verona. Shakespeare, films, ballet, jazz.
 June 2: FESTIVAL OF THE REPUBLIC. Rome. Military parades.
 June 13: FEAST OF ST. ANTHONY. Padua.
 June 14: CORPUS CHRISTI FESTIVAL, Brindisi. Religious processions and a pageant.
 June 24: REVIVAL OF SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FOOTBALL MATCH. Florence. In medieval costumes. Also a fireworks display from the terraced gardens overlooking the city.
 June 27-July 15: TWO WORLDS FESTIVAL. Spoleto. Opera, drama, ballet, exhibits.
 July-August: SUMMER OPERA SEASON. Rome. At the Baths of Caracalla.
 July 2 and August 16: PALIO. Siena. Procession and bareback horse race. Medieval pageantry in costume.
 July 14: 10TH FESTIVAL OF ITALIAN REGIONS AND FOURTH INTERNATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. Scanno. Music, art, song, and a pageant.

July 15: FESTIVAL OF THE REDEEMER. Venice. Parade of gondolas and other water craft marking the end of the 1575 epidemic.
 July 15-August 15: 14TH INTERNATIONAL ORGAN FESTIVAL. Aosta. Series of six concerts in the historic cathedral.
 August: MUSICAL ENCOUNTERS. Sorrento. Concerts, ballet. Guest soloists.
 September 2: "HISTORICAL REGATTA," Venice. Traditional competition between two-oar racing gondolas.
 September 7-17: 43RD INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR OF THE LEVANT. Bari.
 Mid-September-early October: MUSICAL UMBRIA FESTIVAL. Perugia and other locations. 34th year of opera, chamber music, and organ concerts.
 September 19: ST. GENNARO FESTIVAL. Naples. Tribute to city's patron saint.
 October-May: OPERA AND SYMPHONIC MUSIC FESTIVAL. Bologna.
 October 7-21: TRUFFLE FAIR. Alba. Famous white truffles for sale.

LUXEMBOURG

April 16: "EMAISCHEN" FESTIVAL AND MARKET. Old-Luxembourg. Games for children, songs, folk dances, and sale of artistic earthenware.
 May 1: LILY OF THE VALLEY DAY. Mondorf-Les-Bains. Continuous entertainment and an evening ball.
 May 4-20: "OCTAVE"—301ST ANNUAL

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PILGRIMAGE to the shrine of Our Lady of Luxembourg. **Luxembourg City.**
ay 24: 23RD INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENT, **Mondorf-Les-Bains.**
ine-July: INTERNATIONAL CLASSICAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Echternach.**
ine 5: DANCING PROCESSION, **Echternach.** Honors St. Willibrord.
ine 23: NATIONAL HOLIDAY. Concerts, dances, fireworks, parades.
ily-early August: INTERNATIONAL OPEN-AIR THEATER AND MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Wiltz.**
ily 28-August 11: POTTERY AND CERAMIC EXHIBIT, **Nospelt.**
ugust 12: INTERNATIONAL MOTO-CROSS: GRAND PRIX DE LUXEMBOURG. **Ettelbruck.** World championship series.
ugust 26-September 14: "SCHUEBERFOER" (Shepherd's Fair), **Luxembourg City.**
eptember 8-9: GRAPE AND WINE FESTIVAL, **Grevenmacher.** Fireworks, concerts, parades, and free wine.

MALTA

ay 4-7: CARNIVAL, **Valletta** and nationwide. Started in 1535. Dance competitions, band marches, and decorated floats.
une: THE MALTA INTERNATIONAL AIR RALLY, **Valletta.** Light aircraft.
une 28-29: MNARJA FOLK FESTIVAL, **Valletta.** Night events at Buskett Gardens.
uly 1-15: FAIR, **Naxxar.**
eptember 8: REGATTA, **Grand Harbour, Valletta.** Pageant and racing.

MONACO

April 5-15: 80TH MONTE CARLO TENNIS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP, **Monte Carlo.**
May 12-14: INTERNATIONAL FLOWER COMPETITION, **Monte Carlo.**
May 27: 38TH MONACO AUTOMOBILE GRAND PRIX, **Monte Carlo.**
June 18: 42ND INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW, **Monte Carlo.**
July-August: 14TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF FIREWORKS, **Monte Carlo.**
July 10-August 15: 10TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF ARTS, **Monte Carlo.** Theater, ballet, music concerts.
August 3: RED CROSS GALA, **Monte Carlo.** Famous performers
November 18-19: MONEGASQUE FESTIVAL DAY, **Monte Carlo.** Street parades, fireworks, and a fair.
December 6-11: SIXTH INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS FESTIVAL, **Monte Carlo.** World famous circuses perform.

NETHERLANDS

Mid-March-mid-May: BULBFIELDS IN BLOSSOM, **between Haarlem and Leiden.** Bulbs in bloom.
April-May 20: "KEUKENHOF" 30TH NATIONAL OPEN-AIR FLOWERSHOW, **Lisse.**
Mid-April-mid-September: CHEESE MARKET, **Waag plein, Alkmaar.**
April 21: 32ND BULB DISTRICT FLORAL PARADE, **Haarlem.**
April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE.

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June-August: CHEESE MARKET, Gouda. Thursday mornings.

June 1-23: HOLLAND FESTIVAL, Amsterdam, Utrecht, Rotterdam, The Hague/Scheveningen. Concerts, opera, chamber music, ballet, drama.

June 2-3: NEPTUNE FESTIVAL, Delfzijl. Sailing.

June 12-16: FOLKLORE FESTIVAL, Warffum. Parade, market, antique fair.

June 13-August 15: 17TH OLD DUTCH MARKET, Hoorn.

June 16-17: INTERNATIONAL REGATTA, Groningen. Rowing races.

June 28-29: INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW, The Hague.

July 1: "UNION OF UTRECHT." Exhibition commemorating 400th anniversary of founding of the Dutch State.

July 7-August 25: WINDMILL DAYS, Kinderdijk, southeast of Rotterdam.

July 13-15: NORTH SEA JAZZ FESTIVAL, The Hague.

July 20-24: HOLLAND WEEK INTERNATIONAL RACES, Loosdrecht.

July 31-August 4: "DELTA-FLORA"—21ST EXHIBIT OF GLADIOLI, Middelharnis.

August 4-9: "SNEEK WEEK" (International Yacht Races), Sneek. At Sneekerveer.

August 15-19: 32ND INTERNATIONAL SHOW JUMPING, Rotterdam.

September 1: FLORAL PARADE, Aalsmeer to Amsterdam and return.

September 18: PRINSESJDAG (Prince's Day), The Hague. Queen Juliana rides in

a golden coach to open Parliament.

October 18-November 7: 31ST ART AND ANTIQUES TRADE FAIR, Delft.

November 2-5: NATIONAL FLOWER TRADE FAIR, Aalsmeer. At Verenigde Aalsmeerse Veiling.

December 5-6: ST. NICHOLAS CELEBRATIONS.

December 14-19: INTERNATIONAL SIX-DAY INDOOR CYCLE RACES, Maastricht. At Eurohall.

NORWAY

Early March: JAZZ FESTIVAL, Voss. International bands, night sessions.

March 3-11: 100TH ANNIVERSARY HOLMENKOLLEN SKI FESTIVAL, Oslo. International cross-country and ski-jumping competitions.

March 24-April 1: WINTER FESTIVAL, Narvik. Beyond the Arctic Circle. Skiing, skating competitions, entertainment, selection of "Black Bear" Princess.

May-June: FIORD BLOSSOM TIME. White and red flowers of thousands of fruit trees blanket the slopes. Best time: May 20-June 10.

May 14: MIDNIGHT SUN AT NORTH CAPE. First day of continuous sunshine. To July 30.

May 17: CONSTITUTION DAY, throughout Norway. National holiday with processions and fireworks.

May 19-20: THE "ANCIENT MARATHON,"

Fredrikstad. Covers 40-km. trail.

May 23-June 6: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC, DRAMA, BALLET, AND FOLKLORE, Bergen. Concerts by world famous orchestras and soloists.

June 16-24: NORTH NORWAY FESTIVAL, Harstad. Folklore programs, exhibits, and historical play at open-air theater.

June 23: MIDNIGHT CUP GOLF TOURNAMENT, Trondheim.

June 27-July 1: KONGSBERG INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. Concerts and jam sessions held inside an abandoned silver mine.

August 4-12: PEER GYNT FESTIVAL, Vinstra. Drama, folklore, pageantry.

October 1-31: STATE AUTUMN EXHIBIT, Oslo. Display of new graphics, painting and sculpture. Annual event.

December 10: PRESENTATION OF NOBEL PEACE PRIZE, Oslo. By invitation.

POLAND

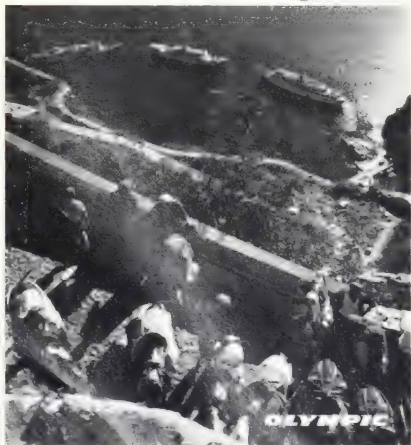
Year-long: 900TH ANNIVERSARY OF DEATH OF ST. STANISLAUS, Cracow. Procession of pilgrimages. City's patron saint.

May-September 10: CHOPIN CONCERTS, Warsaw. Every Sunday.

May-October: 10TH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY, Cracow.

May 11-13: JUVENALIA—YOUTH SPRING FESTIVAL, Cracow.

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ay 12-18: DAYS OF CHAMBER MUSIC, Lan-
cet Lezakajsk.
ne-July: 16TH FESTIVAL OF ORGAN AND
CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS, Szczecin.
ne 10-19: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, Poznan.
Trade exhibits.
ne 15-17: NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF
FOLKLORIC ENSEMBLES, Plock.
ly: BALTIC JAZZ MEETINGS, Spoto,
Olztyn, Szczecin, Koszlin, Kolobrzeg.
Top artists featured.
id-August: 19TH INTERNATIONAL SONG
FESTIVAL AND RECORDS FAIR, Spoto.
agust 29-September 3: 14TH ORATORIO
AND CANTATA FESTIVAL, Wroclaw.
ptember: ART FESTIVAL, Cracow.
ptember 16-24: "THE WARSAW AUTUMN"
—23RD INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF
CONTEMPORARY MUSIC, Warsaw.
ctober: 22ND INTERNATIONAL JAZZ
FESTIVAL—JAZZ JAMBOREE '79, Warsaw.

PORTUGAL

arch 18: FESTIVAL OF DOS PASSOS, Real.
Procession of more than 300 biblical
figures.
arch 25: THE MARCH FAIR, Aveira. Fair of
the "Barcoas" (boats), folk dancing,
fireworks.
arch 31-April 2: FOLK PILGRIMAGE TO
SENHOR BOM JESUS DE FAO, Fao. Religi-
ous rites, folk parades, music, dancing,
handicrafts, fireworks, and sports.
pril 11: FESTIVAL OF OUR LADY OF BOA
VIAGEM, Constancia.
ay-July: CONCERTS, Estoril.
ay 1-3: FONTE GRANDE FESTIVAL, Alte
and Loule. Horsemanship competitions
and parade.
ay 12-13: ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE, Fatima.
Religious rites.
une 6-20: GRAND INTERNATIONAL FAIR,
Santarem. Exhibits, folk dances, songs,
fireworks.
une 7-11: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, Lisbon.
une 12: ST. ANTHONY'S EVE, Lisbon.
Dancing in the streets.
une 20-28: MUSIC WEEK, Lisbon. Iberian
music.
une 24-29: FOLKLORE FESTIVALS, Angra
Do Heroismo, Azores. Fishermen's
holiday pays tribute to Sts. Peter and
Paul.
First or third Sunday of July: GREAT
FESTIVAL OF THE RED WAISTCOAT, Vila
Franca de Xira.
July 5-9: RUNNING OF THE BULLS, Vila
Franca de Xira. Portuguese cowboys
demonstrate riding skills; fireworks.
August 9-16: FESTIVAL OF THE GREEN CAP
AND THE SALT PANS, Alcochete. Enter-
tainment and bloodless bullfights.
August 18-20: FEAST OF THE AGONY, Viana
do Castelo. Gigantic papier-mache
figures participate in parades.
August 22-23: TRADITIONAL FESTIVALS OF
THE COUNTRY AND ANNUAL FAIR OF ST.
BARTHOLOMEY, Ponte Da Barca.
September 1-5: WINE FESTIVAL, Palmela.
September 20-30: FESTIVAL AND FAIR OF
ST. MICHAEL, Cabeceiras De Bato.
October 12-13: ANNUAL FALL PILGRIM-
AGE, Fatima.
October 12-18: VINTAGE FAIR, Meda. Wine
tasting, exhibits.

October 29-31: OCTOBER FAIR, Vila Franca
de Xira. Horsemanship contests, music,
fireworks, bullfights.
November 10-13: TRADITIONAL FAIR OF ST.
MARTIN, Golega.
December 31: GREAT FESTIVALS OF ST
SYLVESTER, Funchal in Madeira. Un-
usual fireworks.

ROMANIA

May: "SIMBRA OILOR" TRADITIONAL
SHEPHERDS' FESTIVAL, Mountain
regions.
May 1: INTERNATIONAL LABOR DAY.
Parades.
May 6: TRADITIONAL FOLK MUSIC AND
COSTUME FESTIVAL, Brasov. In the Car-
pathian Mountains.
May 21: SHEPHERDS' FEAST, Novaci.
Pageantry in the Hirsesti Woods.
May 28: "IN THE SPIRIT OF A BALLAD"
FESTIVAL, Gura Teghilez. Songs.
June 18: KING OF THE FIR TREES FESTIVAL,
Tiha Birgaulei. Folk songs, dances, and
pageant.
July 2: CHERRY FAIR, Brincovenesti. Dis-
plays, sales, and foods.
July 15: MUSIC AND FOLK FESTIVAL, Slanic.
Competitions.
July 29-August 5: SONGS OF THE OLD
FESTIVAL, Calimanesti.
August: FOLKLORE CARNIVAL, Constanta.
August 11-12: THE SINGER'S FESTIVAL,
Chilia. Competition.

August 13-14: FESTIVAL OF GORJ COUNTRY
MUSIC, Tismana.
August 23: NATIONAL DAY. Parades, sports
and music.
September 23: TRADITIONAL SONG AND
DANCE FESTIVAL, at foot of hill of Castle
of Brm. This is the home of Count
Dracula in the Carpathian Mountains of
Transylvania.

SPAIN

March 11-19: SAN JOSE FALLAS, Valencia.
Nighttime parades, bonfires, bullfights,
sports, and fireworks.
April 8-15: HOLY WEEK PROCESSIONS,
Seville, Malaga, Cartagena, Cuenca,
and other cities.
April 22-24: THE MOORS AND CHRISTIANS
FESTIVAL, Alcoy, Alicante.
April 23: FESTIVAL OF SAN JORGE AND
CERVANTES DAY, Barcelona.
April 24-29: APRIL FESTIVALS AND FAIR,
Seville. Exhibits, street entertainment,
dancing, special foods, bullfights.
May 1-12: PATIOS FESTIVAL, Cordoba.
Flowers, flamenco dancing, music.
May 9-13: HORSE FAIR, Jerez de la
Frontera.
May 9-14: FESTIVITIES OF SANTO DOMINGO
DE LA CALZADA, Santo Domingo de la
Calzada.
May 9-25: FESTIVAL OF SAN ISIDRO THE
FARMER, Madrid. Folklore, opera, and
other events.

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EUROPEAN DELIVERY PLAN

June 14: CORPUS CHRISTI FESTIVAL, Granada, Toledo, and Seville. Religious rites and processions. Held since 1230.

June 14-17: "DANZANTES Y PECADOS" FESTIVAL (Dancers and Sinners), Camunas, Toledo. Medieval dances, spectacular costumes.

June 23-24: FESTIVITIES OF ST. JOHN, Cuidadela, Menorca, Balearic Islands. Medieval-oriented event.

End of June-early July: 29TH INTERNATIONAL MUSIC AND DANCE FESTIVAL, Granada.

July 6-14: FESTIVITIES IN HONOR OF SAN FERMIN, Pamplona. Famous "running of the bulls" festival.

August: BIG MONTH OF FESTIVALS, Cadiz. Art, bullfights, regattas, other events.

August: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC AND DANCE FESTIVAL, Santander. Guest performers.

August: ASTURIAS SCULL RACE FESTIVAL, Arriondas-Ribadesella.

August 1-15: SPANISH FESTIVAL, Nerja Caves, Nerja. Music, ballet.

August 4-9: FAIR OF THE VIRGEN BLANCA, Vitoria. Basque fair with exhibits, special foods, and bullfights.

September 5-9: SHERRY WINE HARVEST FESTIVAL, Jerez de la Frontera.

September 23-27: FIESTAS OF LA MERCED, Barcelona. Medieval pageant, parade, band competition, and swimming race across the port of Barcelona. Also art exhibits, theater, and film festival.

October 1-29: MUSIC FESTIVAL, Barcelona.

October 6-14: FAIR OF LA VIRGEN DEL PILAR, Zaragoza. Folklore, parades, and bullfights.

SWEDEN

March 4: VASA SKI RACE, from Salen to Mora. Approximately 53 miles, 10,000 contestants.

Mid-April-mid-September: GRONA LUND AMUSEMENT PARK SEASON, Stockholm. Dancing and an open-air theater, in addition to other attractions.

April 30: WALPURGIS NIGHT. Bonfires, songs, and other events welcoming spring.

Mid-May-mid-September: BALLET AND EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY OPERAS. At

Drottningholm Court Theater near Stockholm.

June 23: MIDSUMMER CELEBRATION, throughout Sweden. Games, Maypole and folk dancing, music.

July 1: THE CHURCH BOAT RACE, Lesand. Longboats race across Lake Siljan to Sunday service.

July 1-31: "JULIADEN," Stockholm. International sports, drama, concerts, and other entertainment in city parks.

July 7-8: ANCIENT GOTLAND ATHLETIC GAMES, Stanga.

July 11-August 10: "PETRAS DE DACIA," Visby, Gotland. 50th annual performance of mystic pageant opera.

July 13-16: LAPPLAND FOLK FESTIVAL, Asele. Event is over 200 years old.

Mid-July-mid-August: VISBY FESTIVAL, Visby. Medieval musical pageantry.

August 23-September 7: HELSINKI FESTIVAL. Concerts, opera, ballet, theater, exhibitions.

August 25-26: LAPP FESTIVAL, Arvidsjaur. Sports, other events.

November 25-December 29: SKANSEN CHRISTMAS FAIR, Stockholm. Handicrafts, decorations, candles, and food on sale at open-air museum.

December 10: NOBEL FESTIVITIES WITH NOBEL PRIZE CEREMONY, Stockholm. By invitation only.

December 13: ST. LUCIA'S DAY. Procession of the Queen of Lights. The queen and her court wear lit candle crowns.

SWITZERLAND

March-June: CONCERTS, Locarno.

March 24-April 3: 20TH SWISS ART AND ANTIQUES FAIR, Basel.

March 25-April 1: CURLING WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS, Berne.

April 15-May 15: GRAND TULIP EXHIBITION, Morges.

April 21-May 1: 63RD SWISS INDUSTRIES FAIR WITH EUROPEAN WATCH, CLOCK, AND JEWELRY FAIR, Basel.

April 22-23: SPRING FESTIVAL, Zurich.

May 5-15: BEA—HANDICRAFT, INDUSTRIAL, AND COMMERCIAL EXHIBITION, Berne.

May 7-July 3: 24TH INTERNATIONAL LAUSANNE FESTIVAL. Music, concerts and competitions.

May 15-25: INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SHOW, Geneva.

May 25-beginning of July: INTERNATIONAL JUNE FESTIVAL, Zurich. Drama, ballet, and concerts.

June-end of September: OPEN-AIR PRODUCTIONS OF "WILLIAM TELL," Interlaken.

June 3: FLORAL FESTIVAL, Locarno. Exhibits.

June 24-July 8: 18TH INTERNATIONAL HIGH ALPINE BALLOONING WEEKS, Murren.

July-August: SUMMER CONCERTS AND DRAMA, Lausanne. Free.

July 6-22: 13TH INTERNATIONAL MONTREUX JAZZ FESTIVAL. Also folk, soul, rock, country and western music.

July 14-15: ROTSEE INTERNATIONAL ROWING REGATTA, Lucerne.

August 1-12: 32ND INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, Locarno.

August 3-31: 23RD YEHUDI MENUHIN FESTIVAL, Gstaad. Music.

August 15-September 8: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, Lucerne. Opera, concerts. Guest performers and conductors.

August 28-October 7: 34TH INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, Montreux, Vevey. Symphony, oratorios, and religious music.

September-November: 35TH INTERNATIONAL MUSIC CONTEST, Geneva.

September 8-23: 60TH SWISS COMPTOIR NATIONAL AUTUMN FAIR, Lausanne.

September 23: GRAPE FESTIVAL, Locarno.

October 27-November 10: AUTUMN FAIR, Basel.

November 8-18: 10TH ANTIQUE DEALERS FAIR, Lausanne.

November 26: TRADITIONAL ONION MARKET, Berne.

TURKEY

April 23: NATIONAL SOVEREIGNTY AND CHILDREN'S DAY. Parades, children's entertainment, and sports.

April 23-May 1: TULIP FESTIVAL, Istanbul. Thousands of blooms to be viewed in parks and palace gardens; parades.

April 30-May 5: FESTIVAL OF EPHEUS. Drama in the Roman amphitheater.

May 15-18: FESTIVAL OF PAMUKKALE, Denizli. Folk dances and dramas.

May 19: YOUTH AND SPORTS DAY. Athletic events and parades.

June 7-16: MEDITERRANEAN FESTIVAL, Izmir. Cooking contest, parade, and craft.

June 17-July 20: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CULTURE AND THE ARTS, Istanbul. Music, art, drama, ballet.

June 19-25: OILED WRESTLING GAMES OF KIRKPINAR, Edirne. Free-style old Turkish wrestling.

End of June-early July: FESTIVAL OF ANTALYA. Drama, music, a parade.

Last week of July: FESTIVAL OF PERGAMON, Bergama.

August 20-September 20: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, Izmir. Commercial and art exhibitions, opera, ballet, folk dancing.

August 30: VICTORY DAY, throughout Turkey.

September 3-10: FESTIVAL OF CULTURE

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AND THE ARTS, **Bodrum**. Site of ancient Halikarnassus.
tember 13-17: HARVEST FESTIVAL, Goremö.
ober 29: ANNIVERSARY OF THE TURKISH REPUBLIC.
ember 15-17: FESTIVAL OF THE MEVLANIS (Whirling Dervishes), Konya. Ritual dances and unusual art exhibits.

UNITED KINGDOM

arch: BLOSSOMTIME IN BRITAIN. Myriad flowers in bloom.
rch 12-16: FIRST BRITISH INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL AND ORCHESTRA COMPETITION, Shrewsbury, Salop. At Music Hall.
arch 31: GRAND NATIONAL, Aintree, Liverpool. Steeplechase.
ril-September: 900TH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL, Winchester.
ril 1-January: SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL, Stratford-on-Avon.
ril 6-September 29: PITLOCHRY FESTIVAL THEATRE SEASON, Pitlochry.
ril 7-May 6: EXHIBIT: FRENCH CONTEMPORARY ART, London. At Serpentine Gallery.
ril 12-17: INTERNATIONAL YOUTH MUSIC FESTIVAL, Harrogate.
ril 27-May 5: BACH FESTIVAL, London. At South Bank.
ay 8-20: FESTIVAL OF ARTS, Brighton.
ay 11-June 30: SCOTLAND'S HISTORIC HOUSE FESTIVAL, countrywide. Tours.
ay 18-June 2: BATH FESTIVAL, Bath. Music, art, drama.
ay 21-June 10: MALVERN FESTIVAL, Malvern. Music and drama.
ay 22-25: CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW, London. Twenty-two acres of gardens in bloom.
ay 27-August 7: FESTIVAL OPERA SEASON, Glyndebourne.
une 3-24: ALDBURGH FESTIVAL, Suffolk. Musical events in memory of Benjamin Britten.
une 6-9: DERBY, Epsom. Horse racing.
une 16: TROOPING THE COLOUR: THE QUEEN'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY, London.
une 16-24: BURNS FESTIVAL, Southwest Scotland.
une 17-30: MANANNAN INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND THE ARTS, Isle of Man. Isle of Man is marking its Parliament year.
une 19-22: THE ASCOT, Berkshire. Famous horserace.
une 23-24: INTERNATIONAL AIR TATTOO, London. At Wimbledon.
une 26-July 8: WIMBLEDON TENNIS, London. World's most prestigious tournament.
uly 3-8: INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL EISTEDDFOD, Llangollen, Wales.
uly 5-8: HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA, Henley-on-Thames.
uly 11-28: ROYAL TOURNAMENT, London. Military events.
August 4-11: ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD, Caernarvon, Wales.

August 19-September 8: EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. Exceptional music, art, drama, ballet.
September 1: ROYAL HIGHLAND GATHERING, Braemar, Scotland.
September 11-22: CHELSEA ANTIQUES FAIR, London. At Chelsea Old Town Hall.
October 1-6: HORSE OF THE YEAR SHOW, London. At Wembley Stadium.
October 1-20: MUSIC FESTIVAL, Swansea.
November 10: LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION AND SHOW, London.

USSR

March 31-April 7: LENINGRAD SPRING FESTIVAL. Music, art, drama, ballet.
May 5-13: MOSCOW STARS FESTIVAL. Ballet, art, music.
May 25-June 3: KIEV SPRING FESTIVAL. Music, art, drama, ballet.
June 21-29: WHITE NIGHTS FESTIVAL, Leningrad. Music, art, drama, and ballet performances, and exhibits by the light of the midnight sun.
July 21-24: SONG FESTIVAL, Riga.
August 14-25: CRIMEAN DAWNS, Yalta. Various performances.
September 15-26: GOLDEN AUTUMN, Sochi. Entertainment.
October 5-13: MELODIES OF SOVIET TRANS-CAUCASIA, Erevan. Musical performances.
November 14-24: BYELORUSSIAN MUSICAL

AUTUMN, Minsk.
December 25-January 5: RUSSIAN WINTER FESTIVAL, Moscow. Sleigh rides, the arts, and circus performances.

YUGOSLAVIA

May: BIENNIAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC, Zagreb.
May-September: FOLKLORE FESTIVAL, Bled. Songs and dances.
June: CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL, Sibenik. Puppet show, drama, and music.
July: REVIEW OF ORIGINAL FOLKLORE, Zagreb.
July-August: SPLIT SUMMER FESTIVAL. Opera, ballet, folklore, and drama in the peristyle of the Roman Emperor Diocletian's Palace.
July-August: OPATIJA SUMMER FESTIVAL. Opera, music concerts, folklore, and more.
July-August: OPERA FESTIVAL, Ljubljana. Yugoslav opera companies perform.
July 10-August 25: SUMMER FESTIVAL, Dubrovnik. Ballet, symphony, drama, folk groups. Performances on open-air stages.
August 27-September 2: INTERNATIONAL WINES AND SPIRITS FAIR, Ljubljana.
September: INTERNATIONAL AUTUMN FAIR, Zagreb.
September 15-29: EIGHTH MEDITERRANEAN GAMES, Split. Sports.

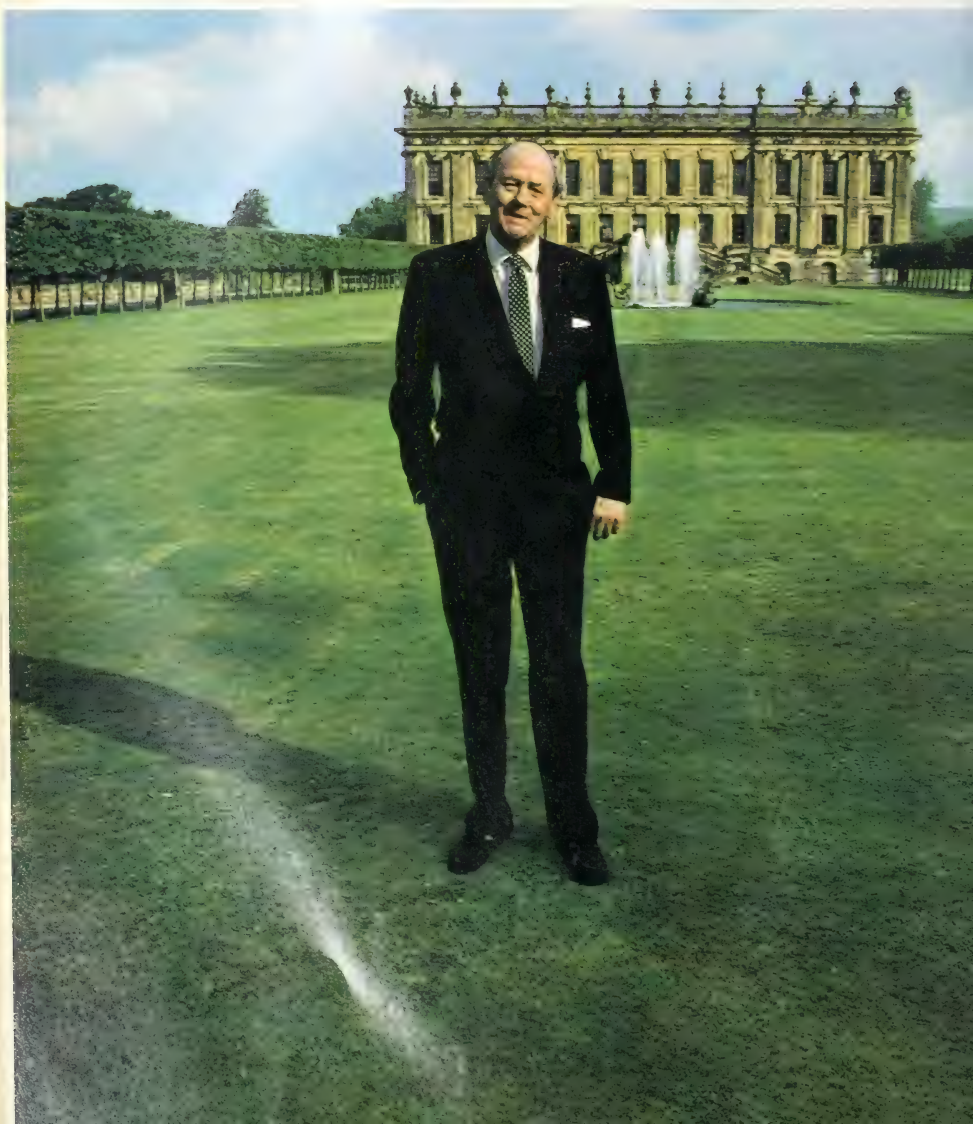
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Andrew, 11th Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth.



"Mary Queen of Scots was a guest here in my home a few hundred years back. I'm told she loved it—used to wander around the gardens and gaze at the paintings in the great halls for hours. It's rumored that she said that she never wanted to leave. Perhaps that's because this was the last nice place she stayed before that dreadful beheading business. Pity."

"Nevertheless, that's just one story about the old place. There are lots more. Come round and hear them and have a look about when you're in the neighborhood."

The British. They're what make Britain such a terrific place to spend your vacation.

Allow us to introduce you.

You can meet Bert. Bert Summers is pipe major of The Grampian Police Pipe Band in Scotland. You might catch him and his lads proudly piping on the grounds of Craigievar Castle near Aberdeen. Their highland harmony will put your feet to marching. The scenery will leave you speechless. Even the hills wear kilts. Plaids of green peat and purple heather. Incredible.

Tea? In Devonshire, you can meet Mrs. Connie Pedley, and her husband Tommy, and their cats Sally and Cecily, and Cynthia, a girl from the village who helps Mrs. Pedley serve Devonshire cream teas. What's a Devonshire cream tea? Heaping plates of scones warm from the oven, jams and jellies that were on the vine last week, fresh clotted cream and very, very British tea. Lovely.

In the days of Henry VIII, there was a jolly country inn in the town of Ludlow, that was known for its ale. It was called "The Feathers." It still is.

The fire crackles an age-old welcome. And the innkeeper, in finest tradition, dotes on his guests. His name is Peter Nash. You'll like him. You'll also like his ale.

Cheers. Speaking of spirits, Carreg Cennen Castle in Wales will have a haunting effect on you. It was once the home of Merlin the Magician. It's now the home of

Bernard the shepherd. Admission is free. Nice fellow, Bernard.

There are lots more British people to meet. And countless bargains to find. The Tower of London is 901 years old this year. Admission is still only \$2.45, and that includes a look at the Crown Jewels.

And, for just \$12, you can get an "Open-to-View" ticket that opens the doors and drawbridges to more than 525 castles, palaces and mansions all over this scintillating isle.

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CANADA AND MEXICO

CANADA

- March 10:** 75TH ANNIVERSARY OF ST. JOSEPH'S ORATORY, **Montreal, Quebec.** Famous shrine.
- March 17-25:** CARIBOU CARNIVAL AND CHAMPIONSHIP DOG DERBY, **Yellowknife, Northwest Territories.** Igloo-building contests, Indian wrestling, and other events. Race is for three days for 150 miles on Great Slave Lake.
- March 26-30:** BLOSSOM FESTIVAL, **Niagara Falls, Ontario.**
- March 26-April 1:** AURORA SNOW FESTIVAL, **Churchill, Manitoba.** Ice and snow sculpture, winter sports, and carnival events.
- Late April-May:** TOONIK Tyme, **Frobisher Bay, Northwest Territories.** Ice fishing, dog races, and various winter sports as well as dancing and singing.
- May:** SPRING BREAK-UP DRAMA FESTIVAL, **Dawson City, Yukon Territory.** Celebrates the break-up of ice in the Yukon River through original plays keyed to turn-of-the-century themes.
- May-June:** HERITAGE PERFORMING ARTS FESTIVAL, **Vancouver, British Columbia.**
- May 1-July 28:** SUMMER SHOWCASE, **Banff, Alberta.** Music, art, and drama at Banff Centre.
- May 1-October 31:** SAILING RACES, **Conception Bay, Newfoundland.**
- May 13-21:** FESTIVAL OF SPRING, **Ottawa, Ontario.**
- May 20-June 3:** FOLK ARTS FESTIVAL, **St. Catharines, Ontario.** Concerts, arts, crafts, foods, parades.
- May 22-September 30:** SHAW FESTIVAL, **Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario.**
- June 1-September 30:** FRANTIC FOLLIES, **Stratford, Ontario.** Shakespeare and other plays in repertory.
- June 21-September 3:** MAN AND HIS WORLD EXHIBITION, **Montreal, Quebec.**
- June 22-30:** METRO INTERNATIONAL CARAVAN, **Toronto, Ontario.** Ethnic celebrations.
- June 22-30:** RED RIVER EXHIBITION, **Ottawa, Ontario.** Music, Shakespeare, and opera.
- June 28-August 12:** INTERNATIONAL GATHERING OF THE CLANS, throughout **Nova Scotia.** Held in various locales.
- July:** SUMMER FESTIVAL, **St. John's Newfoundland.** Music, art, drama, and sports.
- July 1-August 14:** NORTHERN PIKE FESTIVAL, **Nipawin, Saskatchewan.** Competition.
- July 6-8:** FOLK FESTIVAL, **Winnipeg, Manitoba.** Music, song, dance, crafts at Birds Hill.
- July 6-15:** CALGARY EXHIBITION AND STAMPEDE, **Calgary, Alberta.** Top rodeo.
- July 18-28:** KLONDIKE DAYS EXHIBITION,

Edmonton, Alberta. Reliving gold-rush days.

- Late July:** ANNUAL BATHTUB RACE, **Nanaimo, British Columbia.**
- August 1-19:** FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS, **Banff, Alberta.** At Banff Centre.
- August 2-5:** NATIONAL UKRAINIAN FESTIVAL, **Dauphin, Manitoba.**
- August 3-4, 10-11, 17-18:** SIX NATIONS INDIAN PAGEANT, **Brantford, Ontario.** Reenactment of area's early Indian history. Authentic Indian dances, crafts. At Forest Amphitheater.
- Mid-August:** INTERNATIONAL AIR SHOW, **Abbotsford, British Columbia.**
- August 15-September 3:** CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION, **Toronto, Ontario.** Largest and oldest Canadian fair.



Parasailing: the sport that takes you drifting over Acapulco Bay in Mexico

- August 17-20:** BRITISH COLUMBIA SUMMER GAMES, **Penticton.** Sports.
- August 18-20:** DISCOVERY DAY CELEBRATION, **Dawson City, Yukon Territory.** Commemorates the discovery of gold through pageantry.
- August 24-26:** WORLD CUP OF TRACK AND FIELD, **Montreal, Quebec.** At the Olympic Stadium.
- August 31-September 1:** EGMONT BAY 75TH AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION, **Mt. Carmel, Prince Edward Island.**
- August 31-September 2:** FESTIVAL ACADIEN, **Oyster Bed Bridge, Prince Edward Island.**

- September 7-16:** WESTERN FESTIVAL, **St. Tite, Quebec.** Rodeo and fair.
- September 21-30:** NIAGARA GRAPE AND WINE FESTIVAL, **St. Catharines, Ontario.**
- October 5-13:** OKTOBERFEST, **Kitchener-Waterloo, Ontario.** Well-known beer festival.
- November 9-17:** ROYAL AGRICULTURAL WINTER FAIR, **Toronto, Ontario.**

MEXICO

- March 21:** JUAREZ'S BIRTHDAY, **Oaxaca.** Fair and fireworks.
- April:** THE CERVANTES FESTIVAL, **Guajuato.** Films, orchestras, dance groups from all over the world.
- April 8-15:** HOLY WEEK, nationwide. Vacation for Mexicans.
- April 23-May 6:** ST. MARK'S DAY CELEBRATION AND CARNIVAL, **Agua-calientes.** Bullfights, charros, and lots of music.
- April 28-May 5:** "SUN TO SUN" REGATTA **Cancun.**
- May 5:** BATTLE OF PUEBLA. Recalls a successful battle against the French.
- May 30-June 28:** ARTS AND CRAFTS FIESTA **Tehuantepec.** Displays, sales, and demonstrations.
- Mid-July:** COUNTRY FAIRS, **Oaxaca, Reynosa, San Juan Teotihuacan, Saltillo, and Campeche.**
- July 23-30:** MOUNTAIN FESTIVAL, **Oaxaca.** Folkloric dances and songs.
- August 13:** ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN MARY FIESTA, **San Juan de Los Lagos, Jalisco.** Religious pageantry.
- September 1:** LABOR DAY HOLIDAY.
- September 8:** AZTEC FIESTA, **Taxco.** The battle between the Lord of Tepostlan and other chiefs is recalled through a ritual dance drama.
- September 15-16:** INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION, nationwide.
- September 16-November 11:** OCTOBER FESTIVAL, **Guadalajara.** Art, handicraft exhibits, films, music, and dance.
- October 1-December 10:** 11TH INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Puebla.** Guest artists.
- November 1-2:** DAY OF THE DEAD. Village put food and drink on the graves of their departed kin.
- November 20:** ANNIVERSARY OF THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION, throughout Mexico. Parades.
- November 24-December 2:** 42ND NATIONAL SILVER FAIR, **Taxco.** Cultural events and displays.
- December 12:** FIESTA OF OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE. Impressive religious rites throughout the country.

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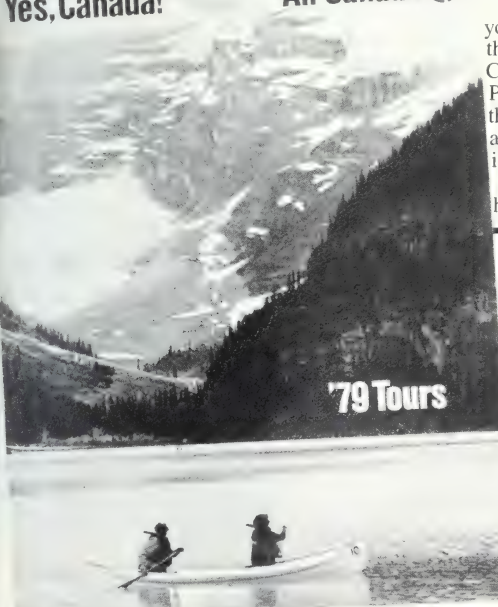
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BERMUDA

April 1-21: BERMUDA COLLEGE WEEKS.

April 4-May 2 (Wednesdays): BERMUDA HOMES AND GARDENS TOURS.

April 19-21: AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION, Paget. At the Botanical Gardens.

May 1-November 30: 37TH ANNUAL GAME FISHING TOURNAMENT.

May 11-13: DOG SHOW, Paget.

June 11: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE, Hamilton.

August 2-3: ANNUAL CUP MATCH CRICKET FESTIVAL, Sandy's Parish.

THE BAHAMAS

April 19-21: 26TH ANNUAL OUT ISLAND REGATTA, George Town, Exuma.

THE CARIBBEAN

ANTIGUA

April 29-May 5: 12TH ANNUAL SAILING WEEK. Also SUN FISH REGATTA.

June 9: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

July 29-August 7: MID-SUMMER CARNIVAL, islandwide.

September: CARIBBEAN TRADE FAIR.

November 1: STATE DAY.

ARUBA

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. Sports events, parade.

June 17-24: ARUBA SPORTS UNION OLYMPIAD, St. John's. Competitions.

June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY.

December 15: KINGDOM DAY.

BARBADOS

May 1: MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS.

June 4: WHITMONDAY. Fairs, parades, music, and dance throughout the island.

June 17-30: CROP-OVER FESTIVAL, Bridgetown and islands.

July 5: CARICOM DAY.

November 30: INDEPENDENCE DAY OBSERVANCE.

BONAIRE

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE.

June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY.

October: 12TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL SAILING REGATTA, Kralendijk.

December 15: KINGDOM DAY (Autonomy Observance).

CAYMAN ISLANDS

May 16: COMMONWEALTH DAY REGATTA.

June 16: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

November 3-12: PIRATES WEEK, George Town. Pageantry, hidden treasure.

November 14: REMEMBRANCE DAY.

April 25-27: BILLFISH TOURNAMENT, Walkers Cay.

June 15-18: SMALL BOAT FISHING TOURNAMENT, Walkers Cay.

July 4: 12TH ANNUAL GREEN TURTLE CAY REGATTA, Abaco.

July 8-13: BAHAMAS BILLFISH CHAMPIONSHIPS, Chub Cay.

July 10: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS, all islands.

September 22-23: FOURTH ANNUAL NASSAU CITY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, Nassau.

October 12: DISCOVERY DAY, San Salvador. Columbus's first port of call in 1492.

November 14-18: AMATEUR OPERA, Nassau. Twentieth year for the Nassau Amateur Operatic Society.

CURAÇAO

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY HOLIDAY.

June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY. Fishermen's celebration.

July 26: CURAÇAO DAY, Willemstad.

December 5: ST. NICOLAS DAY.

December 15: KINGDOM DAY and ANTILLEAN FLAG DAY.

DOMINICA

May 1: LABOR DAY and TRADE UNION celebrations.

June 16: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION, Roseau.

July 4: CARIBBEAN DAY.

August 1: EMANCIPATION DAY.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

April 8-15: HOLY WEEK PROCESSIONS, islandwide.

May 26-27: FLOWERS FESTIVAL, Santo Domingo. Exhibits, pageantry.

July 21-25: MERENGUE FESTIVAL, Santo Domingo. Dance competition.

August 4: ANNIVERSARY OF FOUNDING OF SANTO DOMINGO.

GRENADA

April 8-15: YACHTING RACES and WATER FESTIVAL.

June 4: WHITMONDAY YACHT FESTIVAL.

June 14: CORPUS CHRISTI RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS.

August 1-2: EMANCIPATION DAY.

GUADELOUPE

March 22: MI-CARÈME (Mid-Lent).

April 16: EASTER MONDAY.

July 14: BASTILLE DAY.

July 21: SCHOELCHER DAY.

August 11: FETES DES CUISINIERES (Cook Festival), Pointe-à-Pitre.

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HAITI

April 14: PAN-AMERICAN DAY.
May 1: AGRICULTURE AND LABOR DAY.
May 18: FLAG DAY AND UNIVERSITY DAY.
October 24: UNITED NATIONS DAY.
November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY.
December 5: DISCOVERY DAY.

JAMAICA

May 15-21: JAMAICA JAZZ PARTY '79, Montego Bay.
June: REGGAE SUNSPASH. Popular music, dancing.
June-July: FESTIVAL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS. Also marks start of Jamaica National Dance Theater season.
July 30-August 1: DENBEIGH AGRICULTURAL SHOW.
August 2-3: INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATIONS, islandwide.
October 1-15: 21ST ANNUAL BLUE MARLIN INTERNATIONAL FISHING TOURNAMENT, Port Antonio.

MARTINIQUE

March 22: MI-CARÈME (Mid-Lent).
May 1: LABOR DAY. Yawl race, parades.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY.
July 21: SCHOELCHER DAY.
September: FETE NAUTIQUE DE ROBERT (Festival of the Sea), Robert.
November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY.

MONTSEERAT

Mid-June-mid-July: LEEWARD ISLANDS CRICKET TOURNAMENT, Plymouth.
August: WEST INDIAN NETBALL TOURNAMENT, Plymouth.
December 11-26: CARNIVAL CELEBRATIONS, islandwide.

PUERTO RICO

March 16-19: 27TH ANNUAL ORCHID SHOW, San Juan.
May: 13TH PUERTO RICO MUSIC FESTIVAL, Old San Juan.
May 22-30: FIESTAS DE CRUZ, Old San Juan. Singing with a religious theme.
June-August: 4TH BIENNIAL OF LATIN AMERICAN PRINTS, Old San Juan.
June 15-29: PABLO CASALS MUSIC FESTIVAL, Rio Piedras.
June 22-July 4: 11TH FLOWER FESTIVAL AND NINTH FOLK FAIR, Aibonito.
June 23-24: SAN JUAN BAUTISTA PATRON SAINT FESTIVAL, San Juan.
July 1-15: 8TH PAN AMERICAN GAMES, San Juan, Coamo. Athletic events.
July 1-20: QUADRICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, Coamo. Sports, parades, pageants.
July 14-17: 18TH NATIONAL CRAFTS FAIR, Barranquitas.
July 16: VIRGEN DEL CARMEN PATRON SAINT FESTIVAL, Catano, Ponce, and Cabo Rojo.
July 22-26: SANTIAGO APOSTOL PATRON

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- Rent a fishing cabin amid Norway's majestic fjords for \$60 a week
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But what makes Jamaica the warmest place in the Caribbean is our most precious resource of all.

Our people.

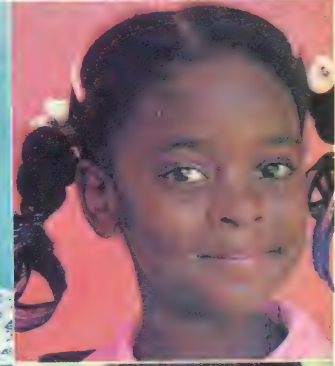
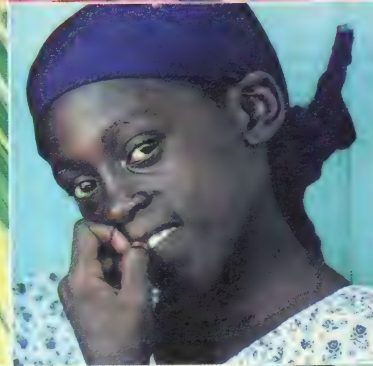
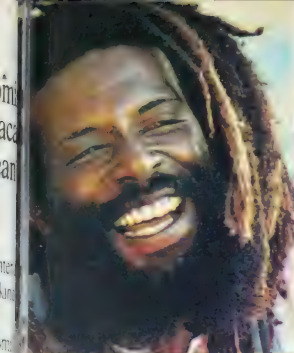
People who smile shyly when you say hello and wave back when you drive by. People who, when you ask for directions, tell you not only how to get there, but dozens of things to see and do along the way. People who are proud of their country and want you to love it as much as they do.

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SAINT FESTIVAL, Loiza Aldea.
July 25: CONSTITUTION DAY, San Juan.
August: 18TH ANNUAL DORADO BEACH "SAIL IN." Small boats only.
August-October: SIXTH SUMMER ART FESTIVAL, on grounds of ancient Fort El Morro, San Juan.
September: 26TH INVITATIONAL INTER-

NATIONAL GAME FISHING TOURNAMENT, San Juan.
October: SUNFISH CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA, Isla Verde.
October-December: 15TH INTERNATIONAL THEATER FESTIVAL, San Juan.
October-January: COFFEE HARVEST, Yauco. Special events.

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CAYMAN ISLANDS

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December 2, 9, 16: BACCARDI CRAFTS FAIR
 Catano.

SABA

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY
 CELEBRATION.

December 5-7: SABA DAYS. Sports and
 events.

December 15: KINGDOM DAY. Sports even-
 and street dancing hail the autonomy of
 the Netherlands Antilles.

ST. BARTHELEMY

May 24: ASCENSION THURSDAY.

June 4: PENTECOST MONDAY. Beach parti-

July 14: BASTILLE DAY OBSERVANCE.

August 15: ASSUMPTION DAY. Religious r-
 and processions.

August 24: FESTIVAL OF ST. BARTHELEMY
 Caribbean fair with a French accent.

ST. EUSTATIUS

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY
 HOLIDAY.

November 16: STATIA AND AMERICA DAY.
 The first recognition of the American fl-
 by a foreign government in 1776.

ST. KITTS, NEVIS, ANGUILLA

June 16: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S OFFICIAL
 BIRTHDAY.

July-August: CULTURAMA, Nevis. Music,
 art, and folklore.

August-September: ARTS FESTIVAL, St.
 Kitts. Exhibits, drama, and music.

August 6: AUGUST MONDAY, Nevis. Horse
 racing.

December-January: CARNIVAL, all islands

ST. LUCIA

June 14: FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI. Festival
 religious procession.

July: FOOTBALL SEASON gets under way.

July 14: BASTILLE DAY OBSERVANCE, Cas-
 tries. Parades, speeches, fireworks.

August 4: EMANCIPATION DAY.

August 30: FETE LA ROSE. Flower event v-
 exhibits and competitions.

October 2: THANKSGIVING DAY AND
 HARVEST FESTIVAL. Emphasis on spec-
 food.

December 13: ST. LUCIA DAY. Aquatic
 sports and competitions.

ST. MAARTEN

March 24-April 4: FIFTH ANNUAL
 TRADEWINDS RACE, St. Maarten to Vir-

Gorda to Martinique to St. Maarten.
Mid-April-early May: CARNIVAL.

ril 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY.
ember 11: CONCORDIA DAY.
ember 15: KINGDOM DAY.

T. VINCENT

ry 1: LABOR DAY.
ne 16: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY
CELEBRATION.
te June-July 4: CARNIVAL, is-
landwide. Steel band and calypso com-
petitions.
tober 12-14: BEQUIA WHITSUN REGATTA.
tober 30: STATEHOOD DAY, islandwide.

'RINIDAD AND TOBAGO

ril: FESTIVAL OF LA DIVINA, Trinidad
and Tobago.
ne 14: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY PROCESSION,
Port of Spain.
ne 19: BUTLER'S DAY, Trinidad and To-
bago.
y: FOLKLORE FESTIVITIES AND
COMPETITIONS, Trinidad and Tobago.
ugust 31: INDEPENDENCE DAY, Trinidad
and Tobago.
ovember 1-2: ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS
DAY, Trinidad and Tobago.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

ril 16: EASTER MONDAY FESTIVAL, Virgin
Gorda.
ril 27-29: SPRING REGATTA, Virgin
Gorda.
ugust 5-8 FESTIVAL, Tortola.
ctober 21: ST. URSULA'S DAY.

J. S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

ril 16-21: CARNIVAL CALYPSO TENT, St.
Thomas. Song competition.
ril 16-28: CARNIVAL, St. Thomas. A
variety of events and programs.
lay 28: MEMORIAL DAY YACHT RACES, St.
Croix.
uly 4: ROUND-THE-ISLAND YACHT RACE,
St. Thomas.
uly 4: CARNIVAL CELEBRATION, St. John.
uly 6-8: GAME FISHING TOURNAMENT, St.
Thomas.
ugust 4-6: YACHT RACE, St. Thomas to
Tortola, B.V.I.
Mid-August: GOVERNOR'S INVITATIONAL
BLUE MARLIN TOURNAMENT, St.
Thomas. Seventh annual competition.
eptember 1-3: WOODEN BOAT RACE, St.
Thomas to Jost Van Dyke, B.V.I.
Mid-September: PILLSBURY SOUND YACHT
RACE, St. Thomas/St. John.
October 15: HURRICANE THANKSGIVING.
November 1: LIBERTY DAY.
November 10-11: ANNUAL WAHOO
TOURNAMENT, St. Croix.
Late November: 3RD ANNUAL PRO-AM GOLF
TOURNAMENT, St. Croix.

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ASIA AND THE FAR EAST

AFGHANISTAN

March 21: NAWROZ CELEBRATION.
September 1: PASHTUNISTAN DAY
OBSERVANCE. Tribal dances, wrestling.
October-early November: AFGHAN
EQUESTRIAN GAMES.

BURMA

Early April: WATER FESTIVAL, Rangoon.
May 1: MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS, Rangoon.
Product displays, cultural events.

TAIWAN

April 5: TOMB SWEEPING DAY/ANNIVER-
OF THE DEATH OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK.
May 30: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL.
August-September: MONTH OF GHOSTS.
September 28: CONFUCIUS'S BIRTHDAY.
October 5: MID-AUTUMN MOON FESTIVAL.
October 10: THE DOUBLE TENTH.

HONG KONG

April 5: CHING MING FESTIVAL.
April 19: BIRTHDAY OF TIN HAU, GODDESS
OF FISHERMEN.
May 3: BIRTHDAY OF LORD BUDDHA.
May 30: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. Races.
July 6: BIRTHDAY OF LU PAN, MASTER

BUILDER. Honors building trade.
October 5-6: MID-AUTUMN MOON CAKE
FESTIVAL.

INDIA

March 14: HOLI, Northern India. Friends
exchange greetings and sweets.
May 3: BUDDHAN PURNIMA.
May 6: POORAM (Trichur), Kerala. Proce-
sion of elephants with deities.
May 8: MEENAKSHI KALYANAM (Mythical
wedding of Lord Shiva and Meenakshi),
Madurai.
June 26: RATH YATRA (Temple Festival),
Purim, Orissa.
August 14: JANAMASHTAMI, Bombay,
Mathura, Agra. Birth of Krishna.
October 20: DIWALI (Festival of Lights).
November 4: PUSHKAR FAIR.

INDONESIA

March 29 or 30: NYEPI—BALINESE NEW
YEAR, Bali.
April 1: MEDAN ANNIVERSARY, North
Sumatra. Fair and cultural events.
April 4-5: SEA FESTIVAL, along the coast.
April 21: KARTIN DAY.
May-October: CLASSICAL DANCE FESTIVAL,
Pandaan.

May-October: RAMAYANA BALLET FESTIVAL, Yogyakarta.
 June 12-23: ANNUAL FAIR, Jakarta.
 June 29: 451ST ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION, Jakarta.
 August 17: INDEPENDENCE DAY. Parades, carnivals, mostly in Jakarta.
 September 2-23: KARAPAN SAPI BULL RACES, Madura Island.

JAPAN

April: CHERRY DANCES, Tokyo and Kyoto. Cherry blossom season.
 April 29: EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY.
 May 3-5: KITE BATTLES, Hamamatsu, Shizuoka. Huge kites are flown.
 May 4-18: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL, Osaka. Music, dance, drama.
 May 11-October 15: CORMORANT FISHING SEASON, Nagara River, Gifu.
 May 17-18: GRAND FESTIVAL OF TOSHOGU SHRINE, Nikko. Centuries-old festival.
 June 14: RICE PLANTING FESTIVAL, Osaka. At Sumiyoshi Shrine.
 July 16-17: GION MATSURI, Yasaka Shrine, Kyoto.
 July 24: WILD HORSE CHASE, Haramachi, Fukushima.
 August 1-7: NEBUTA MATSURI, Aomori.
 August 6: PEACE FESTIVAL, Hiroshima.
 August 12-15: AWA ODORI, Toshiyama.
 August 16: DAIMONJI BONFIRE, Mt. Nyroigadake, Kyoto.

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KOREA

May 30: TANO FESTIVAL DAY, Seoul.
 June 10: FARMER'S DAY. Song, dance.
 July 17: CONSTITUTION DAY.
 October 1: ARMED FORCES DAY, Seoul.

MACAO

April 19: GODDESS A-AMA FESTIVAL. Local fishermen make offerings.
 May 13: OUR LADY OF FATIMA PROCESSION.
 May 30: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL.
 July 13: FEAST OF THE BATTLE OF JULY 13, islands of Taipa and Coloane.
 November 18-19: 26TH MACAO GRAND PRIX. Auto racing.

MALAYSIA

May-September: MIGRATION OF THE GIANT TURTLES.
 May 1: LABOR DAY, nationwide.
 May 12-13: HARVEST FESTIVAL, State of Sabah. Ceremony for good harvest.
 Mid-June: KITE-FLYING COMPETITION, Kelantan.
 August 21-25: MADE-IN-MALAYSIA TRADE FAIR, Kuala Lumpur.
 August 31: NATIONAL DAY. Parades and fireworks.
 October 6: UNIVERSAL CHILDREN'S DAY, Kuala Lumpur. Awards.

NEPAL

April 11-12: BASKET AND CHARIOT FESTIVAL, Bhadagaon.
 August 10: MATAYAA: MUSIC, DANCE, AND HUMOR FESTIVAL, Patan.
 September 15: WOMEN'S FESTIVAL, Pashupatinath.
 December 28: KING'S BIRTHDAY.

PAKISTAN

March 23: PAKISTAN DAY, nationwide.
 March 25: FESTIVAL OF LAMPS, Lahore.

PHILIPPINES

April 9: BATAAN DAY.
 April 24: MAGELLAN'S LANDING, Cebu.
 May 1-30: FLORES DE MAYO, Santa Cruzan. Maytime pageant procession.
 June 12: INDEPENDENCE DAY. Civic and military parades at Manila's Luneta Park.
 July 3-6: RIVER FESTIVAL, Bocaue.

SINGAPORE

August 9: NATIONAL DAY. Fair and several parades mark founding of Singapore.
 August 23-September 20: MARKET FESTIVAL. Features local handicrafts.
 October 21-November 19: PILGRIMAGE TO KUSU ISLAND. Chinese Taoists.

SRI LANKA

April 13-14: NATIONAL NEW YEAR CELEBRATION. Fireworks, folk dances.

May 11-12: VESAK FESTIVAL. Marks birth, enlightenment, and death of Buddha.
 May 22: NATIONAL HEROES DAY.
 June 9: POSON FESTIVAL, Mihintale. Anuradhapura.
 July-August: FIRE-WALKING FESTIVAL, Kataragama.
 July-August: ESALA PERAHERA, Kandy. Medieval procession of elephants, dancers, and drummers.
 October 20: DEEPAVALI (Hindu Festival of Lights).

THAILAND

April 6: CHAKRI DAY. Honors King Rama VI.
 April 13-15: THE SONGKRAN FESTIVAL, Chiang Mai and Paklat. Traditional Thai New Year's Day and folk festival.
 May 6: BISAKHA BUCHA. Recalls birth, enlightenment, and death of Buddha.
 August 12: QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
 October 7-November 4: KATHIN, Bangkok. Marks end of rainy season.
 November 3-5: GOLDEN MOUNT FAIR.
 November 4: THE LOI KRATHONG FESTIVAL (Festival of Lights).
 November 17-18: ANNUAL ELEPHANT ROUNDUP, Surin.
 December 5: KING'S BIRTHDAY AND NATIONAL DAY.

THE PACIFIC

AUSTRALIA

March 2-12: "MOOMBA" (Let's Get Together) FESTIVAL, Melbourne.
 April 7-14: CUP WEEK, Sydney. Racing.
 April 16-22: BAROSSA VALLEY VINTAGE FESTIVAL, South Australia.
 June 4: FOUNDATION DAY, Western Australia.
 August 25: HENLEY-ON-TODD REGATTA, Alice Springs.
 September 9: AUSTRALIAN GRAND PRIX, Melbourne.
 September 22-29: CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS, Toowoomba.
 September 25-October 2: WARANA SPRING FESTIVAL, Sydney.
 November 3-10: MELBOURNE CUP CARNIVAL, Melbourne.
 November 27-January 7: SUMMER SPORT CARNIVAL, Melbourne and environs.
 December 26: YACHT RACE, Sydney to Hobart. Annual race.

COOK ISLANDS

April 15-16: EASTER SUNDAY AND EASTER MONDAY, Muri Beach.
 April 25: ANZAC DAY. Parade in Rarotonga.
 July 28-August 6: CONSTITUTION CELEBRATION.
 October 26: GOSPEL DAY.

Fiji

April 29: AUCKLAND-SUVA YACHT RACE.
June 8-19: SOUTH PACIFIC BOWLING CARNIVAL, Suva.
August 25-September 1: HIBISCUS FESTIVAL, Suva. Exhibits.
August 27-September 8: SOUTH PACIFIC GAMES, Suva. Sports competition.
September: NATIONAL ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBIT, Suva.
Mid-September: FLOWER SHOW, Suva.
October 20: DIWALI (Festival of Lights).
November 12: PRINCE CHARLES'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

GUAM

April 21-22: BARRIGADA VILLAGE FIESTA, San Vicente. Folklore.
June 13: FIESTA OF ST. ANTHONY, Tamuning.
July 4-21: SPIRIT OF AMERICA CELEBRATIONS. Liberation from Japanese.
August 17-19: WATER FESTIVAL, Merizo.
November 10-11, 17-18: ARTS FESTIVAL, Chamorro and Agana.

MICRONESIA

May 6: FIESTA OF ST. JOSEPH, Tinian Island.
May 13: SAN ISIDRO FESTIVAL, Saipan.
July 2-4: LIBERATION DAY, Saipan.
August: PALAU FAIR, Koror.
August 23: LEGISLATIVE DAY.

NEW CALEDONIA

April 30-May 6: ARTS SEASON, Noumea.
July 13-14: BASTILLE DAY CELEBRATION, Noumea.
September 24-October 1: ANNIVERSARY OF FRENCH POSSESSION, Noumea.

NEW HEBRIDES

May: LAND DIVERS FESTIVAL, Bunlap, Pentecost Island.
May 2: LABOR DAY.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY OBSERVANCE.
August: TOKA DANCE, Tanna Island. Old-style native feast.
September 1: AGRICULTURAL SHOW, Vila.

NEW ZEALAND

April 25: ANZAC DAY.
April 28-30: CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW, Christchurch. Exhibit.
May 29: MAORI REGATTA, Waikato River.
May 29-30: SPORTS TOURNAMENT, Masterton.
May 31-June 5: WINTER AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL SHOW, Dunedin.
June 1-4: NATIONAL BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT, Wanganui.
July 6-19: 11TH INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, Auckland.
August 14-28: ORANGE FESTIVAL, Tauranga. Flower displays, floats.
August 21-September 2: WELLINGTON SHOW ASSOCIATION WORLD TRADE FAIR '79.
September 23-28: ANNUAL BLOSSOM FESTIVAL PARADE, Alexandria.

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PAPUA NEW GUINEA

May: FRANGIPANI WEEK, Rabaul.
June 9-11: NATIONAL CAPITAL SHOW, Port Moresby. Fair exhibits.
July: FLOWER SHOW, Madang.
August: MABAROSA FESTIVAL, Madang.
September 16: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
October: TOLAI WARWAGIRA (Display of Handicrafts), Rabaul.
November: PAPUA SAFARI, Port Moresby.
November: PEARL FESTIVAL, Samarai, Milne Bay.

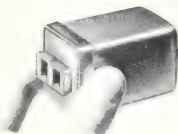
TAHITI

April 16: EASTER MONDAY.
April 30: MISS BORA BORA CONTEST.
May 19: ANNUAL DAYS OF THE "MAIRE," Papeete.
July 14-21: FÊTES DE JUILLET, Papeete, Raiatea, and Bora Bora.
November 25: THOUSANDS OF FLOWERS CONTEST AND PAREU DAY, all islands.
December 2: TIARE TAHITI DAY, Papeete.
December 31: NEW YEAR'S EVE ILLUMINATION OF WATERFRONT, Papeete.

TONGA

April 25: ANZAC DAY.
May 4: PRINCE'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

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FRANZUS

May 14-20: RED CROSS WEEK.
July 4: KING'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE.
September-October: ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOWS. Chariot and horse racing.
November 4: CONSTITUTION DAY.
December 4: KING TUPOU I DAY.

MIDDLE EAST

EGYPT

March: INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT, Cairo.
May: ARABIAN HORSE FESTIVAL, Luxor.
September: BOAT SHOW, Cairo.
October 14-19: INTERNATIONAL ARTS FESTIVAL, Luxor. Music, drama.

IRAN

Mid-July: FILM FESTIVAL, Teheran.
August 23-September 2: ART FESTIVAL, Shiraz. International guests.
October 23-29: FESTIVAL OF CULTURE AND ARTS, Teheran.

IRAQ

April 8-15: SPRING FESTIVAL, Mosul. The arts, exhibits.
October 1-21: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, Baghdad.

ISRAEL

March 13: PURIM, nationwide.
March 15-October 30: SOUND AND LIGHT PERFORMANCES, Jerusalem.
April 8: PALM SUNDAY.
April 8-14: HOLY WEEK SERVICES.
April 12-18: PASSOVER OBSERVANCE, nationwide.
April 12-18: "FLORIS '79"—23RD INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW, Haifa.
April 15: EASTER SUNDAY SERVICES.
April 19-25: NINTH INTERNATIONAL BOOK FAIR, Jerusalem.
April 21-26: THIRD INTERNATIONAL ART FAIR, Tel Aviv. Exhibits, sales.
April 24: HOLOCAUST DAY, Jerusalem and nationwide. Memorial services.
May 2: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS, 31ST ANNIVERSARY OF ISRAEL.
June: ARTS AND CRAFTS FAIR, Tel Aviv.
June 19-26: TECHNOLOGY '79—INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR, Tel Aviv.
July 21-August 23: ISRAELI FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, and Caesarea. Guest artists.
October 6: SUCCOTH (Feast of Tabernacles), throughout the country.

JORDAN

Spring and Fall: WATER-SKIING FESTIVAL, Aqaba.
Mid-October: ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF JORDANIAN FINE ARTS, Amman. At the Palace of Culture.

AFRICA

ALGERIA

April 13-25: FESTIVAL OF FLOWERS, Miliana.
Early May: FEASTS OF RABB, Tiemcen.
June 1-14: CHERRY FESTIVAL, Miliana.
June 13-20: HARVEST FESTIVALS, Miliana.
August: ANNUAL GRAND FESTIVAL OF WHEAT, Tiaret.

ETHIOPIA

May 1: WORKING MEN'S DAY.
September 27: FEAST OF THE FINDING OF THE TRUE CROSS.
December 28: FEAST OF ST. GABRIEL, Kulubi. Pilgrimage.

GHANA

March-April: VOLO FESTIVAL, Volo, east of Akuse.
Third week of April: ASIKLOE FESTIVAL, Anfoega. Traditional exhibits.
Late April-early May: WINNEBA DEER HUNTING FESTIVAL, Winneba, west of Accra. Competition for the first deer.

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Kenya: AHOBAA KAKRABA FESTIVAL, Abura, Central Region.
July 1: GHANA REPUBLIC DAY CELEBRATION
1st week of July: BAKATUE FESTIVAL, Elmina. Chief makes offerings to gods. The river is then officially opened for fishing.

KENYA

April 12-16: AFRICAN SAFARI RALLY, Nairobi. Road race. 27th season.
3 June: AGRICULTURAL SHOW, Nakuru.
18-27: MUSICAL FESTIVAL, Nairobi.
1st of August: AGRICULTURAL SHOW, Mombasa.
1st September: KENYA FLYING SAFARI, Nairobi. Air race at Wilson Airport.
September 25-29: INTERNATIONAL SHOW, Nairobi. At Jamhuri Park.
November 1-30: SEA FISHING FESTIVAL, Malindi. Competition.

MALI

May 1: LABOR DAY. Speeches, parades.
May 25: AFRICA DAY. Parades, music.
September 22: ANNIVERSARY OF FOUNDING OF REPUBLIC OF MALI.

MOROCCO

April: DOR ESH SHEMAA, Sale. Lantern procession.
April-May: ROSE FESTIVAL, Kelaa des N'Gouna.
June 2: NATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL, Marrakesh.
July October: DATE FESTIVAL, Erfoud.
July October: EQUESTRIAN FESTIVAL, Tissa near Fez. Competitions and demonstrations of riding skills.

NIGERIA

April: ODUN FESTIVAL, Degema and Brass Rivers. Traditional dances.
May: AGEMO FESTIVAL OR THE AGELESS FESTIVAL, Ijebu, Igo.
June 1-30: SANGO FESTIVAL, Oyo.
August: OSHUN FESTIVAL, Oshogbo.
December: IGUE FESTIVAL, Benin City.

SOUTH AFRICA

March 3: SOUTH AFRICAN GRAND PRIX, Johannesburg.
April 1-29: ARTS AND SPORTS FESTIVAL, Cape Town.
April 23-May 8: RAND AGRICULTURAL SHOW, Johannesburg.
May 25-26: CENTENARY OF THE ZULU WAR BATTLES AT RORKE'S DRIFT, Isandlwana and Ulundi.
September: SPRING FLOWER SHOWS, Cape Province.
October 3-10: 4TH WORLD ROSE CONVENTION AND EXHIBITION, Pretoria.

TUNISIA

March 18-April 15: ORANGE TREE FESTIVAL, Menzel Bou-Zelta.

April 8-15: SPRING FESTIVAL, Nabeul.
May 6-13: HORSE RIDING FESTIVAL, Le Kef. Horse races.
June 15-August 15: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC AND CORAL FESTIVAL, Tabarka.
September 18-23: WINE FESTIVAL, Grom-balia and Bou Argoub.

ZAMBIA

Early March: KUEMBAKA CEREMONY, Western Province.
May 25: AFRICA FREEDOM DAY.
May 29-June 1: COPPER BELT AGRICULTURAL SHOW, Ndola.
July 29: UMUTOMBOKO CEREMONY, Luapula Province.
September 1-4: AGRICULTURAL AND COMMERCIAL FAIR, Lusaka.
October 24: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

CENTRAL AMERICA

BELIZE

April 17: CROSS-COUNTRY BICYCLE RACE, from Belize City. Annual event.
September 10: NATIONAL DAY.
November 19: CARIB SETTLEMENT DAY, Stann Creek and Toledo.

COSTA RICA

April 11: ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF RIVAS, nationwide.
June 14: FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI.
July 7-15: UNIVERSITY WEEK, San Jose.
July 25: COMMEMORATION OF THE ANNEXATION OF GUANACASTE.
August 2: FEAST OF OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS, Cartago.
September 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
October 12: RACE DAY. Hails the discovery of America by Columbus.

EL SALVADOR

April: AGRO-EXPO '79, San Salvador.
May 26-June 10: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, San Salvador.
June 1-September 30: MARIMBA FIESTA, San Salvador. Music, folk dancing.
July 17-26: FIESTAS JOLIAS, Santa Ana.
September 13-16: HOLY ROMAN CROSS FIESTA, Panchimalco.
November 16-28: FIESTAS DE SAN MIGUEL, San Miguel.
December 1-10: FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, Izalco.

GUATEMALA

April 20-28: LOCAL FAIR, San Marcos.
May 1-5: FAIR OF THE CROSS, Lake Amatitlan. Pageant.

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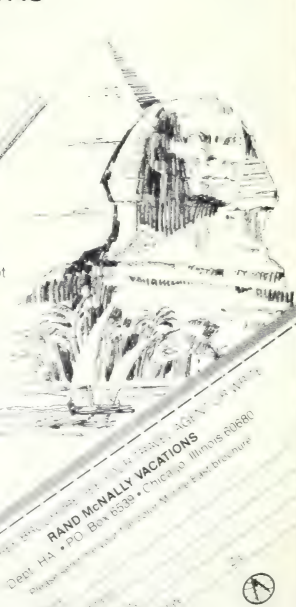
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June 10-13: ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA FESTIVAL, San Antonio Aguas Calientes.
 July 11-17: FIESTAS JULIAS LOCAL FAIR, Huehuetenango.
 September 9-14: STATE FAIR, Quezaltenango.
 October 20: FIESTA RECALLING THE REVOLUTION OF 1944.

HONDURAS

April 29-May 3: HOLY CROSS FESTIVAL, Gualala.
 May 18-25: FERIA SAN ISIDRO, La Ceiba.
 June 21-29: FEAST OF ST. PETER, San Pedro Sula.
 July 21-29: DISCOVERY OF AMERICA PAGEANT, Jose Santos.
 October 2-5: FEAST OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, San Francisco de Yojoa.

NICARAGUA

August 1-10: SANTO DOMINGO FIESTA, Managua. Fireworks, parades.
 August 15: FIESTA OF THE ASSUMPTION, Granada. Religious processions.
 September 30: DANCE OF THE BULLS, Leon. In honor of San Jeronimo.
 December 7-8: FIESTA OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, Managua, Leon, Granada. Services and pageant.

PANAMA

April: COFFEE FAIR AND FLOWER FESTIVAL, Boquete.
 April 8-15: TOMATO FESTIVAL, Nata de Los Caballeros.
 April 8-15: HOLY WEEK SERVICES AND PROCESSIONS, nationwide.
 May-November: CONCERT SEASON, Panama City. At the National Theater.
 June 14: CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION AND FESTIVAL, Los Santos and Penonome.
 July: INTERNATIONAL AQUATIC FESTIVAL, Taboga Island. Competition.
 July-September: 28TH INTERNATIONAL FISHING TOURNAMENT, several locations.
 August: 11TH FESTIVAL DE MANITA, Ocu.
 September 23-27: OUR LADY OF MERCY FESTIVAL, Guarate.
 October 11: ANNIVERSARY OF THE REVOLUTION, Panama City.
 October 21: FESTIVAL OF THE BLACK CHRIST, Portobelo.

SOUTH AMERICA

ARGENTINA

July: NATIONAL CATTLE SHOW, Buenos Aires.
 July-August: SNOW FESTIVAL, Bariloche.
 July 9: NATIONAL DAY OBSERVANCE
 October: NATIONAL YACHTING CHAMPIONSHIP, Olivos, Buenos Aires.
 November: INTERNATIONAL FISHING

COMPETITION, Bariloche.
 November 30-December 25: FESTIVAL OF THE TROUT, Mar del Plata.
 December 13-25: HANDICRAFTS FAIR, Chaco.

BOLIVIA

July 16: LA PAZ DAY. Parade, civic events.
 Early August: INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATIONS.

BRAZIL

April 13-28: SHRIMP FESTIVAL, Joinville.
 May 1: NATIONAL DONKEY FESTIVAL, Panelas.
 May 13-18: FESTIVAL OF POPULAR MUSIC, Brasilia. Concerts.
 May 28: COWBOY FESTIVAL, Oeiras. Rodeo events.
 June 1-17: 104TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ARRIVAL OF ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS, Rio Grande Do Sul, Caxias do Sul.
 June 22-29: FOLK FESTIVAL OF THE AMAZONAS, Manaus.
 July: WINTER FESTIVAL, Ouro Preto.
 July 13-29: WINE FESTIVAL, Andradas.
 August 19-23: CATTLEHANDS' RODEO, Barreto. Folk dances, competitions.
 August 23: DRUMBEATS FOR EXU, Pernambuco. Voodoo.
 October 1-30: FEAST OF OUR LADY OF THE PENHA, Rio de Janeiro.
 November 13-28: FLOWER AND ORCHID EXHIBIT, Brusque.
 December 24-January 6: THREE WISE MEN PAGEANT, Pernambuco.

CHILE

April: VINTAGE CELEBRATIONS, Aconcagua, Curico and Maule.
 June-September: SKIING SEASON, Central Region (near Santiago).
 June 29: ST. PETER'S DAY.
 September: AGRICULTURAL/ARTISAN INTERNATIONAL FAIR, Parque Cerillos.

COLOMBIA

June 19-25: BAMBUCCO FESTIVAL, Neiva. Music and dancing.
 July 8-22: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR, Bogota.
 July 13-16: SEA FESTIVAL, San Marta.
 September: THEATER FESTIVAL, Bogota.
 December 26-31: INTERNATIONAL SUGAR CANE FAIR, Cali.

ECUADOR

April 19-21: AGRICULTURAL, ANIMAL, CRAFTSMANSHIP AND INDUSTRIAL FAIR, Riobamba. Exhibits, competitions, folklore performances, parades.
 May 2: FEAST OF THE GREEN CROSS, Quito. Pageantry, street dancing.
 May 24: ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF PICHINCHA, 1822, Quito.
 June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY, Otavalo.
 June 28-30: ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL'S DAY, Otavalo and Cotacollao, Tabacundo.

Folk songs, dances.
 July 23-25: FOUNDING OF GUAYAQUIL CELEBRATION, Guayaquil.
 August 10: FESTIVAL OF ST. LAWRENCE, Ibarra, Sicalpa.
 September 24-28: FESTIVITIES OF THE LAKES, Ibarra. Fair, beauty pageant.
 December 1-6: QUITO'S FOUNDING DAY.

FRENCH GUIANA

July 14: BASTILLE DAY.
 October 14-29: CAYENNE FESTIVAL. Folk music, songs, and special foods.

PARAGUAY

May 14-15: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 June 24: ST. JOHN'S NIGHT, Asuncion. Walk over hot flames by "promiers."
 August 15: ASSUMPTION DAY AND FOUNDING OF ASSUNION OBSERVANCES
 October 12: RACE DAY AND COLUMBUS DAY FESTIVITIES, nationwide.

PERU

May: ALASITAS FAIR, Puno.
 June 20-27: INCA FESTIVAL, Cuzco.
 June 23-24: SAINT JOHN'S FESTIVAL, Iquitos. Folk dances and songs.
 July 20-27: TINGO MARIA COFFEE FESTIVAL, Huanuco. Exhibits.
 July 28-29: INDEPENDENCE OF PERU NATIONAL FESTIVAL.
 August 29-30: FEAST OF SANTA ROSA DE LIMA, Lima. Pilgrimages.
 September 21-28: INTERNATIONAL SPRING FESTIVAL, Trujillo.
 October 19-23: BULLFIGHT FAIR, Lima.
 December 6-8: PILGRIMAGE TO THE VIRG DE GUADALUPE SHRINE, Guadalupe.

SURINAM


April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY, Paramaribo. Parade.
 July 1: FREEDOM DAY, Paramaribo.
 November: KONFIEJARIE (People's Fair) Paramaribo. Sports, products display
 November 17-19: INTERNATIONAL ORCHID SHOW, Paramaribo.

URUGUAY

April 8-15: HOLY WEEK SERVICES AND PROCESSIONS, nationwide. Also rodeos
 August: LIVESTOCK FAIR, Montevideo.


VENEZUELA

April 19: NATIONAL HOLIDAY.
 May-September: MUSICALS OF THE CROSS, Caracas.
 June 14: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY, San Francisco de Yare.
 July 24: BOLIVAR'S BIRTHDAY HOLIDAY.
 August 13-20: NATIONAL FESTIVAL AND FAIR, Tariba.
 September 21-22: LA TURA DANCE, El Vigon, Flacon.



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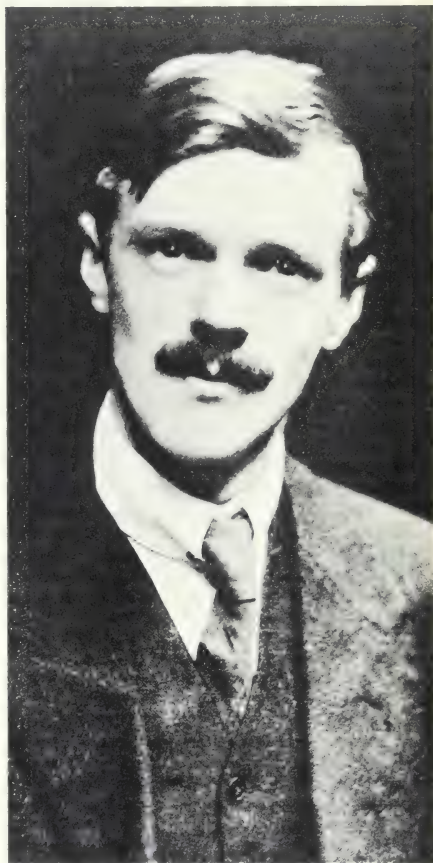
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SON AND LOVER

THE EARLY LETTERS OF D.H. LAWRENCE

DESPITE D. H. Lawrence's repeated admonishments to "burn this letter, will you?" his correspondents—in willfulness or respect or perhaps in deference to the ambiguity of the command's ending with a question—saved his letters, after all; more than 5,000 by Lawrence's own hand are extant. The selection here, representing the years from 1906 to 1913, when Lawrence was in his twenties, is drawn from the first of a projected eight-volume series, *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*, to be published in late spring by Cambridge University Press. (Cambridge hopes to publish next year the first volume of a complete edition of Lawrence's works: novels, short fiction, poems, plays, criticism.) The editor of the letters, James T. Boulton, is the author of the accompanying notes.

The letters tell a story as layered and graceful as Lawrence's novels. They begin with Lawrence at twenty-one, writing from his home in the Midlands coal town of Eastwood. At twenty-three, after receipt of his teaching certificate from University College, Nottingham, and a frustrating search for work, Lawrence moves south to Croydon, a town not far from London. At this time his letters become particularly frequent and full, and remarkable for the absence of chat: Lawrence is depending upon the letters to sustain an intimacy that has been diminished by geographic estrangement. It is unfortunate that none of the letters to his mother, whom he "loved... almost with a husband and wife love, as well as filial and maternal," survive, and none survive, except in excerpt, to Jessie Chambers, to whom he was engaged for six years. But letters exist in abundance to Louie Burrows (whom he asked to marry a month after breaking off with Jessie, and a few weeks before his mother's death, in 1910), and to other women with whom he conducts what seem to be primarily intellectual flirtations. For example, his correspondence with Blanche Jennings, a postal clerk by trade and a suffragist, was begun after the two were introduced at the home of Alice Dax, a mutual friend,



This excerpt is from The Letters of D. H. Lawrence: Volume I, September 1901–May 1913, edited by James T. Boulton, to be published by Cambridge University Press. The text of the letters is Copyright © 1979 the Estate of Frieda Lawrence Ravagli; editorial notes are Copyright © 1979 Cambridge University Press. The accompanying photographs are courtesy of Cambridge University Press, except for the photograph on page 98, which is from The Granger Collection.

following a rally for women's rights. Many letters were exchanged, but they suggest that Lawrence never actually saw Blanche Jennings again.

Letters to women predominate, though as Lawrence is introduced to London's literary circles and begins to see his work in print, intellectual attachments are also struck up and secured in letters to men: most important, to the influential critic Edward Garnett, a man of bohemian manners and sensibility. Garnett's unconventional arrangements ("he and his wife consent to live together or apart as it pleases them") appear to have reassured Lawrence in his own evolving ideas about the right relations between men and women. A refrain throughout the letters is the complaint that love degenerates to possession and the fear that by allying himself with a woman, his integrity will be corrupted. Lawrence works out in his letters what amounts to a metaphysic of sex and love that sometimes serves to justify callous irresponsibility, but it is argued nonetheless with an admirable rigor and a disdain for compromise.

The letters imply that even Garnett was ruffled when Lawrence cast off Louie Burrows and three months later ran off to Germany with Frieda Weekley, the wife of one of Lawrence's Nottingham pro-

fessors and mother of three children. Lawrence writes Garnett shortly before his departure: "I am afraid of your suddenly donning a cassock of a monk, and speaking out of the hood. Don't sound wise, and old. . . . It's insulting."

Lawrence left England having published one novel, with another and a book of poems (edited by Walter de la Mare) on press. The letters end on the day *Sons and Lovers*, Lawrence's third novel, was published, dedicated to its editor, Garnett.

Writing letters, Lawrence is literally composing himself: distinguishing a mature personality in the emotional turbulence and intellectual confusions of youth. Earnest, arrogant, sometimes insufferable, but consistently valuing sincerity above all—even during those times when the truth seemed terribly obscure—Lawrence grows up in the letters that follow, and claims his readers as witnesses to his passage.

Inadvertent misspellings, incomplete quotation marks, and missing periods have been silently corrected. Where manuscripts were torn or mutilated, a reconstructed text has been supplied within square brackets; [...] indicates an illegible word or words. Ellipsis points alone indicate where the text has been abridged for this excerpt. —D. M.

To Louie Burrows

[97 Lynn Croft, Eastwood]
[September 1906]

Dear Louie,*

I am going to quiz your essay, not in the approved school-mistress style, but according to my own whimsical idea, which you may or may not accept. First of all I will find fault. . . .

Like most girl writers you are wordy. I have read nearly all your letters to J[essie].** so I do not judge only from this composition. Again and again you put in interesting adjectives and little phrases which make the whole piece loose, and sap its vigour. Do be careful of your adjectives—do try and be terse, there is so much more force in a rapid style that will not be hampered by superfluous details. Just look at your piece and see how many three lined sentences could be comfortably expressed in one line.

I know my essay was squeezed down almost to incoherence because I did not want it to be too long. I am very glad you saw how I had compressed it: if I had filled in and merged off my thoughts Miss B[acket] would not have accused me so strongly of confusion.

Again don't use hackneyed adjectives. 'Shapely heads—fallen heroes—white beard on aged breast' you know these are in everybody's mouth. If you would write, try to be terse and in some measure original—the world abounds with new similes and metaphors.

I wish you had studied the characters of the picture more than the City—the Greek Art—the magnificent carvings. Things which are obvious are worth no more than a mention. If you cannot tell people of something they have not seen, or have not thought, it is hardly worthwhile to write at all. Try and study people, and the living soul which is the essence of mankind. If you have externals, they must represent something. I write to you as a would-be aspirant after literature, for I know you are such.

I like above all things your enthusiasm, and your delightful fresh, youthful feeling. Don't be didactic; try and make things reveal their mysteries to you, then tell them over simply and swiftly, without exaggerating as I do. I think you will do well. You are brighter than Jessie, more readable, but you are not so powerful. You will doubtless succeed far better than I who am so wilful. Be your own bright ingenious self, and you are sure to make a delightful impression.

I am going to make my next try now. Let me see what you do—I am all interest.

Yrs DHL

* Dated by Louie ("Louie") Burrows, who met Lawrence in about 1900 and studied for a teacher's certificate at the Day Training College of University College, Nottingham, with him.

** Jessie Chambers—known also as "Muriel"—and "the Princess"—was engaged to Lawrence for nearly six years, and was the prototype for Miriam in *Sons and Lovers*. She destroyed the letters exchanged between them.

To the Reverend Robert Reid

Lynn Croft, Eastwood, Notts.
3rd Dec 1907.

Dear Mr Reid,*

... By nature I am emotional, perhaps mystical; also I am naturally introspective, a somewhat keen and critical student of myself. I have been brought up to believe in the absolute necessity for a sudden spiritual conversion; I believed for many years that the Holy Ghost descended and took conscious possession of the 'elect'—the converted one; I thought all conversions were, to a greater or less degree, like that of Paul's. Naturally I yearned for the same, something the same. That desire was most keen a year ago, and during the year before that, when I had to fight bitterly for my authority in school. Through all that time I was constantly making the appeals we are urged to make, constantly bewildering myself as to what I should surrender—'Give yourself' you say. I was constantly endeavouring to give myself, but Sir, to this day I do not understand what this 'giving' consists in, embodies, and includes. . . . In the moments of deepest emotion myself has watched myself and seen that all the tumult has risen like a little storm, to die away again with-

out great result. And I have watched for the coming of something from without;—it has never come. You will not say 'Because you watched'; you will not talk about the 'Lord's good time'—then was the need, *now* it is much less, and grows smaller. Now I do not believe in conversion, such conversion. I believe that a man is converted when first he hears the low, vast murmur of life, of human life, troubling his hitherto unconscious self. I believe a man is born first unto himself—for the happy developing of himself, while the world is a nursery, and the pretty things are to be snatched for, and pleasant things tasted; some people seem to exist thus right to the end. But most are born again on entering manhood; then they are born to humanity, to a consciousness of all the laughing, and the never-ceasing murmur of pain and sorrow that comes from the terrible multitudes of brothers. Then, it appears to me, a man gradually formulates his religion, be it what it may. A man has no religion who has not slowly and painfully gathered one together, adding to it, shaping it; and one's religion is never complete and final, it seems, but must always be undergoing modification. So I contend that true Socialism is religion; that honest, fervent politics are religion; that whatever a man will labour for earnestly and in some measure unselfishly is religion.

I have now only to state my position with regard to Christianity. At the present moment I do not, cannot believe in the divinity of Jesus. There are only the old doubts in the way, the old questions. . . . I cannot be a materialist—but Oh, how is it possible that a God who speaks to all hearts can let Belgravia go laughing to a vicious luxury, and Whitechapel cursing to a filthy debauchery—such suffering, such dreadful suffering—and shall the short years of Christ's mission atone for it all? . . .

I have tried to write to you honestly—this is the first time I have ever revealed myself. Of course I know there is much of the wilfulness of youth in it all—some little arrogance perhaps that you will pardon me. I thought it fair that you should have some explanation of myself from me—but it is a subject I can never discuss. I wish to thank you for your late sermon—and sermons. There seems some hope in a religion which will not answer one with fiat and decrees.

Again, I ask your pardon for all this incoherent display and am Yours very Sincerely

D. H. Lawrence

* Reid was Congregational minister at Eastwood, where Lawrence was born and raised, and a close friend of Lawrence's mother.



The Reverend Robert Reid

To Blanche Jennings

Lynn Croft, Eastwood, Notts.
13 May 1908.

... One name is *not* sufficient for anyone—there is unity and perfection in a Trinity. Do you think the idea of the mystic oneness of three is empty and barren? It is not. I don't like your miserable lonely single 'front name.' It is so limited, so meager; it has no versatility; it is weighed down with the sense of responsibility; it is worn threadbare with much use; it is as bad as having only one jacket and one hat; it is like having only one relation, one blood relation, in the world. Never set a child afloat on the flat sea of life with only one sail to catch the wind. I am called Bertie, Bert, David, Herbert, Billy, William and Dick; I am a full rigged schooner; I have a wardrobe as complete as the man's-about-town.

... As for my forte, nothing and everything is my forte. I could write a good novel, if I thought about

it enough. I could do anything in that line. I could write crits.—but who wants me to—who would have 'em? How shall I squeeze my jostled, winded way into journalism, who kick everybody that cramps me and confines me and is a vulgar selfish lout. I *don't* boast about my sense—I have to make it my boast that I am smart enough to be a fool.

... You say I have a sane critic in Mrs Dax—a sane critic in a woman who is fond of me!—and you know human nature! She is careful of me. She says 'here the boy has written cleverly—the words are well strung'—then with a frown she reads on, commenting 'the lad hasn't done his lesson so well here—that is flawed English even to my untutored eyes.' So she carefully criticises, like a mother who reads her son's school essay. She does not know that I must flay my English if I am to be anything but a stilted, starched parson. How can I be wilful and whimsical in good English? But wilful and whimsical I ought not to be, according to Mrs Dax,—in a novel. How can a woman whose feelings flow in such straight canals follow me in my threadings, my meanderings, my spurts and my sleepings!

... Eh, my soul is my great asset and my great misfortune. But I am choking it with mud and stones; I am cooling it, or people, are cooling it for me, by making it work, when it doesn't want, and for dirt. As true as I am born, I have the capacity for doing something delicately and well. As sure as I am poor, I am being roughened down to a blunt blade; I am already rusting; I will not take the trouble to polish myself. My greatest happiness, I am sure, lies in being coarse, strong, not easily vulnerable; in a word common-place, like the rest of the dull blades and flat muddy pools. Pah, I don't care a damn whether you fancy me conceited or not! I am voluntarily wearing off the fine edge of my character. Had I been rich, I should have been something Ruskinian (—blessed poverty!). Now I shall be nothing—and am content.

I don't know where I shall get a place. The Notts Council will not; or have not kept situations for us. There is a glut of certificated teachers. We are cheap—we are a drug in the market. We are twenty two, and have earned nothing. We have prepared, and are not wanted. We are the nations servants, and we must live on our mothers, and eat of our father's sweat. *Never* advise anyone to be a teacher.

I have written myself into a bad temper. My geyser *will* persist in bubbling; but it is a mild bubble, is it not? Oh, it is losing life! Hurrah for a sluggish, dormant soul—

'Bubble, bubble

(Brings) Toil and trouble'

Thank Heaven, I've no more paper. Yrs DHL



Jessie Chambers

To Blanche Jennings

12 Colworth Rd., Addiscombe, Croydon.*

26 Oct. 1908.

Dear Miss Jennings,

You will not be cross with me if I write you childishly. I am very tired, and have a little head ache. School is a conflict—mean and miserable—and I hate conflicts. I was never born to command; I do not want to command. So the lads and I have a fight, and I have a fight with my nature, and I am always vanquished. I have been setting my foot down—nothing in the world is so hard for me as to be firm, hard, stern. I can be cruel, but not stern. So I struggle with my nature and with my class, till I feel all frayed into rags. Think of a quivering grey hound set to mind a herd of pigs and you see me teaching; forgive the flattering comparison. I suppose it will put grit into me, but it is painful. . . .

I am wondering whether you will encourage me. I ought to continue to study for a degree, but I do not want to study—I shall have to make quite a shattering effort to do it. So I have pretty well decided to give up study; and to comfort my poor soap-bubble of a soul with writing. Everybody says study; I say I won't. Do aid and abet me! I dread your giving me more maternal advice—in this vein: 'get on—take your degree—then you can hope to leave the elementary teaching that you hate. Writing is only putting more wind into your soap-bubble of a soul—to burst it.' I want to have another whack at Laetitia,** to take the sentimentality out of her. I long to be a dear little God, and evolve her soul, or metempsychose it. I want to have my own way somewhere; I want some little space where I may enjoy the iridescence of the soap-bubble. Now do you play the noble heroine of romance, and send me forth into the mythical fields of literature wearing your badge. Be a sweet Una to me, and I will be Ye Redcrosse Knight, sallying forth to slay the foul brood of Errour, and to overcome Sans Joy.

. . . Here I have found no-one with whom I shall grow intimate. I do not care. My landlady is a splendid woman—my landlord is affable and plays chess worse than I do—What more can I want? Do you know, I regret rather keenly that I cannot see you and hear you. The loss is mine. I go easily onto paper—there is quite a lot of *me* in a letter; in return I get—no, not from you, oh no—a bundle of news. I hate letters that one might entitle 'News of the Month—the Slowcombe Advertiser.' I should like you for a companion—you would suit me. Damn my Fate! . . .

Farewell—I should love to talk to you. I daren't say 'Au revoir.'

Farewell DHL

* Lawrence did succeed in securing a teaching position, at Davidson Road School in Croydon, near London. This letter was written soon after his arrival.

** An early version of a novel later published under the title *The White Peacock*.



Blanche Jennings



Louie Burrows

To May Holbrook

12 Colworth Rd, Addiscombe, Croydon.
2 Dec. 1908.

My dear May,*

... One does seem buried in Eastwood—but the grave is no deeper there than elsewhere. There is a cousin of mine who lives in the heart of London—not far from Picadilly. She is thirty two, and has worked in a sort of warehouse all her life (in a really nice job). She is more unlearned, and less developed than anyone I have ever met, of her years. Towns oftener swamp one than carry one out onto the big ocean of life. Townspeople are indeed glib and noisy, but there is not much at the bottom of them. They are less individual, less self-opinionated and conceited than country people, but less, far less serious. It is with them work, and after work, conscious striving after relaxation. In Eastwood, people work, and then drift into their small pleasures; here they pursue a shallow pleasure, and it leaves no room for a prolific idleness, a fruitful leisure. Do not lament a town so much. Truly, there are meetings, and, better, theatres and concerts. But meetings are places where one develops an abnormal tone, which it takes some time to soften down again, and theatres and concerts have not much staying power. The true heart of the world is a book; there are sufficient among your acquaintances to make a complete world, but you must learn from books how to know them. A book is better than a meeting. The essence of things is stored in books; in meetings and speeches the essence is diluted with hot water and sugar, and may be a dash of fire spirits. Read, my dear, read Balzac and Ibsen and Tolstoi and think about them; don't take offence at them; they were great men, all, and who are we that we should curl our lips. One thing that a townsman does less frequently than the countryman—that is to lift his head in the scorn that has never understood. Pardon me for my preaching; you provoke it; you make me feel serious.

Shall I tell you something about school? Oh Davidson Rd is a fine red place—new and splendid! There is a great hall, with wood block floor; dumbbells and Indian clubs hang round the walls. The class rooms open off one side; large, lofty rooms, with dual desks; everything smooth and bright and neat. I have St[andar]d IV—about 50 boys now. They are queerly mixed. ... I have boys who will leave me at Christmas to go to a fairly expensive Grammar School: and I have lads whose five bare toes peep at me through their remnants of boots as they sit in the desks, boys who cannot drill, because their boots and clothing will not allow of it. We have free meals and free breakfasts now the winter is on. It is rather pitiful to see them gathered in the can-

teen for dinner—some sixty or seventy boys and girls. The canteen is a mission room, with pictures of the feeding of the ten thousand and Peter smiting the rock. Hélas—not much water runs from the smitten rock of charity. Some of my boys have the thin lips, and the dreadful upwrinkling of nervous brows characteristic of the underfed. Ours is a strange, incoherent school. The boss is a delightful man (a bit of a fathead sometimes but kind as an angel!)—but he is a weak disciplinarian. The tone of the school is lax, and to establish oneself and to keep ones equilibrium is not easy. ...

On Saturday I am going to London to see the great shops. I wish you might come to[o].

My regards to Will and Love to you.

DHI

* Jessie Chambers's elder, married sister.

To Louie Burrows

12 Colworth Rd, Addiscombe, Croydon
11 Sept. 09

My dear Louise,

... The truth is, I am very much occupied with some work of my own. It is supposed to be a secret, but I guess I shall have to tell you. The editor of the *English Review* has accepted some of my Verses, and wants to put them into the *English Review*, the November issue.* But you see they are all in the rough, and want revising, so this week and so on I am very hard at work, slogging verse into form. I shall be glad when I have finished: then I may go on with the prose work. The editor, Ford Madox Hueffer, says he will be glad to read any of the work I like to send him—which is a great relief, is it not? No more thieving agencies for us. ... I never—thought of myself blossoming out as a poet—I had planted my beliefs in my prose. ...

Addio DHI

* In June, 1909, Jessie Chambers sent some of Lawrence's poems—possibly without his consent—to Ford Madox Hueffer (later Ford), editor of the *English Review*. Five poems ("Dreams Old and Nascent" 1 and 11; "Baby Movements" 1 and 11; "Discipline") under the general title "A Still Afternoon" appeared in the November issue. Hueffer founded the *English Review* in December 1908, and edited it for a year, publishing work by Wells, Conrad, James, Hardy, Tolstoy, Yeats, Bennett, Forster, Pound, Wyndham-Lewis, Edward Thomas.

To Louie Burrows

12 Colworth Rd, Addiscombe, Croydon
20 Nov. 09.

My dear Louie,

If I don't write you, don't be cross. I am so busy. . . .

Last Sunday I went up to lunch with Ford Madox Hueffer, and with Violet Hunt,* who is rich, and a fairly well-known novelist. They were both delightful. Hueffer took me to tea at Ernest Rhys': he edits heaps of classics—Dents Everyman's, for instance. He is very nice indeed, and so is his wife, Grace Rhys, who writes stories. After tea we went on to call on H. G. Wells who also lives up at Hampstead. He is a funny little chap: his conversation is a continual squirting of thin little jets of weak acid: amusing, but not expansive. There is no glow about him. His two boys, in pale blue dressing gowns, came in and kissed us goodnight.

Hueffer is reading my novel [*The White Peacock*]. He says it's good, and is going to get it published for me. He also says I ought to get out a volume of verse, so you see how busy I am.

I went on Tuesday to Violet Hunt's 'at home' at the Reform Club in Adelphi Terrace, on the Embankment. It was very jolly. Elizabeth Martindale and Ellaline Terriss and Mary Cholmondeley** were there—and Ezra Pound.† He is a well-known American poet—a good one. He is 24, like me,—but his god is beauty, mine, life. He is jolly nice: took me to supper at Pagnani's, and afterwards we went

down to his room at Kensington. He lives in an attic, like a traditional poet—but the attic is a comfortable well furnished one. He is an American Master of Arts and a professor of the Provençal group of languages, and he lectures once a week on the minstrels at the London polytechnic. He is rather remarkable—a good bit of a genius, and with not the least self consciousness.

This afternoon I am going up to tea with him and we are going out after to some friends who will not demand evening dress of us. He knows W B Yeats and all the Swells. Aren't the folks kind to me: it is really wonderful. Hueffer is splendid: I have met a gentleman indeed in him, and an artist.

There, I have no time. Write and tell me your news, I like to receive letters.

Forgive me this rude haste, will you

Yours DHL

* Isobel Violet Hunt, the novelist and biographer, was the daughter of the pre-Raphaelite painter William A. Hunt and grew up in the Rossetti circle. Though she was never legally married to Ford Madox Hueffer, from 1911 she was known for some years as "Mrs. Hueffer."

** Hueffer's wife, Elsie née Martindale, signed herself Elizabeth Martindale when she published essays. Mary Ellaline Terriss was a well-known variety actress, Mary Cholmondeley was a minor novelist.

† Ezra Pound had been dismissed from his post at Wabash College, Indiana, traveled in Europe, and was then settled in London. His *Personae* and *Exultations* appeared in 1909.

To Rachel Annand Taylor

Lynn Croft, Eastwood, Notts.

3 December 1910

Dear Mrs Taylor,*

. . . I have been at home now ten days. My mother is very near the end. Today I have been to Leicester. I did not get home till half past nine. Then I ran upstairs. Oh she was very bad. The pains had been again.

'Oh my dear' I said, 'is it the pains?'

'Not pain now—Oh the weariness' she moaned, so that I could hardly hear her. I wish she could die tonight.

My sister and I do all the nursing. My sister is only 22. I sit upstairs hours and hours, till I wonder if ever it were true that I was at London. I seem to have died since, and that is an old life, dreamy.

I will tell you. My mother was a clever, ironical delicately moulded woman, of good, old burgher descent. She married below her. My father was dark, ruddy, with a fine laugh. He is a coal miner. He was one of the sanguine temperament, warm and hearty, but unstable: he lacked principle, as my mother would have said. He deceived her and lied to her. She despised him—he drank.

Their marriage life has been one carnal, bloody

* Rachel Annand Taylor was a Scottish poet and biographer.



Rachel Annand Taylor

fight. I was born hating my father: as early as ever I can remember, I shivered with horror when he touched me. He was very bad before I was born.

This has been a kind of bond between me and my mother. We have loved each other, almost with a husband and wife love, as well as filial and maternal. We knew each other by instinct. She said to my aunt—about me:

'But it has been different with him. He has seemed to be part of me.'—and that is the real case. We have been like one, so sensitive to each other that we never needed words. It has been rather terrible, and has made me, in some respects, abnormal.

I think this peculiar fusion of soul (don't think me high-falutin) never comes twice in a life-time—it doesn't seem natural. When it comes it seems to distribute one's consciousness far abroad from oneself, and one 'understands.' I think no one has got 'Understanding' except through love. Now my mother is nearly dead, and I don't quite know how I am.

I have been to Leicester today, I have met a girl* who has always been warm for me—like a sunny happy day—and I've gone and asked her to marry me: in the train, quite unpremeditated, between Rothley and Quorn—she lives at Quorn. When I think of her I feel happy with a sort of warm radiation—she is big and dark and handsome. There were five other people in the carriage. Then when I think of my mother:—if you've ever put your hand round the bowl of a champagne glass and squeezed it and wondered how near it is to crushing—in and the wine all going through your fingers—that's how my heart feels—like the champagne glass. There is no hostility between the warm happiness and the crush of misery: but one is concentrated in my chest, and one is diffuse—a suffusion, vague.

Muriel [Jessie] is the girl I have broken with. She loves me to madness, and demands the soul of me. I have been cruel to her, and wronged her, but I did not know.

Nobody can have the soul of me. My mother has had it, and nobody can have it again. Nobody can come into my very self again, and breathe me like an atmosphere. Don't say I am hasty this time—I know. Louie—whom I wish I could marry the day after the funeral—she would never demand to drink me up and have me. . . . She will never plunge her hands through my blood and feel for my soul, and make me set my teeth and shiver and fight away. Ugh—I have done well—and cruelly—tonight.

I look at my father—he is like a cinder. It is very terrible, mismatching.

They sent me yesterday one copy of the *Peacock* for my mother. She just looked at it. It will not be out till spring. . . .

Goodnight D. H. Lawrence

* Louie Burrows. Lawrence had broken his engagement to Jessie Chambers in mid-November.

To Frederick Atkinson

12 Colworth Road, Addiscombe, Croydon
27 Jan 1912

Dear Mr. Atkinson,*

. . . Is there, do you think, any chance of the *Peacock*'s being well noticed? I do not expect a great deal from it in the financial way. . . . But I had hoped, and I think justifiably, that the book would break me an entrance into the jungle of literature; that it would give me a small but individual name by which I should be known; and that it might bring me a bit of monthly work to eke out my lamentable state. It would not be fair to it or to me, I think, that the book should fall dead:—and I know its faults pretty well.

And I do find life a damned hard drag—as do most folk, I suppose. Spare me the 'good for a man that he bear this yoke in his youth' quotation; [. . .]

You must find me an awful bore. Don't answer this if it wearies you.

Yours Sincerely D. H. Lawrence

* Resident reader at Heinemann, Ltd.

To Louie Burrows

12 Colworth Road, Addiscombe, Croydon
27 Jan 1912

My dear Lou,

. . . You will be disappointed not to have seen any reviews. I am myself a wee bit disappointed. But I know it's not often a novel gets critted before a fortnight or so, therefore next week is the time. You must not think, my dear, that a work walks up to a man, a public man, and, nipping him by the nose, says 'Behold and proclaim my merit'. It's this way: The publisher sends a copy of the book to the office of the newspaper or magazine, together with a slip saying when the book is to be issued. If the publisher has puffed the book behind scenes, at his club where he meets the big newspaper men—or if the writer has friends among the literary circles and clubs—or influence—then the book has been talked about, so the editor pounces upon it and writes it up in reviews. If the book has no friends, and the publisher, knowing there is no chance of *Scarlet Pimpernel* sales, does not trouble much, then the best book in the world might fall dead. It gets handed to the hack-man for a twelve line review. We must take things as they come. I shall be very sorry if I get no success—that is to say, not even a little individual name in the literary world—from the *White Peacock*: chiefly, because it will leave me miles further off from marrying you; also, because I want a measure of success, and the book deserves it. But no amount of lamentation will stop tomorrow's rain from falling, so it's best to take the weather as it comes, without caring much. One has to have the

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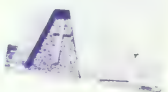
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essential life indoors, quite inside oneself, independent of whatsoever may happen outside. Voilà.

I have not got the least tiny scrap of news, and at night one does not want to chatter. I wish you were here, to be still with. What else is there to say?

Look, Louie: I—we both have agreed that we cannot marry unless I have £100 in cash and £120 a year income. Father is working very little—will soon have done. I shall have to continue to help, as you will. I cannot save £5 a year without descending to petty carefulness. When shall we marry then?

We trust to luck and literature. I have worked hard enough at that damned mill to obtain a reward so insignificant in cash. We hope much, but expect very little. Isn't that so, my dear? I am very much afraid of disappointing you. It's such a beastly mill to go through, disappointment. Well—we can have infinite patience if need be—eh?

Goodnight, my dear D. H. Lawrence

To Helen Corke

12 Colworth Rd
Tuesday [14 March 1911]

... After all, Helene*—what difference is there between your arrangement and mine? You say—let us be together, because it stimulates you.—You know you would take my arm when we were alone: you know, when I was a bit tormented, you would put your arms round my neck. Now if you can tell me any difference between this and the ultimate, I shall thank you. I tell you this, because you are moved to irony against me. Might I not also turn round to you in irony, when you proffer your request.

If I became necessary to you, would it be because of the physical intimacy? Would there be no necessity developed from companionship as soul-intimate as ours is sure to be? We are always so intimate, vitally—that the other seems to me merely natural, like a phrase in the conversation. If it is not natural and good, God is an idiot. Between my proposal and yours, Helene, in the eyes of the Seer, what difference is there?—You ask me for my intimate company—I say, all right, so long as I need not keep a clutch on a discord. Finally—to your heart of hearts I speak—and be truthful: *Could* we marry without making a horrible smash?—‘We have broken down the bounds of the individual’—it is true—that’s why it is perfectly honorable for you to take me: but with the bounds of the individual broken down, there is too deadly concentrated an intercourse not to be destructive. (bad English—can you understand?)

* Helen Corke, the subject of Lawrence’s “Helen” poems, taught at Dering Place Mixed School, Croydon. She was undoubtedly his most important woman friend in Croydon, sharing many of his interests: literature, German, art, and music. Her “Freshwater Diary” became the subject matter of Lawrence’s novel *The Trespasser* (Duckworth, 1912).

You have this on your side: that I look on my life as moving on phase by phase, you on yours, unhappily, as being all one-coloured web. Then, if I went, you might be at a loss to find life. But, my dear... loving as you love—your lover must go—unless you love differently, lighter, more reservedly. You are passionate, ay, as much as I. But your passion smoulders, and consumes your energy that way. I tend to blow your passion into flame—and [...] even then I cannot—it is a heavy, sullen smoulder—and mine is top-heavy with flame.

Do you remember Beatrice in *Tono Bungay*? do you, do you?—*There*—that is your way. ...

The common everyday—rather superficial man of me really loves Louie. Do you believe that? But do you not think the open-eyed, sad critical, deep seeing man of me has not had to humble itself pretty sorely to accept the imposition of the masculine, stupid decree. There is a decree for each of us—thou shalt live alone—and we have to put up with it. We may keep real company once in our lives—after



Helen Corke

that we touch [. . .], now and again, upon someone else—but do not repose.

A few of those vague things, which I used to hesitate over, I feel pretty certain of now. It doesn't much matter. The laws of life, even of Nature, are made for the unseeing, unintelligent mass, and we have to submit also, nous autres. But, entre nous, and entre nous alone—we can make our own laws. Step out of the common pale, and the old laws [. . .] drop obsolete—you know that—and new laws suddenly reign. But you judge me by the old laws.—The light has gone out—suddenly fallen.

Tenébres DHL

To Helen Corke

12 Colworth
Wednesday midnight [July, 1911]

I was not surprised to find your letter when I got back from Dover. Do not be hurt—I am only hasty in wording. Surely, surely it is *my* tenet, that an emotion is genuine even though next day an antagonistic feeling supplants it. What we are to each other, we are. Some of you I should always love. Then again, I must break free. And I *cannot* marry save where I am not held. Even set me down that disgraceful thing, abnormality, so long as you believe me. I love Louie in a certain way that doesn't encroach on my liberty, and I can marry her, and still be alone. I must be so, if I marry—alone in soul, mostly.

What is between you and me is sex. I was good on Saturday so long as I remained just sufficiently dimmed by alcohol. But in the end comes the irony that you know is stultified passion. And on Sunday, when I hadn't been able to get a drink because like a fool I had come without money, then I was a nuisance. It is wearying. . . .

But I will never ask for sex relationship again, never, unless I can give the dirty coin of marriage: unless it be a prostitute, whom I can love because I'm sorry for her. I cannot stand the sex strain between us—that's all my judgment.—And I'll never ask you again, nor anybody. It is a weakness of mine—I can't stand the sex strain. . . .

I have been extraordinarily happy by myself at Dover. There has been nothing to push back, nothing to get ironic over. The moon rose close against my breast. I think I can manage to live alone body and soul as long as must be. Never, never,—and I *can* keep my soul's vows—never never will I ask a woman for anything again: I will pay her market price.

Note that I write at twenty to one, after an excursion: and so discount a great deal of this as sentimentality. Yours— D. H. Lawrence

To Louie Burrows

16 Colworth Rd, Addiscombe, Croydon.
16 Oct 1911

My dear Lou,

. . . I had a fine time at Edward Garnett's.* He has got one of these new, ancient cottages; called the Cearne. It is a house thirteen years old, but exactly, exactly like the 15th century: brick floored hall, bare wood staircase, deep ingle nook with a great log fire, and two tiny windows one on either side of the chimney. . . . You would be moved to artistic rhapsodies, I think. The house stands on the last drop of the north downs, sheer overlooking the Weald of Kent. The wood in which the cottage is lost ends with the scarp slope. It was very fine. Garnett was alone.—He is about 42. He and his wife consent to live together or apart as it pleases them. At present Mrs Garnett with their son is living in their Hampstead flat. She comes down to the Cearne for week ends sometimes. Garnett generally stays one, or perhaps two days in the week, in London. But he prefers to live alone at the Cearne. But he is very fond of his wife also—only they are content to be a good deal apart.

We discussed books most furiously, sitting drinking wine in the ingle nook, cosy and snug in the big, long room. We had a fine time, only he and I. He thinks my work is quite extra. So do I, of course. But Garnett rather flatters me. He praises me for my sensuous feeling in my writing. . . .

Garnett is going to introduce me to quite a lot of people. I am not keen on it, but he says my business is to get known. . . .

It is queer to think of Quorn [Louisa Burrows's home] just now. It seems out of the atmosphere of all this. It would be nice if there were not so many folk. It will be, after all, only a change from one form of rush to another. But after all, I suppose that is what suits me. . . .

Goodbye—I dreamed of you last night—you looked sad.

Goodbye D. H. Lawrence

* Edward Garnett, critic, essayist, and dramatist, was keeper of Books at the British Museum and literary adviser to several publishing firms: to Fisher Unwin, Heinemann, Cape, and at the time of meeting Lawrence, Duckworth. He encouraged and helped to publicize Conrad and Galsworthy (who thought him "one of the greatest of English critics") as well as Lawrence.

To Edward Garnett

Davidson Rd Boys School, South Norwood, S.E.
23 Oct 1911

My dear Garnett,

Excuse me if I write from school on any scrap of paper: I'm squeezed dry of time. And tonight I've promised to go out for tea and all evening with one of my friends—one of the fellows here: his wife is awfully flirty, so he won't have me as a rule: but he wants me to help to entertain visitors—a French man and his sister. The Frenchman speaks such glutinous French I have to struggle like grim death to make a grain of meaning out—and he doesn't know a word of English—and my friend's wife doesn't know a word of French—it is awful: and Humphreys is fearfully jealous, and Mrs Humphreys lays her hand on your arm when she talks to you, and Laisné blushes purple—he's swarthy—and Mademoiselle is wildly caustic in French—Oh Lord! I feel a bit tired, so I funk it rather. . . .

I'm supposed to be marking Composition—such a stack of blue exercise books at my elbow. How's that for MS?—it is awful: it'll be the death of me one of these days.

Damn—there's the bell. Vale D. H. Lawrence



Edward Garnett

To Louie Burrows

The Cearne, Nr. Edenbridge.
4th Feb 1912

My dear Lou,

You will be wondering why I am so long in writing. I have been thinking what the doctor at Croydon and the doctor at Bournemouth both urged on me: that I ought not to marry, at least for a long time, if ever. And I feel myself my health is so precarious, I wouldn't undertake the responsibility. Then, seeing I mustn't teach, I shall have a struggle to keep myself. I will not drag on an engagement—so I ask you to dismiss me. I am afraid we are not well suited.

My illness* has changed me a good deal, has broken a good many of the old bonds that held me. I can't help it. It is no good to go on. I asked Ada [Lawrence's sister], and she thought it would be better if the engagement were broken off; because it is not fair to you.

It's a miserable business, and the fault is all mine.

D. H. Lawrence

* In November, 1911, Lawrence caught pneumonia, left his teaching post at Croydon, and never taught again.

To Edward Garnett

Queens Square, Eastwood, Notts
17 April 1912

Dear Garnett,

. . . I shall be in London next week, I think—from Thursday to Sunday—then I can see Walter de la Mare, and Harrison,* who want to jaw me—and you who don't want to jaw me. Mrs Weekley** will be in town also. She is ripping—she's the finest woman I've ever met—you must above all things meet her. Wife of one of my College professors—Weekley has just published some book or other on words, through John Murray, and the *Athenaeum* held him sky-high a week ago—she is the daughter of Baron von Richthofen, of the ancient and famous house of Richthofen—but she's splendid, she is really. How damnably I mix things up. Mrs Weekley is perfectly unconventional, but really good—in the best sense. I'll bet you've never met anybody like her, by a long chalk. You *must* see her next week. I wonder if she'd come to the Cearne, if you asked us. Oh but she is the woman of a lifetime.

I shall love to see you again. Don't be grumpy.

Yours D. H. Lawrence

* Walter de la Mare succeeded Atkinson as Heinemann's resident reader in January, 1912. Lawrence's letters to him suggest that de la Mare's interest went beyond his professional duties. Though dissatisfied with *Sons and Lovers*, he advised Lawrence on a selection of poems subsequently published as *Love Poems and Others*. Austin Harrison succeeded Hueffer as editor of the *English Review*.

** Emma Maria Frieda Johanna Weekley had been married for nearly fourteen years to Ernest Weekley, who had taught Lawrence at University College, Nottingham.

To Ernest Weekley

[Hotel Deutscher Hof, Metz]
[7 May 1912]

You will know by now the extent of the trouble. Don't curse my impudence in writing to you. In this hour we are only simple men, and Mrs Weekley will have told you everything, but you do not suffer alone. It is really torture to me in this position. There are three of us, though I do not compare my sufferings with what yours must be, and I am here as a distant friend, and you can imagine the thousand baffling lies it all entails. Mrs Weekley hates it, but it has had to be. I love your wife and she loves me. I am not frivolous or impertinent. Mrs Weekley is afraid of being stunted and not allowed to grow, and so she must live her own life. All women in their natures are like giantesses. They will break through everything and go on with their own lives. The position is one of torture for us all. Do not think I am a student of your class—a young cripple. In this matter are we not simple men? However you think of me, the situation still remains. I almost burst my heart in trying to think what will be best. At any rate we ought to be fair to ourselves. Mrs Weekley must live largely and abundantly. It is her nature. To me it means the future. I feel as if my effort of life was all for her. Cannot we all forgive something? It is not too much to ask. Certainly if there is any real wrong being done I am doing it, but I think there is not.

D. H. Lawrence



Frieda Weekley

To Arthur McLeod*

München N.O.2
15 June 1912]

My dear Mac,*

... I shall never forget Beuerberg. It is near the mountains, in the wonderful meadows at the head of Loisach—a white, tiny village, with a great church, white-washed outside, with a white minaret and a black small bulb—half renaissance, half moorish—brought back from the Turkish wars, a reminiscence—but inside, baroque, gilded, pictures, gaudy, wild, savagely religious. We stayed at an old inn, a great forsaken place. The peasants dined in the long table in the hall, looking out of the open door at the chestnut trees and the cloister. There I read your letter. I was on my honeymoon. I am not legally married. Perhaps some day the great scandal will come out. But I don't care. I have been fearfully happy. I long to go back to Frieda on Monday. I am in love—and, my God, it's the greatest thing that can happen to a man. I tell you, find a woman you can fall in love with. *Do it. Let yourself fall in love, if you haven't done so already.* You are wasting your life. How miserable your last letter! Nowadays, men haven't the courage and the strength to love. You must *know* that you're committing slow suicide. Do for the lord's sake find some woman you can respect and love, and love her, and let her love you. . . .

I won't tell you details . . . it is what the world calls a scandal. But we'll straighten out the tangles. Lord, it's a great thing to have met a woman like Frieda. I could stand on my head for joy, to think I have found her. We've been together for three weeks. And I love her more every morning, and every night. Where it'll end, I don't know. She's got a great, generous soul—and a splendid woman to look at.

But I'm afraid I sound a fool. You know I'm not frivolous. All this I say to you, is really earnest.

Do you know, I don't think you were fond enough of me. I was very fond of you. But you don't trust yourself, or you don't trust other people. You won't let yourself be really fond, even of a man friend, for fear he find out your weaknesses. As if your good qualities wouldn't outweigh, a dozen times, your failings! But you mistrust folk—even decent folk. It is a blemish in you, a lack of courage a want of faith and of higher generosity.

All this because you perplex and distress me so. Don't say it was only a mood, your last letter—it was not. It is a permanent thing, this sadness of yours, because you feel your life, as a life, is going to waste. Don't let it. Buck up and do something with it. . . .

Vale! D. H. Lawrence

* Lawrence's colleague and friend at the Croydon school.

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5A39

To Edward Garnett

Icking, bei München, Isarthal.
3 July 1912

Dear Garnett,

... Weekley it seems, is going half crazed. He is *jeerfully* in love with F[rieda]. There are storms of letters from England, imploring her to renounce for ever all her ideas of love, to go back and give her life to her husband and her children. Weekley would have her back, on those conditions. The children are miserable, missing her so much. She lies on the floor in misery—and then is fearfully angry with me because I won't say 'stay for my sake'. I say 'decide what you want most, to live with me and share my rotten chances, or go back to security, and your children—decide for yourself—Choose for yourself.' And then she almost hates me, because I won't say 'I love you—stay with me whatever happens.' I *do* love her. If she left me, I do not think I should be alive six months hence. And she won't leave me, I think. God, how I love her—and the agony of it. She is a woman who also makes a man suffer, by being blind to him when her anger or resentment is roused. ...

My dear Garnett, at this eleventh hour I love you and understand you a bit. Don't sympathise with me, don't.

Yours Sincerely D. H. Lawrence

To Edward Garnett

'Villa Igea', *Villa di Gargnano* (Brescia),
Lago di Garda, Italy
19 Nov. 1912

Dear Garnett,

Your letter has just come. I hasten to tell you I sent the MS. of the Paul Morel novel [*Sons and Lovers*] to Duckworth [its publisher, Heinemann, having turned it down], registered, yesterday. And I want to defend it, quick. I wrote it again, pruning it and shaping it and filling it in. I tell you it has got form—*form*: haven't I made it patiently, out of sweat as well as blood. It follows this idea: a woman of character and refinement goes into the lower class, and has no satisfaction in her own life. She has had a passion for her husband, so the children are born of passion, and have heaps of vitality. But as her sons grow up she selects them as lovers—first the eldest, then the second. These sons are *urged* into life by their reciprocal love of their mother—urged on and on. But when they come to manhood, they can't love, because their mother is the strongest power in their lives, and holds them.—It's rather like Goethe and his mother and Frau von Stein and Christiana—. As soon as the young men come into contact with women, there's a split. William gives his sex to a fribble,

and his mother holds his soul. But the split kills him because he doesn't know where he is. The next son gets a woman who fights for his soul—fights his mother. The son loves the mother—all the sons hate and are jealous of the father. The battle goes on between the mother and the girl, with the son as object. The mother gradually proves stronger, because of the tie of blood. The son decides to leave his soul in his mother's hands, and, like his elder brother, go for passion. He gets passion. Then the split begins to tell again. But, almost unconsciously, the mother realises what is the matter, and begins to die. The son casts off his mistress, attends to his mother dying. He is left in the end naked of everything, with the drift towards death.

It is a great tragedy, and I tell you I've written a great book. It's the tragedy of thousands of young men in England. ... I think it was Ruskin's, and men like him.—Now tell me if I haven't worked out my theme, like life, but always my theme. Read my novel—it's a great novel. If you can't see the development—which is slow like growth—I can. ...

To Helen Corke

Irschenhausen, (post) *Ebenhausen*, Oberbayern
29 May 1911

Your letter followed me here. I've left Italy—at least during the hot months. If I can I shall go back in September—if I've got any money. ...

I don't know whether we might do any good by keeping up a connection. Muriel [Jessie] wants absolutely to have done with me—neither to hear of me or from me any more. ...

... I am here in a little house made of wood, standing in a corner of a hilly meadow against a big pinewood, and looking over at the Alps. Sometimes a deer steps out into the wheat, sometimes a hare lobs among the grass. In the bedroom, one can hear the squirrels chattering. We two are alone. We stay here only a little longer. I may come to England for a short time. I don't want to. I want to go back to Italy. I don't want to live in England any more.

Sons and Lovers comes out just now. I remember your telling me, at the beginning, it would be great. I think it is so. I wonder if you will agree.

I seem to have had several lives, when I think back. This is all so different from anything I have known before. And now I feel a different person. It is all queerer than novels. It is enough to make one take life carelessly, it behaves so topsy-turvy. Life unsaddles one so often. But now I don't think it can, not much, any more. ...

rivierisco D. H. Lawrence

THE TRAINING BRA

A few miles from the cenote in the busiest city of Yucatan our maiden of eleven tells us she's ready for a training bra and I think "Why not?" and tell the salesgirl, herself old enough now for sacrifice—"La mas chiquita, por favor"—She knows what I mean, looks at the child, then holds up before her own breasts the smallest bra they have. It's still too large. Behind us two janitors have left off their sweeping and are clowning with their brooms, pointing, covering their mouths with their hands, guffawing, seeing that we're trying to fit my daughter, who's deadly serious, delighted. Then I spot in cotton goods a little band a baby wears across his chest

and suggest it looks just right. The kid is charmed, carried away, Yes she wants it. After all it makes her underwear two piece. She feels important, something's happening. And while the salesgirl shows her how to wear it, how it'll stretch, I step back and reproach the janitors. Get back to work, I say, Can't you see this is a tender moment, very serious? And they apologize, to their gods, to the tourists, to young American *muchachas*, fledgling women of great beauty who may return in a few years to collect their whistles and stares and visit again their sacred well. And who knows—Love them, fly before them in golden robes, splashing through the green slime of Yucatan.

THE CENOTE AT CHICHEN ITZA

Leaning upon that chalky cliff you held your breath and wondered at strange perfection of the walls, pure circles cut by rain where moss hung like dead hair, and great green cacti straggled down the walls like spiders. The deep and stagnant waters, green too, seemed to lure more than those stones two clowning toughs threw in, standing on the clay parapet the priests had left, who wore sacred feathers when they threw their best victims in. Dark was coming fast that Friday we saw it, this immense sink hole, and felt something beneath the scum

wanting us, alluring where quartz skulls, onyx knives, golden women with their jewels fell and fell for sixty feet, like birds unique and special to their time as we, Dear, are not to ours. You held on tight and later said you almost jumped out past the caverns pocking walls. But tourists need not leap, I said, nor be taken in by darkness. That place of death looked exactly like what it was. You held your breath and screamed when that German threw in lizards he'd caught on pyramids.

—by David Ray

OTHER THINGS BEING EQUAL

by David Suter

WHEN CELLS DIVIDE

The "central dogma" of molecular biology states that although the information in DNA can be translated into protein, the reverse process never happens; no memory of the experience of a cell persists in the genes it passes on. And yet . . .

Before the construction at Oxford University of the "DNA Reader machine," the genetic code with its alphabet of chemical letters, triplet words, and prescriptive sentences, was hardly more than a useful metaphor. The Reader was designed to resemble the normal DNA-RNA mechanism, albeit on a different scale and with different ends. Samples of cells fed into the machine would have their DNA strands unwound and then translated by quasi RNA, not to protein as in living cells, but to a pattern of electric impulses that a computer interpreted as plain-language descriptions of the gene's chemistry and message.

Doctors and biologists hoped that once the full content of a gene was recorded this way, it could be consulted like any other library.

Of particular interest were the function and content of "extra" DNA, which seemed to make up a large part

of the chromosome in many species, yet had no observable purpose.

The contents of the first complete "gene text," which was surprising at the time, are now considered typical "extra" DNA. The text, from a fragment of frog chromosome, besides giving methods of construction of certain cell walls, also contained voluminous appendices of folklore, and fable, as well as a long, contradictory account of a primordial civil war between daughter cells.

A more recent text, this one from chimpanzee hemoglobin, seems to be part of a letter written by an exiled revolutionary plasmid, who exhorts his followers in a distant cell colony to use caution in disrupting the oppressive capitalist enzymes, lest they destroy their host.

Given this historical trend in the revealed code, geneticists felt that "extra" human DNA might document great humanistic themes. When a human chromosome was fed into the Reader, however, the "extra" material proved little more than a "spacer" punctuating the code. The spacer occurred at regular intervals along the strand of DNA, and seemed to contain only messages advertising local cell products.



RACE RELATIONS

short story

by Joseph Epstein

C'MON, FLOWERS, YOU RED-NECK, you cracker bastard, throw, let 'er fly, baby, if you got the balls."

I don't exactly know what had happened: whether in the boredom of a Saturday afternoon at the end of our fourth of eight weeks of basic training Bobby Flowers, late of Jonesboro, Arkansas, had called Jackson Jones, late of Detroit, Michigan, a nigger, or whether he had applied some similar magic word to the other soldiers. But someone had said something to me, and it appeared as if we might have a small race war on our hands in Charley Company, Second Battalion, Third Training Regiment, Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. Gates, along with five of his Negro pals, was on the other side of their barracks, while Flowers, with me or ten of his good ol' boys, rocks in their tents, was about to charge up after them.

The scene reminded me that when I was a boy growing up in Chicago, at Riverview, the great amusement park at Western Avenue and Lake Michigan, for a quarter you could get three rubber baseballs with which to try to knock a Negro in the water. The Negroes, four of them, sat in separate cages, each upon a swinglike platform three or so feet above a shallow pool of water. A bar extended out from the left of each of these cages, at the end of which was a disc of steel perhaps a foot in diameter. Hit the disc with a ball and the bar triggered the platform, which fell away, dropping the Negro into the pool of water. In accomplishing this feat the lumpiness of the baseballs and the throwing distance of some ninety or a hundred feet were really minor obstacles. The major obstacle was that the Negroes within the cages taunted the customers, picking out some trait in them and playing it for a public laugh at their expense. "C'mon ya quinty little mothah," a Negro in one of the cages might call out to an Oriental about to try his luck, "les' see what you got." And then, when the man missed all three throws, the Negro would return with, "Sorry, squints—no bowl of rice!" Men with girlfriends or wives

in tow were especially vulnerable. "That the best you can do, Peewee?"—or, as the trait might have been, "Fatso," or "Four-eyes," or "Baldy." Sometimes they would turn their buttocks toward the customer, bend over, and call out from between their legs, "Pit-i-ful." I have seen men grow so enraged that they forgot the disc that triggered the platform and threw directly at the cage, hoping the ball would go through the wire and crash against the Negro's skull. Often a man would spend five or six dollars and damn near throw his arm out before he had the satisfaction of knocking one of those jeering Negroes in the water.

"All right," Sergeant Alerton boomed, striding across the company area. "I see where I got me the chance to kick some ass before I knock off for the weekend." A tall man, ebony and elegant in fatigues, boots, and helmet liner, Sergeant Alerton adopted the style with trainees of a menacing Kingfish: he could make jokes—fine Kingfishian ones—but he was not a man you fooled with. His first announcement to us recruits after we had arrived at Charley Company, our heads freshly shaved, writhing in the itchiness of our new uniforms and nearly lame from the stiffness of our boots, was about religious services. "On Sunday mornings," he yelled, *en basso*, "every swinging dick among you will get your can out of the sack to attend church in the denomination of your choice. As for those of you of the Hebrew extraction, you will haul your cans off to Friday evening services, making arrangements to help GI the barracks for Saturday inspection later in the evening." While helping out for two days in the orderly room when the company clerk took sick, I learned that Sergeant Andrew Alerton had been awarded a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart in Korea. Eleven years ago, before joining the regular army in 1948, he had worked as a soda jerk in St. Louis.

Alerton's intervention was enough to calm things down. Gates and his gang disappeared

Joseph Epstein teaches in the English department of Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois.

into their barracks, Flowers and his walked off. Some of the troops went back to their touch football game in the Fort Leonard Wood dust; others returned to writing letters or to poker games or to listening to radios in the barracks. I went off to the PX with two guys from my platoon for a beer and to pick up a can of shaving cream. The Gates-Flowers wrangle could have turned into something very ugly. Before I had thought Jackson Gates a somewhat comic figure; I now began to think him perhaps also slightly dangerous.

WHATEVER ELSE I might have thought about Negroes, I was not accustomed to thinking of them as dangerous. Most of what feelings I did have, I suspect I must have taken over from my father. Without being a particularly political character—years later I was surprised to learn that he had twice voted for Eisenhower over Adlai Stevenson—my father had rather special feelings about Negroes. Ernesta Robinson, a most upright middle-class Negro woman, was the secretary and bookkeeper for his small but successful business at a time when Negroes, men or women, were not generally allowed in office jobs. Once, when I was four or perhaps five years old, my father heard me recite the street rhyme “Eenie meenie minie mo, catch a nigger by the toe, if he hollers let him go,” and upbraided me for it so severely that, not knowing why he was angry or where his anger was coming from, I collapsed into tears. “Of all people,” my father said, “we as Jews must never use such words.”

Then at home, not living with us but coming in two days a week to clean and iron, was Dell, a short and very dark woman who was “with us,” as my mother used to put it, for as long as I could remember, but whose last name I never knew. Dell did not say much, but I remember her being especially kind to me, the oldest child, perhaps because she knew me longer than she knew my sister. “How Dell’s baby?” she used to say to me when she had changed into her work clothes. When I was seven or eight, she would occasionally slip me a nickel. My mother told me I must find a polite way not to take these nickels; Dell worked hard for her money and had better things to do with it than give it to me to spend on candy or gum. My mother used to give Dell those of her dresses she was no longer interested in, or make up for her a bag of fruit—some of it bruised, which neither my sister nor I, being finicky about such things, would eat—to take home for her family. One day in my eleventh

year I came home from school to learn Dell had had a heart attack while washing dining-room windows and, before an ambulance arrived, had died on our living-room couch. She was forty-seven years old. Could she have borne a son like Jackson Gates?

Although Gates was in the third platoon and I was in the second, I recalled noticing him on our first full day in Charley Company. Sergeant Roscoe Mullins, our field sergeant, a white man with a devoted beer-drinker’s stoicism—“Ah,” he used to exclaim, as we headed back to the company after one of our long marches—“I can taste that Falstaff now”—asked if any one among the trainees had any ROTC experience. Gates sprang forward to announce that he had had three-and-a-half years of ROTC at Morgan State College. That three-and-a-half years sounded fishy to me—with four years after all, he would have qualified as an officer—but apparently it did not sound so to Sergeant Mullins, who appointed Gates first sergeant of the third platoon. With exaggerated posture, Gates saluted and screamed “Thank you, sir!”

“Goddamn it,” Mullins returned, “what the hell they teach you in ROTC, Gates? You don’t, damn you, salute and you don’t say ‘Thank you’ to a noncommissioned officer!”

My father used to write an annual check for \$100 for the NAACP, but as he wrote out the checks I doubt that he had in mind someone who looked like Jackson Gates. In appearance, Gates was a liberal’s nightmare or a Negro, a middle-class Negro’s nightmare or a white Negro, but a Ku Klux Klan cartoonist’s dream. He was not merely very dark but about four or five different colors: his skin rather resembled the leather of an old boot that had been shined first with black polish, then with cordovan-colored polish, then with oxblood, then brown, then black again. His large nose protruded, the bottom one pendulously; the top of his bottom teeth in the front were capped with gold. His nose was flat, the nostril holes the size of quarters. His skull had an odd shape to it, as if it had once been bashed in on one side. His hair was shaved, as was everyone else’s at basic training, but in civilian life I imagined he must have been straightened and heavily combed in the style known as processed. He wore glasses with thick lenses and wide black frames, which, when he took them off, left him squinting with the look of someone who had just come up from a lengthy underwater swim. He was about five-foot-nine and muscular, and his musculature had no athletic gracefulness about it—a point worth mentioning if only for the cause, at a later time, he told me that in college he played second-string behind the Chicago

rs' great running back Willie Gallimore. tainly it seemed unlikely that Gates played ind Gallimore, yet who knew for sure in se days how deep in talent Negro colleges Morgan State were? He probably didn't, then again he just may have. The same it for those three-and-a-half years of ROTC. y three-and-a-half years? Nothing in Gates's r of speaking or general manner hinted at having gone to college at all.

None of these need have been pressing ques- is but for the fact that, when basic training s completed, I was sent to clerk-typist school Fort Chaffee, in Arkansas, and so, too, was kson Gates. I was sitting on my bunk, un- king and laying out my gear the morning arrived, when Gates threw his duffel bag p the bunk next to mine.

"What's happenin', baby?"

"Not a hell of a lot," I said.

"Arkansas! Daddy, this ain't exactly my a of a sweet place for a man with my suntan. z?"

I replied that, since we apparently were not be allowed to leave the base anyhow, it ln't matter too much where we were. My n situation, I said, was really not so different om his.

"Let's face it, Gates, the army shows no /oritism. It treats everyone as if he were a gro."

"Hey, daddy," he said, "you ain't too bad, u know that?"

AS IT TURNED OUT, Chaffee was a great improvement over Fort Leonard Wood. It wasn't so cold; one wasn't always biting down on coal dust. Clerk-typist school entailed less spit and pol- ish, less overall harassment, than basic train- ing. After morning chow we would line up in fatigues, boots, helmet liners, and field jackets, but instead of rifles on our shoulders we would tote typing manuals under our arms. ("Titleless WACs" was the old army joke.) We would be marched off to spend the morning learning to type to music, usually to very upbeat stuff such as the theme from *Bridge over the River Kwai* or John Philip Sousa marches; return for lunch; then march back to afternoon ses- sions about how to fill out morning reports. Although we could not go into the nearby town of Fort Smith (not yet, at any rate), or even keep civilian clothes, our evenings were pretty much our own. Our regular army platoon ser- geants not only didn't mind poker games in the barracks but generally took a hand. Lights went out at nine, yet no one minded if you sat in the latrine and read. After not being allowed any books or magazines through all of basic training, I now went on a reading binge, gorg- ing myself after lights-out on nineteenth-cen- tury Russian and English novels.

One night around eleven o'clock I was sitting propped against the wall in the latrine, using my folded-up field jacket as a pillow, reading a Chekhov story entitled "An Anna Round

"Whatever else I might have thought about Negroes, I was not accustomed to thinking of them as dangerous."



Robert McMahon

His Neck," when Jackson Gates walked in.

"Hey, man," he said from one of the urinals, his back to me, "you got it made, you know that?"

I didn't respond because I wasn't quite sure exactly what he meant. Was he commenting on what must have been my evident pleasure in my book? Or was he, more significantly, talking about the fact that this was Arkansas, the South in the year 1959, and that I was white and he black, and that made all the difference in the world? Whichever it might have been, Gates was evidently not going to elaborate upon the point.

"Sacktime," he announced, zipping himself up as he walked out of the latrine.

Odd: it was a Wednesday night and Gates was wearing not his fatigues but his dress green uniform. He appeared, moreover, to be coming in from off the post, something strictly forbidden. But if he hadn't gone off the post, then why was he wearing his dress greens?

It occurred to me that the last man who told me that I had it made was also a Negro, LeRoy Fortess, who worked for something like eleven years for my father as his shipping clerk, porter, mail clerk, and odd-jobs man. LeRoy was in his early forties, natty even in work clothes, and never without his hat, usually a fairly expensive gray fedora. LeRoy had an eye for the ladies; once, when I was sixteen and working on Saturdays for my father, LeRoy asked me to fetch him some cigarettes out of the drawer of his workbench. The cigarettes were there, all right, but so were two decks of playing cards with porno pictures on them and a half-dozen or so of an item that used to be known as a French tickler. Because of this discovery of LeRoy's penchant for the illicit, I one day asked him if he could arrange to get false identification for a friend and me, so that, though under age, we could be served in bars. Not a problem, said LeRoy, and one Sunday my friend and I traveled out to the West Side to pick up LeRoy. LeRoy wore a pearl-gray hat with a midnight-blue band and my father's hand-me-down double-breasted camel's hair overcoat, and, in this getup, looked oddly Jewish. He had us drive over to a Negro undertaker's on Lake Street. In the basement, where the undertaker worked, corpses were strewn about on tables, the blood and other body fluids still being drained from one. LeRoy explained to the undertaker what it was that we wanted. The undertaker, a muscular man in an undershirt and wearing a stocking cap, took out two affidavits, filled in our names and false ages, and then signed and notarized them. We each paid him \$5. Unfolded, the affidavits measured

roughly three feet long and were, of course, absolutely useless; any bartender presented with a document of this kind would do over with raucous laughter. But we said nothing, lest we offend LeRoy, who had done best he could. "You got it made now," he said when we dropped him off at his apartment a few years later, when I was at college. My father discovered that LeRoy, who for more than a decade had been taking off Tuesdays afternoons (with pay) to get treatment for an advanced case of diabetes, never had diabetes at all. Although my father regretted doing so, there was nothing for it but to fire him.

However he may have intended it, there was a sense in which Gates was correct about my having it made. While I was committed to the draftee's bleak view of army life, the truth was—though I should not have admitted it—that I rather liked my time at Fort Chaffin. The duty was light, except for pulling an occasional KP or guard duty. I played poker in the early part of most evenings, and won fairly steadily at it; and read myself nearly to sleep afterward in the latrine. I was even learning to type, and taking a certain pleasure in becoming good at it. Of course, my situation was different from that of others. I had not been drafted to leave a good job when I was drafted; I instead dropped out of graduate school, where I had intended to do anyway. Nor did I leave a wife or even a regular girlfriend in Chicago. After the indolence of graduate school, the routine of the army was something of a relief. Things could have been a lot worse, especially if I had been married.

I DIDN'T KNOW THAT Jackson Gates had a wife in Detroit. Even though his business was next to mine, he never mentioned being married. Nor could I remember a mail call, his named being yelled out for regular letters, as was the case with most married men among the trainees. I only first learned about Gates's marriage when Otis Cook, a light-skinned and rather heavyset Negro in the barracks, with whom Gates usually ate in the mess hall, told me that Gates had just received a Dear John letter from his wife and was requesting emergency leave to return to Detroit to try to patch things up. The reason that Cook was telling me this was that he was collecting money from everyone in the barracks to get up a fund to get Gates to get home on. I gave him twenty bucks, out of my poker winnings. Gates was to leave for Detroit the next day, a Sunday, after inspection. He seemed defeated before he left—as who in his place would have been—and not very optimistic about

able to hold his marriage together. Dressed in his greens and bulky army overcoat, he amid our calls of good luck. If I thought it all strange that he had bothered to taking on so dour a mission a recent PX acquisition, his portable hi-fi, I didn't, in my sympathy for the poor guy, choose to dwell on it. My mother's Aunt Sophie used to say, "Go lerstand the *shvartzers*!"

While Gates was in Detroit, I spent the first day of my two years in the army. It was day of KP, which started out like all such days, except that I did not get the job I had needed to prefer on KP, that of scrubbing pots and pans. I preferred it because, while it involved the most drudgery, it also involved, so relievedly dreary was it recognized to be, at least harassment. Instead I had to take a job of dining-room orderly, which involved mopping and cleaning off tables, mopping floors, washing salt and pepper shakers, cleaning the milk machines, replacing condiments. Under a high mess sergeant it meant a number of additional chores as well. And our mess hall, a large one shared by four different companies, had a tough mess sergeant: a short man, a gro from New York of compact build and flowish color with the misleadingly soft me of Larry Winslow.

It looked to be the normal grueling fifteen-hour day on KP, but Sergeant Winslow had added a new twist to the usual torture. After our dining-room chores following lunch were finished, instead of allowing us a short break, he put the eight dining-room orderlies to the diabolous and knuckle-busting job of rubbing down his huge black ovens with steel wool. To that purpose we did this was unclear, yet the obvious, because you could not determine if you were making any progress on it—you just kept rubbing those frigging ovens, which didn't get any shinier or any duller—was impossible to concentrate on for long. Winslow caught us talking about the endlessness of the job. In a relentless voice, without a tremor of passion in it, he warned that if he caught us again he could expect to spend the entire night working in his kitchen. I doubt that there was anyone among us who did not believe in his ability to make good on the threat, but theedium of the task simply proved too much. Half-an-hour later we were joking again. One of us noticed Sergeant Winslow approaching from behind. "More grab-assin', I see," he said in that terrific calm voice. "All right. You will all spend the night taking off the old wax from these floors and rewaxing them." And so we did. We worked till 5:30 the next morning, a full twenty-four-hour shift, knocking off only when the next day's KPs came on,

leaving us bleary-eyed and with time enough only to shave and change into fresh fatigues for the day's classes.

Everyone who has put in his time in the army has run into a man of quiet but quite earnest cruelty like Sergeant Winslow, and the only reason I bring him up here is because, two weeks after our twenty-four-hour KP shift, when we were given our first pass into the town of Fort Smith, I saw the fearsome Sergeant Winslow. He was driving through town in a current year's white Buick convertible. The top was down and he was laughing and sharing a feeling of comfortable cordiality with a companion who turned out to be my old bunk-mate, Private Jackson Gates.

This glimpse of him on obviously chummy terms with Sergeant Winslow altered my opinion of Gates. But then, my opinion of Gates regularly underwent alterations. While we were at Chaffee, a Liston-Patterson title bout was scheduled, and near the day of the fight I stood a few men down from Gates in the chow line at lunch. He talked about the fight with great authority. Doing a bit of fancy footwork, feigning and snorting in a shadowboxing dance, he allowed as how, back in Detroit, he had had five professional fights as a middleweight. Bull, I said to myself. Then I heard him say that he had lost four of these fights, two by knockout, and after the last knew it was time to get out before he had his brains permanently scrambled. Artful bull, I thought, but still bull. Yet not long after Gates returned from his trip home to save his marriage—a trip whose outcome, along with my twenty bucks, was never mentioned—he began wearing a T-shirt across the front of which was printed "Detroit Golden Gloves 1957." Could he have had those pro fights? Who, with Gates, knew?

WHAT WAS KNOWN was an extraordinary performance that Gates had put on in the company commander's office. I myself learned about it from Marv Gradman, the company clerk, who had been a ZBT at the University of Illinois, as I had been at the University of Michigan. Gates, as Gradman told the story, had requested permission to speak with the "old man." I put quotes around "old man" because he, our company commander, was a first lieutenant who had gone through the ROTC program at Auburn University in Alabama and who could not have been more than twenty-five, or two years older than most of us in clerk-typist school. He was blond, the old man, with perfect teeth and well

"It looked to be the normal grueling fifteen-hour day on KP, but Sergeant Winslow had added a new twist to the usual torture."

Joseph Epstein
RACE
RELATIONS

turned-out in his tailored and starched fatigues. He had, as Gradman explained, less than ninety days to serve before returning to Mobile, Alabama, a fiancée, and a profitable family construction business. Never very wide-ranging in his interests to begin with, the old man, according to Marv Gradman, at this time had only one thing on his mind: getting the hell out of the army and back to Mobile with as little complication as possible.

Since the old man had not a ghost of a clue who Jackson Gates was, one has to imagine his surprise when Gates, this strange-looking creature in thick black-framed glasses, shows up before his desk, pops him a salute that would have been overdue if offered to Benito Mussolini, and, after his salute was limply returned, began:

"Sir, Private Jackson Gates reporting, sir! The reason I am here is to report acts of racial discrimination against myself in this company, sir! I do not want at this time to go into any detail about these acts, sir! I have considered reporting them to my uncle, Mr. Samuel Gates, attorney-at-law and executive secretary of the Greater Detroit Chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, sir! But I do not wish to be a bitcher, sir! No, sir! Instead, sir, knowing that you are a white man from Alabama and I am a Negro from Detroit, sir, I thought I would show you some of the best damn soldiering you ever seen out of any draftee, white or black, sir!"

And with this, Gates, still at rigor mortis attention, clicked his heels, popped another extravagant salute, executed an about-face of furious agility, and marched out of the old man's office. The old man's mouth had not yet closed when Gradman, having been rung on the intercom, appeared in his office.

"Specialist Gradman," the old man drawled, "what in the cotton-pickin' hell was that all about?"

Whatever it was, it was decidedly not something that was going to keep the old man from getting back to Mobile in eighty-odd days. Suddenly, at morning lineups and elsewhere, Private Jackson Gates emerged from obscurity.

"Okay, Gates," the first sergeant announced, "march the men off to class."

"Gates," the sergeant in charge of Saturday morning P.E. called out, "help me demonstrate to these young troopers how a push-up ought to be done. Watch Gates, men."

"All right, Gates, you take over as sergeant of the guard. Assign the shifts. But you're not to walk any guard yourself."

To pick up an extra \$20 or \$25 Gates would every so often contract to do guard duty for someone else in the barracks. Easy money for

him, since he never actually had to walk himself—he could count on being pick sergeant of the guard—but merely had to for it. One weekend, when he had taken someone else's guard duty under these terms, he found he had no clean dress shirt and if he could borrow one of mine, which I promised to have laundered and back to before the week was out.

I handed him a shirt from out of my locker.

"Thanks, baby," he said. "I won't forget."

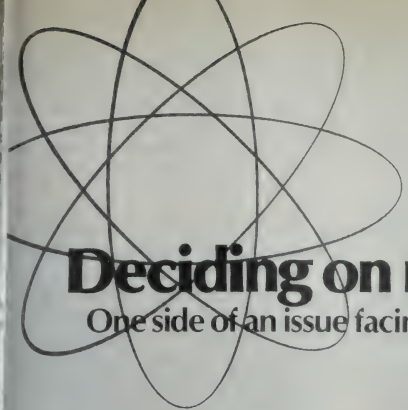
Although our bunks were next to each other, Gates and I could scarcely be said to be friends. He for the most part hung around with seven or eight Negroes in the company—on weekends, or so I gathered, with Sergeant Winslow. What conversation we had was usual common grousing, complaints about food, or the weather, or army life in general. When he came in late—where from, I still had no idea—he would greet me in the latrine with a perfunctory "How ya makin' it?" or "What happenin'?" That, though, was about the extent of it. But with my loaning Gates a shirt for guard duty, I sensed a slight change in his attitude toward me; if not precisely a new friendship, then a recognition that I wasn't just another white face. One Saturday morning, when I was running late for inspection, I was hurriedly straightening out my footlocker and looking up to find that Gates, without being asked, was making my bed. I was touched.

NOT THAT ANY REAL FRIENDSHIP between us was likely to develop. More than four of our sixteen weeks in the clerk-typist school remained, at which time we would all be shipped out to Chaffee to work as company clerks or in headquarters companies on other posts. In the interim there was no war, and no serious threat of one. The only question was where each of us would be assigned: some dreary hole like Fort Bliss, Texas, or Fort Polk, Louisiana, or Fort Ord, California, or Georgia, or Korea, which sounded better, but at least offered the prospect of some local time in Japan; or, plum of plums, Europe, where in Europe.

Early one Saturday afternoon Gates and I were alone in the barracks. An Erroll Garner record was playing on his hi-fi. I was writing a letter home and Gates was sitting on the edge of his bunk shining a pair of boots. When he asked me where I hoped to be transferred to after clerk-typist school.

"Anywhere in Europe would be great," I said. "What about you?"

"I'm heading back home to Detroit,"



Deciding on nuclear energy.

One side of an issue facing the electric power industry.

Nuclear power is not the energy form of the future. It is very much a part of the present. And important national decisions must be made if it is to continue to make its contribution to energy supply.

Nuclear plants have been generating electricity commercially in the U.S. since 1957. Today, 71 plants provide 12% of this country's electricity—about the same as we get from hydro-electric dams, more than all electric power generated in the country in 1957. In some areas, most of the electricity people use is nuclear. 95 more nuclear stations are now under construction. The number of countries with nuclear power programs is now 53.

A clean record

Nuclear generation of electricity has grown because of its safety, reliability and economy. No nuclear industry started with a greater appreciation of potential hazards. None is operated under more stringent occupational and environmental safeguards.

The American Medical Association's Council on Scientific Affairs recently reported that, among the principal fuels available for electricity production in the next 25 years, nuclear power has the lowest adverse impact on health.

The near future

Nuclear power makes economic sense in meeting growing energy demands and in reducing the nation's dependence on oil and gas.

Unless we try to rely entirely on coal production for generation, or to shut down the economy, oil forms like solar power prove affordable, nuclear power will become increasingly important to the long-term well-being of the country.

Nuclear policy

The electric utility industry agrees with the expert opinions that ultimate disposal of radioactive wastes presents no insurmountable technical problems. Several acceptable methods are available.

But failure of the federal government to implement available nuclear waste disposal technol-

ogy is being mistakenly seen as an indication that the nuclear waste issue cannot be resolved.

Recently, we urged the Administration to take advantage of extensive, existing technical and scientific knowledge and to implement a program on a rigid schedule to provide a spent-fuel storage facility and a waste repository at the earliest practical time. These steps are necessary to assure the continued operation of nuclear power plants, to minimize the uncertainty that has been slowing down commitments for future nuclear plants in this country, and to separate the waste disposal issue from the licensing of new power plants.

Congress has divided responsibility for the national waste management program among several agencies of the federal government. The Department of Energy, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and the Environmental Protection Agency have elements of responsibility.

Now, Congress must provide additional effective legislative guidance for the waste management and spent-fuel storage programs.

The long run

Opinion polls repeatedly show that majorities of the American people support the use of nuclear energy to generate electricity. Where nuclear plants are in operation, the percentages are even higher.

If we are to be able to take advantage of the economic and energy-supply opportunities presented by nuclear energy, both in the near term and the long term, the federal government will need to take responsible action today.

If you would like to read more about nuclear energy as a source of electricity or learn more about the management of high-level radioactive wastes and spent fuel, write to us: Edison Electric Institute, 90 Park Ave., New York, NY 10016. We will be glad to send you more information.

Edison Electric Institute
The association of electric companies

said. He said this with absolute confidence.

"How can you be sure?"

"'Cause it already been taken care of."

Gates admired the shined boot, put it down, picked up its mate. "No sweat, daddy."

When I pressed him, Gates told me that through his friend Larry Winslow he had got to know another sergeant at G-1, personnel, where all the transfer orders were cut. "He a good cat," said Gates, "my man at G-1."

"Jackson, do you think your man could find a way to get me to Europe? If he can swing it, tell him there's three hundred in it for him. And, by the way, there's another two hundred in it for you."

I had blurted it out, said it without thinking about it, almost as if by instinct. But now that I had said it, I did not wish to withdraw what I had said. The quality of the next eighteen months of my life hinged on where I would be sent. Would they be lively or dead months? Eighteen months in Germany or France as opposed to eighteen months in Texas or Missouri made all the difference in the world. As for the money I had promised Gates, well, I had poker winnings stowed away of more than \$250; and the remainder I could get from friends in Chicago, or if need be from my parents. Of course, Gates could be lying, in which case it would come to nothing anyway. But then again he might not be, in which case I would have been foolish to have said nothing. As long as no money passed hands, it was worth a try.

"No harm my asking the cat," Gates said. "We'll get back to you on it, hear?"

Gates was apparently in no great hurry. A week went by without my hearing anything further from him. My mind, meanwhile, feasted on fantasies of weekends in Paris, London, Rome: myself seated before a small glass filled with amber liquid at twilight at the Brasserie Lipp; being fitted for an elegant and indestructible English suit on Jermyn Street, Savile Row; dashing about on a Vespa in the neighborhood of Vatican City. The contrast with the likely alternatives—beery weekends in Rollins, Missouri, tattoo shops in Killeen, Texas—was more than demoralizing. My patience ran out.

"Jackson," I asked one morning as we walked back from chow, "hear anything from your man in G-1 about getting me to Europe?"

"I told him about you, baby. Told him you okay but okay. He say he gonna look into it. He supposed to let me know tonight."

I awaited Gates that night in the latrine. I tried to read Turgenev, but it was no go. My mind drifted to tableaux of myself squirting wine into my mouth from a leather pouch in Andalusia, strolling leisurely among the tables

at Blackwell's in Oxford, skiing in Au. Around 11:30 Gates walked in.

"What's happenin', daddy?"

"My question to you exactly, Jackson."

"How do Brussels, Belgium, sound, dad?"

"Really? Brussels? It sounds beautiful me more."

"They need typists at something c NATO headquarters there—eight of them man says, why shouldn't you be one of typists? Trouble is, there ain't no Amer base in Brussels, so you'll got to live in apartment. Just like a civilian, pops." K ing this made it all the sweeter, Gates fla a gold-toothed smile.

"What about the money? Does your want it now?"

Much as I ached for Brussels, I was wary of being conned. Important to keep head here.

"Not yet," Gates said. "He says wait til final orders is cut—that'll be time enough pay him."

"Jackson, I'm very grateful to you for I want you to know that."

"No big deal, baby. I say, if you can h cat, why not help a cat?"

"What about your two hundred? Do need it now?"

"Keep it, man, you'll be needing it in rope. One day maybe you'll find a way to turn the favor."

My condition was one of edgy ec Brussels! Wonderful! I pictured the ma Europe and placed Brussels central on it. so many things could go wrong. We had se teen days left at Chaffee. Orders, we were would be issued in fifteen days. In fifteen c then, I would know for certain. As the dragged on, I found myself wanting to Gates if things were proceeding as plan But I hesitated to do so, lest I seem a pest as bad, somehow uncool. Instead I asked about his own plans to return to Detroit.

"The cat has it fixed up for me to work recruiting office about a mile from whe live. It gonna be sweet, baby, real sweet. can have Europe, daddy. Detroit is I enough for me."

I could have Europe. I read hope in line. Oh, I would take it. Yes. Yes. Yes. me Europe. But my hope was mixed with d that it wouldn't come off; dread of scar dread of some illness that would keep m Chaffee. I stopped playing poker, for fe would lose back my winnings and not have money to pay off Gates's man at G-1. I c no longer concentrate on my reading, an went to bed at lights-out, where I altern thoughts of European delight (a Belgian

s) with U.S. disaster (venereal disease in ahoma). The days crept on. With six to go, I asked Gates if he had heard anything about others having been cut, on the thin pretext of needing if his man wanted his money yet. Stay cool, daddy, stay cool. He'll let me know when he needs the bread."

WITH THREE DAYS to go, Gates told me he wanted a word with me outside the barracks.

"Orders is cut," he said. "Like a man promised, yours is for NATO headquarters, Brussels, Belgium. Mine is for Detroit, Michigan, U.S. of A."

"What about the money?"

"He says he don't need it till after you got your golden little orders in your hands. But I think maybe it's a good idea to give him half now, the other half after the orders is posted. Anyways, that's what I'm going to do—to show a man appreciation for the trouble he goes through."

This was the first indication I had that Gates, to me, was coming up with money. Somehow, somehow, I thought that his being a Negro, as assumed the sergeant in G-1 was, would get in the transfer to Detroit for nothing. We were, then, Gates and I, in the same boat. It was his not taking the \$200 from me for setting this up all the more impressive. I went back into the barracks and took my poker winnings from where I had them hidden, in the pages of the Penguin edition of *Felix Holt*, counted out seven twenties and a ten, and brought it back out to Gates.

"Thanks, Jackson," I said, "for everything." We shook hands. "Hey, daddy," he said, "no sweat."

Orders were to be posted on the bulletin board outside the orderly room on Saturday afternoon after chow. Sunday and Monday we could draw travel vouchers and ship out to our new assignments. I rather hoped that I might have a day between flights in New York to spend with college friends. If not, all right; but still, a day in Manhattan would be nice.

I was on my way to the bulletin board outside the orderly room, trying to control myself from breaking into a run, when I passed Walt Moherty, who was in my platoon in basic at Leonard Wood. He was angry.

"Something wrong, Walt?"

"Fuckin' A, something's wrong. I'm being sent to fuckin' Fort Hood right in the middle of fuckin' Texas."

"That's really lousy luck," I said.

"Save your sympathy for yourself," he said. "You're going there, too."

"What? Are you sure?"

"Unless I misread the list, you are."

I ran the rest of the way over to the orderly room. A crowd had gathered in front of the bulletin board. Names were listed in alphabetical order with destinations for each man marked on the right-hand side of the page alongside his name. Easily the majority of our company were being sent off to Fort Hood. When I found my own name, so, damn it, was I. What about Gates? I looked down the list; I looked down it again. Gates, Jackson, was not on it.

I walked back to the barracks in a daze. No Europe—Texas! Gates better have some explanation. At a minimum, I would get my money back, or goddamn know the reason why. Eighteen months of Texas loomed unbelievably ahead. I walked faster, then broke into a sprint.

Gates's bunk was stripped, the blankets and sheets gone, the mattress turned back against the foot of the bed. The door of his locker was open, the inside emptied out of all but a few hangers. Six or seven guys were in the barracks. Over in the far corner I saw Otis Cook, who had collected money for Gates's return to Detroit after receiving his Dear John letter. Otis was packing his gear, and looked up as I approached.

"Where they sending you?"

"Fort Hood," I said, becoming by now half-accustomed to the dismal idea.

"Me too. Supposed to be a place loaded with snakes. Ain't my idea of much of a place to be."

"Otis, have you seen Jackson Gates? I need to talk with him."

"Too late, man. Jackson went home early this morning, back to Detroit."

"I didn't see his name on the orders sheet."

"That's 'cause he got him a Section 8. Jackson done psychoed himself out."

"Gates psychoed out of the army?"

"He been taking tests the whole of the last two weeks. Trying to convince a headshrinker that what with his marriage bust-up and all he's having a nervous breakdown or something and going crazy. Jackson's about as crazy as a fox, for my money. But I guess he convinced them. He's gone. The crazy fox is a gone goose."

Otis stuffed a boot into his duffel bag, then began to stuff a second boot in. "See ya in Texas, man."

"Yeah," I said, "in Texas." I thought to add, "No sweat, daddy," but I realized that during the next eighteen months, under the scorching Texas sun, sweating and little else was precisely what I figured to be doing. □

"Sir, Private Jackson Gates reporting, sir! The reason I am here is to report acts of racial discrimination against myself in this company, sir!"

IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe

Woman's Fate



("Isn't he wonderful? He makes all of our big decisions . . . who we want for President in 1980, our policy toward China and Taiwan, our stand on HEW and restrictive tariffs and violence in hockey . . . and I make the little ones . . . where we're going to live, how big a mortgage we can carry, what kind of car we drive, how long he should stay at each job, and where the children should go to school.")

THE DECEITS OF BLACK HUMOR

source of reality is worth a jar of pickled angst

by John W. Aldridge

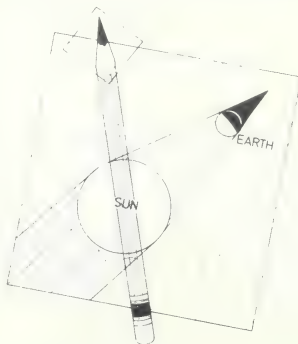
AN ESSAY published ten years ago I made certain impious pronouncements about the literary movement known as black humor or dark comedy, then just passing the peak of quite meretricious popularity. What troubled me most about black humor was that in too many instances it cut itself off from the vital source of effective satire—the close observation of the social and political world—and it evidently did so because it was easily horrified by the grotesqueness and complexity of that world and found it less painful to retreat into idleness (as does Kurt Vonnegut) or isolation (as does Thomas Pynchon) than to endure and create the genuine black comedy of contemporary experience. The result was that the living quality of the object or condition being satirized was too obliquely suggested in the work of these writers, or was altogether absent.

In the years that have passed since I made these observations, the world has moved on, but black humor on the whole has not. Its formerly innovative attitudes and artistic devices have been absorbed into the public domain and become institutionalized there as part of the official convention of discourse through which, not only in fiction but also in poetry, drama, journalism, and film, we habitually register our bafflement or outrage at the insane discontinuities and seemingly gratuitous malevolence of contemporary life. They are available now, like processed food in a supermarket, to any artist or social commentator in need of a jar of pickled Angst or instant Doom, and these ingredients had better be abundantly present in any

work with pretensions to being taken seriously as an honest statement about the larger unrealities of our time. But to the extent that black humor has substituted buzzwords and stereotypical formulations for fresh, imaginative perceptions, it has conditioned its audiences to respond in certain prescribed ways to experience without really providing them with the experience. If one finds the conditions of contemporary life deranging, one can take comfort from the fact that black humor has identified derangement as the only sane response, has classified it as the prime symptom of entropy, anomie, atomization, and other derivatives of the Second Law of Thermodynamics, and has perfected certain highly stylized modes of dramatizing it in fictional form. Thus, one knows that whenever the characters in a novel do not resemble human beings, it is because they have been dehumanized by the entropic forces that are fast dehumanizing us all. Whenever a fictional landscape seems fragmented or nightmarishly surreal, so that it is im-

possible to tell precisely what is going on, one knows that it is intended to function as a metaphor of the disorientation of the psyche when confronted with the bizarre arbitrariness of events. If the experiences and people portrayed in a novel seem trivial or empty, one can be sure they seem so because they represent the exhausted sensibility of the age.

In short, black humor has provided us with a number of analogical or parabolic evocations of the psychological disturbances of contemporary life, evocations that are sometimes so compelling we are almost persuaded that they actually do reveal reality rather than merely a set of stock responses to it. Yet over and over again in black-humor fiction the problem is that while the responses may be powerfully rendered, the concrete events and specific social circumstances that induced them are seldom identified or objectified. That essential dimension of fiction that Hemingway once described as comprising "the exact sequence of motion and fact which made the emotion" is almost always missing, leaving the emotion afloat in a causeless void.



IT IS ONE of Joseph Heller's several virtues as a black humorist that he has been able to avoid this problem and dramatize his steadily darkening vision of contemporary life through an evocation of the experiences responsible for it. In the fiction of Pynchon and Donald Barthelme, for

John W. Aldridge, professor of English at the University of Michigan, is the author of After the Lost Generation, The Devil in the Fire, and other books of criticism.

example, virtually everything and everyone exists in such a radical state of distortion and aberration that there is no way of determining from which conditions in the real world they have been derived or from what standard of sanity they may be said to depart. The conventions of verisimilitude and sanity have been nullified, and the fiction itself stands as a metaphor of a derangement that is seemingly without provocation and beyond measurement.

Heller, by contrast, derives his materials from the actualities of the observable world, portrays them with much greater fidelity to realism, and achieves his effects through comic exaggeration and burlesque rather than hallucination—which is perhaps to say that he descends from Dickens rather than Beckett. His characters are almost always grotesques, but they are presented as grotesques, and with no suggestion that grotesqueness is the natural and universal state of being. One is always certain, furthermore, precisely to what degree they and their situations are absurd or insane, because his narrative point of view is located in an observer with whom we can identify and who is rational enough to be able to measure the departures from rationality in the people and situations he encounters.

Yossarian's problem in *Catch-22*, for example, is that he is hopelessly sane in a situation of complete madness. The high comedy of the novel is generated by the fact that military life, when viewed satirically—which is to say, rationally—becomes ludicrous and, in wartime, malevolent. But there is nothing in *Catch-22* that a person of Yossarian's perpetually affronted sensibility would not have perceived in the same circumstances. The boundaries of the normal and predictable are never exceeded, but they are extended satirically to the point where, as happens in wars, all kinds of idiocy, cruelty, obsessive self-interest, and the most inhumane bureaucratic exploitation are made to seem normal and predictable, hence altogether horrifying. The big joke of the "catch" itself—that the men cannot be grounded for reasons of insanity because they are sane enough not to want to fly the required missions—is a particularly sick joke because it might so easily have been a reality. Colonel Scheisskopf, who ponders various ways in which

his men might be wired or nailed together in order to produce a perfect marching pattern; the general who orders his squadrons to bomb a village that has no strategic significance whatever because he wants photographs showing a perfect bombing pattern; Milo Minderbinder, who creates a massive syndicate involved in the exchange and sale of goods to both the Allies and the Axis powers, and who for a fee will arrange the bombing of his own men; Doc Daneeka, who, because he was scheduled to be aboard a plane that crashed, is declared officially dead, even though he is standing there protesting that he is alive—all are cartoon figures made plausible because they are extensions of the cold logic of wartime insanity. But in their comic extravagance these characters and others serve to dramatize Heller's altogether uncomic hatred of a system, supposedly consecrated to high patriotic service, that could so easily become diabolical because it views people as inanimate objects to be manipulated and destroyed for inane reasons. In such a situation Yossarian clearly has abundant provocations for his paranoia. There are real enemies out there, whether on our side or theirs, and, as he repeatedly complains, they are trying to kill him. But the vastly more frightening concern is that if he has no identity as a human being, then his death will have no significance.

In his second novel, *Something Happened*, Heller faced the opposite problem. The paranoia of his protagonist, Bob Slocum, is seemingly without provocation, yet it must somehow be dramatically justified. If Slocum has enemies, he can only suspect or imagine that they are out there, but he cannot locate them. The danger, moreover, is not that they will kill him but that in some mysterious way they will not allow him to discover and live a meaningful life. In the conventional view Slocum has all the advantages that make for meaning: a secure position with a large corporation; an excellent income; a big house in Connecticut; an attractive wife with whom he has regular and good sex; and at least one child, his elder son, whom he deeply loves. Yet such things do not constitute the sum of his life, and his difficulty—which is also a large technical one for Heller—is that he must locate and make real the sources of his anguish in a

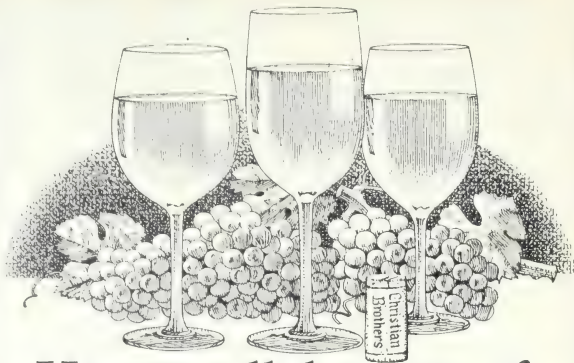
situation characterized precisely by the absence of difficulty.

The environment in which Slocum lives and works has, in fact, been deliberately engineered by the vast bureaucratic agencies of the new dystopianism so that it will contain conflict or contingency, so that it will not be engaged, affirmed, or denied by anyone within it. It has been created in conformity to the dogma most revered in the technocratic era: that freedom to take risks in an adverse environment has been abolished in favor of a secure function within an environment that has been happily sanitized of both freedom and risk, the system rewarding the dutiful performance of one's function with the guarantee that nothing will happen to anyone ever again.

Slocum's voice drones in an innumerable monologue out of a void in which the only sound is the sound of itself. It ranges obsessively over the past and present, trying to articulate the incomprehensible, seeking always to talk its way out of what is for Slocum the ultimate, terrifying helplessness: the inability to identify or confront the forces that are destroying one's life and preparing one's death. But the deeply lodged suspicion, both in *Catch-22* and *Something Happened* is that there is no one at the helm, that Kafka's castle is in fact empty, that there is no crime or punishment which one eternally stands condemned to, no order behind organization, no norm behind bureaucratic structure governing principle behind government, that what is happening is happening for no reason, and that the absolutely nothing to be done about it because the causes responsible cannot be located and the very idea of responsibility may have lost all meaning.

THIS IS THE radically nihilistic perception behind Heller's new novel, *Good as Gold*. In spite of it he has been able to generate what is at times an all too joyous comedy out of the depths of the apocalypse and to identify and expose some of the specific social conditions that have caused the vision of apocalypse to become a defining feature of the present. Heller has accomplished

* Published this month by Simon & Schuster.



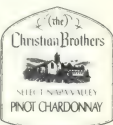
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through his particularly effective of two seemingly different kinds of native materials—the Jewish family experience (his first attempt in fiction draw on this experience) and a fully phantasmagoric rendition of the Washington political scene. His protagonist, Bruce Gold, is a minor Jewish intellectual, academic, and essayist plans to write an “abstract autobiography” based on the history of Jewish life in America, a book that is never written, but which the novel, in fact, becomes.

Gold moves back and forth between Washington and various dreadful dealings with his relatives in New York, seeing no connection between the two except that Washington promises to be a glamorous escape from the stulticness of the family. Yet it is the central brilliances of the novel that although they are never explicitly paralleled, the Washington and family experiences finally assume a tenuous similarity. Both represent aspects of the same condition: the collapse of those values that once made manhood and rationality necessary.

As Heller portrays it, the trashed and decaying environment of South Brooklyn becomes an objectification of the devolving history of Gold's second-generation immigrant family. The neighborhood in which he grew up had one time been a community held together by ties of blood relationship, ethnic tradition, and loyalties growing out of the shared experience of struggle and privation. Now the area has become a jungle and a battlefield, where teenage gangs roam the littered streets “murdering old people casually the course of their youthful depredations,” boarded-up shops are vandalized, and there seem to be no places left where people can “buy food, have their suits and dresses mended and dry cleaned, their shoes and radios fixed, and their medical prescriptions filled.” As Gold drives up Mermaid Avenue, he does not see a single drugstore or Jewish delicatessen.

There was no longer a movie house operating in Coney Island; drugs, violence, and vandalism had closed both garish, towering theaters years before. The brick apartment house in which he had spent his whole childhood and nearly all his adolescence had been razed; on the site stood something newer and

uglier that did not seem a nourishing improvement for the Puerto Rican families there now.

And Gold, like Tiresias brooding upon the wasteland devastation, concludes:

Every good place has always been deteriorating, and everything bad is getting worse. Neighborhoods, parks, beaches, streets, schools were falling deeper into ruin and whole cities sinking into rot... It was the Shoot the Chute into darkness... the plunging roller coaster into disintegration and squalor. Someone should do something. Nobody could. No society worth its salt would watch itself perishing without some serious attempt to avert its own destruction. Therefore... we are not a society. Or we are not worth our salt. Or both.

Like the old neighborhood, Gold's family once had a communal integrity founded on the need to survive in an environment that was harshly adversary—not because of crime and violence but because times were hard, jobs were scarce, and too many immigrant families were competing to make a life in a new country. Gold's brother and five sisters all made large sacrifices, the brother quitting school early and going to work to help support the family, while the father lost job after job. It could hardly be said that they were happy picturesquely toiling together or even that they deeply cared for one another. They were and remained the sort of people who are caring only so long as circumstances require them to be. Now that they are middle-aged and affluent, they have disintegrated into a group of bickering malcontents who come together only because they are tyrannized into it by their maniacal eighty-two-year-old father. At family gatherings their prime concern is to persuade him to cut short his annual visit with them and return to Florida. But the father has no intention of doing so because he knows it would give them pleasure. He finds his own pleasure in abusing Gold unmercifully because Gold is an intellectual and writes articles that nobody in the family can understand and that do not make money.

All these people have long been displaced from the realities that formed them and gave them some sense of common purpose, and now they have become abstracted into caricatures of hostility and self-interest. Having sur-

vived the need to deal aggressively with their environment, they have turned their aggressions against one another, while around them what is left of their old environment is being destroyed by new generations of displaced people to whom it has no relation whatever and whose aggression against it is a means to nothing.

IN THE WASHINGTON sections of the novel this effect of derangement from conditions of order, sanity, and meaningful causality is achieved through a masterful burlesque of government bureaucracy. The people in these sections are shown to be as divorced from reality as Gold's family is displaced from South Brooklyn. Political figures have lost all sense of the principles, causes, issues, and human interests they have been elected to work for and represent, and the result in their case is not aggression but a kind of psychotic arbitrariness. In the absence of clear and unavoidable imperatives that fix the nature of reality and control one's perception of it, reality can become anything one wishes it to be or decides it is. Titles of official positions have no relation to any specific function, and any office can be filled by anyone, since no one knows what qualifications are needed for what office. Therefore, any qualifications will do for any office. The language of government is similarly unrelated to the ideas or experiences it is supposed to describe. Words are used not to communicate but to obscure meaning, because all meaning is provisional and conjectural.

Gold hopes to be chosen for an important political position in Washington, and in an effort to win favor has written a flattering review of the President's book *My Year in the White House*. The President, who is a pointedly unnamed successor to Gerald Ford, has evidently spent much of his first year in office writing about his first year in office. "Yet," Heller observes, "nowhere in the book does he say anything about being busy with writing the book." He is delighted with Gold's review, especially with a phrase from it, "Nothing succeeds as planned," and instructs Ralph Newsome, an old friend of Gold's now serving as an "unnamed source" in the White House, to sound him out about his interest in a

government appointment. Newsome offers Gold several possible choices: rising from Ambassador to the Court St. James, head of NATO or the unnamed spokesman, Secretary of Defense, the Treasury, HEW, or the country's very first Jewish Secretary of State (Henry Kissinger, according to Gold, has lied about being a Jew; he is really a German). Newsome assures him that whichever job he decides to take, he will be able to do anything he wants "as long as it's everything we tell you to say and do in support of our policies, whether you agree with them or not. You'll have complete freedom." When Gold asks for time to think all this over, Newsome tells him that "we'll want to move ahead with this as speedily as possible, although we'll have to go slowly... We'll have to build this up into an important public announcement, although we'll want to be completely secret."

Gold's time in Washington is spent in repeated sessions with Newsome during which they discuss the positions he might want to hold, and in going to arrange for Gold to meet the President. But it turns out that the President actually never sees any one and sleeps during his office hours, cause, as Newsome explains, "he is very early riser. He is up at five every morning, takes two sleeping pills, a tranquilizer, and goes right back to bed for as long as he can sleep."

As he did in *Catch-22*, Heller tries here to ring too many changes on what is essentially one good joke. And satire much of the time is so laughably heartedly outlandish that it very nearly neutralizes one's awareness that kind of insanity Heller makes laughable has also in the real world had most destructive consequences. There is more than an edge of anger in Heller's portrait of the Washington political scene, just as there are tremendously ominous implications in his vision of American culture. His novel is indeed comic, often hilariously so, but it is also comedy of the bleakest and blackest kind. It is all about a society that is fast going insane, the learning to accept chaos as order, unreality as normal. The horror is the time may soon come when the conditions Heller depicts will no longer seem to us either funny or the bit odd.

COZYING UP TO CLIO

by Timothy Foote

Wind from America, by Claude Manceron: translated from the French by Nancy Amphoux. 584 pages, illustrated. Alfred A. Knopf, \$17.95.

ONE REASON *The Wind from America* is interesting is that it raises the question of how far a historian should go in trying to a popular audience and what risks he takes in an age when readers seem much given over to content about Suzanne Somers's cooking and Cher's love life. Claude Manceron is a French novelist and biographer (of Voltaire) turned historian. His current project, which has already costed twenty years of research and writing, is an eight-volume history of the revolutionary period in France called *Men of Liberty*. It runs roughly from the death of Louis XV in 1774 up to the Terror to the moment in 1797 when exhausted Frenchmen waited for the dawn of Napoleonic order. *The Wind from America* (1778 to 1811) is Volume 2, and like all four volumes already published in France, was a runaway best-seller. If some of this success is due to the French passion for the French past, encouraged by the still-high historical demands placed on educated Frenchmen by the baccalaureate degree, much of it must be attributed to Manceron's style of presenting his material. For what Tom Wolfe was to the new journalism, Claude Manceron is to the writing of history.

Wolfe would do anything (*anything*) to avoid what he called the "pale, beige tone" that had become the boring, understated narrative voice of journalism. Manceron clearly feels the same way about the pale gray of academic history. Like Wolfe he overreports his subject, amassing mountains

of footnotes, facts, opinions, and colorful quotations. (Says the mother of the Duc de Chartres, when asked who the boy's real father was: "When you fall into a briar patch, can you pick out the one that scratches you?") Manceron's laudable, but sometimes unsuccessful, aim is to stir among his readers a kinetic "you are there" empathy with an assortment of persons and predicaments from the past.

Nobody reading *The Wind from America* will have any doubt why the French refer to a popularizer as a *vulgarisateur*. Though certainly vulgar, Manceron at his best, like Wolfe at his, can be sharp and original. His portrait of Ben Franklin dropping in on Madame Helvétius and her eighteen Angora cats, and later trying to get the lady to marry him (at age seventy-five to her fifty-three), blends quotes from Franklin's letters and journals with Manceron's unquestionable gift for small talk in ways that could hardly be improved upon by Wolfe himself:

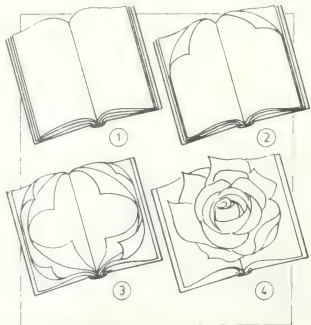
But Franklin's still waiting for his breast of chicken. Maybe she wants a formal proposal? Down he goes on his knees, all creaky and tottering. He loves her as she is, round

and chubby, not very fastidious about her person, crumpled and rumpled and badly powdered, with her overflowing bosom, her dimples and her wrinkles, this woman who for thirty years has entertained every intellect in Europe: the widow of Helvétius. Franklin is proposing to a living institution.

Manceron does not entirely avoid what French historian Fernand Braudel has called, with a faint verbal grimace, *l'histoire événementielle* (history told mainly through great events). The book takes up celebrated battles like Yorktown, and historic moments like the rather public birth of Marie Antoinette's baby, and the resignation of Necker, who has just fatefully failed to reform Louis XVI's economic policies. It is crammed with famous personages: Louis himself, Washington, Lafayette, Encyclopedist Denis Diderot, the nine-year-old Napoleon, who is still sharing a bed with his elder brother Joseph.

Manceron sees great men small, though, and for the most part foolish, from a viewpoint in which schoolboy cheek and Marxist cynicism combine. He packages history chronologically, month by month, like a journal, not as shapely, sequential chapters but as oddly juxtaposed vignettes. (John Paul Jones attacking the British port of Whitehaven and Mozart's homesick mother dying in Paris, for example, are presented back to back under July of 1778.) The sheer array of *recherché* persons and places is also impressive: French soldiers in cork vests practice amphibious maneuvers in the Seine for a cross-channel invasion of England that never comes; Philippe Egalité, age thirty-one in this volume, tries to ac-

Timothy Foote is a senior editor of Time magazine.



quire worldly luster in a naval battle, against England, hoping to break out of the limbo of libertinage into which, as Manceron sees it, Louis XVI's henchmen always tried to cast members of the cadet branch of the royal family; Dr. Franz Anton Mesmer treats his patients with "magnetized" water and listens to their case histories, like a modern analyst. There are seventy-three such vignettes in this volume alone, each written as they might have been rattled off by a slangy, knowing novelist presenting the reader with a minor character of his own invention.

MANCERON'S SLANGY STYLE veers from interior monologue to what Tom Wolfe called a "downstage voice" that comments on the proceedings as if engaged in them. One voice has been specially created to sneer on behalf of the French court. "Lafayette has America on the brain," it will say. Or, retailing the Versailles view of France's involvement with Lafayette's overseas passion, the American Revolution, "Everybody's bored to tears with this war. It's like a play that never ends."

The author has a born popularizer's skill at putting a historic decision in contemporary perspective and briskly summing it up in worldly human terms. He also conveys, with extraordinary intensity, the odd blend of murderous rage and compassion that gives rise to revolution. Following the argument of the 1781 edition of the Abbé Raynal's *Histoire des Deux Indes*, which the contemporary French historian Yves Benot has described as "the revolutionary testament of the eighteenth century," Manceron records Raynal's impatience with the standard argument that cruelty and exploitation are all right because they have always existed. Manceron concludes:

The foundation of all revolutionary thought lies in this idea that now is what matters, and don't try to tell us about anything else. As one scans the images of that now, the temperature begins to rise. And keeps on rising until it reaches that irrepressible indignation at injustice, the burst blood vessel of Revolution, the wrath of love.

Everyday Frenchmen can, and still do, use such a word as "ignoble" with-

out sounding pretentious. French intellectuals can and do employ slang without sounding as if they were trying to hype the unwashed reader. But Manceron's constant straining after vivacity does not travel well. Here is Nancy Amphoux's Americanized rendering of another naval hero, Pierre André Suffren, burning for action aboard his sixty-four-gun ship, the *Fantasque*, while the French fleet loiters in Martinique under dilatory Admiral d'Estaing.

What the f . . . are we doing here, for Christ's sake, screwing around for six whole months. . . . That lousy d'Estaing has apparently dragged the entire Toulon fleet over here just to stuff it in a drawer at the edge of America. We chickened out at New York, we collapsed in Newport, now we're snoring in the Windwards.

Suffren was as tough a seaman as ever walked a quarterdeck. He was foul-mouthed—and foul-smelling, too, it would appear—and this appreciation of d'Estaing's tactics is perfectly accurate. But after a while that kind of self-conscious chatter gets between the reader and the subject. He would gladly swap Manceron's color for a little cool gray prose.

MANCERON offers his own personal commentary fairly often. But his method customarily keeps his perspective close to the perceptions of the character he is inhabiting at the moment, and often not enough is known, despite all that research, to provide adequate basis for the kind of from-the-inside-out reflective monologue he indulges in. One result is that the actual wind from America, circa '78-'82, which has to do with the rights of man, does not blow very strongly through the book. The war in the colonies is fleetingly glimpsed by Lafayette, though Manceron includes aperçus from men like Rochambeau, de Grasse, and even Count Axel Fersen, a Swedish courtier and friend of Marie Antoinette.

French readers, of course, will not much miss the American scene. But even from the French point of view *The Wind from America* is a book very much about a curtain-raising period. In 1780 the French Revolution, which all these doings are intended to elucidate

and lead up to, was scarcely dreamed of, let alone inevitable. Unavoidably many of the private lives that Manceron takes up as early threads in his later narrative belong to men and women whose thoughts and actions have not yet become matters of historical moment. In Volume 1, entitled *The Wind of the Old Order*, he briefly presents Danton and Robespierre as scholars, the one playing hooky from school in Reims to witness the coronation of Louis XVI in Paris, the other delivering a speech in praise of the monarchy from the steps of Notre Dame. In *The Wind from America*, Jean Paul Marat appears, at age thirty-seven, a doctor much outraged at the Establishment because his treatise on fire and electricity is rejected by the Academy of Sciences. Several entries, and many pages devoted to a will-they-or-won't soap opera about the courtship of Jean-Philippe and Jean Roland, the young Count Mirabeau is visited in jail, writing to his mistress, long suffering Sophie de Monnier. Future slingers and mudslingers of the revolution, among them the Abbé Olympe de Gouges, Jacques Hébert, flit in and out. Marat is obviously afflicted by pimples, political failure, impotent fury, and the kind of juvenile isolation that seems to have led first to romantic individualism and then to hatred of authority.

Trying to be knowledgeable about so many ideas, and incidents, Manceron runs risks, cuts corners, commits small errors visible even to the layman. Historians will no doubt stomp at him. But his one real problem is stylistic reach so far exceeding his grasp that anyone's prolonged grasp that will first seems a clever and attractive device eventually exhausts the writer, and the reader too. The effect is a little like watching someone try to play "Minute Waltz" in thirty-eight seconds over and over again for a year.

It may be that both the manner and matter will not be improved out, for good or ill, until characters are on more familiar historical ground, wading in blood and mire—in the full rush of revolution, for example, when Roland was Minister of the Interior and killed himself after receiving news that his wife had been guillotined as a Girondin. find out, readers should check back about Volume 5.

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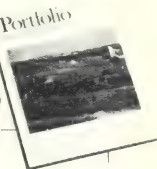
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OF A CERTAIN PERSUASION

The Muse distracted

by Jeffrey B

... *Hamlet and Lear* are gay

—W.B. Yeats

Wild Man, by Tobias Schneebaum. 264 pages, illustrated. Viking, \$12.50.

Faggots, by Larry Kramer. 304 pages. Random House, \$10.95.

Dancer from the Dance, by Andrew Holleran. 250 pages. William Morrow, \$9.95.

Nocturnes for the King of Naples, by Edmund White. 148 pages. St. Martin's, \$7.95.

Chamber Music, by Doris Grumbach. 213 pages. E.P. Dutton, \$8.95.

Dress Gray, by Lucian K. Truscott IV. 489 pages. Doubleday, \$10.95.

ART IS LONG, life is short, and books are even shorter. This is what is meant by an orderly universe. In the best of all possible worlds, life would be long and books long on art. Since there is no Latin epigram for this sort of world it must be impossible. So, back to the real world. Reality requires an occasional facing, including the recently uncovered feature that not all men and women are heterosexual. These are difficult times. Many people were just getting used to the idea that not all women want to be housewives. Without a decent period of adjustment, these same people have to swallow the notion that some human beings are gay, and unhappy with the way they are treated. Left out, homosexuals want rights. They become a movement and a minority. They become, *mutatis mutandis*, a fact of life and, in keeping with the rules of orderly universes, a subject of books.

Normally this whole process takes time—the ideal gestation period would be approximately what it takes to grow the tree that is destroyed to make the book—but time flees. On the dirty, business end of publishing, timeliness

is next to godliness. Ten days of two-hour TV specials on Bwana Jim Jones is not enough: let there be three instant paperbacks as well. Never mind how publishers subtly communicate this attitude to writers, or how some writers adopt it all by themselves. It happens. Six books by, about, or for homosexuals appear in as many months. To the rattling sound of typewriters racing and presses rolling is added the ringing of the register. And more often than not, art is short-changed.

Tobias Schneebaum's *Wild Man* is a species of travel writing in which the focus frequently shifts to certain unmapped regions of the author's psyche and soul. Schneebaum begins by stating his lifelong lust for the Wild Man of Borneo—a passion, born of circus visits in childhood, that compels him to search the world's more primitive and dangerous areas for what, far from civilization, he hopes to find in himself and another: a natural man, a noble savage. By tramp steamer, seaplane, helicopter, jeep, and foot-power he explores a good deal of South America, Africa, India, and Southeast Asia. His courage is considerable, his sincerity unquestionable. But stunning descriptive passages, good reporting, and a sense of the shapely anecdote are not

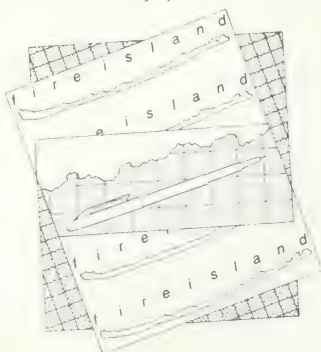
always sufficient distractions from tumid prose in which Schneebaum records his progress toward self-tuition and union with the Wild. Near the end, in New Guinea, a is becoming avatar and the author looking forward to bunking with natives:

I could displace everything, arrange my lives, replace my place with that of the wild man, insinuate his presence into my void, and stretch his integrity into my despair. I could reach out for him to embrace me.

Closer to home, passion is less phrastic. Two novels by gay authors, Larry Kramer's *Faggots* and Andrew Holleran's *Dancer from the Dance*, are strong arguments that fiction is more has it that these are *romances* (clef) can do without subtlety, quence, characters, general appeal. Both books describe the style of life carried on by gay men in the homosexual quarters of Manhattan and Island, where the perspective is always 3-D—discos, dancing, and drugs. *Faggots*, a gay man approaching life seeks true love by sifting among human flotam of several past terms affairs. But love means nevering the latest hardware: leather, assorted appliances for sado-masochic dalliance. The hero "wonders would happen if all their toys and their costumes were taken away. is almost mature, thus depriving Kramer, who wrote the screenplay *Women in Love*, uses snappy prose humor to make the short orthographic journey from explicitness to explicitness.

By comparison, Andrew Holleran a romantic who believes a love may be had by repeating the words as often as possible. James Joyce

Jeffrey Burke is the copy editor of *Harvard*



Y: "Love loves to love love." Hol-
s' hero, a young man desired by
and agreeable thereto, seeks es-
from the land of the one-night
l. After many "tricks," parties,
repetitions of the aforementioned
ra, he disappears, last seen swim-
away from a Fire Island fête.
writing here is acceptable, though
The characters are wooden and
table, composed of clichés and
d names. Both Kramer (intention-
and Holleran (artlessly) present
s world worthy of little more than
ain. They do nothing for the cause
terature and less for the cause of
rights. It may be of interest that
cer from the *Dance* takes its title
a poem by Yeats called "Among
iol Children."

THE MAIN CHARACTER of Ed-
mund White's *Nocturnes for
the King of Naples* is also
homosexual, often depressed,
searching, in memory, for a male
r lost. But there ends any simi-
y with the two books preceding.
ite is a gifted, witty writer; he at-
s to every word, phrase, and sen-
e, and his range of effects is ex-
rdinary. A few examples:
a group of students on a bus:

... they swayed on the open plat-
orm, dresses and shirts fluttering,
books dangling on leather straps
like suspended disbelief.

an anxious mistress:

... Linda reigned rather than ruled,
a figurehead with the figure if not
the head for a position imperiled
every week by the arrival of a new
rival, usually younger.

an ancient woman whom the nar-
or guides to a hotel:

Her suitcase was no larger than a
lunchbox and as light as her re-
maining sentence on earth.

spite many deft touches, the book
a dense piece of work, made up of
ht vaguely connected episodes in the
aracter's gloomy picaresque, an anat-
y of melancholy lush with images
d impressions. The narrator says,
sustained unhappiness, the sort I was
taining, goes on too long to toler-
e clarity." The reader can take that
a warning.

More or less on the distaff side

is Doris Grumbach's *Chamber Music*,
the memoirs of a ninety-year-old wom-
an who has been asked to write an
account of her life with her husband,
a famous musician long dead. The
novel is an unsettling tale of liberation.
Caroline Maclaren falls into a "deep
emotional freeze" during twelve
years of marriage. Her husband, Robert,
is dedicated to music, indifferent
to life, love, wife. He dies after a long,
agonizing bout with the last stages of
syphilis, contracted early in the mar-
riage from another man. Caroline
comes to love and live with the nurse
who attended her husband—"she was
moisture to my dried roots"—finding
warmth, emotion, fulfillment. This re-
lationship also lasts twelve years, until
the nurse dies. Such a plot summary
might be bluntly reduced to: lousy hus-
band gets punished for gay interlude,
freeing long-suffering wife for gay ful-
fillment. Simplistic as that précis may
be—it ignores pages of implication,
Robert's psychological profile, and
Grumbach's careful sustaining of Caro-
line's turn-of-the-century innocence—
the elements fall too readily into an
unbalanced moral equation. If it were
badly written, *Chamber Music* might
be seized as afflatus for NOW pam-
phleteers.

Dress Gray, by Lucian K. Truscott
IV, has only one significant homo-
sexual, but the context gives him mile-
age. A West Point cadet is murdered.
He was homosexual. Hush-hush, goes
the brass. One cadet decides to in-
vestigate, becomes obsessed, finds him-
self knocking on Pentagon doors. For
a whodunit, *Dress Gray* is snailish in
pace. The dialogue is sometimes
wretched. The background material on
West Point, where Truscott did time,
is thorough and interesting. Hollywood
bit.

Incidentally, the startling epigraph at
the outset comes from "Lapis Lazuli,"
a curious and beautiful poem written
in the Thirties and marred only by
Yeats's imperfect understanding of the
word *gay*. He used it to suggest a time-
less insight into everything tragic and
comic in life. Elsewhere in the poem,
unable to foresee the literature of Fire
Island, Yeats writes: "All things fall
and are built again, / And those that
build them again are gay." But after
all, what's in a word? It's the book
that's important. □

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AMERICA'S FOREIGN POLICY: A RAKE'S PROGRESS

(Continued from page 50) Clifford, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., McGeorge Bundy, and Zbigniew Brzezinski. These men do not constitute a cabal; it is even probable that they have no wish to form or join an establishment, but because most of the people in the country prefer to avoid the company of foreigners they achieve their eminence by default. Perhaps this explains the shoddiness and the timidity of their policies. It is their submission to the rule of money that gives their advice, no matter what the partisan politics of the moment, its consistency of tone and emphasis.*

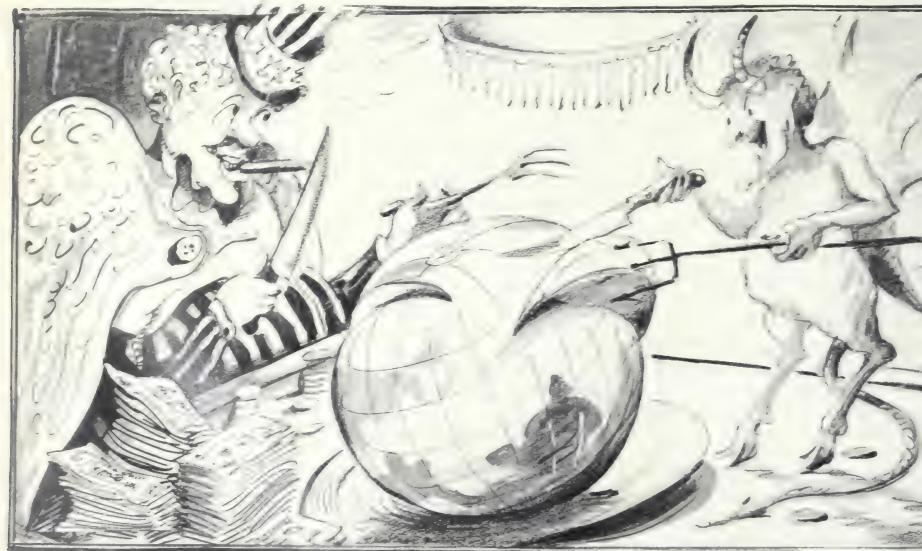
In periods of relative optimism and extravagance, when the world is young

* Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt in 1906 expressed this principle of American foreign policy when instructing her niece in the fine points of social politics. "One never meets Jews," Mrs. Vanderbilt said. The niece reminded Mrs. Vanderbilt that she took tea on Friday afternoons with Mrs. August Belmont. "Of course," Mrs. Vanderbilt said, "one chooses who a Jew is." Thus the Carter Administration can decide that the Nigerian generals have enough oil to exempt them from the status of dictators and that Mr. Marcos in the Philippines deserves to be paid \$1 billion for the use of his facilities at Subic Bay.

and all things seem possible, the family retainers permit the heir an occasional indulgence or youthful folly. President Kennedy's advisers made no objection to the assassination of Diem, and allowed him to toy with the hope of assassinating Fidel Castro. But the heir always likes to think well of himself, and so when going about these Machiavellian adventures of state, the family retainers perform the service of doing things in the heir's name but not in his sight. In this respect they resemble New York divorce lawyers, who for the sake of the children, find it prudent to blackmail the showgirl wife with photographs of her debut in a New Orleans brothel. During periods of reaction and constraint the family retainers warn the heir against doing anything that might injure the integrity of the trust fund. Thus Mr. Carter's advisers recommend that the United States curry favor with any nation, slave or free, that can guarantee commodities, raw materials, and markets.

The more desperate the circumstances of the heir, the more likely that he will be attended by retainers who are themselves consumed with avarice and ambition. It is the habit of the rich to have enemies for friends, and

so they surround themselves with sips and hairdressers whose sexualility presents no obvious claim against the fortune and who take pleasure in contributing to the dissolution of the estate. Similarly, President Nixon employed Henry Kissinger, who seethed to disguise his contempt only for the Western democracies, also for Mr. Nixon. He told people whatever secret and fantastic truth they most urgently wanted to hear, tapped his associates' telephones, and the discrimination of a man making a guest list, and betrayed his nominal friends as blithely as he brought to his enemies. He entered the Nixon Administration in the persona of a faithful squire and left it in the persona of the resourceful manservant condescending to sell his court memoirs for \$2 million. During the revised proceedings of the Republican National Convention in Kansas City in 1976 the camera paused briefly on Kissinger sitting in the balcony, listening to the speeches with an expression of unconcealed disgust. It is the expression of a fashion designer who has just been told that someone else will receive the commission to make the dress for the Inaugural



VIII. Jeu d'esprit

FROM TIME TO TIME the rich man dreams sentimental dreams. He wonders what it would have been like to have wandered as a pilgrim in India or to have composed verses worthy of Lord Byron. Under the influence of this soft elegiac humor he sometimes builds in property the equivalent of what the eighteenth-century English nobility liked as a folly. Traditionally this is a little gazebo or pavilion with a column of a river or meadow. The heir of a fortune could lean against a single column, staring into the blue distance and thinking thoughts of the noble.

With much the same spirit the United States erected its policy toward Israel. Middle East wasn't a particularly important place in 1948, and the Jews had been through some pretty rough times at Buchenwald and Auschwitz. Not, as Nelson Rockefeller might say, did something nice for the fellas? It did it cost anybody? The United States could admire the pleasing prospect of its conscience stretching into the ennobling spaces of the Palestinian desert.

For Zionist sentiment in the United States was both affluent and politically well-connected. The support of Israel could be counted upon for generous campaign contributions and vigorous arguments in the intellectual debates. Everything went well enough for many years, until, in circumstances much reduced, the geologists found oil in a neighboring pass. Unhappily, the heir needed the money, and his advisers informed him that he would have to tear down his gazebo and shift the mise-en-scène of his life to some other pavilion. The heir objected to this, protesting that he had become fond of looking at the landscape from the river. But the lawyers were firm and unrelenting. The Arab money from the desert weighed more heavily in the balance than the Jewish money from the East. Or, as it was explained to him about a year ago by a director of one of the American oil corporations, "Over here at Z—, we get down every morning and pray to Mecca; if necessary we would kiss the ass of every Arab in Riyadh."



IX. Spitefulness and rage

NOTHING SO ANGERS the rich man as the discovery that his money cannot buy him the world's love and admiration. Being impatient of ambiguity and doubt, he wonders why his fortune doesn't emancipate him from the slings and arrows of outrageous suffering or why, like Shakespeare's Richard II, he must "live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief, need friends." If he gives even \$10,000 to a philanthropic charity, he counts upon receiving at least \$1 million in services and flattery. President Carter anticipated sustained applause upon the announcement of his opening to China, and when this was not forthcoming he became petulant and sullen. Mr. Warren Christopher, the Deputy Secretary of State, traveled to Taipei only a few days after the United States had declared inoperative its treaty with Taiwan. He proceeded from the airport in a cavalcade of limousines, never for a moment thinking that his progress could be anything out of the ordinary. An

angry crowd stopped Mr. Christopher's car and smeared it with insults. Mr. Christopher was lucky to escape with his life. The bad manners exhibited by the Taiwanese surprised and offended Mr. Christopher, and the State Department sent a note of reproof.

When things go wrong in the world (i.e., when the painted scenery shifts and moves and comes to life) the rich man casts around for somebody to blame. Characteristically he blames his lawyers and investment managers. Why else does he employ Dean Rusk and Cyrus Vance if they can't straighten out his affairs? How is it possible that all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot put the Shah of Iran back together again? The lawyers and managers in their turn blame one another, as well as inflation, unemployment, and the rising cost of labor. Throughout Washington the bureaucracies ooze whispered recriminations. The White House blames the CIA for the poor quality of the intelligence from Tehran, and the CIA blames the White House for not listening to the early reports of discontent, possibly because Mr. Brzezinski couldn't hear anyone

speak ill of his strategic hopes for the Persian Gulf or because he didn't want to think Iran couldn't accept delivery on \$18 billion in arms shipments.

The rich man becomes particularly annoyed when he is forced to perceive that he is not behaving decently in the world, that he has associated himself with tyrants and criminals. More than anything else he expects his money to buy him the illusion of innocence. He resents being told that he might be soliciting the odd \$1 billion here and there from people who stand willing to burn and mutilate Jews, or that weapons sold in the world markets fall into the hands of thugs who use them to commit murder. Reports or rumors of these unhappy accidents wound the rich man's self-esteem and cloud the flattering image that he expects to see in the mirrors held up to him by his retainers, his servants, and the press. In the paroxysm of his rage he comes, upon the great truth that only the rich and the powerful have rights.* He concludes that other people have failed him, that he has been betrayed by people in whom he placed so much of his trust, and it occurs to him that perhaps other people deserve whatever fate befalls them. The family retainers assemble in comfortably furnished conference rooms to prepare exquisite phrases of regret. They can't quite say that the Jews deserve what they get because Jews are pushy, or that the English lost the empire because they are selfish, or that the French are corrupt and the Latin Americans shiftless and greedy. This is what they mean, but the words don't make a good impression in the newspapers. The lawyers talk instead about treaties, trade balances, and the Arabian oil fields as the wellsprings of the democratic alliance. If there isn't time for the polite hypocrisies, or if the nations in question haven't shown a decent respect for the opinions of mankind, then the rich man simply sends the bombers over Hanoi on Christmas Eve.

* Justice Felix Frankfurter admirably stated the principle in question when in 1914, as a young lawyer in the War Department, he was asked to research the question as to whether the American occupation of Vera Cruz constituted an act of war. He explained that he didn't need to look up the relevant law. "It's an act of war against a great power," he said; "it's not an act of war against a small power."

Envoi

IN THE GREAT GAME of diplomacy, I don't count myself a professional, or even a particularly well-informed amateur. No doubt I do injustice to some of the American statesmen of the 1950s, and I'm sure that in various aspects of the preceding argument I have oversimplified the matter to the point of parody. Those apologies and qualifications having been duly made, I think it fair to say that the people who formulate the present American policies in the world misunderstand the strength of the American idea. The United States remains the most powerful country in the world not because of its wealth or its arsenal but because the Constitution and the Bill of Rights give practical meaning to the possibilities of human aspiration. The society raised up on those foundations allowed men to free themselves from the tyranny of kings and priests. Joined with a democratic form of government, this free-

dom of initiative gave rise to the famous expansions, in all spheres of human thought and endeavor, that both created and defined the United States.

The present generation of would-be statesmen apparently labors under the delusion that the price of liberty, paid (preferably by a man's actions), can be written off as a recurring debt. Unfortunately the price of liberty must be paid every day; it requires people to renounce the pleasures of sadistic exploitation and aggrandizement and to work instead for the gradual process of evolutionary change. This is never easy, but it comes all but impossible if people refuse the power of money with the power of the mind and the imagination.

The interests of the United States as a nation do not always correspond to its virtues as a democratic republic in an increasingly dangerous world. The country sometimes has no choice but to deal with people who could not qualify for membership in the Country Club. Dealing with such people is different thing from enthusing about them with the adulation of gossip columnists. No matter how expensive barbarian gifts and tributes, and no matter how magnificent the silks and furs, the worship of money binds the worshiper to the past as surely as he had been buried with the gold of Tutankhamen's tomb. Whenever possible, the United States should align itself with the evolving future of the world, with those forces in the world (ideas, nations, movements, political parties, institutions) that encourage human beings to walk on two legs. Conversely, the country would struggle against the forces in the world that require human beings to crawl on all fours like so many humiliated slaves. The simplicity of this distinction would oblige the makers of American policy to ask of their allies a different set of questions. The health of a nation's people and the stability of its institutions might come to weigh more heavily on the balance than a Shah's capacity to give emeralds to the wives of magazine publishers and oil-company presidents. The more people who become human in the world, the more they can do for themselves; the fewer the number of apes, the less seductive the voices prophesying war.



THE VIEW FROM THE EDGE

the necessity of the flat earth

by John P. Sisk

THE International Flat Earth Research Society, with 1,500 members, is probably one of the world's smallest organizations. Given its tenacity (it claims to have been founded in 1800) and the notion with which it holds its unorthodox views, one would expect it to demand more attention in the media than it does. The society publishes a newspaper, *The Flat Earth News*, a bulletin or newsletter, *Plane Truth*, and a quarterly, *The Last Iconoclast*, but none of these seems to appear regularly. Copies are hard to come by; apparently its members are not inclined to missionary witness. When the society releases news it is usually because a reporter has gone looking for the near-representative, hoping to embarrass it with a question the only response to which ought to be complete abdication of position. Thus, after the Apollo moonshot, some reporters naively asked that the society would finally have to close up shop, having seen on television incontrovertible evidence that the earth is not flat. But although a few British members were said to have been a bit shaken, the society as a whole was unperturbed. It had seen the incontrovertible evidence of an elaborate hoax: not such a bad explanation.

Most people, of course, would have to admit, if they were honest about it, that they secretly agree with the society about the shape of the earth; Copernicus had it right when he put his movable earth at the center of a system of fixed stars. Thus it is perhaps only a protective reaction against what we sense to be a dangerous heterodoxy in ourselves that we take such delight in picking the flat-earth argument apart. What about the ship-at-horizon phenomenon, for instance, in which a distant observer sees first the top of the masts? If the earth is flat, where are its edges? Are they fenced, or

might one fall off into space? If one flew around the bottom of such an earth would it look like the underside of a giant golfer's divot? How can the society possibly accommodate a flat earth to the great discoveries of modern physics—not simply to quantum and relativity theory, but to black holes, antimatter, antineutrons, positrons, neutrinos, quasars, pulsars, and the six kinds of quarks?

Charles K. Johnson, the current president, claims that the society does not need a theory because it has the facts, and the fact is that the earth is "a circular dish surrounded by a barrier of ice that man has never penetrated"—which at least explains why no one has ever fallen off the edge. To many this will sound suspiciously like a theory. However, I find it to be a distinct improvement over the hollow-earth theory favored by the seventeenth-century British astronomer Edmund Halley and two later Americans, John Cleves Symmes and Marshall B. Gardner. This theory, as summarized by Daniel Cohen in *Science Digest* ("Is the Earth Flat or Hollow?" November, 1972), has involved at various times a system of interior concentric spheres, an inner atmosphere of lumi-

nous gases, an inner sun perhaps 600 miles in diameter, huge openings for ready access at both poles, and subterranean caverns through which prowls sinister monsters. There was even an herb doctor from Utica, New York (Cyrus Reed Teed), who was able to convince 200 followers that they and everyone else were already living inside the earth. The question whether this hollow-earth theory can be reconciled with the Ptolemaic model of the universe favored by Mr. Johnson I will leave to the people who have discovered black holes and antimatter to do with what they will. My suspicion, however, is that modern physics would be much more at home with a flat earth than with a hollow one; the former might not provide for quarks, but it surely has fewer quirks than the latter, and besides, it has the advantage of being much more out in the open.

The society may be unanimous in its rejection of the universe as understood by Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo, but it appears to tolerate a range of interpretation. My impression is that Mr. Johnson, as befits a president, speaks for the fundamentalists in the society, for whom the flatness is to be taken as literally as Cotton Mather took the serpent and the apple. Even as a schoolboy he knew that the globe in his classroom was an absurdity. "If the earth were a globe," he says, "the 100-mile-long Suez Canal would have a center hump 1,666 feet higher than each end. Of course, that's not so." This is blatantly heterodox—so much so, in fact, that one is tempted to take it figuratively rather than literally. A position paper made available by the society to prospective members emphasizes its desire to be "free from myths" and from "fairy tales concoct-



Debbie Rust

John P. Sisk teaches English at Gonzaga University in Spokane, Washington. His essays have appeared in a number of national magazines.

ed by scientists." Perhaps, then, the theory of the flatness of the earth should be taken as metaphor or Midrash, like the story of the Magi in the New Testament, in which case the real issue may be less the shape of the earth than the arrogance of the post-Enlightenment scientific spirit. Mr. Johnson, in other words, may be closer to romantic souls like D. H. Lawrence and e. e. cummings than he realizes.

IF THE THING BELIEVED is incredible," St. Augustine observes in *The City of God*, "it is also incredible that the incredible should have been so believed." This is nicely and wisely put. It implies the corollary that we had better learn to second-guess our ingrained tendency to reject out of hand whatever appears to conflict with established pieties. Perhaps the capacity to believe the incredible comes close to defining what is most valuable in human nature. This paradox must be what the third-century theologian Tertullian had in mind when he pronounced his famous rule of faith, *Credo quia impossibile*: "I believe it because it is impossible." In any event, the belief that the earth is flat, even if taken literally, is no more incredible than countless other beliefs about the cosmos that at one time or another have been received with respectful attention.

According to many mythologies—the Finnish and Japanese, for instance—everything hatched out of a cosmic egg. The Egyptians believed that the god Atum created himself from primeval slime, then by masturbation created two other deities who took care of the rest of creation. Like the Greek Thales, they also believed that everything was composed of water. For Anaximenes of Miletus the source of all matter was air, while for Heraclitus it was fire. Zeno of Elea simplified everything by proving the impossibility of motion. Anaxagoras believed that the sun was a red hot rock bigger than the Peloponnese, while Xenophanes believed that the density of the earth was infinite. Many early Christian writers believed that the earth was flat for the same reason that the Flat Earth Society does: it appeared to them absurd that people might live upside down on the other side of the globe.

But there is no need to rummage the

past for evidence; the Flat Earth Society has every reason to feel respectably at home in a universe in which the incredible is the normal. Today the latest news about quarks must compete with scientology, biofeedback, genetic engineering, pyramid power, Rolfing, primal screaming, est, and out-of-body experiences by way of magic mushrooms. Science fiction has prepared us for cosmic variations on what we currently know that make the flat-earth theory look prosaic indeed. Who is going to be impressed with Mr. Johnson's circumbient fields of ice in a world in which Charles Manson, working creatively within the tradition of the hollow earth, was able to convince a group of apparently normal young people that somewhere in Death Valley there was an underground Third World from which the Hopi nation had emerged, and to which access might be had by a golden rope? For every convinced member of the Flat Earth Society there are probably a thousand nonmembers who agree with the late psychiatrist Wilhelm Reich that the cosmos contains a blue-hued orgonotic energy capable not only of making an ideal sex life possible for those who have access to it but of bridging the gap between nature and culture. Thousands more may share the conviction of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi that transcendental meditation will "create the ideal society free from unhappiness, suffering, and problems."

Indeed, if some intrepid member of the Flat Earth Society went out to the icy perimeter of the earth and returned with authenticating photographs, he could not begin to compete with news generated by the current interest in so-called close encounters of the third kind. Who can care about the dimensions of the ultimate ice fields when, according to *UFO Encyclopedia*, there may be UFO landing-pod marks in Louisiana? If a flat earth entails, as I am sure it does, a special theology, it must be pale stuff compared with exotheology, the theology of outer space, a course on which may soon appear in college catalogues.

Credibility is dependent upon fashion. The UFO universe is voguishly Copernican, as is Wilhelm Reich's orgonotic universe—doubtless a factor in whatever measure of veracity is allowed to both. The Soviets were once capable of crossing politics with bi-

ology—the hybrid result being Trofim Lysenko's brand of Lamarckism—fashionable Mendelism prevails in part of the world now. Lysenko is out as Copernicus is in, and today Earthers in Russia would no doubt languish in insane asylums with rest of the dissidents. In fact, the case of every issue of the incredibly *World Marxist Review* features a abstract design of a globe. In a recent issue Premier Brezhnev states that Marxist-Leninist classics contain "a grain of Utopia. No flights of fancy. Only what could be scientifically proved: the basic trends of development, the main, fundamental characteristics." For a good half of the world at present this is nothing less than common sense, truth being what we are disposed to grant. Nonetheless I find Mr. Brezhnev's claim far more credible than Mr. Thompson's model of a stationary earth and moving sun. Indeed, it is less credible than the recent report that a clone of the late Elvis Presley—made at great expense several years ago—has escaped from its laboratory and is at large in the Los Angeles area.

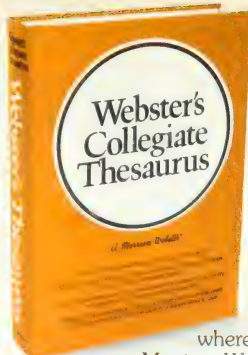
THE FLAT EARTH SOCIETY has the misfortune to exist at a time when its claim to credibility comes across with very small voice. Even the fact that the society's president resides in California works against it: what comes out of California is credible. Or, conversely, what developments there would be incredible? Despite limited membership, the society is much to recommend to it. It is devoted to the conviction that the senses have been grossly abused, and it plainly wants to provide at least a pocket of resistance to the forces of conformity, knowing full well, conceivably, how truly Emerson spoke when he pointed out that "for nonconformity, the world whips you with displeasure."

Yet contrary to the society's worthy intent, these days fanaticism is less a reaction against orthodoxy than it is nature's way of filling the vacuum of anomie and unbelief. The basic truth is that not even a Tertullian could believe in a harmonious coming together of the races of man. In the end of a fragmented, alienated, and confused human condition, we dep-

our fanaticisms for spiritual and a physical survival.

lost people, having neither the time the psychic energy to commit themselves to passionate fanaticisms, fill the sum of their lives with less exact-obsessions. Thus we chant man-grow beards, or change sex: we k ourselves up to E-meters, bedeck selves with pentagons, pentacles, len crosses, and Lady Luck medals, hoping for success in work, love, pingo: we take up jogging, psycho-apy, or born-again Christianity. We s for our true selves in the hope of overing whatever weak source of viction might reside there. Unlike se tepid strategists, the flat-earth peo-are true fanatics: their conviction t it is possible to see the truth with- the crutch of theory makes that r enough. And, unlike the pseudo-eties with which most of us try to up the black holes in which we t, the flat-earth philosophy has fun-mental importance. The very ground which we stand in its relation to cosmos is at stake. Even more im-ant, the society's members are able do that rare thing: combine true ief with a healthy skepticism. "We lcome individual thinkers, encour- e people to think things out for selves," the society's position per states, with obvious reference, seems to me, to those rival fan-isms that assume naively—but cor-ly—that people are all too willing let their thinking be done for their fanatic interpreters. The members the Flat Earth Society, like the rly Christians, are able to keep the th in hostile surroundings; but they t singly, not huddled together in itacomb. They do not insist that umps be issued in honor of their cur-ent president. They do not picket eir Copernican neighbors, and they en allow a decent latitude of opin- n among themselves. They don't in- st that all members in good standing vere Mr. Johnson the way est peo- e revere Werner Erhard, or make nual pilgrimages over the ice fields take a reverent peek over the ult-ate edge into the abysmal chasm elow. Like those other endangered ecies, the blue whale, the buffalo, ad the Vermont Democrat, they de-erve, in the interests of the rest of us, o survive and thrive. □

HARPER'S/MARCH 1979



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Instant words.

easy 269

- easy** *adj* 1 causing or involving little or no difficulty
 < an easy solution >
syn effortless, facile, light, royal, simple, smooth, un-
 troublesome
rel apparent, clear, distinct, evident, manifest, obvious,
 plain, clear-cut, straightforward, uncomplicated, un-
 compounded, uninvolved
idiom easy as falling off a log, easy as pie, nothing to
 it
con arduous, difficult, troublesome, abstruse, complex,
 complicated, intricate, knotty
ant hard
 2 **syn** FORBEARING, charitable, clement, indulgent,
 lenient, merciful, tolerant
rel compassionate, condoning, excusing, forgiving, par-
 doning, sympathetic, benign, kindly, lax, moderate,
 soft, humoring, mollifying, pampering, spoiling
con austere, exacting, rigid, severe, stern, strict, strin-
 gent
 3 easily taken advantage of or imposed upon < he was
 easy prey to her wiles >
syn fleecable, gullible, naive, susceptible
rel credulous, trusting, untrustworthy, unsuspecting,
 deceivable, deludable, dupable, exploitable, artless,
 dewy-eyed, green, simple, unsophisticated
con critical, cynical, disbelieving, mistrustful, scoffing,
 skeptical, suspicious, unbelieving
 4 **syn** FAST 7, light, loose, gingish, unchaste, wanton,
 whoish
 5 **syn** COMFORTABLE 2, comfy, cozy, cushy, easeful,
 snug, soft
rel secure
con discontented, dissatisfied, miserable
 comfortable good-humored, good-

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The way a heart attack feels can vary. So how can you be sure that what you're feeling is really a heart attack?

By remembering this.

If you feel an uncomfortable pressure, fullness, squeezing or pain in the center of your chest (that may spread to the shoulders, neck or arms) and if it lasts for two minutes or more, you could be having a heart attack. Severe pain, dizziness, fainting, sweating, nausea or shortness of breath may also occur. Sharp, stabbing twinges of pain are usually *not* signals of a heart attack.

Your survival may depend on getting medical attention as quickly as you can. Call the emergency medical service immediately. If you can get to a hospital faster in any other way, do so.

Don't refuse to accept the possibility that you are having a heart attack. Many heart attack victims do just that. They say it's indigestion or tension. They worry about embarrassment. They often wait three hours or longer before getting help.

But before those three hours are up, one out of two is dead.

Remember what you've just read. The time might come when your life will depend on it.

The American Heart Association 
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Solution to the February Puzzle Notes for "Our Funny Valentine"

The italicized clues received HEART TRANSPLANTS (17A, 29A), the hearts of the entries so treated being body parts: COLON (originally in 13A), LIVER (19A), EYE (32A), RIB (5D), SPINE (6D), BONE (7D), EAR (12D), GLAND (20D), and LUNG (21D).

Across: 1. (Ma)dam; 4. gar, hidden; 7. reversal of "one" in GA; 8. (i)f at al(1); 9. capital, two meanings; 11. anagram of "cloth" in "by"; 13. precolonial, anagram; 15. li(n)d; 18. bully, pun; 19. deliver(reversal)-Ed; 21. pino(Ch.)le; 22. "1" in anagram of "passes"; 23. "E" in anagram of "sang"; 24. enab(reversal)-les; 27. (jea)lous; 31. sapience, anagram; 32. keyed, hidden; 33. si-evE(reversal); 34. lee(reversal). **Down:** 1. dependent, two meanings; 2. a-nil; 3. mo-ti(reversal)-ve; 4. gaol, anagram; 5. a-t-tribute; 6. raspiness, anagram; 7. Gabonese, anagram; 8. flat, two meanings; 10. reversal of (new)sreel; 11. bi(R)ds; 12. ye(a-r.); 13. p-lea; 14. al-ley(reversal); 16. depart(mental); 17. hail, homonym; 20. Englander, anagram; 21. plu(N)g(E); 25. ba(sili)sk; 26. sleeve, hidden; 28. on(C)e; 30. spoil, two meanings.

PUZZLE

MARCH WINDS

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions:

Three phrases, each appropriate to this month's title, begin in the three squares protruding from the top of the diagram and end (aptly enough) in a flourish. These progressions move from square to square (up, down, left, right, but never diagonally) and never bar-hop. The source of the phrases is 12A.

Clue answers include seven proper names. 5D, 19D, and 33D are uncommon words. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 131.

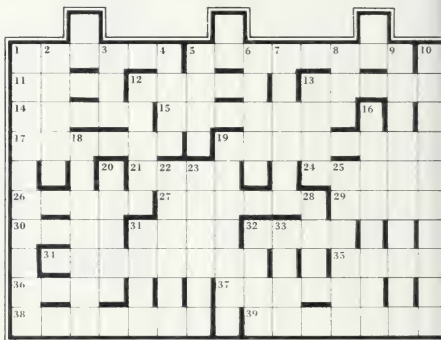
CLUES

ACROSS

1. Minor official member, when making comeback (6)
5. Restore Met's "Rape" paintings (8)
11. Patriots' center and other players (4)
12. See Instructions (5)
13. Ruler remains in Pennsylvania (5)
14. Sadie's confused and out of the way (5)
15. Orange fans for waving (7)
17. One swears in front of him (limits not necessary) (6)
19. Deduct first 20 percent of deductions and refigure deduction (8)
21. "Forward" before "begone!" (4)
24. Expense not in power and energy (5)
26. Ladies in love? Just the opposite! They put the brakes on (5)
27. Satan's possibly liable (6)
29. Word, for example, for religious woman assuming nothing (4)
30. Turn on centripetal component (4)
31. Inherently evil man? (4)
32. Officer takes right shortcut? (4)
34. Wave like grain? (8)
35. Swiss flower one recalled, period? (4)
36. Fumbler who is simply left out (4)
37. Bird and mountain connecting to it (6)
38. Pasta course put in sink? Quite the opposite! (7)
39. Engineer we'd list as the most enthusiastic (7)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to March Winds, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10016. Entries must be received by March 7. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to



DOWN

1. Pays for cashbox stoppage (10)
2. Firing a Republican relative (5)
3. Bar of gold in France turns up (3)
4. Wet thoroughly, raising yard flowers (4)
5. Respected Malayan seen around Turkestan (4)
6. Criminal group's connection in opium a fiasco (5)
7. Former country where rape is criminal (6)
8. Nurse, taking a bit of anesthetic, operated (3)
9. It's foolish using hard, small hockey pads (4, 6)
10. Time lags can't, on men in troops' quarters (10)
12. Bondsmen could show fine lines in a letter about me (5)
13. In music, somewhat poor or missing company (4)
16. To husband gold, first eliminate labor (8)
18. Shakespearean character has time to disturb us (7)
19. Duelists—except one character drops a stock (7)
20. Drank up in the station (5)
22. Fairies' chief in October only (6)
23. Concerning foul rail (6)
25. Outstanding pun: base relief (6)
28. Behold the holy man, no longer visible (4)
31. Threw leader off for a breather? (4)
32. Dog food (4)
33. I hurt climbing branches (4)

Harper's. The solution will be printed in the April issue. Winner names will be printed in the May issue. Winners of the January Puzzle, "Seasonal Dodecahedron," are Don Matthews, Sour Lake, Texas; Pat Hubbard, Lancaster, Wisconsin; and Myron Adam, New York, New York.

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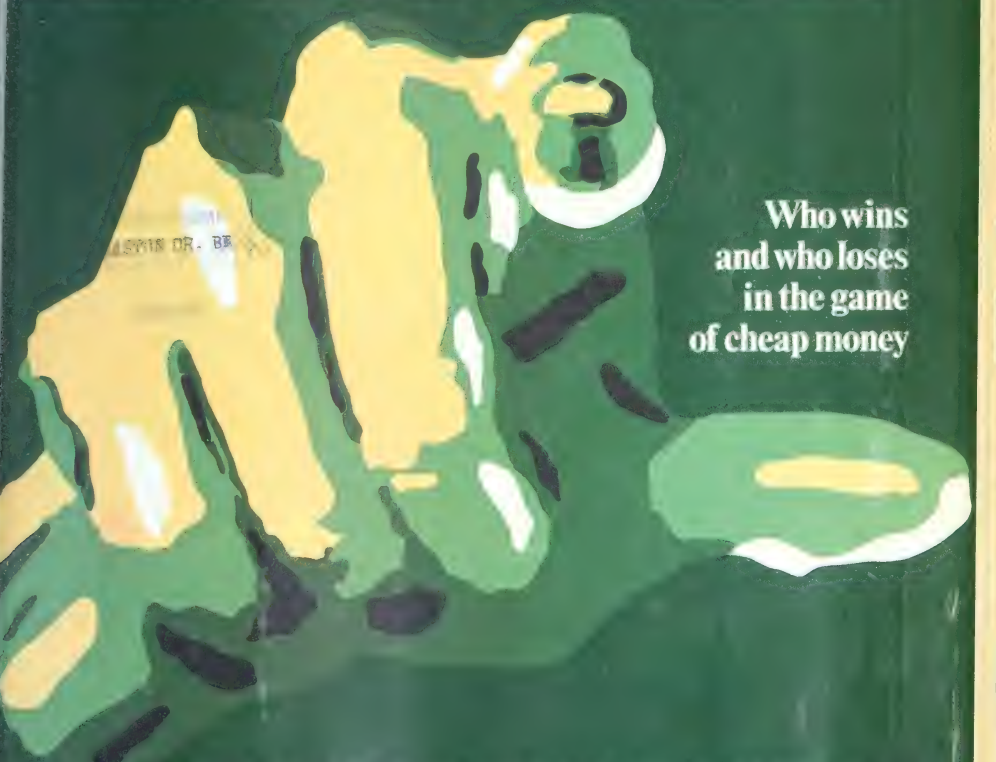
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April 1979 \$1.50

Harper's

THE DEBTOR CLASS



Who wins
and who loses
in the game
of cheap money

Paul Fussell: THE STATIONARY TOURIST
Robert Lekachman: LOOKING FOR THE LEFT
Walter Berns: FOR CAPITAL PUNISHMENT



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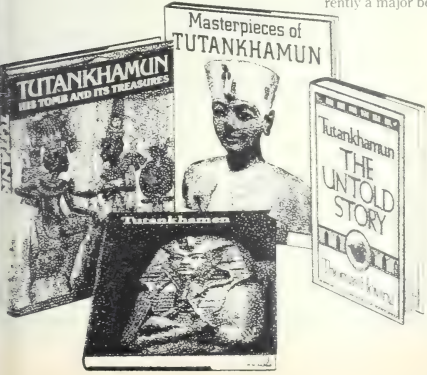
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Jobs

one view of a national issue facing the electric power industry.

The traditional goal of unlimited economic growth is being seriously questioned. In the backlash, the proposal for a no-growth economy is the extreme example of less-is-more thinking. But for those people in our society whose hopes for decent jobs and a better standard of living would be thwarted by a steady-state economy, less is irrefutably less.

Since energy is inextricably tied to economic growth and the resultant increased job market, we are vitally concerned with this debate. As public utilities, we must take a stand that we believe is in the best interests of all sectors of our society. To formulate our position, we undertook a two-year study, utilizing several computer forecasting models to examine the available growth options.

The study suggests rejection of both extremes: unlimited expansion and no-growth. The public interest can best be served through what might be called "quality growth"—a natural evolution of economic expansion that encompasses the constraints necessary to meet current energy problems but still permits the job opportunities that bring more of our citizens into the economic mainstream.

The historical perspective:

It is important to recognize that we are in a transitional period between two energy epochs, the fossil fuel age and the future energy era. Fuels are available to meet the world's predictable energy needs for billions of years! What we are short of is the technology to convert available fuel sources into working energy. During this transitional period, we must deal with the supply-demand gap by conservation and the greater use of abundant energy forms (coal and nuclear).

The GNP-energy-job link:

Because all business activities require energy, the use of energy rises in relation to the rise in Gross National Product. With an estimated 19 million new jobs needed in the next ten years to handle the projected increased work force, either the economy must grow or unemployment will grow. And if new

jobs are to be created, a reliable and growing supply of energy is vital. As you may know, a number of national organizations, such as the NAACP National Energy Conference, have recognized this necessity.

The high-growth and no-growth fallacies:

The high-growth scenario is plainly outdated, originating in times of favorable conditions that are unlikely to return again. Yet the no-growth scenario not only would entail massive employment dislocations, but it is profoundly pessimistic as well as wishful, taking a doomsday view of this transitional period between energy epochs. Our energy problems will entail major readjustments for years to come, but such readjustments are surely preferable to the authoritarian control of wages, prices and employment a no-growth scenario would necessitate.

The moderate stance:

The electric utility companies' study suggests generating an average economic growth rate in GNP of between 3.5% and 3.7% a year, which would result in an economy strong enough to sustain employment and preserve our standard of living. Only a vital economy can develop the capital resources necessary to keep our society afloat, including the \$650 billion that will be needed in the next 15 years to construct electric plants from oil to the more abundant coal and uranium fuels.

It would be a disservice to the public to suggest that the nation's electric companies, any more than the Congress or the Executive branch, have all the answers. Critical questions remain, and others will surely arise. But as the eminent British biologist Sir Peter Medawar has said, "To deride the hope of progress is the ultimate fatuity, the last word in poverty of spirit and meanness of mind."

Edison Electric Institute
The association of electric companies

Harper's

APRIL 1979 FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 258 NO. 1547

Walter Berns 15 FOR CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

If a community is more than an assembly of self-interests, then a crime against one is a crime against all and even the death penalty becomes an affirmation of human dignity.

Robert Lekachman 21 LOOKING FOR THE LEFT

Social justice falls out of fashion as the Left disappears into the ranks of campaigns to reduce spending, lower taxes, and balance budgets.

Tom Bethell 24 THE DISADVANTAGED CONGRESS

Congressmen complain that their jobs aren't fun anymore, and feel themselves the lackeys of their constituents. Numerous perquisites and generous pensions relieve the humiliations of public service.

Paul Fussell 31 THE STATIONARY TOURIST

Tourism diminishes the world to the space of a hotel lobby and a picture postcard, and renders travel the exercise of running in place.

Andrew Dickson White 39 THE DEBTOR CLASS

A cautionary tale. The author looks to the French Revolution as an example of what happens when government becomes the hostage of speculators, gamblers, stockjobbers, and printers of easy money.

Lowell Komie 63 ORIGAMI AEROPLANE

A short story.

Matthew Stevenson 68 WALKING THE GREAT MALL

The first cadre of Chinese tourists arrives in America.

ARTS AND LETTERS

DEPARTMENTS

THEATER

- John Lahr 71 In the musicals of Stephen Sondheim, the girls and boys sing rhapsodies of irony, inertia, and despair.

4 LETTERS

5 MacNelly

- Lewis H. Lapham 10 THE EASY CHAIR
Living on the capital.

BOOKS

- Frances Taliaferro 82 IN PRINT
Cheerfully written, happily read.

- David Suter 59 OTHER THINGS
BEING EQUAL

POETRY

- Tom Wolfe 61 IN OUR TIME

- John Engels 83 BULLHEAD

- Laurence Sheehan 92 AMERICAN
MISCELLANY
A word to the wise gardener.

- Amy Boesky 93 CONCH

- Peter Davison MY LADY THE LAKE

- E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr. 96 PUZZLE
April Fool

MOVIES

- Tom Buckley 84 With *The Deer Hunter* in Hollywood's Vietnam.

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Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Siha, President; Donald R. Dwight, Vice President; Charles W. Arnason, Secretary; William R. Beattie, Treasurer. Subscriptions: \$11.98 one year. Canada and Pan America, add \$2.00 per year; other foreign, add \$3 per year. For advertising information contact Harper-Atlantic Sales, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, and San Francisco. Copyright © 1979 by the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Company under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Incorporated. Printed in the U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. **POSTMASTER:** Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 1225 Portland Place, Boulder, Colo. 80523. ISSN0017-789X

SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE: Harper's Magazine, 1225 Portland Place, Boulder, Colorado 80523. For changes of address, provide both old address (use address label from latest issue) and new address, including zip code. Allow six weeks advance notice.

LETTERS

Powers of censorship

Is M. J. Sobran really unable to distinguish between speed limits and censorship ["Loosely Speaking," February]? Speed limits are compatible with due process because they are based on objective standards, and violations can be assessed with some degree of certainty. But who sets the standards for censorship? And who decides what is and what isn't a violation?

Sobran would censor Al Goldstein and Larry Flynt. Sounds reasonable. But then he suggests that slander of races, classes, and nations should also be put on the index, and cites Susan Sontag, R. D. Laing, Garry Wills, and William Kunstler as representative offenders. Now, if I were a censor, I would also start my list with Larry Flynt. But then I'd be sorely tempted to add William Buckley and Mr. Sobran. Meanwhile, Larry Flynt presumably is drawing up a little list all his own, and since he has more of a following, it might well turn out that he's the one who gets elected censor.

That's the trouble with censorship. It tends to be enforced not by those with the highest standards, but by those with the most power, unless you have a First Amendment and a vigilant judiciary to prevent them.

WARREN R. ROSS
Rye, N.Y.

M. J. SOBRAN REPLIES:

Let's see. Standards vary; therefore there can be no public standards. Decency is the taste of the strongest. An interesting transposition of Thrasymachus's point about justice, but presumably just as sophistical. We disagree about what is just, but we don't therefore disband courts and legislatures, or the search for consensus. If the law can defend privacy, it can defend (say) decency. Both have to do with what aspects of us belong in public. The real question is not how much the law should do (it really can't do all that much), but what principles

should guide it (and us) in action for the resolute subjectivism, the dilemma, and the domino theory of oppression, I could have sworn I'd erred all this. If, after reading my Mr. Ross can still reduce the issue "Who says?" and take me for a little of arbitrary censorship, I should probably resort not to further argument but to larger type.

The end of the liberal

Gratias ago tibi, Mr. Sawhill. As to be hurled out into a world where knowledge of ancient Greek and Latin is sneered at as an "unmarketable skill," I find reassurance and hope in your words ["The Unlettered University," February]. There are still a lot of us who believe in the merits of conservative liberal-arts education.

ANN W. JOHNS
Smith College
Northampton, Mass.

John C. Sawhill's plea for a reformation of liberal arts on campus missed its point. Contrary to Sawhill, but in agreement with young men, conversant in moral and social philosophy but majoring in business, are what we need.

Enduring truths of civilization, the especially human characteristics of man must be preserved. But elaborate, rationalized suspicions of technological innovation, business organization, persons employed in them—by literary intellectuals attempt to save their own traditional role—contrary to truth nor to humanity.

IVAN W. PAUL
Associate Professor of Political Science
Central Michigan University
Mount Pleasant, Mich.

DR. SAWHILL REPLIES:

I emphasized in my article that students now are *not* conversant in moral and social philosophy. Certainly important that students study business to the depth necessary to operate effectively in today's environment, but

ould also have a firm footing in the
ditions of the liberal arts. What Pro-
sor Parkins assumes as a given—the
ral and social background—is just
at is lacking in current unstructured
iversity programs. The combination
a liberal background interwoven
th either an undergraduate or gradu-
e area of concentration is the ideal,
d is the direction in which New York
iversity, at least, is now heading.

The lessons of the master

With regard to Peter Marin's "Spir-
al Obedience" [February], it is funny
w the pieces fit in the puzzle of our
es.

I'm glad to hear there are other peo-
e who want the final picture to be
ie of their own devising and not the
perimposed image of any sect or
erson. Choice is the key—the land-
ape lies behind many doors.

LINDA ELY
Silver Spring, Md.

It is necessary to correct the mis-
presentation of Naropa Institute that

appeared in the article by Peter Marin.
It borders on hilarity when Boulder,
Colorado, is pictured as a locus of
intercontinental crime and intrigue,
when it is well known to those who
live here that it is one of the more sane
and healthy places to live in this coun-
try. The other misrepresentations are
not so amusing, especially the grotesque
distortion of life at Naropa Institute.
It is simply not so.

The recent, highly encouraging re-
port by an accreditation study team
stated that "Naropa Institute has to be
seen to be believed." Mr. Marin's cor-
rosive dark vision about everything has
prevented him from seeing it. Teaching
and studying at Naropa Institute is an
intense and exhilarating experience,
and everyone who has been here has
been deeply affected. This is so because
it is almost impossible to maintain a
position of professional aloofness and
intellectual or artistic arrogance. There
is a powerful atmosphere here, based
on true experience and genuine disci-
pline, that leaves little room for idle
intellectual speculation or pretense on
the part of teachers or students.

The discipline of meditation prac-

tice at Naropa Institute permeates the
environment and allows all other dis-
ciplines to thrive and develop further.
This is not magic or religion or brain-
washing or coercion; it is a simple yet
penetrating situation that transforms
one's own discipline into a personal
journey of increasing clarity and san-
ity. It is for these reasons that Naropa
Institute has come to be the ground for
an American cultural renaissance.

The atmosphere of discipline and
meditation here grows out of the con-
templative practices of various Bud-
dhist traditions. These are not sects or
movements or cults or even schools,
but world-renowned lineages of teach-
ers and students that date back 2,500
years. Each of these traditions is in-
spired by a sense of enormous social
responsibility. That is, the responsi-
bility first to work on one's own mind
and life, to begin by developing the
courage and discipline to discover who
one is and what it really means to be
human, before overflowing into our cul-
ture with the waste products of our
daydreams, theories, and prejudices. It
is this fearless and patient preparation
to work with others that has been mis-



interpreted as social unconcern. This is not spiritual obedience or elitism, but rather a dedication to personal exploration and nonpollution of our world, the same sense of concern that has inspired many of the great teachers of the Western world, from Socrates to Freud.

There is always much speculation about the personalities of such important teachers, along with envy, fear, hope, and disillusionment. It is always fascinating and provocative gossip and misses the point. What is important is one's direct experience of the integrity of the teaching situation and the personal development of students.

EDWARD PODVOLL, M.D.

Director, Psychology Program
Naropa Institute
Boulder, Colo.

PETER MARIN REPLIES:

Dr. Podvoll's letter is what I would expect—an advertisement rather than a response, and an evasion of my central points, including the facts about Trungpa and the poet and the *dark* presence of Vajradhata behind Naropa's blandness. His reference to Freud and Socrates is careless. I wonder how Dr. Podvoll squares the rigorous morality of Freud's thought (and his perception, especially, about ego and group psychology) and Socrates' denial of external authority with Trungpa's power over his disciples. Does he really think either man would have had much truck with a discipline that requires—as Trungpa's does—that his disciples perform 100,000 prostrations while visualizing the master's face? Or that they would have countenanced Trungpa's assertion that betraying one's Vajra vows results "in a hell worse than Auschwitz"?

I tried to be gentle in my article, but Dr. Podvoll's letter brings back to me exactly what I found despicable about Naropa: its numb air of self-congratulation, and its greedy expropriation of precisely those values that ought to call its moral numbness into question. As for "social justice," I remember an encounter between a friend of mine and Trungpa's second-in-command. Told that Buddhists traditionally give thanks for not being "members of the border tribes," my friend asked who such persons were. "Those," said the master, "who must constantly struggle for existence and have no time to enlighten

themselves." And, my friend asked, do we owe *nothing* to such people? Nothing, answered the master, in typical Tibetan fashion, but our own enlightenment.

So much for social justice. What bothers me most about Naropa—the platitudinous simplicities masquerading as wisdom, the absence of humility, and a smugness that invariably denigrates the wisdom of all those others whose struggles take a different form—is offered to Naropa's students as something to be learned, and it does them a terrible harm.

When in Rome

Tom Bethell's article ["Against Bilingual Education," February] has succeeded in convincing me that the U.S. government is suffering from terminal insanity.

Under the Education for All Handicapped Children Act, severely disabled children, including deaf youngsters who learn to speak and to understand spoken language with the greatest difficulty, are encouraged to attend regular public-school classes lest they become isolated from the "mainstream." At the same time, perfectly normal children, who come from immigrant homes but who could doubtless learn English in a matter of months if properly instructed, are kept in separate foreign-language classes for years in order to "maintain" their home cultures (which their homes are apparently incapable of doing!). For my part, I am speechless.

Speaking whatever language one wishes may be a basic human right, but there is no corresponding right to assume one will be understood.

BERYL LIEFF BENDERLY
Washington, D.C.

Tom Bethell has chosen to do the very same thing that he accuses supporters of bilingual education of doing: fomenting social mistrust, discord, and tribalization. Had Mr. Bethell taken the time to investigate his topic in earnest, he might have had a credible story. He didn't. Instead of substantial research, he relied on a five-year-old *Washington Post* editorial and a highly controversial monograph by a nonspecialist in the field. This second-hand reporting might explain the mul-

tiplicity of errors and falsehoods that he presented:

1. that the U.S. Supreme Court regards an immigrant's language as a right and not an impediment;
2. that bicultural education supporters uniformly condemn all American cultural values;
3. that "almost anyone" is eligible for bilingual education;
4. that in Congress the term *authorization* is synonymous with *appropriation* (a Washington editor surely knows better!);
5. that "85 percent of the students are kept in bilingual classes after they are capable of learning in English."

These are not merely differences of opinion; they are pure distortions and leaps of logic that defy explanation.

President Carter has recently appointed a commission to make recommendations to improve the teaching of foreign languages. Our ethnic and linguistic minorities already possess resources in this area. Why should the advantages be denied? And why should this fact conflict with the process of teaching English? It shouldn't and doesn't. The only explanation for Mr. Bethell's acrimony is either perverse ethnocentrism or paranoia. In either case no amount of explanation will help.

JOSUÉ M. GONZÁLEZ

Director Designate
Office of Bilingual Education
Washington, D.C.

TOM BETHELL REPLIES:

My "research" included an interview with Dr. González and others in his office. As for my "multiplicity of errors":

1. I did not say the Supreme Court regards an immigrant's tongue as a right but that "in effect, the Office for Civil Rights had taken" this position, and that, in siding with the OCR rather than with the school district, the Supreme Court had "meekly gone along with the argument."
2. I did not say that supporters of biculturalism "uniformly condemn" American cultural values. I said that in the perception of such supporters, "America tends to be in the wrong." They should not be even a hint of such attitudes in government-sponsored programs, in my view.
3. A program (Continued on page 9)



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THE MANDATE OF HEAVEN

Further remarks on the heirs to the American fortune

by Lewis H. Lapham

WHILE WRITING an article last month on the conduct of American foreign policy (an increasingly dissolute and depressing spectacle in the world) I came across the idea of the American democracy as spend-thrift heir. This strikes me as a useful simplification, and, with the reader's permission, I would like to make a few additional remarks and observations.

WITH THE VICTORY of World War II, the heirs to the American fortune got into the habit of thinking of themselves as rich kids. The corollary delusions of unlimited grace and credit have had the customary ill effects, in the domestic household as well as on the frontiers, but, under the circumstances, I don't know how they could have been avoided. Who would have listened to the counsel of the dead? In 1945, as in the seventeenth century when the founders of the Puritan corporations received into their hands the blessing of a bountiful wilderness, the United States once again seemed to have been singularly favored by God. Within the span of a few years the presumptions of entitlement were extended throughout the whole of the society. The *droits du seigneur* had relatively little to do with something so worldly as money, and they became as commonplace among the sons of immigrant peddlers as among the daughters of the *haute bourgeoisie*, among the intellectual as well as the merchant classes. At the same time and for the same prices the rich and the not-so-rich acquired such proofs of their salvation as television sets, boats, amphetamines, a second house or mortgage, and the assurance that they could write novels no less great than those of Melville and James.

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Everybody was entitled to everything. The feeling of amplitude was sustained by the miracle of the reawakened consumer markets. Habits of extravagance once plausible only in the children of the rich were imitated by people with enough money to buy access to credit. As larger numbers of people acquired the emblems of wealth (cf. the steadily rising levels of consumption, inflation, and debt over the past thirty years) they also acquired the delusions appropriate to the defense and worship of wealth. Why else had the war been won if not for the enjoyment of the heirs? Why else had the immigrant fathers made so many sacrifices (during the Depression as well as at Anzio and Guadalcanal) if the sons couldn't become whatever they chose to become—poets and statesmen as well as talk-show personalities and owners of subsidiary rights? What else does it mean to be an heir if he cannot have anything that it occurs to him to want?

THE SELF-ENCHANTMENT implicit in the assumption of privilege first forced itself on my attention at Yale University in the middle 1950s. Dwight Eisenhower was elected President of the United States during the autumn of my freshman year, apparently for no other reason than to preside over the national inheritance like a drowsy and avuncular trustee. There were rumors of uneasiness on the frontiers (in Eastern Europe and Korea), and obviously all was not well in Mississippi and Georgia. Although not yet visible in alarming numbers, Negroes clearly didn't enjoy all the rights to which they were entitled under a strict interpretation of the rules. But these were minor inadequacies and temporary failures that surely would be corrected when somebody had the time to get around to the chore of cleaning up the

premises. In the meantime, the fortunate heirs could play in the sun of the nation's victories. All the lines on all the graphs pointed triumphantly upward. For the children of the affluent middle class an education was a necessary ornament, something that one couldn't afford to be without (like tennis clothes or dancing lessons), not something of which a gentleman needed to take much notice. The American fortune was so great that it could be counted, and it was deemed proper for the heirs to affect a languid carelessness (a manner known at Yale as "cool") about their possessions. Nobody was expected to work too hard, as if he really needed to remember what was being said, and nobody had to find himself because everybody's ready had been found. The sobriety of "the silent generation" thus attacked itself to people who didn't feel obliged to attract attention to themselves. A happy few could concentrate their attention on questions of style and dress—to wonder whether to wear white shoes or not to wear white shoes—to weigh the advantage of going to the family investment business against the pleasure of taking up the hobby of war and diplomacy. During the summer vacations people went to Europe to inspect the newly acquired cultural properties and to see how poor were the Europeans.

COMPARABLE EXPECTATIONS subsidy shaped the attitude of those students who identified themselves as the undergraduate intelligentsia. Assuming they had inherited the prerogatives of sensibility, they believed themselves fit to govern, if not the United States (in which as yet they had little interest) then the Museum of Modern Art and the New York publishing poriums. Many of the apprentice

lectuals whom I heard deriding Theodore Dreiser in 1954 I later heard deriding, in much the same language and for most of the same reasons, the Administrations of Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, and Jimmy Carter. The political protests of the 60s were inconceivable because nobody could imagine their having the slightest effect. The chance of a nuclear holocaust was very much on everybody's mind, and it was fashionable to say, with Dostoevsky, that nothing made any difference and that all was permissible. Wasn't that the whole point of the Weimar Republic and the writings of Camus and Brecht? What was the use of milling around with a sword in the rain (and by so doing making a fool of oneself) if the individual remained helpless against the minotaur lodged within the labyrinths of the modern state? By ignoring all questions of politics and economics the former being somehow connected to the latter and therefore not worth troubling about among people living on allowances) the intelligentsia could direct its attention to the great question of "creativity." Anybody judged to be creative could insult his friends, neglect his debts, and seduce as many women as might be necessary to his goism or convenient to his lust. All would be forgiven because, like the interior of a trust fund worth \$300,000 a year, the fellow quite obviously had been anointed by God. Conversely, to the man found lacking in creativity, nothing would be forgiven. The miserable wretch of a philistine was sentenced to rot in the galleys of commerce. The harshness of this doctrine divided the faithful into fierce and embittered factions. Arguments about the legitimacy of claims to the patronage of the Muse frequently condemned the rival claimants to mutual and lifelong hatred. How, for instance, could Goodman be taken seriously as a composer when everybody knew that he played Bach on the piano instead of on the harpsichord? What monstrous impertinence persuaded Beardson to proclaim himself a writer when everybody knew that he had gone to high school in Texas and had not read Proust? The disputes were theological in nature, much like the later disputes about social justice, and they had to do with the condition of grace. Creativity was something ineffable, something impos-

sible to acquire by diligence or study; it was as much a matter of birth as an inflection of speech, and it remained forever beyond the reach of parvenus. Because creativity depended upon divine favor and therefore could not be demonstrated by published works (subject to the corruptions of the critics), the great question, like the equally great question of white shoes, resolved itself into matters of taste, style, and deportment. Candidates for admission into the clubrooms of art took the precaution of dressing and behaving in a manner that would signify their acquaintance with the view from Parnassus. When not engaged in laying waste to other people's pretensions, they took as much trouble rehearsing the mannerisms of alienation as the young men of property took with the affectations of insouciance. Anybody who wore a beard or who threw things on the floor at least stood the chance of having his daubs or manuscripts accepted as works of genius. Everybody expected to write the great American novel or to make the great American movie, but nobody thought that he had to make the sacrifices necessary to accomplishing these ambitions (for what is the point of ambition among people who already own everything worth owning?). Lacking either purpose or vision, the apprentice intellectuals of the 1950s proclaimed themselves critics of one kind or another (social, political, literary, cultural, et cetera), and for the next twenty years they set about the great task of dividing up the mandate of heaven.

WHEN I FIRST went to work for a newspaper, nobody present in the city room would have had the effrontery to call himself "a journalist." This was a term of opprobrium, reserved for fops and Englishmen. Within a matter of a few years, partially as a result of President Kennedy's accession to the White House, the procurators of what came to be known as "the media" learned to think of themselves not only as the conscience of the nation but also as a social class. The journalists who came to prominence in the 1960s brought with them the bound volumes of absolute truth that they had collected at Yale and Harvard. Few of them had the patience for democratic politics. Educated to literary abstrac-

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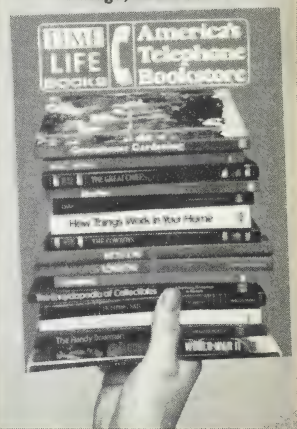
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tion rather than to the experience of the streets or the courthouse, they measured all things in the perfect balance of what they had been told about right and wrong. The absolutism of the aesthetic disputes of the 1950s shifted into a political mode.

The press amplified the fratricidal rivalries throughout the whole of the society, and it used the arguments about public policy as vehicles for the quarrel about the distribution of the estate. If money was the weapon of the ruthless parent, then journalism was the weapon of the angry child. Thus the willingness of the press to find occasions (Vietnam, civil rights, the counterculture, et cetera) for defending the interests of youth, beauty, innocence, truth, and justice against the villainy of a system variously identified with money, hypocrisy, greed, pain, experience, and age. The anger of the press was both adolescent and proprietary. It was the national inheritance with which the older generation was making mistakes, and the press presumed to speak for anybody and everybody who thought that the trust funds were being mismanaged. Implicit in the general criticism was the notion that if the country could tolerate the government of mediocrities and fools, then the country didn't deserve the allegiance of the governed. The moral dandyism of this attitude ignored the melancholy truth that most people are mediocrities and fools (journalists not least among them), and that laws and institutions come into being precisely because most people cannot be counted upon to behave in the manner of heroes and saints.

DURING THE early years of the 1960s the quarrel about the division of the national estate was barely noticeable. For the time being it seemed as if there would be enough for everybody. The rivals for financial and ideological preference hadn't yet separated themselves into the factions of the 1970s that formed themselves around the standards and rallying cries of environmentalism, free enterprise, big government, the First Amendment, feminism, and human rights. When President Eisenhower, as regent and trustee, relinquished the American fortune to John F. Kennedy, the prince and heir, the suppressed Oed-

ipal passivity of the 1950s gave way to the Oedipal assertion of the new decade. The boom in the stock markets coincided with the opulent idealism of Hyannisport, Harvard, and Palm Beach. The avant-garde disbanded and moved uptown with Andy Warhol, and the image of the politician was transformed from that of a portly assassin in a cheap suit (the standard portrait by Bertolt Brecht) to a hero in a tennis sweater (the standard portrait by Teddy White). The press announced that the alchemists of Camelot had discovered the secret of the philosopher's stone. Lead could be turned into gold, newspapers into collections of poems, social science into literature. The new reality superseded all previous realities and transformed a generation of caterpillars into butterflies. In every sector of the society, people acquired new shapes and forms. Young men whom I had known at Yale as fraternity drunks appeared as assistant secretaries of state; literary intellectuals formerly preoccupied with the imagery of Melville telephoned from the Pentagon to say that they were applying the canons of the new criticism to the analysis of weapons systems. Lawyers thought to be immured within the honeycombs of Wall Street emerged transcendent at the Department of Justice. All things were possible, and everybody was enraptured by the flux of things, by the sudden sense of movement (as of ice breaking up after a hard winter), by the glorious ascent into space and the moral awakening on the New Frontier. It became important to receive invitations to Washington; whether to a dinner party or to a federal appointment didn't much matter because in the minds of most people in New York the differences were so slight as to be barely discernible. The invitations reserved a place on the prince's barge for the voyage down the Potomac to the summer sea.

DESPITE THE reduced expectations of the 1970s, the heirs to the fortune apparently still continue to believe that they possess unlimited resources (of grace and credit if not of oil), and so they make little effort to replenish the family fortunes. For at least a generation the American democracy has been living on the capital (moral and intellectual as well as financial) accumulated

by prior generations. The decline in birth rate runs parallel to the loss of productivity in the economy; the loss of vitality in the arts coincides with contraction of business enterprise.

LIKE JOHN KENNEDY before him, the late Nelson Rockefeller embodied the spirit of the age of inheritance. Born in his life and in his death he provided exemplary models of the behavior appropriate to the heir of a magnificent fortune. In many ways he resembled Tom Buchanan in *The Great Gatsby*. He had a fondness for collecting objects of art and experience, and conducted a lifelong and passionate love affair with himself. Like the other eulogists in the American press, the editorials in *Time*, *Newsweek*, *New York Times*, et cetera), He Kissinger, who delivered the eulogy at the funeral service in New York in February, had no choice but to talk about his patron's extravagant intentions. As Governor of New York, Rockefeller had accomplished so much and destroyed so much that the chronicle of his works and days couldn't be a close examination, much less praise. Thus, Mr. Kissinger cast his eulogy in language more becoming to a young man who had yet to fulfill his promise than to a man of seventy, borne down by the weight of years and civic honors. He spoke of Mr. Rockefeller's "gallant failure to win the nation's highest office" as if he were composing an ode to an athlete dying young, and he observed, by way of a testimonial to Mr. Rockefeller's political wisdom, "Nelson always had a marvelous talent." That remark could as easily stand as a tribute to the exiled Shah of Iran. Both Mr. Rockefeller and the Shah inherited great wealth, but much to their astonishment and regret, they discovered that they couldn't buy the future. They could buy mirrors in which to admire themselves, and they could make prodigious collections of things (paintings, houses, F-14s, Harvard professors, jewels, and newspaper clippings), but they failed to achieve anything of lasting human worth. If it is true that their failure proves the limitations of money, then their waste and extravagance might stand as monuments to the passing of an era.

FOR CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

the morality of anger

by Walter Berns

UNTIL RECENTLY, my business did not require me to think about the punishment of criminals in general or the efficacy and efficacy of capital punishment in particular. In a vague way, I was aware of the disagreement among professionals concerning the purpose of punishment—whether it was intended to deter others, to rehabilitate the criminal, or to pay him back—but like a layman I had no particular reason to decide which purpose was right or to what extent they may all have been. I did know that retribution was a well-earned ill repute among criminologists and jurists—to them, retribution was a fancy name for revenge, and revenge is barbaric—and, of course, I knew that capital punishment had the support of only of policemen, prison guards, and some local politicians, the sort of people Arthur Koestler calls “hangarounds” (Philadelphia’s Mayor Rizzo was in the mind). The intellectual community denounced it as both unnecessary and immoral. It was the phenomenon of Simon Wiesenthal that owed me to understand why the intellectuals were wrong and why the police, the politicians, and the majority of voters were right: we punish criminals principally in order to pay them back, and we execute the worst of them out of moral necessity. Anyone who respects Wiesenthal’s mission will be driven to the same conclusion.

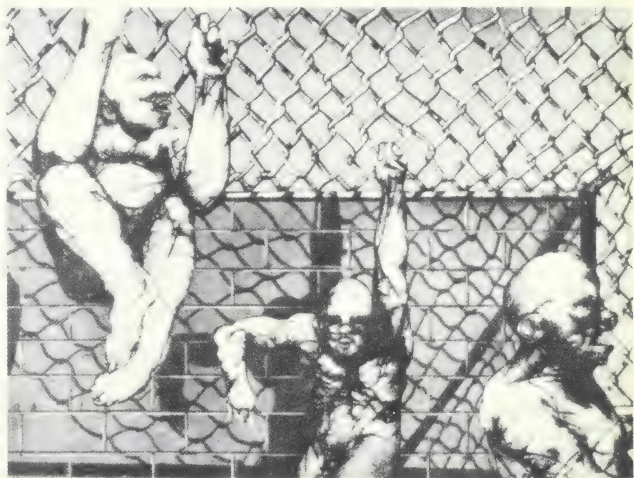
Of course, not everyone will respect the mission. It will strike the busy man—I mean the sort of man who sees things only in the light cast by a concern for his own interests—as some-

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what bizarre. Why should anyone devote his life—more than thirty years of it!—exclusively to the task of hunting down the Nazi war criminals who survived World War II and escaped punishment? Wiesenthal says his conscience forces him “to bring the guilty ones to trial.” But why punish them? What do we hope to accomplish now by punishing SS Obersturmbannführer Adolf Eichmann or SS Obersturmführer Franz Stangl or someday—who knows?—Reichsleiter Martin Bormann? We surely don’t expect to rehabilitate them, and it would be foolish to think that by punishing them we might thereby deter others. The answer, I think, is clear: We want to punish them in order to *pay them back*. We think they must be made to pay for their crimes with their lives, and we think that we, the survivors of the world they violated, may legitimately exact that payment because we, too, are their victims. By punishing them,

we demonstrate that there are laws that bind men across generations as well as across (and within) nations, that we are not simply isolated individuals, each pursuing his selfish interests and connected with others by a mere contract to live and let live. To state it simply, Wiesenthal allows us to see that it is right, morally right, to be angry with criminals and to express that anger publicly, officially, and in an appropriate manner, which may require the worst of them to be executed.

Modern civil-libertarian opponents of capital punishment do not understand this. They say that to execute a criminal is to deny his human dignity; they also say that the death penalty is not useful, that nothing useful is accomplished by executing anyone. Being utilitarians, they are essentially selfish men, distrustful of passion, who do not understand the connection between anger and justice, and between anger and human dignity.



Marshall A. Auman

ANGER IS EXPRESSED or manifested on those occasions when someone has acted in a manner that is thought to be unjust, and one of its origins is the opinion that men are responsible, and should be held responsible, for what they do. Thus, as Aristotle teaches us, anger is accompanied not only by the pain caused by the one who is the object of anger, but by the pleasure arising from the expectation of inflicting revenge on someone who is thought to deserve it. We can become angry with an inanimate object (the door we run into and then kick in return) only by foolishly attributing responsibility to it, and we cannot do that for long, which is why we do not think of returning later to revenge ourselves on the door. For the same reason, we cannot be more than momentarily angry with any one creature other than man; only a fool or worse would dream of taking revenge on a dog. And, finally, we tend to pity rather than to be angry with men who—because they are insane, for example—are not responsible for their acts. Anger, then, is a very human passion not only because only a human being can be angry, but also because anger acknowledges the humanity of its objects: it holds them accountable for what they do. And in holding particular men responsible, it pays them the respect that is due them as men. Anger recognizes that only men have the capacity to be moral beings and, in so doing, acknowledges the dignity of human beings. Anger is somehow connected with justice, and it is this that modern penology has not understood; it tends, on the whole, to regard anger as a selfish indulgence.

Anger can, of course, be that; and if someone does not become angry with an insult or an injury suffered unjustly, we tend to think he does not think much of himself. But it need not be selfish, not in the sense of being provoked only by an injury suffered by oneself. There were many angry men in America when President Kennedy was killed; one of them—Jack Ruby—took it upon himself to exact the punishment that, if indeed deserved, ought to have been exacted by the law. There were perhaps even angrier men when Martin Luther King, Jr., was killed, for King, more than anyone else at the time, embodied a people's quest for justice; the anger—more, the "black

rage"—expressed on that occasion was simply a manifestation of the great change that had occurred among black men in America, a change wrought in large part by King and his associates in the civil-rights movement: the servility and fear of the past had been replaced by pride and anger, and the treatment that had formerly been accepted as a matter of course or as if it were deserved was now seen for what it was, unjust and unacceptable. King preached love, but the movement he led depended on anger as well as love, and that anger was not despicable, being neither selfish nor unjustified. On the contrary, it was a reflection of what was called solidarity and may more accurately be called a profound caring for others, black for other blacks, white for blacks, and, in the world King was trying to build, American for other Americans. If men are not saddened when someone else suffers, or angry when someone else suffers unjustly, the implication is that they do not care for anyone other than themselves or that they lack some quality that befits a man. When we criticize them for this, we acknowledge that they ought to care for others. If men are not angry when a neighbor suffers at the hands of a criminal, the implication is that their moral faculties have been corrupted, that they are not good citizens.

Criminals are properly the objects of anger, and the perpetrators of terrible crimes—for example, Lee Harvey Oswald and James Earl Ray—are properly the objects of great anger. They have done more than inflict an injury on an isolated individual; they have violated the foundations of trust and friendship, the necessary elements of a moral community, the only community worth living in. A moral community, unlike a hive of bees or a hill of ants, is one whose members are expected freely to obey the laws and, unlike those in a tyranny, are trusted to obey the laws. The criminal has violated that trust, and in so doing has injured not merely his immediate victim but the community as such. He has called into question the very possibility of that community by suggesting that men cannot be trusted to respect freely the property, the person, and the dignity of those with whom they are associated. If, then, men are not angry when someone else is robbed, raped, or murdered, the implication is that no moral com-

munity exists, because those men do not care for anyone other than themselves. Anger is an expression of caring, and society needs men who care for one another, who share their pleasures and their pains, and do so for the sake of the others. It is the passion that can cause us to act for reasons having nothing to do with selfish mean calculation; indeed, when educated, it can become a generous passion, the passion that protects the community or country by demanding punishment for its enemies. It is the spirit from which heroes are made.

A MORAL COMMUNITY is not possible without anger and moral indignation that accompanies it. Thus the most powerful attack on capital punishment written by a man, Albert Camus, who denied the legitimacy of anger and moral indignation by denying the possibility of a moral community of our time. The anger expressed in his world, he said, is nothing but hypocrisy. His novel *L'Etranger* (variously translated as *The Stranger* or *The Outsider*) is a brilliant portrayal of a world Camus insisted is our world, a world deprived of God, as he put it. In that world we would not choose to live, and one that Camus, the hero of the French Resistance, disdained. Nevertheless, the novel is a modern masterpiece, and Meursault, its antiheroe of a world without anger can have no other quality, is a murderer.

He is a murderer whose crime is excused, even as his lack of hypocrisy is praised, because the universe, we are told, is "benignly indifferent" to how we live or what we do. Of course, the law is not indifferent; the law punishes Meursault and it threatens to punish if we do as he did. But Camus the novelist teaches us that the law is simply a collection of arbitrary conceits. The people around Meursault apparently were not indifferent; they expressed dismay at his lack of attachment to mother and disapprobation of his crime. But Camus the novelist teaches us that other people are hypocrites. They pretend not to know what Camus the opponent of capital punishment tells us: namely, that "our civilization has lost the only values that, in a certain way, can justify that penalty [the existence of] a truth or a prin-

is superior to man." There is no law for friendship and no moral law; before, no one, not even a murderer, violate the terms of friendship or that law; and there is no basis for the anger that we express when one breaks that law. The only way we share as men, the only thing that connects us one to another, is a solidarity against death," and a judgment of capital punishment "upsets" that solidarity. The purpose of human life is to stay alive.

Like Meursault, Macbeth was a murderer, and like *L'Étranger*, Shakespeare's *Macbeth* is the story of a murderer; but there the similarity ends. As Lincoln said, "Nothing equals *Macbeth*." He was comparing it with the other Shakespearean plays he knew, the plays he had "gone over perhaps as frequently as any unprofessional reader Lear, *Richard Third*, *Henry Eighth*, *Hamlet*"; but I think he meant to say more than that none of these equals *Macbeth*. I think he meant that no other literary work equals it. "It is wonderful," he said. *Macbeth* is wonderful because, to say nothing more, it teaches us the awesomeness of commandment "Thou shalt not kill." What can a dramatic poet tell us about murder? More, probably, than anyone else, if he is a poet worthy of consideration, and yet nothing that is not inhere in the act itself. In *Macbeth*, Shakespeare shows us murderers committed in a political world by a man so driven by ambition to rule that world that he becomes a tyrant. It shows us also the consequences, which were terrible, worse even than *Macbeth* feared. The cosmos rebelled, moved into chaos by his deeds. He shows a world that was not "benignly different" to what we call crimes and especially to murder, a world constituted by laws divine as well as human, and *Macbeth* violated the most awful of those laws. Because the world was so constituted, *Macbeth* suffered the torments of the great and the damned, torments far beyond the "practice" of any physician. He had known glory and had deserved the respect and affection of king, countrymen, army, friends, and wife; and he lost it all. At the end he was reduced to saying that life "is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing"; yet, in spite of the horrors provoked in us by his acts, he excites no anger in us. We pity

him; even so, we understand the anger of his countrymen and the dramatic necessity of his death. *Macbeth* is a play about ambition, murder, tyranny; about horror, anger, vengeance, and, perhaps more than any other of Shakespeare's plays, justice. Because of justice, *Macbeth* has to die, not by his own hand—he will not "play the Roman fool, and die on [his] own sword"—but at the hand of the avenging Macduff. The dramatic necessity of his death would appear to rest on its moral necessity. Is that right? Does this play conform to our sense of what a murder means? Lincoln thought it was "wonderful."

Surely Shakespeare's is a truer account of murder than the one provided by Camus, and by truer I mean truer to our moral sense of what a murder is and what the consequences that attend it must be. Shakespeare shows us vengeful men because there is something in the souls of men—then and now—that requires such crimes to be revenged. Can we imagine a world that does not take its revenge on the man who kills Macduff's wife and children? (Can we imagine the play in which *Macbeth* does not die?) Can we imagine a people that does not hate murderers? (Can we imagine a world where Meursault is an outsider only because he does not pretend to be outraged by murder?) Shakespeare's poetry could not have been written out of the moral sense that the death penalty's opponents insist we ought to have. Indeed, the issue of capital punishment can be said to turn on whether Shakespeare's or Camus' is the more telling account of murder.

THERE IS A SENSE in which punishment may be likened to dramatic poetry. Dramatic poetry depicts men's actions because men are revealed in, or make themselves known through, their actions; and the essence of a human action, according to Aristotle, consists in its being virtuous or vicious. Only a ruler or a contender for rule can act with the freedom and on a scale that allows the virtuousness or viciousness of human deeds to be fully displayed. *Macbeth* was such a man, and in his fall, brought about by his own acts, and in the consequent suffering he endured, is revealed the meaning of morality. In

Macbeth the majesty of the moral law is demonstrated to us; as I said, it teaches us the awesomeness of the commandment "Thou shalt not kill." In a similar fashion, the punishments imposed by the legal order remind us of the reign of the moral order; not only do they remind us of it, but by enforcing its prescriptions, they enhance the dignity of the legal order in the eyes of moral men, in the eyes of those decent citizens who cry out "for gods who will avenge injustice." That is especially important in a self-governing community, a community that gives laws to itself.

If the laws were understood to be divinely inspired or, in the extreme case, divinely given, they would enjoy all the dignity that the opinions of men can grant and all the dignity they require to ensure their being obeyed by most of the men living under them. Like Duncan in the opinion of Macduff, the laws would be "the Lord's anointed," and would be obeyed even as Macduff obeyed the laws of the Scottish kingdom. Only a *Macbeth* would challenge them, and only a Meursault would ignore them. But the laws of the United States are not of this description; in fact, among the proposed amendments that became the Bill of Rights was one declaring, not that all power comes from God, but rather "that all power is originally vested in, and consequently derives from the people"; and this proposal was dropped only because it was thought to be redundant: the Constitution's preamble said essentially the same thing, and what we know as the Tenth Amendment reiterated it. So Madison proposed to make the Constitution venerable in the minds of the people, and Lincoln, in an early speech, went so far as to say that a "political religion" should be made of it. They did not doubt that the Constitution and the laws made pursuant to it would be supported by "enlightened reason," but fearing that enlightened reason would be in short supply, they sought to augment it. The laws of the United States would be obeyed by some men because they could hear and understand "the voice of enlightened reason," and by other men because they would regard the laws with that "veneration which time bestows on everything."

Supreme Court justices have occasionally complained of our habit of making "constitutionality synonymous with wisdom." But the extent to which

FOR CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

the Constitution is venerated and its authority accepted depends on the compatibility of its rules with our moral sensibilities; despite its venerable character, the Constitution is not the only source of these moral sensibilities. There was even a period, before slavery was abolished by the Thirteenth Amendment, when the Constitution was regarded by some very moral men as an abomination: Garrison called it "a covenant with death and an agreement with Hell," and there were honorable men holding important political offices and judicial appointments who refused to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law even though its constitutionality had been affirmed. In time this opinion spread far beyond the ranks of the original abolitionists until those who held it composed a constitutional majority of the people, and slavery was abolished.

But Lincoln knew that more than amendments were required to make the Constitution once more worthy of the veneration of moral men. This is why, in the Gettysburg Address, he made the principle of the Constitution an inheritance from "our fathers." That it should be so esteemed is especially important in a self-governing nation that gives laws to itself, because it is only a short step from the principle that the laws are merely a product of one's own will to the opinion that the only consideration that informs the law is self-interest; and this opinion is only one remove from lawlessness. A nation of simply self-interested men will soon enough perish from the earth.

It was not an accident that Lincoln spoke as he did at Gettysburg or that he chose as the occasion for his words the dedication of a cemetery built on a portion of the most significant battlefield of the Civil War. Two-and-a-half years earlier, in his First Inaugural Address, he had said that Americans, north and south, were not and must not be enemies, but friends. Passion had strained but must not be allowed to break the bonds of affection that tied them one to another. He closed by saying this: "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield, and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." The chords of memory that

would swell the chorus of the Union could be touched, even by a man of Lincoln's stature, only on the most solemn occasions, and in the life of a nation no occasion is more solemn than the burial of the patriots who have died defending it on the field of battle. War is surely an evil, but as Hegel said, it is not an "absolute evil." It exacts the supreme sacrifice, but precisely because of that it can call forth such sublime rhetoric as Lincoln's. His words at Gettysburg serve to remind Americans in particular of what Hegel said people in general needed to know, and could be made to know by means of war and the sacrifices demanded of them in wars: namely, that their country is something more than a "civil society" the purpose of which is simply the protection of individual and selfish interests.

Capital punishment, like Shakespeare's dramatic and Lincoln's political poetry (and it is surely that), serves to remind us of the majesty of the moral order that is embodied in our law, and of the terrible consequences of its breach. The law must not be understood to be merely a statute that we enact or repeal at our will, and obey or disobey at our convenience—especially not the criminal law. Wherever law is regarded as merely statutory, men will soon enough disobey it, and will learn how to do so without any inconvenience to themselves. The criminal law must possess a dignity far beyond that possessed by mere statutory enactment or utilitarian and self-interested calculations. The most powerful means we have to give it that dignity is to authorize it to impose the ultimate penalty. The criminal law must be made awful, by which I mean awe-inspiring, or commanding "profound respect or reverential fear." It must remind us of the moral order by which alone we can live as human beings, and in America, now that the Supreme Court has outlawed banishment, the only punishment that can do this is capital punishment.

THE FOUNDER of modern criminology, the eighteenth-century Italian Cesare Beccaria, opposed both banishment and capital punishment because he understood that both were inconsistent with the principle of self-interest, and self-

interest was the basis of the political order he favored. If a man's first duty is to himself, of course he will prefer his money to his country; he will also prefer his money to his brother. In fact, he will prefer his brother's money to his brother, and people of this description, or a country that understands itself in this Beccarian manner, can put the mark of Cain on no one. For the same reason, such a country can have no legitimate reason to execute its criminals, or, indeed, punish them in any manner. What would be accomplished by punishment in such a place? Punishment arises out of the demand for justice, and justice is demanded by angry, morally indignant men; its purpose is to satisfy that moral indignation and thereby promote the law-abidingness that, it is assumed, accompanies it. But the principle of self-interest denies the moral basis that indignation.

Not only will a country based solely on self-interest have no legitimate reason to punish; it may have no need to punish. It may be able to solve what we call the crime problem by substituting a law of contracts for a law of crimes. According to Beccaria's social contract, men agree to yield their natural freedom to the "sovereign" in exchange for his promise to keep them in peace. As it becomes more difficult for the sovereign to fulfill his part of the contract, there is a demand that he be made to pay for his nonperformance. From this comes compensation or insurance schemes embodied in statutes whereby the sovereign (or state), being unable to keep the peace by punishing criminals, agrees to compensate contractual partners for injuries suffered at the hands of criminals, injuries the police are unable to prevent. The insurance policy takes the place of law enforcement and the *posse comitatus*, and John Wayne and Gary Cooper, give way to Mutual of Omaha. There is no anger in this kind of law, and none (no reason for any) in the society. The principle can be carried further still; we ignore the victim (and nothing can restore his life anyway), the would appear to be no reason why the worth of a man being his price, Beccaria's teacher, Thomas Hobbes, put it—coverage should not be extended to the losses incurred in a murder. We ignore the victim's sensibilities (and what are they but absurd vanities?)



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FOR CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

there would appear to be no reason why—the worth of a woman being price—coverage should not be extended to the losses incurred in a rape. Other examples will no doubt suggest themselves.

This might appear to be an almost perfect solution to what we persist in calling the crime problem, achieved without risking the terrible things sometimes done by an angry people: people that is not angry with crime will not be able to deter crime, but people fully covered by insurance will have no need to deter crime: they will be insured against all the losses they can in principle, suffer. What is now called crime can be expected to increase in volume, of course, and this will cause an increase in the premiums paid, directly or in the form of taxes. But there will no longer be necessary to apprehend, try, and punish criminals, whose now costs Americans more than \$1 billion a month (and is increasing at an annual rate of about 15 percent) and one can buy a lot of insurance for \$1.5 billion. There is this difficulty, Rousseau put it: To exclude anger from the human community is to concentrate all the passions in a "self-interest of the meanest sort," and such a place would not be fit for human habitation.

When, in 1976, the Supreme Court declared death to be a constitutional penalty, it decided that the United States was not that sort of country. Most of us, I think, can appreciate that judgment. We want to live among people who do not value their possessions more than their citizenship, who do think exclusively or even primarily of their own rights, people whom we depend on even as they exercise their rights, and whom we can trust, who is to say, people who, even in the presence of a policeman, will not assault our bodies or steal our possessions, might even come to our assistance when we need it, and who stand ready when the occasion demands it, to risk their lives in defense of their country. If we are of the opinion that the United States may rightly ask of its citizens this awful sacrifice, then we are of the opinion that it may rightly impose the most awful penalty; if it may rightly honor its heroes, it may rightly execute the worst of its criminals. In doing so, it will remind its citizens that it is a country worthy of heroes.

HARPER'S/APRIL 1978

LOOKING FOR THE LEFT

Social reform goes out of fashion

by Robert Lekachman

IN THE YEAR of Jimmy Carter's New Foundation, the spectacle of American politics is enough to make an aging socialist like me despair. On the "Left" looms only Edward Kennedy, alternately raising and lowering his lance more or less menacingly at the reincarnation of Calvin Coolidge in the White House. But his quarrel with the President concerns national health insurance, which Franklin Roosevelt nearly included in the 1935 Social Security Act, Harry Truman pushed unsuccessfully during his Presidential years, and other civilized nations have long been accustomed to. Yet, for want of other heroes and because a second term of Carter threatens terminal boredom, Teddy commences to be the last living liberal to a good many people with hitherto unimpeachable credentials as nonadmirers of one, two, or all three Kennedy siblings.

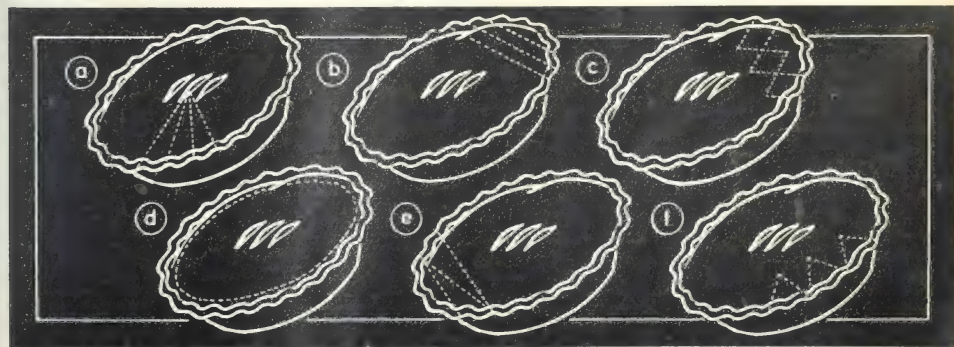
The aging young Senator aside, politicians of both parties and widely varying voting histories are in competition to cut the budget, lower taxes, reduce benefits to the more vulnerable members of the community, and make the country safe for the variety of free en-

terprise epitomized by Exxon, General Motors, Mobil, and other struggling corporations. Scarcely a statesman in the land utters a good word for a government program, except naturally for defense. Senator Moynihan, author of a book celebrating his role in converting his surly employer, Richard Nixon, to the merits of welfare reform, now repents his intellectual errors like a man and a close student of opinion polls. As with Senators, so with the lesser fry. Edward Koch in his election campaign espoused capital punishment and became mayor of New York City, a fate many consider only slightly less severe. Although the metropolis still lacks its own electric chair (Governor Carey keeps vetoing the legislature's attempts to restore the death penalty). Mr. Koch entertains himself with other easy targets. In particular he is appalled at welfare clients—whose benefits haven't risen since 1974—when they don't pay their rent on time. Why, rages the mayor (in time past an Americans for Democratic Action star performer), they are stealing from their landlords. Elsewhere, political whales and political minnows jostle each other to lure corporations into town by every tax, zoning variance, and regulatory relaxation they can concoct.

It has—almost by default—become a brave old world for Milton Friedman, Ronald Reagan, and their legions of born-again apostles for the virtues of free markets and the vices of government action. Their articles of faith overlook that the nationally free markets may in fact be rigged internationally by the oil cartel and its helpers among the major oil companies, and domestically by the one, two, or three dominant corporations that run the show in autos, aluminum, food processing, and a long list of other industries. No matter. As need arises, there is always an economist, properly certified by the University of Chicago or one of its satellites, to demonstrate that Ford and General Motors produce the same results as the garment dealers who cut each other's throats on Seventh Avenue.

Old problems, however, remain. Class and racial injustices and antagonisms have not vanished. The cities have not been restored. Our very own underclass of dropouts, addicts, and permanently jobless steadily attracts recruits. These matters worried Lyndon Johnson and, for that matter, the framers of the 1976 Democratic platform, but they are left out of this year's New Foundation, which may prove to be a mausoleum for the disadvantaged.

*Robert Lekachman, who teaches economics at Lehman College in New York City, is the author of *Economist at Bay* (McGraw-Hill).*



Elizabeth Van Halbe

THE GREAT SOCIETY, correct in principle but weak on fundamentals, suffered from the generic defect of liberal approaches, the effort to improve the lot of substantial numbers of men, women, and children without substantially altering institutional arrangements or existing distributions of power and property. Even without the disasters of Vietnam, the prognosis was poor for many 1960s innovations: Medicare and Medicaid predictably became horribly expensive when nothing was done to control doctors' fees and hospital charges; for health services, the free market approximates mutually profitable financial and political collusion among doctors, hospitals, health insurers, HEW bureaucrats, and their minions in Congress; and job training schemes, unaccompanied by a national commitment to full employment, segue into rip-offs by bureaucrats, private and public, and the major corporations in the "knowledge" industries that churn out educational materials and administer contracts.

But the Great Society offered only fair-weather protection for the poor. Lyndon Johnson was far too astute a politician to rely upon the altruism of the public to pay for his array of good causes. At the very start of his flood of urban, anti-poverty, housing, education, and health programs, LBJ offered a substantial cut in personal and business taxes. It was out of the proceeds of a booming economy that the Texas enchanter fashioned a consensus of beneficiaries—civil rights and community action for the blacks, model cities, federal school aid and a lot more for the cities, Medicare for the elderly, and Medicaid for the medically indigent, plus lower taxes for all. The expense, however, lay mostly in the future. Prosperity and lower taxes were present enjoyments.

Growth as the magical solution for all social problems momentarily encouraged economists and other naive souls to believe that the children of Keynes had discovered the secret of full employment, sturdy growth, and stable prices, paving the way for social justice. Distribution amid the politics of economic growth is comparatively benign. Rival claimants do jostle each other for bigger shares of each year's growth dividend, yet all of them know that there will be prizes for everybody.

The politics of distribution in austere times are, however, nasty zero-sum games for real money. Like a high-stakes poker game, the gains of the winners thin the wallets of the losers. The President's current *Economic Report* dourly projects productivity gains, over the next five years, of half or less the 3 to 4 percent to which Americans have been historically accustomed. There will be few of those extra billions of dollars that used to fund social programs, general tax boons, and even for a time the Vietnam war.

Of the politics of distribution, the British economist Rudolf Klein has said, "One man's prize is another man's loss. If the blacks want to improve their share of desirable goods, it can only be at the expense of whites. If the over-65s are to be given higher pensions or improved medical services, it can only be at the expense of the working population or the young." Slower growth shrinks opportunities for newcomers to the labor force, slows the pace of promotion, and diminishes the financial payoffs from education and training.

MANY RECENT and current political events make sense as episodes in a war of distribution certain to last a long time. Affirmative action in the best of times has encountered much opposition. In the light of their communal histories, Jews and blacks were fated to quarrel over "goals" (good word) or "quotas" (bad even if prefaced by "benign"), as their use registered first in professional education (Allan Bakke) and next in employment (Brian Weber). Nevertheless, what embittered the quarrel and all but dissolved ancient alliances between blacks and Jews was the perception that the brass rings of success are much scarcer than they used to be. Only so many young people can hope to become affluent physicians or even skilled craftsmen.

In the recessions that punctuate periods of slow growth, layoffs pit unions against women's groups. Gray Panthers celebrated a victory when Congress raised the mandatory retirement age from sixty-five to seventy. The young were not seen dancing in the streets. Proposition 13 and its progeny raise the aftertax income of factory owners, property developers, and ordinary

householders. These schemes also diminish the services and benefits now offered low- and moderate-income families. Perforce they enroll their children in public schools, resort in emergencies to public hospitals and clinics, borrow books and records from public libraries, and sun themselves on public beaches.

As befits his station in the Republic, President Carter has used the 1980 federal budget as his political bludgeon in preparation for the impending Presidential season. With the patriotic assistance of major employers, the wage guideline means smaller union gains than otherwise would be negotiated. If Congress ignores the Administration's plan for wage insurance, unions such as the Oil and Chemical Workers that accept guideline contracts are almost certain to fall behind the escalating cost of living. Carter's budget in effect redistributes income from wages to profits. It also shuffles gains and losses within the work force.

As the appropriate symbol of Carter's new nastiness, his Social Security "reforms" feature termination of burial benefits and removal from the Social Security rolls of widows whose oldest child is sixteen or more. As for women and minorities, their hope of opportunity for jobs and promotions rides the business cycle. Administration economists expect unemployment to approach 6.2 percent and stay there for two years. The Congressional Budget Office predicts general unemployment rising to 7 percent or higher. Unemployment cools union ardor, tightens factory and office discipline, and, inevitably, turns affirmative action, should it survive Supreme Court disposition of the Weber case, into a joke in dubious taste.

In our conservative society, the tasks of checking inflation translate into losses for average wage earners and gains borne with stout hearts by stockholders, bankers, and corporate managers. For banks, the final quarter of 1978 was almost embarrassingly lucrative. Among the conglomerates, Gulf and Western was so enchanted by its 1978 bottom line that it spread the good word by inserting its entire sixty-four-page annual report into an issue of *Time*. Embarrassed by its tidal waves of cash, American Express tried to celebrate the new year by buying up McGraw-Hill.

REALLY, IT IS NOT astonishing that in these nonvoting, antideological, cynical, and politically apathetic times initial actions to reduce national circumstances have been conservative and self-protective. Even if a homeowner resents the loopholes through which wealthy people slide, one of moderate means is likely to prefer property-tax cuts this year over endless attempts to force the rich to disgorge a fair share. Men and women have become gray and bent in the crusade for tax reform. Why not vote for immediate relief and salve consciences with tales of welfare cheats and unreliable foreigners? Never mind that property taxes finance no foreign aid and very little welfare.

The current character of economic and social policy will persist only so long as the losers—blacks, Hispanics, women, and trade unionists—are passive. Even now a few of the natives are restless. Take the fascinating position in the defense budget of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers, vocally led by William ("Wimpy") Wimpisinger, an unabashed member of Michael Harrington's Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee. Although 88,000 machinists, about an eighth of the membership, do defense work, the union wants to shift funds from defense to nondefense programs. Its outside researchers conclude that a billion dollars generates only 45,000 defense slots, compared with 59,000 in the nondefense sector of the private economy and 88,000 in the government's civilian programs.

In January, Douglas Fraser's Progressive Alliance collected representatives of sixty groups to work out common strategies of resistance to the conservative mood in Congress and the White House. Among those in attendance were Fraser's own auto workers, church and civil-rights groups, other unions, and, interestingly, representatives of the AFL-CIO's industrial-union department. As the rumor spreads that George Meany is mortal, things are stirring at his right hand. Last summer, Lane Kirkland, Meany's archduke, was even heard to describe the attitudes of major corporations as appropriate to class warfare. Class warfare? One doesn't expect to hear the words from the lips of conservative trade unionists.

Planned recession and high unemployment are unlikely to gratify the

public, particularly if they do little to subdue an inflation firmly lodged in the energy, food, housing, and health sectors of the economy. It is likely indeed that after current fevers subside, national debate will focus on a rational response to a tougher world economy and smaller growth increments in this country. Whether the rubric is embraced or evaded, national economic planning is almost certain to become a major domestic issue.

The preliminaries have already occurred. As Vice-President, Nelson Rockefeller had as his major project a grandiose reorganization of the energy industry under federal sponsorship. Gutted though it was by Congress, last year's Humphrey-Hawkins Act, as *Business Week* warned, represented a timid but unmistakable step on the road to planning for full employment.

The more sophisticated members of the business elite possess much the same confidence as did Nelson Rockefeller, that planning is in the interests of major corporations and their owners, and, further, that they and their agents should run the show. From time to time Felix Rohatyn and Henry Ford II make sympathetic sounds in favor of planning. Before he became the Secretary of the Treasury, Michael Blumenthal was one of the business members of the Initiatives Committee for National Economic Planning, in the company of such usual suspects as John K. Galbraith, Robert Heilbroner, Leonard Woodcock, and the present complainant.

WE STUMBLE TOWARD planning because matters march so poorly in its absence and we are haunted by the sense that events are out of control. The intransigence of inflation and its disquieting cohabitation with substantial unemployment derive from an assortment of unpleasant external events and shifts in the American role in the world economy. In the past decade, OPEC has transformed world markets, other developing countries have done their best to emulate OPEC tactics, the United States has turned into the world's residual supplier of grain (and arms), fixed-currency parities have come unstuck, the dollar's future as a reserve currency has become cloudy, two-thirds of a trillion Eurodollars render nugatory

Federal Reserve efforts to control domestic bank reserves, and domestic industries have steadily lost market shares to European, Latin American, and Asian rivals.

Events compel us to realize that our jobs and incomes are improved or the reverse because of the choices made and the decisions taken by foreigners, multinational corporations loyal to no one in particular, domestic monopolists and oligopolists, and politicians here and elsewhere responsive to corporate wishes and interests. The world is an anarchy tempered by attempts to plan selected bits and pieces. OPEC and petroleum's Seven Sisters are partners in manipulating world energy markets. Steel trigger prices amount to an effort to slow the rate at which the American steel industry declines.

However, like Winston Churchill's celebrated pudding, these partial, desperate plans lack a theme. More precisely, for want of open public discussion, the plans are covert and the planners lack the legitimacy conferred by normal politics. I am inclined to interpret public support of mandatory wage and price controls at a time when skepticism of government action is in general severe as a sign of widespread yearning for sensible Washington supervision of a messy economy. According to the October, 1978, Gallup opinion index, three successive surveys made from April, 1978, on, registered increasing (and majority) sentiment for such controls.

Such as it is, the planning controversy now is mostly a semantic debate within the business community between atavistic mullahs of free markets and the corporate planners. If the argument is confined to these debaters, the upshot is likely to be an economic drift toward some Japanese-style overt partnership between government and dominant corporate interests—planning by and for the *Fortune* 500. And I shall astound no one who has stayed with me this long by saying that corporate planning fails to approximate my vision of heaven on earth. Indeed, what is badly missing from the inchoate debate is a reasonable alternative on the Left, a sketch of a democratic-socialist or even liberal version of planning in which the interests of unions, minorities, women, and the poor are represented. □

HARPER'S/APRIL 1979

THE DISADVANTAGED CONGRESS

Generous pensions are not the only incentive to early retirement

by Tom Bethell

THE NINETY-SIXTH CONGRESS, which convened in January, includes seventy-seven new Representatives and twenty new Senators, the latter constituting the largest freshman class in the U.S. Senate since 1947. Overall, "new faces" make up 18 percent of the Congress. Looked at historically, this is a low figure. Throughout most of the nineteenth century, for example, when the new Congress assembled on Capitol Hill about half would be newcomers. Sometimes the figure would be higher (73 percent in 1843, 61 percent in 1853). But these percentages began to drop off quickly in the twentieth century. Parliamentary changes made power proportional to seniority, for one thing, so rewarding tenure. Washington itself became a more tolerable city to live in after the swamps were drained and the streets paved. Later

Tom Bethell is a Washington editor of Harper's.

on, air conditioning encouraged lawmakers to stay on in the summer months, when they would pass more laws (further proof, if any is needed, that technology doesn't necessarily bring progress in its wake). Finally, the Congressman's job itself became relatively more important in the scheme of American government. "By 1890," Morris Fiorina writes in *Congress: Keystone of the Washington Establishment*, "it was no longer true that the Virginia state legislature was more important than the U.S. Congress."

So more and more Congressmen arrived in Washington, saw that it was good, and resolved to stay on as long as possible. Congress gradually became a career, the incumbents burdened by the weight of "public service"—a burden that was lightened every year as the comforts, perquisites, and importance of the job grew. To this tradition, to cite a more than normally candid case, comes Geraldine A. Ferraro, newly elected to New York's Ninth District (Queens), her aspirations duly recorded by the *New York Times* a month after her election: "Her aim, she said, is to do a good job for the neigh-

bors and get reelected in 1980."

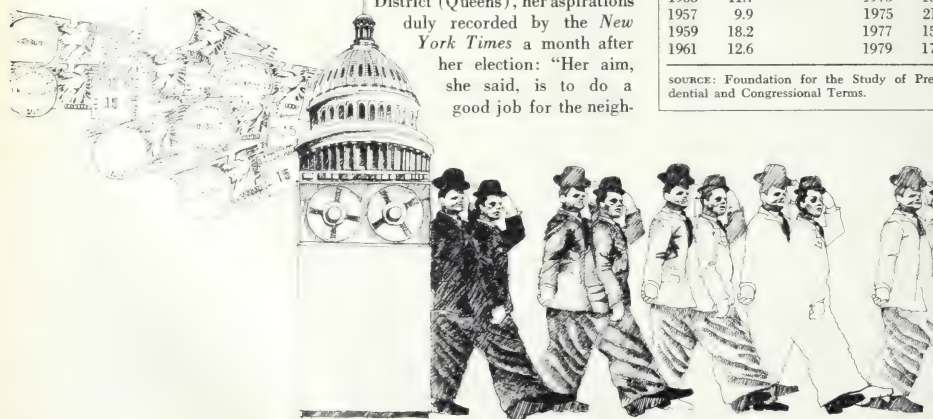
But—who knows?—she may change her mind after she has been in Washington a few months. The new political wisdom on everyone's lips is that Congress is becoming a less enjoyable place to work. Here are some figures to back this up. Table 1 shows the percentage of first-term members in the House of Representatives since World War II. No great trend is discernible. Table 2 shows the number of incumbent Congressmen defeated in reelection bids since 1954. There has been a drop-off in the numbers, although in 1961 (the year of retribution for War

TABLE 1

House of Representatives:
Percent of First-Term Members

1945	15.8	1963	13.1
1947	24.1	1965	20.1
1949	22.3	1967	16.1
1951	14.9	1969	8.1
1953	19.5	1971	12.1
1955	11.7	1973	13.1
1957	9.9	1975	21.1
1959	18.2	1977	13.1
1961	12.6	1979	17.1

SOURCE: Foundation for the Study of Presidential and Congressional Terms.



te) was an exception. In other words, the security of incumbents has increased. Table 3 shows the number of retirements from the House and Senate—a number that has steadily increased in the past decade. (Table 4 shows the size of the Senate freshman class since 1941.) Thus, the statistics confirm the political wisdom, which is relief—and also a mild surprise.

But why are legislators more inclined to retire these days? Probably the most important reason is the one at least mentioned: retirement benefits have improved considerably in the past decade. "A man lies if he says the pension is not a factor," says now Roncalio of Wyoming, who recently retired after ten years in the House. In fact, so alluring are retirement benefits that the Foundation for the Study of Presidential and Congressional Terms, which supports a constitutional amendment limiting Congressional service to twelve years, might well consider that if it wants

legislators to come and go more frequently, the simplest method might be to prod Congress to increase its pensions once again—get them to make themselves an offer they can't refuse. (This was tried last year by House Speaker Thomas P. [Tip] O'Neill, Jr., but his maneuver failed at the last minute.)

In 1967 Congress took the first step toward making retirement more attractive by adding a "cost-of-living escalator" to pensions. This protected members against inflation, which they themselves, in their generosity to constituents, were causing. No longer, then, would retired legislators have to worry about the hazards of living on a fixed income. Until 1972 the Congressional pension was calculated by averaging the salary the Congressman received in his or her last five years and multiplying it by 2.5 percent times the number of years in federal service. This was changed in 1972 to the average of the last three years, and Tip O'Neill's proposal would have reduced this to the salary in the final year: convenient, because the Congressional salary was increased from \$42,500 to \$57,500 in 1977, and thus members could have taken full advantage of this by retiring in 1978. As the formula stands, those contemplating retirement will have to hang on for one more term. Put another way, we can expect a lot more retirements in 1980.

It is, incidentally, quite difficult to find out the precise pensions of individual members. Capitol Hill, a mine of information on most matters, is guarded on the subject of pensions, which somehow come under the purview of the Privacy Act. *Congressional Quarterly* has been reduced to calculating "approximate pensions" of departing legislators. (The maximum allowable pension is \$46,000 a year. Some CQ estimates: Sen. Bill Scott of Virginia, \$44,000; Rep. John J. Flynt, Jr., of Georgia, \$38,000; and Rep. John E. Moss of California, \$36,000.)

This explains the popularity of departure. But why has incumbency itself become unpopular? One reason is the "financial disclosure" requirement embodied in the new Code of Ethics. Senators, for example, have to fill out an eight-page form giving details of property transactions, personal property ("examples of reportable items are savings accounts, loans... farm

TABLE 2

House of Representatives: Number of Incumbents Defeated in Re-election Bid

1954	29	1968	8
1956	22	1970	21
1958	40	1972	19
1960	33	1974	48
1962	27	1976	16
1964	52	1978	24
1966	52		

SOURCE: National Journal

TABLE 3

Retirements from House and Senate

YEAR	HOUSE	SENATE	TOTAL
1946	33	7	40
1948	27	7	34
1950	25	4	29
1952	41	3	44
1954	24	2	26
1956	20	5	25
1958	33	6	39
1960	26	4	30
1962	24	4	28
1964	33	2	35
1966	21	3	24
1968	22	6	28
1970	28	4	32
1972	39	6	45
1974	44	7	51
1976	49	9	58
1978	49	10	59

SOURCE: Congressional Quarterly

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Bean's Two Eyelet Boating Moc

THE 1979 BEAN'S TWO EYELET BOATING MOC IS THE MOST VERSATILE SHOE YOU CAN OWN. IT'S THE PERFECT SHOE FOR THE OUTDOORSPORTSMAN. IT'S THE PERFECT SHOE FOR THE OUTDOORSPORTSMAN. IT'S THE PERFECT SHOE FOR THE OUTDOORSPORTSMAN.

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equipment and livestock, stocks, bonds..."), liabilities, patent rights, and so on. Those who announced their retirement before April 30 last year, however, were exempted from this scrutiny. Even so, Sen. George McGovern's disclosure report shows that it is possible to fill out these forms in a nonrevealing manner. Under "personal property" he simply wrote "None."

Another thing incumbents don't like these days is the limitation on outside income, which takes effect this year. Members of Congress, who previously have been allowed to earn up to \$25,000 in extra cash, are now limited to \$8,625. This will come as a blow to Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, for example, who earned \$165,393 in 1976 (i.e., before he was elected), primarily by making speeches. Others will suffer, including Sens. Herman Talmadge, Robert Packwood, and George McGovern, the top three Senatorial money-makers in 1976, all earning more than \$20,000 that year in honoraria. Now they will have to speak for less, or speak less.

Actually, this may not be necessary, because there is a good chance that the ethics bill will quietly be revised to strike the limitation on outside income, which was imposed in order to mollify public opinion after the recent Congressional pay raise. Now that that is forgotten, someone is bound to point out that there is something illogical about the income limitation. Why, for example, limit earned income, but not income from stocks and bonds? It doesn't make sense. Reformist zealotry sometimes goes too far. "We seem to be operating under one giant guilt complex resulting from Watergate and the overreaction of politicians who already have the highest ethical standards of any parliamentary body,"

said James Mann of South Carolina, who recently retired from Congress.

This brings to mind another reason why Congressmen don't like Washington so much these days: the journalists. One could call this the Fishbowl Factor. As is by now well known, journalists have discovered that by staking out a high moral ground for themselves, they are in a good position to look down upon their fellow men. Sometimes they will come down from Mount Olympus to sniff cocaine or smoke a marijuana cigarette, and will gladly do so in the company of an elected or appointed official. But that is "not a story," and everyone is safe. At other times a Congressman, unbuttoned on an evening, drink in hand after a wearying session on the floor, must fervently hope that he is not spotted by an earnest Pulitzer-seeker.

The most interesting Congressional lament heard today is that the job has become, as one study group found, an "exhausting treadmill" with eleven-hour days (an average of four-and-a-half hours on the House floor), in the course of which the Congressman has to absorb a barrage of complaints, requests, and advice from constituents—admittedly mostly by mail. Not just his public behavior, but his legislative performance is now being monitored by the voters as never before.

A BRIEF DIGRESSION here, to a favorite topic of conversation in Washington and an essential element in our story: the well-established advantage of incumbency. An incumbent Congressman can, among other things, send out six mass mailings a year—addressed simply to "Postal Patron"—covering his entire district. There is no need, even, to go to the trouble of getting the names of constituents. Myriad pieces of mail go out (containing such messages as "My number one goal is to eliminate inflation and to see this nation achieve a balanced budget"), and although the recipient may not be flattered to receive mail that doesn't even have his name on it he cannot help noticing the Congressman's name, always prominently displayed.

In sending out this mail, for which the federal government reimburses the Post Office, members are aware of the

following survey data: On average, only 34 percent of the electorate know who represents them in Congress. But 75 percent can pick their representative's name from a list of five. This means that on election day a small but important percentage of the electorate can reliably be expected to vote on the basis of name recognition alone. The free mailings to a large extent create this name recognition, and, as a result, incumbents are hard to beat. The rate of "incumbent return" to the House since 1966 has been 95 percent; to the Senate, 84 percent.

What happens next has a certain poetic justice. Constituents, having heard so often from this friendly fellow in Washington, who claims to be able to do so much on their behalf, begin to write back asking him to do things—and not just that, telling him to do things, such as which way to vote on various issues. In fact, incumbents often literally ask for this, by including questionnaires in their mass mailings: What do you think about abortion? Defense spending? The unsponsored question is: How should we vote?

An increasing number of Congressmen commission professional polls in their districts. Further—in a significant development that no one seems to have noticed—many will publish the results of these polls in the *Congressional Record*. Not only does a Congressman want to know that 55 percent of his constituents favor an increased defense budget; he wants the world to know that he knows it. You would think he might want to keep quiet about the personal aimlessness implied by such polling; but no. The poll in effect legitimizes his vote. Many Congressmen are now openly saying "I will abide by the wishes of the majority of my constituents." Leadership is thus transformed into followership. Notice the volte-face of California's Governor Brown after Proposition 13. The striking thing about this was its utter shamelessness. And Brown was quite right, pragmatically.

* According to one estimate, the financial advantage enjoyed by incumbents is as much as \$1.2 million per Congressional term. This takes into account mailing privileges, office use, and salaries, with the estimate that 80 percent of staff work is aimed at reelection, no legislation. Congressmen have a staff salaries allowance of \$288,156 per annum.

TABLE 5

Senate Freshman Class

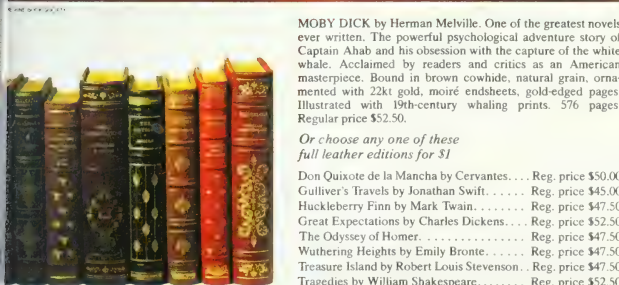
1941	12	1961	9
1943	13	1963	12
1945	14	1965	8
1947	23	1967	7
1949	18	1969	15
1951	14	1971	11
1953	16	1973	13
1955	14	1975	11
1957	10	1977	18
1959	10	1979	20

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WASHINGTON

As his November victory margin showed, the voters didn't mind a bit.

IF IT IS TRUE that the philosophy of government now tacitly accepted by many American politicians is that they are there to obey rather than command (President Carter, certainly, manages to convey this impression), then two important effects follow. The first is that such a philosophy explains with ease the great political conundrum that everyone has again been mulling over for the past few months: Why has voter turnout been dropping? Immensely complicated studies of this question have been undertaken recently. But the answer is surely obvious. If elected officials now consider it their duty to do what the majority wants, then it doesn't make any difference which of the rival candidates you vote for. Either will do, because both will be inclined to do what they are told. Therefore, why vote? Better to be polled than to go to the polls.

The other effect is the complaint now being heard in Congress: The job is no fun anymore. Of course it's no fun if all you are expected to do is follow orders from constituents. "Follow orders" is, of course, putting the case a little too strongly, but once a Congressman volunteers to become his constituents' ombudsman, he is well on the way to becoming their lackey. A retiring Congressman, James Hastings of New York, once put it this way: "All a member of Congress needs to do to win reelection is run a good public-relations operation and answer his constituent mail promptly. What kind of a whore am I?"

Let us take a look at the dynamics of this in a little more detail. The enormously increased legislative budget has allowed Congressional staffs to grow rapidly. (The overall legislative budget, more than \$1 billion, has quadrupled since 1968; the number of staff employees has tripled.) More and more Congressmen are opening offices in their districts. Then they put out the shingle and invite business. "Need help with a federal problem?" the card in the constituent's mailbox will ask. "Please feel free to communicate with your Congressman, in person, by phone, or by mail."

In response to such soliciting, the

mail begins to arrive—and continues arriving; so much of it that computers have been installed on Capitol Hill to deal with the problem of replying to the flood of letters. An increase in the Congressional operating budgets took care of the expense of such computers. Some (not yet all) Congressmen now have the appropriate computer terminals in their offices. Necessary data from incoming letters are fed into the computer (name and address of constituent, subject of inquiry), and when the Congressman and his staff have gone home for the night, the obedient machine clatters out 700 or so "personalized" replies. The staff returns the next morning, folds the letters into envelopes and sends them on their way.

Then more letters come back. The Congressman increasingly becomes the slave of this communications technology. He initiates the flurry of mail but ends up being snowed under by it. He is hoist with his own petard. Mounting numbers of his constituents are on the alert, watching every move trying to prod him this way or that.

There is much to be said for this, of course. It is, in effect, democracy carried to its logical conclusion. But it does render the Congressman slightly superfluous. It almost reaches the point where he could be replaced by a computer. Come to think of it, the "ayes" and "noes" are now totaled on the House floor by a computer (called an "electronic voting device"). Once a few relatively simple changes would be needed for the constituents' "pro" and "con" letters on given issues to be fed into the letter-writing computer, which, instead of writing letters, would relay the opinions to the machine tallying the votes on the House floor—and there you would have it: the Congressman neatly short-circuited, entirely superfluous. Computers would mediate between the voters in the districts and the final tally on the floor. The beauty of this arrangement is that no one would have to worry about paying these computerized lawmakers pensions, or limiting their outside income, or getting them to submit financial-disclosure statements, or straightening out their ethics, or providing sensational copy for journalists. Moreover, the flesh-and-blood Congressmen are getting restless.

HARPER'S/APRIL 19

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THE STATIONARY TOURIST

around the world, going nowhere

by Paul Fussell

TO START, two bits of data. When you entered Manhattan by the Lincoln Tunnel twenty years ago you saw from the high west bank of the Hudson a vision that lifted your heart and in some measure redeemed the potholes and noise and anarchy and violence of the city. You saw the magic row of transatlantic liners nuzzling the island, their classy, frivolous red and black and white and green uttering their critique of the utility beige-gray of the buildings. In the now might be the *Queen Mary* or the *Queen Elizabeth* or the *Mauretania*, the *United States* or the *America* or the *Independence*, the *Cafaello* or the *Michelangelo* or the *Liberté*. These were the last attendants of the age of ravel, soon to fall victim to the jet plane and the cost of oil and the cost of skilled labor.

A second bit of data, this one rather nasty. An official of the Guyanese government was recently heard to say that Jonestown might be turned into a profitable tourist attraction, "on the order of Auschwitz or Dachau." The disappearance of the ships from the Hudson, like the remark from Guyana, helps define the advanced phase of the age of tourism.

The rudimentary phase began more than a century ago, in England, because England was the first country to undergo industrialization and urbanization. The tediums of industrial work made "vacations" necessary, while the unwholesomeness of England's great soot-streaked cities made any place abroad, by flagrant contrast, appear almost mystically salubrious, especially in an age of rampant tuberculosis. Contributing to the rise of tourism in the nineteenth century was the bourgeois vogue of romantic primitivism. From James "Ossian" Macpherson in the late eighteenth century to D. H. Lawrence in the early twentieth, intellectuals and others discovered spe-

cial virtue in primitive peoples and places. Tourism is egalitarian or it is nothing, and its egalitarianism is another index of its origins in the nineteenth century. It is difficult to be a snob and a tourist at the same time, whether in the National Park campsites of America or Hitler's Strength-through-Joy cruises or the current Clubs Méditerranées, where nudity and pop-beads replace clothes and cash. By going primitive one becomes "equal." Wearing a lava-lava and sporting a "Polynesian" flower behind the ear, one plays out even in 1979 a fantasy devised well over a century ago, a fantasy implying that if simple is good, sincere is even better.

The passive passion

IT WAS NOT ALWAYS THUS. Before tourism there was travel, and before travel there was exploration. Each is roughly assignable to its own age in modern history: exploration belongs to the Renaissance, travel to the bourgeois age, tourism to our proletarian moment. There is an obvious blurring at the edges. What we recognize as tourism in its contemporary form was making inroads on travel as early as the mid-nineteenth century, when Thomas Cook got the bright idea of shipping sightseeing groups to the Continent, and though the Renaissance is over, there are still a few explorers. Tarzan's British father, Lord Greystoke, was exploring Africa in the twentieth century while tourists were being herded around the Place de l'Opéra.

And the terms *exploration*, *travel*, and *tourism* are slippery. In 1855 what we would call exploration is often called travel, as in *The Art of Travel*, by Francis Galton. His title seems to promise advice about securing deck

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Paul Fussell
THE
STATIONARY
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chairs in favorable locations and hints about tipping on shipboard, but his subtitle makes his intention clear: *Shifts and Contrivances Available in Wild Countries*. Galton's advice to "travelers" is very different from the matter in a Baedeker. Indeed, his book is virtually a survival manual, with instructions on blacksmithing, making your own black powder, descending cliffs with ropes, and defending a camp against natives: "Of all European inventions, nothing so impresses and terrifies savages as fireworks, especially rockets. . . . A rocket, judiciously sent up, is very likely to frighten off an intended attack and save bloodshed." On the other hand, the word *travel* in modern usage is equally misleading, as in phrases like *travel agency* and *the travel industry*, where what the words are disguising is *tourist agency* and *the tourist industry*, the idea of a *travel industry* constituting a palpable contradiction in terms if we understand what real travel once was.

It's been said that explorers are to the ordinary traveler what the saint is to the average church congregation. The athletic, paramilitary activity of exploration ends in knight-hoods for Sir Francis Drake and Sir Aurel Stein and Sir Edmund Hillary. No traveler, and certainly no tourist, is ever knighted for his performances, although the strains he may undergo can be as memorable as the explorer's. All three make journeys, but the explorer seeks the undiscovered, the traveler that which has been discovered by the mind working in history, the tourist that which has been discovered by entrepreneurship and prepared for him by the arts of publicity. The genuine traveler is, or used to be, in the middle between the two extremes. If the explorer moves toward the risks of the formless and the unknown, the tourist moves toward the security of pure cliché. It is between these two poles that the traveler mediates, retaining all he can of the excitement of the unpredictable attaching to exploration and fusing that with the pleasure of "knowing where one is" belonging to tourism.

But travel is work. Etymologically a traveler is one who suffers *travail*, a word deriving in its turn from Latin *tripalium*, a torture instrument consisting of three stakes designed to rack the body. Before the development of tourism, travel was conceived to be like study, and its fruits were considered to be the adornment of the mind and the formation of the judgment. The traveler was a student of what he sought, and he was assisted by aids like the thirty-four volumes of the Medieval Town Series, now, significantly, out of print.

One by-product of real travel was something

that has virtually disappeared, the travel book a record of an inquiry and a report of the effect of the inquiry on the mind and imagination of the traveler. The travel books of D. H. Lawrence are an example, and they date from the last days of genuine travel. His Italian journeys, says Anthony Burgess, "by post-bus or cold late train or on foot are in that great laborious tradition which produced genuine travel books." And Paul Theroux, whose *Great Railway Bazaar* is one of the few travel books to emerge from our age of tourism, observes that "travel writing is a funny thing" because "the worst trips make the best reading, which is why Graham Greene's *The Lawless Road* and Kinglake's *Eothen* are so superb." On the other hand, easy, passive travel results in books that offer "little more than chatting" or, like former British Prime Minister Edward Heath's *Travels*, "smug boasting." "Let the tourist be cushioned against misadventure," says Lawrence Durrell; "your true traveler will not feel that he has had his money's worth unless he brings back a few scars." Although I have been both traveler and tourist, it was as a traveler, not a tourist, that I once watched my wallet and passport slither down a Turkish toilet at Bodrum, and it was the arm of a traveler that reached deep, deep into the cloaca to retrieve them. If exploration produced adventures, travel was travel because it held out high hopes of misadventures.

FROM THE OUTSET, mass tourism attracted the class-contempt of killjoy who conceived themselves independent travelers and thus superior by reason of intellect, education, curiosity, and spirit. In the mid-nineteenth century Charles Lever laments in *Blackwood's Magazine*:

It seems that some enterprising and unscrupulous man [he means Thomas Cook] has devised the project of conducting some forty or fifty persons . . . from London to Naples and back for a fixed sum. He contracts to carry them, feed them, and amuse them. . . . When I first read the scheme . . . I caught at the hope that the speculation would break down. I imagined that the characteristic independence of Englishmen would revolt against a plan that reduces the traveler to the level of his trunk and obliterates every trace and trait of the individual. I was all wrong. As I write, the cities of Italy are deluged with droves of these creatures.

Lever's word *droves* suggests sheep or cattle and reminds us how traditional in antitourist fulminations animal images are (cf. *herd*).

above). "Of all noxious animals," Francis Kilvert wrote in the 1870s, "the most noxious is the tourist." And if not animals, insects. The Americans descending on Amalfi in the 1920s, according to Osbert Sitwell, resemble "a swarm of very noisy transatlantic locusts," and the tourists at Levanto in the 1930s, according to his sister Edith, are "the most awful people with legs like flies who come in to lunch in bathing costume—flies, centipedes." We may wonder who these loathsome creatures are, where they come from, what they think they're doing, and what happens to us all when for several weeks each year we go about resembling them.

I am assuming that travel is now impossible and that tourism is all we have left. Travel implies variety of means and independence of arrangements. The disappearance not just of the transatlantic lovelies but of virtually all passenger ships except cruise vessels (tourism with a vengeance), and the increasing difficulty of booking hotel space in advance if one is not on a tour, measure the plight of those who aspire still to travel in the old sense. Last spring I planned a trip to the Orient and the South Pacific, hoping that in places so remote and, I dreamed, backward, something like travel might still just be possible. I saw myself lolling at the rail unshaven in a dirty

white linen suit as the crummy little ship approached Bora Bora or Fiji in a damp heat that made one wonder whether death by yaws or dengue fever might be an attractive alternative. Too late for such daydreams. I found that just as I was inquiring, passenger ship travel in the Pacific disappeared—in April, 1978, to be precise. That month the ships of both the Matson and the Pacific Far East Lines were laid up for good, done in by the extortions of the oil-producing nations. In the same month even a small, Chinese-owned "steam navigation company" running a regular service between Hong Kong and Singapore put away its toys. Formerly it had been possible to call at the isolated island of Betio and Tarawa Atoll to pay respects to the ghosts of the United States and Japanese Marines, and an enterprising couple had built a small inn there. Now access to Betio and Tarawa is by air only, and the plane flies on alternate Thursdays, which means you have to stay there two weeks if you go at all. No one will go there now. I did not go there but to the big places with big hotels and big airports served by big planes. I came to know what Frederic Harrison meant when he said, "We go abroad, but we travel no longer." Only he wrote this in 1887. I suppose it's all a matter of degree. Perhaps the closest one could approach an

"If exploration promised adventures, travel was travel because it held out high hopes of misadventures."



experience of travel today would be to drive in an old automobile with doubtful tires through Romania or Afghanistan without hotel reservations and somehow to get by on terrible French.

The baggage challenge

ONE WHO HAS hotel reservations and speaks no French is a tourist. Anthropologists are fond of defining him, although in their earnestness they tend to miss his essence. Thus Valene L. Smith in *Hosts and Guests: The Anthropology of Tourism*: "A tourist is a temporarily leisured person who voluntarily visits a place away from home for the purpose of experiencing a change." But that pretty well defines a traveler, too. What distinguishes the tourist is the motives, few of which are ever openly revealed: to raise social status at home and to allay social anxiety; to realize fantasies of erotic freedom; and most important, to derive secret pleasure from posing momentarily as a member of a social class superior to one's own, to play the role of a "shopper" and spender whose life becomes significant and exciting only when one is exercising power by choosing what to buy. Cant as the tourist may of the Taj Mahal and Mt. Etna at sunset, his real target is the immense Ocean Terminal at Hong Kong, with its miles of identical horrible camera and tape-recorder shops. The fact that the tourist is best defined as a fantasist equipped temporarily with unaccustomed power is better known to the tourist industry than to anthropology.

For tourist fantasies to bloom satisfactorily, certain conditions must be established. First, the tourist's mind must be entirely emptied so that a sort of hypnotism can occur. Unremitting Muzak is a help here, and it is carefully provided in hotels, restaurants, elevators, tour buses, cable cars, planes, and excursion boats. The tourist is assumed to know nothing, a tradition upheld by the American magazine *Travel* (note the bogus title), which is careful to specify that London is in England and Venice in Italy. If the tourist is granted a little awareness, it is always of the most retrograde kind, like the Thirties belief, which he is assumed to hold, that "transportation," its varieties and promise, is itself an appropriate subject of high regard. (Think of the 1939 New York World's Fair, or the Thirties murals in the Chrysler Building, where variety, celerity, and novelty in means of transport are thought inherently interesting: "Getting There Is Half the Fun.") A current day-tour out of Tokyo

honors this convention. The ostensible object is to convey a group of tourists to a spot where they can wonder at the grandeurs of natural scenery. In pursuit of this end, they are first placed in a "streamlined" train whose speed of 130 miles per hour is frequently called to their attention. They are then transferred to an air-conditioned "coach" that whisks them to a boat, whence, after a ten-minute ride, they are ushered into a funicular to ascend a spooky gorge, after which, back to the bus or cetera. The whole day's exercise is presented as a marvel of contrivance in which the sheer variety of the conveyances supplies a large part of the attraction. Hydrofoils are popular for similar reasons, certainly not for their efficiency. Of the four I've been on in the past few years, two have broken down spectacularly, one in Manila Bay almost sinking after encountering a submerged log at sopomoric high speed.

Tourist fantasies fructify best when tourists are set down not in places but in pseudoplaces passing through subordinate pseudoplaces, like airports, on the way. Real places are odd and call for interpretation. They are the venue of the traveler. Pseudoplaces entice by their familiarity and call for instant recognition. "We have arrived." One striking post-World War II phenomenon has been the transformation of numerous former small countries into pseudoplaces or tourist commonwealths, whose function is simply to entice tourists and sell them things. This has happened remarkably fast. As recently as 1930 Alec Waugh could report that Martinique had no tourists because there was no accommodation for them. Now Martinique would seem to be about nothing, but tourists, like Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Barbados, Bermuda, Hong Kong, Fiji, and the Greek Islands.

The tourist is readied for his ultimate encounter with placelessness by passing first through the uniform airport. Only forty years ago the world's airports exhibited distinctive characteristics betokening differences in national character and style. Being in one was not precisely like being in another. In Graham Greene's novel of 1935, *England Made Me*, the character Fred Hall, we are told,

knew the airports of Europe as well as he had once known the stations on the Brighton line—shabby Le Bourget; the great scarlet rectangle of the Tempelhof as one came in from London in the dark . . . ; the white sand blowing up round the shed at Tallinn; Riga, where the Berlin to Leningrad plane came down and bright pink mineral waters were sold in a tin-roofed shed.

hat sort of variety would be unthinkable now, then, as Bernard Bergonzi says, airport design has become a "ubiquitous international liom."

Moving through the airport—or, increasing-ly, being moved, on a literal endless belt—the tourist arrives at his next nonplace, the airplane interior. The vapid non-allusive cheerfulness of its décor betrays its design and manufacture as Southern Californian. Evelyn Vaughn, one of the heroes of the last age of travel, the Twenties and Thirties, was among the first to notice

the curious fact that airplanes have added nothing to our enjoyment of height. The human eye still receives the most intense images when the observer's feet are planted on the ground or on a building. The airplane belittles all it discloses.

The calculated isolation from the actual that is tourism ("We fly you above the weather") is effected as well in the design of the last of the serious passenger liners, the *QE II*. Here the designers carefully eliminated the promenade deck, formerly the place where you were touchsafed some proximity to the ocean. Now, as John Malcolm Brinnin has said, "Travelers who love the sea, delight in studying its moods,

and like to walk in the sight and smell of it, were left with almost no place to go." Except to the bars and fruit machines, doubtless the intention. As the ship has been obliged to compete in the illusion of placelessness with the airport and the jet, its interior design has given over its former ambitions of alluding to such identifiable places as country estates with fireplaces and libraries, urban tea-dance parlors, and elegant conservatories full of palms, ferns, and wicker, and instead has embraced the universal placeless style, eschewing organic materials like wood and real fabric in favor of spray-painted metal and dun plastic. I don't want to sound too gloomy, but there's a relation here between other "replacements" characterizing contemporary life: the replacement of coffee cream by ivory-colored powder, for example, or of silk and wool by nylon, or glass by Lucite, eloquence by jargon, fish by fish sticks, merit by publicity, motoring by driving, travel by tourism. A corollary of that last replacement is that ships have been replaced by cruise ships, small movable pseudoplaces making an endless transit between larger fixed pseudoplaces. But even a cruise ship is preferable to a plane. It is healthier because you can exercise on it, and it is more romantic because you can copulate on it.

"The tourist is readied for his ultimate encounter with placelessness by passing first through the uniform airport."



SAFE AND EFFICIENT uniform international jet service began in earnest around 1957. That's an interesting moment in the history of human passivity. It's the approximate moment when radio narrative and drama, requiring the audience to do some of the work by supplying the missing visual dimension with its own imagination, found themselves replaced by television, which now does it all for the "viewer"—or fixed tourist, if you will. Supplying the missing dimension is exactly what real travel used to require, and it used to assume a large body of people willing to travail to earn illumination.

But ironically the tourist is not without his own kinds of travails, which the industry never prepares him for and which make tourism always something less than the ecstasy proposed. The sense that he is being swindled and patronized, or that important intelligence is being withheld from him, must trouble even the dimmest at one time or another. In addition to the incomprehensible but clearly crucial airport loudspeaker harangues, the tourist is faced by constant rhetorical and contractual challenges. He meets one the moment he accepts the standard airline baggage check and reads, "This is not the Luggage Ticket (Baggage Check) as described in Article 4 of the Warsaw Convention or the Warsaw Convention as amended by the Hague Protocol 1955." The question arises, If this baggage check is not that one, what is it? If it is not that Luggage Ticket (Baggage Check), how do you get the real one? And what does the real one say when you finally get it? Does it say, "This is the Luggage Ticket (Baggage Check) as described in. . . On no account accept any substitute"? Or, "Persons accepting substitutes for the Luggage Ticket (Baggage Check) as described in Article 4 . . . will legally and morally have no recourse when their baggage is diverted (lost), and in addition will be liable to severe penalties, including immediate involuntary repatriation at their own expense"?

Another cause of tourist travail is touts. The word *tout*, designating a man hounding a tourist to patronize a certain hotel or shop, dates approximately from Cook's first organized excursion to the Paris Exposition of 1855. Some tourist brochures will gingerly hint at such hazards as sharks, fetid water, and appalling food, but I've never seen one that prepared the tourist for the far greater threat of the tout.

Tour guides are touts by nature, required to lead tourists to shops where purchases result in commissions. In Kyoto recently a scholarly guide to the religious monuments, full of dignity and years, had to undergo the humil-

iation of finally conducting his group of tourists to a low ceramics shop. He nearly wept. Tour guides are also by nature café touts. "Let's rest here a moment. I know you're tired. You can sit down and order coffee, beer, soft drinks." And souvenir-shop touts: "This place has the best fly-whisks (postcards, scarves, amber, coral, camera film, turquoise, pocket calculators) in town, and because you're with me you will not be cheated." All kinds of tourists are fair game for touts, but Americans seem their favorite targets, not just because of their careless ways with money and their instinctive generosity but also because of the non-European innocence about the viler dimensions of human nature and their desire to be liked, their impulse to say "Good morning" back instead of "Go away." It's a rare American who, asked, "Where you from, Sir?" will venture "Screw you" instead of "Boise."

Touts make contemporary tourism a hell of opportunity, and many of my memories of tourist trips reduce to memories of particular touts. There was the money-changing tout in Luxor so assiduous that I dared not leave the hotel for several days; and the gang of guide touts outside Olafsson's Hotel, Port-au-Prince who could be dealt with only by hiring one to fend off the others. There was the nice, friendly waiter at the best hotel in Colombo, Sri Lanka, whose kindly inquiries about one's plans cloaked his intention to make one leave his brother's car. There was the amiable student of English in Shiraz whose touching efforts at verbal self-improvement brought him gradually to the essential matter, the solicitation of a large gift. There was the sympathetic acquaintance in Srinagar whose free boat-ride ended at his canal-side carpet outlet. There was the civilized assistant manager of the Hotel Peninsula, Hong Kong, an establishment so pretentious that it picks up its clients at the airport in Rolls-Royces, who, after being repulsed at the desk, finally came up to my room to tout the hotel's tours. There were the well-got-up young men of Manila who struck up conversations, innocently expressing interest in your children and place of residence, and then gradually, and in their view subtly, began to beg. Rejected there, they then touted for shop. They then turned pimps, and, that failing, whores. The Philippines is a notable tourist venue, like Turkey, Iran, Mexico, Egypt, and India. All are in the grip of a developing capitalism, halfway between the primitive and the overripe. In London there are no touts: it's easier there to make a living without the constant fear of humiliating rebuff. On the other hand, there are none in Papua New Guinea either. It is not yet sufficiently "developed,

which means it doesn't yet have a sense of a richer outside world that can be tapped. In the same way, your real native of a truly primitive place doesn't steal from tourists. Not out of primitive virtue but out of ignorance: unlike a resident of, say, Naples, he doesn't know what incredible riches repose in travelers' luggage and handbags.

Diminishing expectations

AS I HAVE SAID, it is hard to be a snob and a tourist at the same time. A way to combine both roles is to become an antitourist. Despite the suffering he undergoes, the antitourist is not to be confused with the traveler, for his motives are less those of inquiry than of self-protection. Dean MacCannell, author of the anthropological study *The Tourist*, remembers a resident of an island like Nantucket who remonstrated when, arriving, MacCannell offered to start the car before the ferry docked. "Only tourists do that," he was told. Abroad, the techniques practiced by antitourists anxious to assert their difference from all those tourists are more shifts. All involve attempts to merge into the surroundings, like speaking the language, even badly. Some dissimulations are merely mechanical, like a man's shifting his wedding ring from the left to the right hand. A useful trick is ostentatiously not carrying a camera. If asked about this deficiency by a camera-carrying tourist, one scores points by saying, "I never carry a camera. If I photograph things, I find I don't really see them." Another device is staying in the most unlikely hotels, although this is risky, like the correlative technique of eschewing taxis in favor of local public transportation (the more complicated and confusing the better), which may end with the antitourist stranded miles out of town, cold and alone on the last tram of the night. Another risky technique is programmatically consuming the local food, no matter how nasty, and affecting to relish sheep's eyes, fried cicadas, and shellfish taken locally—that is, from the sewagey little lagoon. Dressing with attention to local coloration used to be harder before jeans became the international costume of the pseudo-leisured. But jeans are hard for those around sixty to get away with, and the antitourist must be careful to prevent betrayal by jackets, trousers, shoes, and even socks and neckties (if still worn) differing subtly from the local norms.

Sedulously avoiding the standard sights is probably the best method of disguising your touristhood. In London one avoids Westmin-

ster Abbey and heads instead for the Earl of Burlington's eighteenth-century villa at Chiswick. In Venice one must walk by circuitous smelly back passages far out of one's way to avoid being seen in the Piazza San Marco. In Athens one disdains the Acropolis in favor of the eminence preferred by the locals, the Lycabettus. Each tourist center has its interdicted zone: in Rome you avoid the Spanish Steps and the Fontana di Trevi, in Paris the Deux Magots and the whole Boul' Mich area, in Nice the Promenade des Anglais, in Egypt Giza with its excessively popular pyramids and sphinx, in Hawaii Waikiki. Avoiding Waikiki brings up the question of why one's gone to Hawaii at all, but that's exactly the problem.

Driving on the Continent, it's essential to avoid outright giveaways like the French TT license plate. Better to drive a car registered in the country you're touring (the more suave rental agencies know this) if you can't find one from some unlikely place like Bulgaria or Syria. Plates entirely in Arabic are currently much favored by antitourists, and they have the additional advantage of frustrating policemen writing tickets for illegal parking.

Perhaps the most popular way for the antitourist to demarcate himself from the tourists, because he can have a drink while doing it, is for him to lounge—cameraless—at a café

"Touts make contemporary tourism a hell of opportunity."



Paul Fussell
THE
STATIONARY
TOURIST

table and with palpable contempt scrutinize the passing sheep through half-closed lids, making all movements very slowly. Here the costume providing the least danger of exposure is jeans, a thick, dark-colored turtle-neck, and longish hair. Any conversational gambits favored by lonely tourists, like "Where are you from?" can be deflected by vagueness. Instead of answering Des Moines or Queens, you say, "I spend a lot of time abroad" or "That's really hard to say." If hard-pressed, you simply mutter "*Je ne parle pas anglais*," look at your watch, and split.

The antitourist's persuasion that he is really a traveler instead of a tourist is both a symptom and a cause of what the British journalist Alan Brien has designated *tourist angst*, defined as "a gnawing suspicion that after all . . . you are still a tourist like every other tourist." As a uniquely modern form of self-contempt, *tourist angst* often issues in bizarre emotional behavior, and it is surprising that it has not yet become a classic for psychiatric study. "A student of mine in Paris," writes MacCannell, "a young man from Iran dedicated to the [student] revolution, half stammering, half shouting, said to me, 'Let's face it, we are all tourists!' Then, rising to his feet, his face contorted with . . . self-hatred, he concluded dramatically in a hiss: 'Even I am a tourist.'"

Tourist angst like this is distinctly a class signal. Only the upper elements of the middle classes suffer from it, and in summer especially it is endemic in places like Florence and Mykonos and Crete. It is rare in pseudoplaces like Disneyland, where people have come just because other people have come. This is to say that the working class finds nothing shameful about tourism. It is the middle class that has read and heard just enough to sense that being a tourist is somehow offensive and scorned by an imagined upper class that it hopes to emulate and, if possible, be mistaken for. The irony is that extremes meet: the upper class, unfettered by contempt from any source, happily enrolls in Lindblad Tours or makes its way up the Nile in tight groups being lectured at by a tour guide artfully disguised as an Oxbridge archeologist. Sometimes the antitourist's rage to escape the appearance of tourism propels him around a mock full-circle, back to a simulacrum of exploration. Hence the popularity of African safaris among the upper middle class. One tourist agency now offers package exoticistic expeditions to Everest and the Sahara, and to Sinai by camel caravan, "real expedition for the serious traveler looking for more than an adventurous vacation." Something of the acute discomfort of exploration and the uncertainty of real travel can be recovered by accepting an invitation to "traverse Spain's Sierra Nevada on horseback (\$528.00)."



BUT THE ANTITOURIST deludes only himself. We are all tourists, and there is no escape. Every year there are more than 200 million of us, and when we are jettied in all directions and lodged in our pseudoplaces, we constitute four times the population of France. The decisions we imagine ourselves making are shaped by the Professors of Tourism at Michigan State University and by the "Travel Administrators" now being trained at the New School and by the International Union of Official Travel Organizations, whose publications indicate what it has in mind for us: *Factors Determining Selection of Sites for Tourism Development*, for example, or *Potential International Supply of Tourism Resources*. Our freedom and mobility diminish at the same time their expansion is loudly proclaimed; while more choices appear to solicit us, fewer actually do. The ships will not come back to the Hudson, and some place in Guyana will doubtless be selected as a site for tourism development. The tourist is locked in, and as MacCannell has pointed out, as a type the tourist is "one of the best models of modern man-in-general."

THE DEBTOR CLASS

by Andrew Dickson White

It is difficult to make sense of inflation, but, judging from the daily alarms in the newspapers as well as by the mail received at this magazine, a great many people worry about its causes and effects. They may not know what to do about inflation, but they suspect that it will be the ruin of us all. Would that they could write in plain English. Unhappily for the public understanding, the people best placed to expound on the art and practice of inflation confine their remarks to the aesopian language of economic theory. Either that, or they have been discredited by their performances as economic advisers to one or more of the recent governments in Washington.

Thus it was with feelings of relief and delight that the editors came across Andrew Dickson White's essay on the subject. Written in a lucid, at times witty, prose, the essay makes palpable the normally dismal sciences of trade deficits and money supply. The grace of White's writing is enhanced by his political conviction, which distinguishes his effort from the handwringing despair affected in conventional accounts of inflation's beleaguered victims. Mr. White challenges the accepted wisdom that inflation hurts everybody. Indeed, a significant group of people, although too diffuse to constitute a cabal, derives power and profit from a diminished currency; hence, the debtor class.

During times when many people calculate the gains they anticipate from inflated real estate or gold bullion, it is difficult to discern the political and financial dangers of cheap currency. This is as true now as it was in Mr. White's time, the latter part of the nineteenth century, and may help to explain why he used France just after the 1789 Revolution as an example of a society held hostage by a debtor class. First delivered in 1876 to Congress and the Union League Club, this essay is a cautionary tale, a warning about what can cause a currency to collapse and how it can carry a democracy into the void. As a diplomat—he was Am-

bassador to Germany at the turn of the century—or as the founder and first president of Cornell University, Mr. White held few illusions about the capability of a weak government to resist the temptation for easy money. Neither the government of revolutionary France nor America's Gilded Age could stop the rush for inflation, and the result in each instance was destructive to all political institutions. Although the purpose here is not to stretch too far the analogy between Jacobin France and the present, in the spirit of Mr. White, the editors have added footnotes to illuminate whatever connections there may be between the French Revolution and the current American romance with debt.



EARLY in the year 1789, the French nation found itself in deep financial embarrassment: there was a heavy debt and a serious deficit. The vast reforms of that period, though a lasting blessing politically, were a temporary evil financially. There was a general want of confidence in business circles; capital had shown its proverbial timidity by retiring out of sight as far as possible; throughout the land was stagnation.

Statesmanlike measures, careful watching, and wise management would, doubtless, have led before long to a return of confidence, a reappearance of money, and a resumption of business; but these involved patience and self-denial, and, thus far in human history, these are the rarest products of political wisdom. Few nations have ever been able to exercise these virtues; and France was not then one of these few.¹

There was a general search for some short road to prosperity: the idea was soon set afloat that the great want of the country was more of the circulating medium; and this was speedily followed by calls for an issue of paper money. The Minister of Finance at this period was Jacques Necker. The difficulties in his way were great, but he steadily endeavored to keep France faithful to those principles in monetary affairs that the general experience of modern times had found the only path to national safety. As difficulties arose, the National Assembly drew away from him, and among the members soon came renewed suggestions of paper money: orators in public meetings, at the clubs, and in the Assembly proclaimed it a panacea—a way of securing resources without paying interest. Journalists caught it up and displayed its beauties; among these men, Marat, who, in his newspaper, *The Friend of the People*, also joined the cries against Neck-

er, picturing him—a man of sterling honesty who gave up health and fortune for the sake of France—as a wretch seeking only to enrich himself from the public purse.

Against this tendency toward the issue of irredeemable paper Necker contended as best he might. He knew well to what it always led, even when surrounded by the most skillful guarantees. But this current in favor of paper money became so strong that an effort was made to contend with it by a compromise and during the last months of 1789 and the first months of 1790 came discussions in the National Assembly, looking to issues of notes based upon the landed property of the Church, which was to be confiscated for that purpose. But care was to be taken; the issue was to be largely in the shape of notes of 1,000, 300, and 200 livres,² too large to be used as ordinary currency, but of convenient size to be used in purchasing the Church lands; besides this, they were to bear interest, and this would tempt holders to hoard them.

Remembrances of the ruin that had come from the great issues of smaller currency at an earlier date were still vivid. Yet the pressure toward a popular currency for universal use grew stronger and stronger. The finance committee of the Assembly reported that "the people demand a new circulating medium"; that "the circulation of paper money is the best of operations"; that "it is the most free because it reposes on the will of the people"; and that "it will bind the interest of the citizens to the public good."

Typical in the debate on the whole subject

The worth of the livre (later the franc) can be approximated by the cost of living in 1789. An unskilled worker earned about one livre a day; a semi-skilled worker almost two livres. Bread, about 60 percent of the daily diet, cost about one-half livre.

¹ Nor is the United States. A popular Presidential gambit in recent times has been for the incumbent to fuel the economy prior to the election and then campaign on a platform of prosperity-for-all. Messrs. Johnson, Nixon, and Ford were accomplished at this fiscal shell game, although none stayed around long enough to announce in customary pieties the inevitable recession that ensued once the campaign and its attendant spending were over.

² The livre was the common coin of exchange in France at the beginning of the period White describes. The franc became the official monetary unit in 1795, with conversion at the rate of 81 livres to 80 francs.

its various phases, were the declarations of L. Matrineau. He was loud and long for paper money, his only fear being that the Finance committee had not authorized enough of it; he declared that business was stagnant, and that the sole cause was a want of more of the regulating medium; that paper money ought to be made a legal tender; that the Assembly would rise above prejudices that the failures of John Law's paper money had caused, several decades before.³ Like every supporter of redeemable paper money then or since, he seemed to think that the laws of nature had changed since previous disastrous issues. He said: "Paper money under a despotism is dangerous; it favors corruption; but in a nation constitutionally governed, which itself takes care in the emission of its notes, which determines their number and use, that danger no longer exists." He insisted that John Law's notes at first restored prosperity, but that the retchedness and ruin they caused resulted from their overissue, and that such an overissue is possible only under a despotism.

Mingled with the financial argument was a strong political plea. The National Assembly had determined to confiscate the vast real property of the French Church—the pious accumulations of 1,500 years. There were princely states in the country, bishops' palaces, and conventual buildings in the towns; these formed between one-fourth and one-third of the entire real property of France, and amounted in value to at least 2 billion livres. By a few weeping strokes all this became the property of the nation. Never, apparently, did a government secure a more solid basis for a great financial future.

There were two special reasons why French statesmen desired to sell these lands speedily. First, a financial reason—to obtain money to relieve the government. Second, a political reason—to get this land distributed among the thrifty middle classes, and so commit them to the revolution and to the government that gave their title.

It was urged, then, that the issue of 400 millions of paper (not in the shape of interest-bearing bonds, as had at first been proposed, but in notes small as well as large) would give the treasury something to pay out immediately, and relieve the national necessities; that, having been put into circulation, this paper money would stimulate business; that it would give to all capitalists, large or small, the means for buying from the nation the ecclesiastical real estate; and that from the proceeds of this real estate the nation would pay its debts

and also obtain new funds for new necessities. Never was theory more seductive to both financiers and statesmen.⁴

THE FIRST ISSUE



RATORY prevailed over science and experience. In April, 1790, came the final decree to issue 400 million livres in paper money, based upon confiscated property of the Church for its security. This sum—so vast in those days—was issued in assignats, which were notes secured by a pledge of productive real estate and bearing interest to the holder at 3 percent. No irredeemable currency has ever claimed a more scientific and practical guarantee for its goodness and for its proper action on public finances.

To crown its work and to explain the advantages of this new currency, the National Assembly issued an address to the French people. In this address it spoke of the nation as "delivered by this grand means from all uncertainty and from all ruinous results of the credit system." It foretold that this issue "would bring back into the public treasury, into commerce and into all branches of industry strength, abundance, and prosperity."⁵

All this caused great joy. Among the various utterances of this feeling was the letter of M. Sarot, directed to the editor of the *Journal of the National Assembly*, and scattered through France. M. Sarot is hardly able to contain himself as he anticipates the prosperity, and to give a final proof of his confidence in paper, he solemnly lays his house, garden, and furniture upon the altar of his country and offers to sell them for paper money alone. There were, indeed, some gainsayers. These especially appeared among the clergy, who, naturally, abhorred the confiscation of Church property. Various ecclesiastics made speeches, some of them full of pithy and weighty arguments, against the proposed issue of paper, and there is preserved a sermon from one priest threatening all persons handling the new money with eternal damnation. But the great majority of the French people, who had suffered ecclesiastical oppression so long, regarded these utterances as the wriggling of a fish on the hook, and enjoyed the sport all the better.

The first result of this issue was apparently all that the most sanguine could desire: the

³ In 1719, John Law, a financial genius living in Paris and a close friend of the Regent, d'Orléans, launched a scheme to issue paper money and sell stock in the riches of the Mississippi territory. Deluded into thinking that this paper represented actual wealth, the French people—in a paroxysm of greed—bought the notes with feverish delight. In the constant demand for paper money, many grew rich overnight, and France enjoyed unprecedented national affluence until the bubble burst and citizens, distrusting paper, demanded coin in exchange for their notes. Needless to say, most of the specie for the Mississippi stock was still underground in North America, and the paper fortunes immediately collapsed. Law escaped France with only his life.

⁴ If Keynes had not lived, he would have been invented by latter-day politicians desperate for a highbrow theory that could avoid the messier problems of unemployment and provide riches for the business community living from the government trough. Once, in justifying short-term government expenditure that stemmed from his economic thinking, Keynes observed: "In the long run, we are all dead"—and thus offered carte blanche to the mandarins charged with maintaining prosperity, whatever the costs.

⁵In New York during the 1960s, indirect financing became a favorite recreation for politicians keen on such imperial projects as the World Trade Center. It effectively hid the inflated price tags from the voters. But when the demand for these "moral obligation" bonds collapsed, New York was stuck with huge overhead expenses and an array of creditors. Lacking the money to repay these debts or a nearby Gaul to plunder for riches, New York became a ward of the federal government.

⁶Periodically, the public officials from New York paying homage to the sultans in Washington who determine whether or not to continue the city's loans.

treasury was at once greatly relieved; a portion of the public debt was paid; creditors were encouraged; credit revived; ordinary expenses were met; and, a considerable part of this paper money having thus been passed from the government into the hands of the people, trade increased and all difficulties seemed to vanish. The anxieties of Necker seemed proved utterly futile. And, indeed, it is quite possible that, if the national authorities had stopped with this issue, few of the financial evils that afterward arose would have been severely felt; the 400 millions of paper money then issued would have simply discharged the function of a similar amount of specie. But soon there came another result: times grew less easy; by the end of September, within five months after the issue of the 400 million in assignats, the government had spent it and was again in distress.⁶

The old remedy immediately and naturally recurred to the minds of men. Throughout the country began a cry for another issue of papers; thoughtful men then began to recall what their fathers had told them about the seductive path of paper-money issues, and to remember the prophecies that they themselves had heard in the debate on the first issue of assignats less than six months before.

MIRABEAU SPEAKS



AT THAT TIME the opponents of paper had prophesied that, once on the downward path of inflation, the nation could not be restrained and that more issues would follow. The supporters of the first issue had asserted that this was calumny, that *the people* were now in control and that they could and would check these issues whenever they desired.

The condition of opinion in the Assembly was, therefore, chaotic: a few schemers and dreamers were loud and outspoken for paper money; many of the more shallow and easygoing were inclined to yield; the more thoughtful endeavored to oppose the current.

There was one man who could have withstood the pressure: Mirabeau. He was the popular idol—the great orator of the Assembly and much more than a great orator: he had carried the nation through some of its worst dangers by a boldness almost godlike; in the various conflicts he had shown not only oratorical boldness, but amazing foresight. As to his real opinion on an irredeemable currency there can be no doubt. It was the opinion that all true statesmen have held, before his time and since—in his own country, in England, in America, in every modern civilized nation. In his letter to Cerutti, written in January, 1789, hardly six months before, he had spoken of paper money as "a nursery of tyranny, corruption, and delusion; a veritable debauch of authority in delirium." In one of his early speeches in the National Assembly he had called such money "a loan to an armed robber," and said of it: "That infamous tender paper money, ought to be banished from our language." In his private letters written at the very time, he showed that he was fully aware of the dangers of inflation. But he yielded to the pressure: partly because he thought it important to sell the government lands rapidly to the people, and so develop speedily a large class of small landholders pledged to stand by the government that gave them their title; partly, doubtless, from a love of immediate rather than of remote applause; and, generally, in a vague hope that the severe, inexorable laws of finance that had brought heavy punishments upon governments circulating an irredeemable currency in other lands, at other times, might in some way at this time be ward off from France.



The question was brought up by Montesquieu's report on August 27, 1790. This report, with evident reluctance, an additional issue of paper. Upon this report, Mirabeau made one of his most powerful speeches. He confessed that he had at first feared the issue of assignats, but that he now dared urge that experience had shown the issue of paper money most serviceable; that the report of the first issue of assignats a success; that public affairs had come out of distress; that ruin had been averted and credit established. This speech was frequently interrupted by applause; a unanimous vote ordered it printed, and copies were spread throughout France.

Far more important than any other argument against inflation was the speech of Talleyrand. He had been among the boldest and most liberal French statesmen. He it was—a former hop—who, more than any other, had carried the extreme measure of taking into the possession of the nation the great landed estates of the Church, and he had supported the issue of 400 million. But he now adopted a judicial tone—attempted to show to the Assembly the very simple truth that the effect of the second issue of assignats may be different from that of the first; that the first was evidently needed; that the second may be as injurious as the first was useful. In his speech he used these words: "You can, indeed, arrange so that the people shall be forced to take a thousand livres in paper for a thousand livres in specie; but you can never arrange it so that man shall be obliged to give a thousand livres in specie for a thousand livres in paper in that fact is embedded the entire question; and on account of that fact the whole system falls."

PAPER PROSPERITY

THE NATION at large now began to take part in the debate; thoughtful men saw that here was the turning point between good and evil; that the nation stood at the parting of the ways. But eloquent theorists rose to glorify paper, and among these, Colard Royer, who, on September 14, 1790, put forth a pamphlet entitled *Reflections of a Patriotic Citizen on the Issue of Assignats*, in which he gave many specious reasons why the assignats could not be depressed, and spoke the argument against them as "vile clamors

of people bribed to affect public opinion." He foretold prosperous times to France in case these great issues of paper were continued and declared these "the only means to insure happiness, glory, and liberty to the French nation." Speeches like this gave courage to a new swarm of theorists. It began to be especially noted that men who had never shown any ability to make or increase fortunes for themselves abounded in brilliant plans for creating and increasing wealth for the country at large.⁷

The greatest force of all came on September 27, 1790, with Mirabeau's final speech. The most sober and conservative of his modern opponents speaks of its eloquence as "prodigious." In this, the great orator dwelt first on the political necessity involved, declaring that the most pressing need was to get the government lands into the hands of the people, and so to commit to the nation and against the old privileged classes the class of landholders thus created.

Through the whole course of his arguments there is one leading point enforced with all his eloquence and ingenuity—the excellence of the proposed currency, its stability, and its security. He declares that, being based on the pledge of public lands and convertible into them, the notes are better secured than if redeemable in specie; that the precious metals are only employed in the secondary arts, while the French paper money represents the first and most real of all property, the source of all production, the land; that while other nations have been obliged to circulate paper money, none has ever been so fortunate as the French nation, for the reason that none had ever before been able to give this landed security; that whoever takes French paper money has practically a mortgage to secure it—and on landed property that can easily be sold to satisfy his claims, while other nations have been able to give only a vague claim on the entire nation. "And," he cries, "I would rather have a mortgage on a garden than on a kingdom!" As a whole, the speech was brilliant; it was often interrupted by applause; it settled the question. People did not stop to consider that it was the dashing speech of an orator and not the matured judgment of a financial expert; they did not see that calling Mirabeau or Talleyrand to advise upon a monetary policy, because they had shown boldness in danger and strength in conflict, was like summoning a prize-fighter to mend a watch.

In spite of all this plausibility and eloquence, a large minority stood firm to their

⁷ **Entrepreneurs** have left the frontier and now dwell in tent camps on the edge of government. A tycoon is someone, like Joseph Califano, who knows how to corner a market of federal funds. The rest toil to shape legislation that shows the necessity of purchasing 100 new jet fighters or maintaining a moribund domestic industry, like shoes or sugar. Fortunes are made by correctly anticipating a government regulation.

earlier principles; but on September 29, 1790, by a vote of 508 to 423, the deed was done; a bill was passed authorizing the issue of 800 million new assignats, but solemnly declaring that in no case should the entire amount put in circulation ever exceed 1,200 million. To make assurance doubly sure, it also provided that as fast as the assignats were paid into the treasury for land they should be burned, and thus a healthful contraction be constantly maintained. Unlike the first issue of the previous April these new notes were to bear no interest.

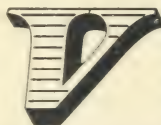
France was now fully committed to a policy of inflation; and, if there had been any question of this before, all doubts were removed now by various significant acts showing the exceeding difficulty of stopping a nation once in the full tide of a depreciating currency. The National Assembly had from the first shown an amazing liberality to all sorts of enterprises, wise or foolish, that were urged "for the good of the people." As a result of these and other largesses, the old cry of the "lack of a circulating medium" broke forth again; and especially loud were the clamors for more small bills. The cheaper currency had largely driven out the dearer; paper had caused small silver and copper money mainly to disappear; all sorts of notes of hand, circulating under the name of "confidence bills," flooded France—sixty-three kinds in Paris alone.

In the comparative ease of new issues is seen the action of a law in finance as certain as the working of a similar law in natural philosophy. If a material body falls from a height its velocity is accelerated, by a well-known law, in a constantly increasing ratio; so in issues of irredeemable currency, in obedience to the theories of a legislative body or of the people at large, there is a natural law of rapidly increasing circulation and depreciation. The first inflation bills were passed with great difficulty, after sturdy resistance and by a majority of a few score out of nearly a thousand votes; but now new inflation measures were passed more and more easily.

During the various stages of this debate there cropped up a doctrine old and ominous. It was the same that appeared toward the end of the nineteenth century in the United States during what became known as the "greenback craze" and the free "silver craze." In France it had been refuted, a generation before the revolution, by Turgot, just as brilliantly as it was met a hundred years later in the United States by James A. Garfield and his compeers. This was the doctrine that all currency, wheth-

er gold, paper, leather, or any other material derives its efficiency from the official stamp bears, and that, this being the case, a government may relieve itself of its debts and make itself rich and prosperous simply by means of a printing press—fundamentally the theory that underlay the later American doctrine of "fiat money."

The great majority of Frenchmen now became desperate optimists, declaring that inflation is prosperity. Throughout France there came temporary good feeling. The nation was becoming inebriated with paper money. The good feeling was that of a drunkard just after his draft; and it is to be noted as a simple historical fact, corresponding to a physiological fact, that as drafts of paper money came faster the successive periods of good feeling grew shorter.



VARIOUS bad signs began to appear. Immediately after each new issue came marked depreciation; and serious it is to note the general reluctance to assign the right reason. The decline in the purchasing power of paper money was in obedience to the simplest laws in economics, but France had now gone beyond her thoughtful statesmen and taken refuge in unwavering optimism, giving any explanation of the new difficulty rather than the right one. La Rochefoucauld proposed to issue an address to the people showing the goodness of the currency and the absurdity of preferring coin. The address was unanimously voted. As well might they have attempted to show that a beverage made by mixing a quart of wine and two quarts of water would possess all the exhilarating qualities of the original, undiluted liquid.

Attention was aroused by another menacing fact: specie disappeared more and more. The explanations of this fact also displayed wonderful ingenuity in finding false reasons and in evading the true one. A very common explanation was indicated in Prudhomme's newspaper, *Les Révolutions de Paris*, of January 17, 1791, which declared that coin "was kept rising until the people shall have hanged a broker." Another popular theory was that the Bourbon family was, in some mysterious way, drawing off all solid money to the centers of its intrigues in Germany. Comedians, at the same time, pathetic were evidence of the widespread idea that if only a good number of people engaged in trade were

changed, the par value of the assignats would be restored.⁸

Still another favorite idea was that British emissaries were in the midst of the people, instilling notions hostile to paper. Great efforts were made to find these emissaries, and more than one innocent person experienced the popular wrath under the supposition that he was engaged in raising gold and depressing paper. Even Talleyrand, shrewd as he was, insisted that the cause was simply that the imports were too great and the exports too little.⁹ This disappearance of specie was the result of a natural law as simple and as sure in its action as gravitation; the superior currency had been withdrawn because an inferior currency could be used. Some efforts were made to remedy this. In the municipality of Quilleboeuf a considerable amount in specie having been found in the possession of a citizen, the money was seized and sent to the Assembly. The people of that town treated this hoarded gold as the result of unpatriotic wickedness or madness. Marat followed this theory by asserting that death was the proper penalty for persons who hid their money.

Still another troublesome fact began now to appear. Though paper money had increased in amount, prosperity had steadily diminished. In spite of all the paper issues, commercial activity grew more and more spasmodic. Enterprise was chilled and business became more and more stagnant. Mirabeau, in his speech that decided the second great issue of paper, had insisted that, though bankers might suffer, this issue would be of great service to manufacturers and restore prosperity to them and their workmen. The latter were for a time deluded, but were at last rudely awakened from this delusion. The plenty of currency had at first stimulated production and created a great activity in manufactures, but soon the markets were glutted and the demand was diminished.¹⁰

In no way can the decline of manufacturing, which had flourished before the revolution, be better stated than by one of the most thoughtful historians of modern times, Heinrich von Sybel, who writes:

It is true that at first the assignats gave the same impulse to business in the city as in the country, but the apparent improvement had no firm foundation, even in the towns. Wherever a great quantity of paper money is suddenly issued we invariably see a rapid increase of trade. The great quantity of the circulating medium sets in motion all the energies of commerce and manufactures;

capital for investment is more easily found than usual and trade perpetually receives fresh nutriment. If this paper represents real credit, founded upon order and legal security, from which it can derive a firm and lasting value, such a movement may be the starting point of a great and widely extended prosperity, as, for instance, a splendid improvement in English agriculture was undoubtedly owing to the emancipation of the country bankers. If on the contrary, the new paper is of precarious value, as was clearly seen to be the case with the French assignats as early as February, 1791, it can confer no lasting benefits. For the moment, perhaps, business receives an impulse, all the more violent because every one endeavors to invest his doubtful paper in buildings, machines, and goods, which, under all circumstances, retain some intrinsic value. Such a movement was witnessed in France in 1791, and from every quarter there came satisfactory reports of the activity of manufactures.

But, for the moment, the French manufacturers derived great advantage from this state of things. As their products could be so cheaply paid for, orders poured in from foreign countries to such a degree that it was often difficult for the manufacturers to satisfy their customers. It is easy to see that prosperity of this kind must very soon find its limit. . . . When a further fall in the assignats took place, this prosperity would necessarily collapse and be succeeded by a crisis all the more destructive the more deeply men had engaged in speculation under the influence of the first favorable prospects.

Thus came a collapse in manufacturing and commerce, just as it had come previously in France—just as it came at various periods in Austria, Russia, America, and in all countries where men have tried to build up prosperity on irredeemable paper. All this breaking down of the manufactures and commerce of the nation made fearful inroads on the greater fortunes; but upon the lesser, and upon the little properties of the masses of the nation who relied upon their labor, it pressed with intense severity. The capitalist could put his surplus paper money into the government lands and await results; but the men who needed their money from day to day suffered the worst of the misery.

Still another difficulty appeared. There had come a complete uncertainty as to the future. Long before the close of 1791 no one knew whether a piece of paper money representing a hundred livres would, a month later, have a

⁸ The modern equivalent of this ancient superstition is government jawboning, a popular rite among Presidents determined to scare away the demons of inflation. The greatest jawbone in modern memory belongs to President Kennedy, who in a flurry of press releases temporarily delayed a rise in the price of steel.

⁹ In the current crisis of the dollar, imports and the trade deficit—especially of petroleum—are the alleged villains. The United States imports about half the oil it consumes. Germany, on the other hand, which imports nearly all its needed petroleum, last year had a trade surplus and a strong currency.

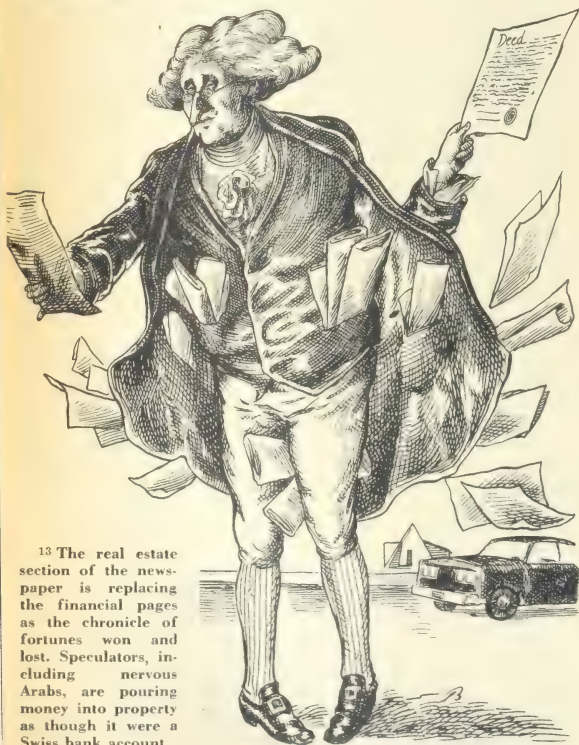
¹⁰ In the early Seventies a favorite tactic of Britain's Conservative party, when faced with a strike by some vital work force, like the coal miners, was publicly to take the hard line against increased wages and privately to print money to pay for the inevitable, costly settlement. This worked for a while, and kept the Tories in power, until workers discovered that their raises were still less than the rate of inflation, which was caused by the surfeit of money.

¹¹ Many corporations with surplus capital in the United States are now preying on smaller, established companies rather than investing their money in growing industries. Hence a spate of proxy wars: Pan American and Eastern Airlines are fighting for possession of National; not long ago, Mobil Oil purchased Montgomery Ward; and numerous baseball teams offered multimillion-dollar contracts to a thirty-eight-year-old player, Pete Rose.

¹² Cf. the *Playboy* philosophy.

purchasing power of ninety or eighty or sixty livres. The result was that capitalists feared to embark their means in business.¹¹ Enterprise received a mortal blow. Demand for labor was still further diminished; and here came a new cause for calamity, for this uncertainty withered all far-reaching undertakings. The business of France dwindled into a mere living from hand to mouth.

This state of things, too, while it bore heavily upon the moneyed classes, was still more ruinous to those in moderate and, most of all, to those in straitened circumstances. With the masses of the people, the purchase of every article of supply became a speculation—a speculation in which the professional speculator had an immense advantage over the ordinary buyer. Says Louis Blanc, the most brilliant of apologists for French revolutionary statesmanship, "Commerce was dead; betting took its place."



¹³ The real estate section of the newspaper is replacing the financial pages as the chronicle of fortunes won and lost. Speculators, including nervous Arabs, are pouring money into property as though it were a Swiss bank account.

GAMING CONTROL



UT THESE EVILS, though great, were small compared with those more deep-seated signs of disease that now showed themselves throughout the country. One of these was the obliteration of thrift from the minds of the French people. The French are naturally thrifty; but, with such uncertainty as to its future value, the ordinary motives for saving and care diminished, and a loose luxury spread throughout the country.¹²

A still worse outgrowth was the increase of speculation and gambling. With the plethora of paper currency in 1791 appeared the first evidences of that cancerous disease that always follows large issues of irredeemable currency—a disease more permanently injurious to a nation than war, pestilence, or famine. For at the great metropolitan centers grew luxurious, speculative stock-gambling bodies which, like a malignant tumor, absorbed into itself the strength of the nation and sent out its cancerous fibers to the remotest hamlets. At these city centers abundant wealth seemed to be piled up. In the country at large there grew a dislike of steady labor and a contempt for moderate gains and simple living.¹³

In a pamphlet published in May, 1791, we see how public opinion was blinded in regard to this also. The author calls attention to the increase of gambling in values of all sorts with these words: "What shall I say of the stock-jobbing, as frightful as it is scandalous, which goes on in Paris under the very eyes of our legislators—a most terrible evil, yet, under the present circumstances, necessary?" The author also speaks of these gamblers as using the most insidious means to influence public opinion in favor of their measures, and then proposes seriously, a change in various matters of detail, thinking that this would prove a sufficient remedy for an evil that had its roots far down in the whole system of irredeemable currency. As well might a physician prescribe a pimple wash for a diseased liver.

Now some of the many ways in which an inflation policy robs the working class began to be seen more plainly. As these knots of plotting schemers at the city centers were becoming bloated with sudden wealth, the producing classes of the country, though having in their possession more and more currency

What do you
see when you look at
a tree?



It depends on your perspective. You might see a source of jobs.

You might see a source of lumber, plywood, paper, packaging — “need” products as opposed to “want” products.

You might see an ideal base for a growth business, a natural resource that, managed properly, renews itself perpetually.

You might see a splendid example of Nature's artistry.

When we look at a tree, we see all these things, and more. We see our life's blood. Much of what we do depends on trees. So we take care of ours.

We strive to manage them in a way that reconciles your perspectives and ours, so they'll provide jobs, products, profits and splendor forever.

If we succeed, everybody wins. You the worker, consumer, investor and citizen. And we the employees and shareholders of Boise Cascade.

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"The Audi 5000 will carry five passengers in quiet luxurious comfort but it has a split personality. It is equally at home on a twisty road where it provides

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Choice of automatic or 5-speed manual transmission. Fully-equipped "S" model, with virtually all the power options plus metallic paint and rear head rests, available at a saving of several hundred dollars.

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The yield: 3,000 pounds of pure gold.

But it didn't come from a mine. It came from a Western Electric factory.

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That's where Western Electric's new process for plating gold is *conserving* the precious metal, through increased efficiency and precision. It's producing better switching components for the Bell System, to make your phone service clearer and more reliable than ever.

It must be gold that's plated to the switching components you see glittering in the photograph, because no other metal can provide the same kind of efficient, reliable, durable, and clear telephone transmission.

But until now, gold-plating had always been a messy and imprecise

process. There had been no way to control it accurately. No way to avoid depositing excess gold on the places it was intended to go. And on the places it wasn't.

So Western Electric, working with Bell Labs, designed a totally new system to do the job. Combining the best of electro-chemical and programmed logic control technologies, the new system can plate gold with hair-thin precision. Depositing only the desired amount, only on the designated spot. With no waste whatsoever.

Gilt-edged savings

Besides producing a much better product, Western Electric has mined a savings of \$9 million from the process. And that's another way we're helping your Bell Telephone Company

hold down the cost of your phone service.

Even bigger benefits

And since the new process uses 55% less gold than the old one, we could more than double production of our improved switching component. Without consuming any more of the shiny natural resource.

But there are more environmental plusses. The new process has almost completely eliminated the gaseous wastes plating used to produce. It's cut the liquid wastes by 90%. And it runs on 67% less power.

This improved gold-plating technique is another way Western Electric is working to hold down the cost, while continually raising the quality of your phone service.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.



Western Electric

ew lean. In the schemes and speculations put forth by stockjobbers and stimulated by the printing of more currency, multitudes of small fortunes were absorbed and lost while a few swollen fortunes were rapidly aggregated in the larger cities. This crippled a large class in the country districts that had employed a great number of workmen.¹⁴

In the leading French cities now arose a luxury and license that was a greater evil even than the plundering that ministered to it. In the country the gambling spirit spread more and more. Says the same thoughtful historian whom I have already quoted: "What a prospect for a country when its rural population is changed into a great band of gamblers!"

Nor was this reckless and corrupt spirit confined to businessmen; it began to break out in official circles, and public men who, a few years before, had been thought above all possibility of taint, became luxurious, reckless, cynical, and finally corrupt. Mirabeau himself, who, not many months previous, had risked imprisonment and even death to establish constitutional government, was now—at this very moment—secretly receiving heavy bribes. Such corruption grew as naturally as a fungus on a manure heap. It was first felt in business opera-

tions, but soon began to be seen in the legislative body and in journalism. Mirabeau was by no means the only example. Bribery of legislators followed as a matter of course.¹⁵ Three members accepted a bribe of 500,000 livres for aiding legislation calculated to promote the purposes of certain stockjobbers. And while it is some comfort to know that nearly all concerned were guillotined for it, there were enough corrupt legislators to cause widespread distrust, cynicism, and want of faith in any patriotism or any virtue.



VEN WORSE than this was the breaking down of the morals of the country at large, resulting from the sudden building up of ostentatious wealth in a few large cities, and from the gambling, speculative spirit spreading from these to the small towns and rural districts.¹⁶ From this was developed an even more disgraceful result—the decay of a true sense of national good faith. The patriotism that the fear of the absolute monarchy, the machinations of the Court party, the menaces of the army, and the threats of all

¹⁴ By the year 2000, about 80 percent of American workers will be in service jobs. At present, only 4 percent work on farms. College graduates, more and more, are looking for employment with the federal government, because the pay and benefits are often better than those in private industry. The Mafia is America's best-known holding company.

¹⁵ The list of Congressmen who accepted money and gifts from the Korean businessman Tongsun Park reads like the final year vote for the Congressional pay raise. And so numerous was the participation in each instance that only a few of the usual suspects could be rounded up, although badges of achievement are now awarded to members who are reelected while under criminal indictment.

¹⁶ Cf. Atlantic City, the recent successes of casino stocks, and the decision by voters and state legislators around the country to rely upon mobsters and gambling interests to restore economic vitality to depressed areas.



monarchical Europe had been unable to shake was gradually disintegrated by this same speculative, stockjobbing habit fostered by the superabundant currency.

At the outset, in the discussions preliminary to the first issue of paper money, Mirabeau and others who had favored it had insisted that patriotism, as well as an enlightened self-interest, would lead the people to keep up the value of paper money. The very opposite of this was now revealed, for there appeared a vast debtor class in the nation, directly interested in the depreciation of the currency in which they were to pay their debts. The nucleus of this class was formed by those who had purchased the Church lands from the government. Only small down payments had been required, and the remainder was to be paid in deferred installments. An indebtedness of a multitude of people had thus been created to the amount of hundreds of millions.¹⁷

This body of debtors soon saw, of course, that their interest was to depreciate the currency in which their debts were to be paid; and these were speedily joined by a far more influential class—those whose speculative tendencies had been stimulated by the abundance of paper money, and who had gone largely into debt, looking for a rise in nominal values. Before long, the debtor class became a powerful body extending through all ranks of society. From the stock gambler who sat in the Assembly to the small land speculator in the rural districts; from the sleek inventor of canards on the Paris Exchange to the lying stockjobber in the market town, all pressed vigorously for new issues of paper; all were apparently able to demonstrate to the people that in new issues of paper lay the only chance for national prosperity.

This great debtor class soon gained control. Strange as it might seem to those who have not watched the same causes at work at a previous period in France and at various times in other countries, while every issue of paper money really made matters worse, a superstition gained ground among the people at large that, if only enough paper money were issued and were more cunningly handled, the poor would be made rich. Henceforth, all opposition was futile. In December, 1791, a report was made in the Legislative Assembly in favor of yet another great issue of 300 million more in paper money. In regard to this report Joseph Cambon said that more money was needed, but asked, "Will you, in a moment when stockjobbing is carried on with such fury, give it new power by adding so much more to the

circulation?" But such high considerations were now little regarded. Another member declared, "There is not enough money yet in circulation; if there were more, the sales of national lands would be more rapid." And the official report of his speech states that the words were applauded.

The evils that we have already seen arising from the earlier issues were now aggravated, but the most curious thing that evolved out of all this chaos was a new system of political economy. In speeches, newspapers, and pamphlets about this time, it was declared that after all, a depreciated currency is a blessing; that gold and silver form an unsatisfactory standard for measuring values; that it is a good thing to have a currency that will not go out of the kingdom and that separates France from other nations; that thus shall manufacturers be encouraged; that commerce with other nations may be a curse, and hindrance thereto may be a blessing; that the laws of political economy however applicable in other times, are not applicable to this particular period, and, however operative in other nations, are not now so in France; that the ordinary rules of political economy are perhaps suited to the minions of despotism but not to the free and enlightened inhabitants of France at the close of the eighteenth century; that the whole state of present things, so far from being an evil, is a blessing. All these ideas, and others quite as striking were brought to the surface in the debates on the various new issues.

Within four months came another report to the Assembly as ingenious as those preceding. It declared: "Your committee is thoroughly persuaded that the amount of the circulation of the assignats of the revolution was greater than that of the assignats today: but at that time the money circulated slowly and now it passes rapidly so that 1 billion assignats do the work of 2 billions of specie." The report foretold a further increase in prices, but by some curious jugglery reaches a conclusion favorable to further inflation. Despite these encouragements the assignats nominally worth 100 livres had fallen, at the beginning of February, 1792, to about 60 livres, and during that month fell to 53 livres.

In April, at about the same time Cambon sneered ominously at public creditors as "rich people, old financiers, and bankers," payment was suspended on dues to public creditors for all amounts exceeding 10,000 francs. This was hailed by many as a measure in the interest of the poorer classes of people, but the result was that it injured them most of all. Hence

¹⁷ Among the various special interests now in the United States, inflation perhaps has the strongest constituency. The debtor class now includes most home and car buyers, government agencies with outstanding contracts, federal employees who by law are immune to inflation, stock and commodity traders who buy on margin, and businesses that want to show investors an ever-increasing balance sheet. The mail-order catalogue for the debtor class is the recently revived *Life* magazine, which displays on its pages the accessories of the good life.

forward, until the end of this history, capital was quietly taken from labor and locked up in all the ways that financial ingenuity could devise. All that saved thousands of laborers in France from starvation was that they were rafted off into the army and sent to be killed in foreign battlefields.¹⁸ And strange as it may at first appear, while the depreciation of the currency had raised all products enormously in price, the stoppage of so many manufacturing and the withdrawal of capital caused wages in the summer of 1792, after all the inflation, to be as small as they had been four years before—viz., fifteen sous per day. No more striking example can be seen of the truth uttered by Daniel Webster, that “of all the contrivances for cheating the laboring classes of mankind, none has been more effective than that which deludes them with paper money.”

But now another source of wealth was opened to the nation. There came a confiscation of the large estates of landed proprietors who had left the country. An estimate in 1793 made the value of these estates 3 billion francs. As a consequence, the issues of paper money were continued in increased amounts, on the old theory that they were guaranteed by the solemn pledge of these lands belonging to the state. Under the Legislative Assembly through the year 1792, new issues were made virtually every month, so that at the end of January, 1793, it was more and more realized that the paper money actually in circulation amounted to close upon 3 billion francs. All this had been issued publicly, in open sessions of the National and Legislative Assemblies; but now, under the National Convention, the Committees of Public Safety and of Finance began to decree new issues privately, in secret session. As a result, the issues became larger still, and 400 workmen were added to those previously engaged in furnishing this paper money; these were so pressed with work from six o'clock in the morning until eight in the evening that they struck for higher wages and were successful.

The consequences of these overissues now began to be more painfully evident to the people at large. Articles of common consumption became enormously dear and prices were constantly rising. Orators in the Legislative Assembly, clubs, local meetings, and elsewhere now endeavored to enlighten people by assigning every reason for this depreciation save the true one. They declaimed against the corruption of the ministry, the want of patriotism among the moderates, the intrigues of the emigrant nobles, the hardheartedness of the rich,

the monopolizing spirit of the merchants, the perversity of the shopkeepers—each and all of these as causes of the difficulty.¹⁹

THE MAXIMUM



HIS DECLINE in the government paper was at first somewhat masked by fluctuations. For at various times the value of the currency rose. The general success of the French army against the invaders, with the additional security offered by new confiscations of land, caused, in November, 1792, an appreciation in the value of the currency; the franc had stood at 57 and it rose to about 69; but the downward tendency was soon resumed, and in September, 1793, the assignats had sunk below 30. Then sundry new victories and coruscations of oratory gave momentary confidence so that in December, 1793, they rose above 50. But despite these fluctuations the downward tendency soon became more rapid.

The washerwomen of Paris, finding soap so dear that they could hardly purchase it, insisted that all the merchants who were endeavoring to save something of their little property by refusing to sell their goods for the wretched currency with which France was flooded, should be punished with death; the women of the markets and the hangers-on of the Jacobin Club called loudly for a law “to equalize the value of paper money and silver coin.” It was also demanded that a tax be laid especially on the rich, to the amount of 400 million francs, to buy bread. Marat declared loudly that the people, by hanging shopkeepers and plundering stores, could easily remove the trouble.

The result was that on February 28, 1793, at eight o'clock in the evening, a mob of men and women in disguise began plundering the stores and shops of Paris. At first they demanded only bread; soon they insisted on coffee and rice and sugar; at last they seized everything on which they could lay their hands—cloth, clothing, groceries, and luxuries of every kind. Two hundred such places were plundered. This was endured for six hours, and finally order was restored only by a grant of 4 million francs to buy off the mob.²⁰ The new political economy was beginning to bear its fruits luxuriantly. A gaudy growth of it appeared at the City Hall of Paris when, in response to the complaints of the plundered merchants, it was declared, in the midst of great applause, that “shopkeepers were only

¹⁸ The draft, both then and now, is best understood as a law of economics.

¹⁹ Today's most popular evil is the OPEC cartel, an off-color, late-model version of the Yellow Peril. Distressing problems, from the failure of the schools to the high price of a new house, are the responsibility of greedy Arabs. One Congressman has proposed making the date of the most recent petroleum price increase a “Day of National Indignation.”

²⁰ Only on occasions such as the New York City blackout do mobs run through the streets and demand their spoils. Most of the time the rewards can be dispensed in less gaudy fashion and out of the view of television. Income transfers account for nearly 40 percent of President Carter's budget. This does not include subsidy programs, import restrictions, or defense spending.

giving back to the people what they had hitherto robbed them of."

The mob having thus been bought off by concessions and appeased by oratory, the government gained time to think, and now came a series of amazing expedients—and yet all perfectly logical.

The most vicious outgrowth of the vast issue of fiat money was the "Maximum." As far back as November, 1792, the Terrorist associate of Robespierre, St. Just, in view of the steady rise in prices of the necessities of life, had proposed a scheme by which these prices should be established by law, at a rate proportionate to the wages of the working classes. This plan lingered in men's minds, taking shape in various resolutions and decrees until the whole culminated on September 29, 1793, in the Law of the Maximum.

While all this legislation was high-handed, it was not careless. Even statesmen of the greatest strength, having once been drawn into this flood, were borne on into excesses that, a little earlier, would have appalled them. Committees of experts were appointed to study the whole subject of prices, and at last there were adopted the great "four rules" that seemed to statesmen of the time a masterly solution.

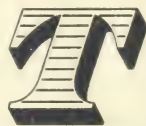
First, the price of each article of necessity was to be fixed at one-and-one-third times its price in 1790. Second, all transportation was to be added at a fixed rate per league. Third, 5 percent was to be added for the profit of the wholesaler. Fourth, 10 percent was to be added for the profit of the retailer. Nothing could look more reasonable. Great was the jubilation.

The first result of the Maximum was that every means was taken to evade the fixed price imposed, and the farmers brought in as little produce as they possibly could. This increased the scarcity, and the people of the large cities were put on an allowance. Tickets were issued authorizing the bearer to obtain at the official prices a certain amount of bread, sugar, soap, wood, or coal to cover immediate necessities.²¹

But it was found that the Maximum, with its divinely revealed four rules, could not be made to work well—even by the shrewdest devices. In the greater part of France it could not be enforced. The war had raised merchandise of foreign origin far above the price allowed under the first rule—namely, the price of 1790 with an addition of one-third. Shopkeepers therefore could not sell such goods without ruin. The result was that many went out of business, and the remainder forced buyers to pay enormous charges under the very natural excuse that the seller risked his life in

trading at all. That this excuse was valid is easily seen by the daily lists of those condemned to the guillotine, in which not infrequently figure the names of men charged with violating the Maximum laws. Manufactures were generally crippled and frequently destroyed, and agriculture was fearfully depressed. To detect goods concealed by farmers and shopkeepers, a spy system was established with a reward to the informer of one-third of the value of the goods discovered. To spread terror, the Criminal Tribunal at Strasbourg was ordered to destroy the dwelling of anyone found guilty of selling goods above the price set by law. The farmer often found that he could not raise his products at anything like the price required by the new law; and when he tried to hold back his crops or cattle, alleging that he could not afford to sell them at the prices fixed by law, they were frequently taken from him by force and he was fortunate if paid even in the depreciated fiat money—fortunate, indeed, if he finally escaped with his life.²²

Involved in all these perplexities, the Convention tried to cut the Gordian knot. It decreed that any person selling gold or silver coin, or making any difference in any transaction between paper and specie, should be imprisoned in irons for six years; that anyone who refused to accept a payment in assignats, or accepted assignats at a discount, should pay a fine of 3,000 francs; and that anyone committing this crime a second time should pay a fine of 6,000 francs and suffer imprisonment twenty years in irons. Later, on September 8, 1793, the penalty for such offenses was made death, with confiscation of the criminal's property, and a reward was offered to any person informing the authorities regarding any such criminal transaction. To reach the climax of ferocity, the Convention decreed, in May, 1794, that the death penalty should be inflicted on any person convicted of "having asked, before a bargain was concluded, in what money payment was to be made."



THESE MAXIMUM laws were perfectly logical. Whenever any nation entrusts to its legislators the issue of a currency not based on the idea of redemption in standard coin recognized in the commerce of civilized nations, it entrusts to them the power to raise or depress the value of every article in the possession of every citizen. Louis XIV had claimed that all property in France was his

²¹ This is the romance with rationing. In government, its suitors include Energy Secretary James Schlesinger and California Governor Jerry Brown, who hides his passion by calling it "austerity."

²² The largest owners of farmland in the United States are conglomerates, such as Del Monte or Tenneco. Despite this concentration of ownership, the adjusted income of many farmers is no better now than it was in the Depression. In place of dust bowls and novels like *The Grapes of Wrath*, we have farmers who are filmed blockading an interstate highway with their tractors.

m, and that what private persons held was much his as if it were in his coffers. But on this assumption is exceeded by the concentrating power exercised in a country where, instead of leaving values to be measured by a standard common to the whole world, they are left to be depressed or raised at the whim, price, or interest of a body of legislators. When this power is given, the power of fixing values is inevitably included in it.²³

The main cause of these evils was tampering with the circulating medium of an entire nation: keeping all values in fluctuation; discouraging enterprise; paralyzing energy; undermining sobriety; obliterating thrift; promoting extravagance; and exciting riot by the issue of an irredeemable currency. The true business way of meeting the enormous demands on France during the first years of the revolution had been stated at the very beginning by a true statesman and sound financier, Du Pont de Nemours. He had shown that using the same paper as a circulating medium and as a means for selling the national real estate was like using the same implement for an oyster knife and a razor.

It has been argued that the assignats sank in value because they were not well secured—that securing them on government real estate was as futile as if the United States had, in the financial troubles of its early days, secured notes on its real estate. This objection is utterly fallacious. The government lands of our country were remote from the centers of capital and difficult to examine; the French national real estate was near these centers—even nearer them—and easy to examine. Our national real estate was unimproved and unproductive; theirs was improved and productive, its average productivity in market in ordinary times being from 4 to 5 percent.

It has also been objected that the attempt to secure the assignats on government real estate failed because of the general want of confidence in the title derived by the purchasers from the new government. Everything, however, shows that the vast majority of the French people had a fanatical confidence in the stability of the new government during the greater part of the revolution. There were disbelievers in the security of the assignats just as there were disbelievers in the paper money of the United States throughout our Civil War; but they were usually a small minority. Even granting that there was a doubt as to investment in French lands, the French people certainly had as much confidence in the secure possession of government lands as any people

can ever have in large issues of government bonds. Indeed, it is certain that they had far more confidence in their lands as a security than modern nations can usually have in large issues of bonds obtained by payments of irredeemable paper. One simple fact, as stated by John Stuart Mill, that made assignats difficult to convert into real estate was that the vast majority of people could not afford to make investments outside their business; and this fact is no less fatal to any attempt to contract large issues of irredeemable paper—save, perhaps, a bold, statesmanlike attempt that seizes the best time and presses every advantage, eschewing all juggling devices and sacrificing everything to maintain a sound currency based on standards common to the entire financial world.

²³ This, in the United States, is the power to tax.

CENTOS AND RUIN



AND NOW was seen, taking possession of the nation, that idea which developed so easily out of the fiat money system—the idea that the ordinary needs of government may be legitimately met wholly by the means of paper currency; that taxes may be dispensed with.²⁴ As a result, it was found that the assignat printing press was the one resource left to the government, and the increase in the volume of paper money became every day more appalling.

²⁴ Cf. "Guns and Butter."

It will doubtless surprise many to learn that, in spite of these evident results of too much currency, the old cry of a "scarcity of circulating medium" was not stilled; it appeared not long after each issue, no matter how large.

But every thoughtful student of financial history knows that this cry always comes after such issues—nay, that it *must* come—because in obedience to a natural law, the former scarcity, or rather insufficiency of currency, recurs just as soon as prices become adjusted to the new volume, and there comes some little revival of business with the usual increase of credit.

All this vast chapter in financial folly is sometimes referred to as if it resulted from the direct action of men utterly unskilled in finance. This is a grave error. That wild schemers and dreamers took a leading part in setting the fiat money system going is true; that speculation and interested financiers made it worse is also true; but the men who had charge of French finance during the Reign of Terror and

²⁵ The recent decline of the dollar indicates how helpless the United States is to defend its currency. This is because many dollars are the property of foreign countries—for their reserves—or of multinational corporations, which have discovered currency speculation as the poor have the horses.

who made these experiments, which seem to us so monstrous, in order to rescue themselves and their country from the flood that was sweeping everything to financial ruin, were universally recognized as among the most skillful and honest financiers in Europe. Cambon, especially, ranked then and ranks now as among the most expert in any period. The disastrous results of all his courage and ability in the attempt to stand against the deluge of paper money show how powerless are the most skillful masters of finance to stem the tide of fiat-money calamity once it is fairly under headway; and how useless are all enactments they can devise against the underlying laws of nature.

Month after month, year after year, new issues went on. It is interesting to note in the midst of all this the steady action of another simple law in finance. Prisons, guillotines, enactments inflicting twenty years' imprisonment in chains upon persons twice convicted of buying or selling paper money at less than its nominal value, and death upon investors in foreign securities, were powerless. The National Convention, fighting a world in arms and with an armed revolt on its own soil, showed titanic power, but in its struggle to circumvent one simple law of nature its weakness was pitiable.²⁵



THE QUESTION will naturally be asked: On whom did this vast depreciation mainly fall at last? When this currency had sunk to about one three hundredth part of its nominal value and, after that, to nothing, in whose hands was the bulk of it? The answer is simple. I shall give it in the exact words of the thoughtful historian Von Sybel, from whom I have already quoted:

Before the end of the year 1795, the paper money was almost exclusively in the hands of the working classes, employees and men of small means, whose property was not large enough to invest in stores of goods or national lands. Financiers and men of large means were shrewd enough to put as much of their property as possible into objects of permanent value. The working classes had no such foresight or skill or means. On them finally came the great crushing weight of the loss. After the first collapse came up the cries of the starving. Roads and bridges were neglected; many manufactures were given up in utter helplessness.... None felt any confidence in the future in any respect; few dared to make a business investment for any length of time, and it was accounted a folly to curtail the pleasures of the moment, to accumulate or



CHRONOLOGY

		Assign circul (milli livres or
	1789	
MAY 5	An attempt to cure the bankrupt state of the public treasury caused Louis XVI to call a meeting of the States-General, which later amalgamated into the single-chamber National Assembly	
JULY 14	Fall of the Bastille, after several days of rioting in Paris	
OCTOBER 5	Declaration of the Rights of Man adopted by Assembly	
NOVEMBER 2	Confiscation of church property	
	1790	
APRIL	First issue of paper assignats, 400 million livres	40
SEPTEMBER 29	Second issue, 800 million	1,20
	1791	
JUNE 19	Third issue, 600 million	1,80

save for so uncertain a future.

This system in finance was accompanied by system in politics no less startling, and each tended to aggravate the other. The wild radicals having sent to the guillotine first all the Royalists and next all the leading Republicans they could entrap, the various factions began sending each other to the same destinations: Hébertists, Dantonists, with various other factions and groups, and, finally, the Robespierrists followed each other in rapid succession. After these declaimers and rase-mongers had thus disappeared, there came to power, in October, 1795, a new government—mainly a survival of the more scoundrelly—the Directory. It found the country utterly impoverished, and its only resource at hand was to print more paper and to issue it even more liberally from the press. These new issues were made at last by the two great committees, the Committee of Public Safety and the Committee of Finance, with or without warrant of law, and in greater numbers than ever. Complaints were made that the army of engravers and printers at the mint could not meet the demand for assignats—that they could produce only from 60 to 70 million per day and that the government was spending daily from 80 to 90 million. Four billion francs were issued during one month, a little later 3 billion, a little later 4 billion, until

there had been put forth more than 35 billion.

Even in spite of this, additional issues were made amounting to about 10 billion. But on February 18, 1796, at nine o'clock in the morning, in the presence of a great crowd, the machinery, plates, and paper for printing assignats were brought to the Place Vendôme and there, on the spot where the Napoleon Column now stands, these were solemnly broken and burned. The entire amount of paper money issued in less than six years by the Revolutionary Government of France had been more than 45 billion francs; more than 6 billion had been annulled and burned; and at the final catastrophe there was in circulation close upon 40 billion. One franc in gold was nominally worth 600 francs in paper.

From this general distress arising from the development of "fiat" money in France, there was, indeed, one exception. In Paris and a few of the other great cities, men of the heartless, debauched, luxurious, speculator, contractor, and stock-gambler class had risen above the ruins of the multitudes of smaller fortunes. A certain number of men had been skillful enough to become millionaires, while their dupes, who had clamored for issues of paper money, had become paupers.

The luxury and extravagance of the currency gamblers and their families form one of the

			1793		
SEPTEMBER	New Constitution; National Assembly dissolved and replaced by Legislative Assembly		JANUARY 21	Louis XVI beheaded	
DECEMBER 17	Fourth issue, 300 million	2,100	JANUARY 31	More assignats	3,000
1792					
APRIL 30	Fifth issue, 300 million. France at war with Russia and Austria	2,400	FEBRUARY-MARCH	Formation of Committee of Public Safety; rioting in Paris over high prices; Revolutionary Tribunal established; Reign of Terror begins	
JUNE-AUGUST	Riots in Paris; King dethroned and royal family imprisoned; Revolutionary Commune takes power; more assignats	2,700	MAY 3	Price control on grains	
			JUNE 22	Forced Loan decreed—a progressive income tax	
SEPTEMBER	Election of National Convention replacing Legislative Assembly; Monarchy abolished; government by committees; political corruption		AUGUST 1	Trading in specie prohibited	
			SEPTEMBER 29	Law of the Maximum—price control extended to all food	
DECEMBER 14	Total assignats issued to date 3,400 million; 600 million destroyed	2,800	OCTOBER 16	Marie Antoinette beheaded. Over 3,000 million new assignats issued during the year, of which 1,200 million entered circulation	4,200

most significant features in any picture of the social condition of that period. A few years before this the leading women in French society showed a nobility of character and a simplicity in dress worthy of Roman matrons. Of these were Madame Roland and Madame Desmoulins; but now all was changed. At the head of society stood Madame Tallien and others like her, wild in extravagance, daily seeking new refinements in luxury, and demanding of their husbands and lovers vast sums to array them and to feed their whims. If such sums could not be obtained honestly, they must be had dishonestly.²⁶

The contrast between these gay creatures of the Directory period and the people at large was striking. Indeed, much as the vast majority of the wealthy classes suffered from impoverishment, the laboring classes, salaried employees of all sorts, and people of fixed income and of small means, especially in the cities, underwent yet greater distress. These were found, as a rule, to subsist mainly on daily government rations of bread at the rate of one pound per person. This was frequently unfit for food and was distributed to long lines of people—men, women, and children who were at times obliged to wait their turn from dawn to dusk. The very rich could, by various means, especially by bribery, obtain better bread, but only at enormous cost. In May, 1796, the market price of good bread was, in paper, 80

francs (16 dollars) per pound, and a little later provisions could not be bought for paper money at any price. The financial agony was prolonged somewhat by attempts to secure funds by still another "forced loan," and other discredited measures; but when all was over with paper money, specie began to reappear first in sufficient sums to do the small amount of business that remained after the collapse. Then as the business demand increased, the amount of specie flowed in from the world at large to meet it, and the nation gradually recovered from that long paper-money debauch. Thibaudeau, a very thoughtful observer, tells us in his memoirs that great fears were felt at the time when paper should go out and coin should come in; but that no such want was severe felt—that coin came in gradually as it was wanted. It required fully forty years to bring capital, industry, commerce, and credit up to their condition when the revolution began, and demanded a "man on horseback," who established monarchy on the ruins of the Republic and threw away millions of lives for the Empire, to be added to the millions that had been sacrificed by the revolution. Such were the results of allowing dreamers, schemers, phrasemongers, declaimers, and strong men subservient to these to control a government.

There is a lesson in all this that it behooves every thinking man to ponder.

1794		printing assignats destroyed. 40,000	
JUNE 4	Robespierre elected president of National Convention; thousands executed by decree of Revolutionary Tribunal	AUGUST	First issue of new paper notes—mandats—to displace assignats at 30:1
JULY 27	Robespierre beheaded; end of Reign of Terror		Mandats worth only 3 per cent of face value; about 2,500 million mandats issued altogether
DECEMBER	Law of Maximum repealed. Assignats in circulation at end of year		1797
		FEBRUARY	Legal tender qualities withdrawn from both assignats and mandats, which became worthless after May
1795		1798	
MAY 31	Assignats in circulation. More rioting; business and trade disrupted; shortages persist; uncertain government		Arbitrary government by the Directory; business disrupted; people discontented; Napoleon gaining military victories abroad
JULY 31	Assignats in circulation		1799
SEPTEMBER 23	New Constitution adopted and new government formed—the Directory		
1796		1799	
FEBRUARY 18	Machinery, plates, and paper for	NOVEMBER 10	Napoleon comes into power—"to save the Republic"

OTHER THINGS BEING EQUAL

by David Suter

FREUD

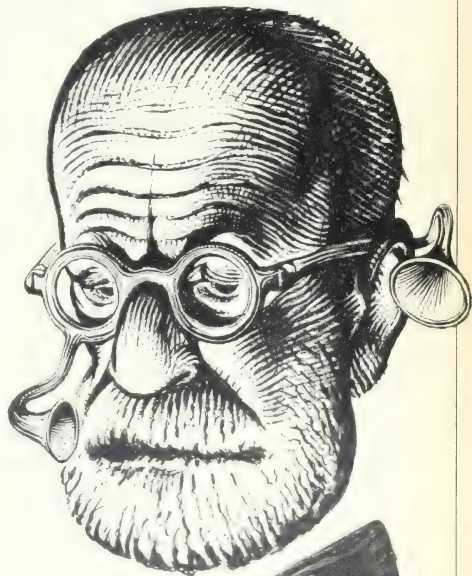
These acoustic spectacles were found in a European antique shop. Fashioned of silver by a turn-of-the-century Viennese optician, they seem to reflect the quaint synesthesia of Freud's day, and to give a view into the early science of the modern mind. The spectacles were found wrapped in a sheet of old note paper, on which someone had copied the following lines from Leibniz's *Monadology*:

We are obliged to confess that perception and that which depends on it cannot be explained mechanically, that is to say by figures and motions. Suppose that there were a machine so constructed as to produce thought, feeling and perception, we could imagine it increased in size while retaining the same proportions, so that one could enter as one might a mill. On going inside we should only see the parts impinging upon one another; we should not see anything which would explain a perception. The explanation of perception must therefore be sought in a simple substance, and not in a compound or a machine.

At present, Sociobiology wanders the same mill, timidly connecting some social behavior to the meshing of small genetic wheels; rising against this "determinist" approach are the linguistic philosophers who, having broken Hume's iron distinction between "is" and "ought", find an irreducible "intentionality" pervading all language, whether in the dance of bees, the chant of a crowd, or the phrasing of a scientific abstract. "Intentionality" seems to be a new way to save the ghost in the machine, by finding the ghost in our description of the machine.

Yet neither of these disciplines really meets Leibniz's challenge. As the scope of a science out-

paces its vocabulary, its observations risk being found true merely "in virtue of meaning"; both Sociobiology and Intentionality approach behavior from the "outside." Freud, to his credit, tried it from the "inside," and to do so constructed a new language whose very arbitrariness is evidence for its interior, personal nature. It seems possible that he chose sexuality for his vocabulary because it is a mill we are not only inside, but necessarily part of.



It's time to face facts

A coal-fired generating plant started in 1969 could be built in five years. Today, it takes seven just for the paperwork.

Outrageous, you say. We agree.

Time is big money in the electric power business. Every day of delay on a million-kilowatt generating station raises its cost by more than \$300,000. And the consumer ultimately pays every dollar of that increase.

We, as consumer-owned non-profit utilities, find that hard to take. Try as we might, we can't hold rates down when it costs six times as much to build a power plant today as it did a mere ten years ago.

Inflation is partly to blame, of course—but the fact is, today's unwieldy regulatory process

accounts for almost one-third of the increased construction costs.

It seems to us that well-meant efforts to legislate and form sensible rules to guide energy development and use have gone awry. More and more, planners of power generating facilities are burdened with overlapping, cumbersome, and often inane rules and regulations that consume weeks and months of expensive time.

Ten years ago only two or three government permits were needed to build a coal-fired power plant. That figure's now 60 or more—and still going up.

Each permit takes time—lots of it—especially when the

regulatory process is deliberately used as a weapon in efforts to block projects.

And time, as we said, represents money—lots of it.

We're not saying, "Down with regulation!"—far from it. A nation such as ours, as utterly dependent on energy as ours, *must* regulate its utility industries . . . sensibly. But let's be aware that regulation, like everything else, bears a price tag.

Let's not keep raising the price.

Reasonable and orderly regulation is in the public interest. Over-regulation is not.

A message from the nation's consumer-owned, nonprofit electric cooperatives and power districts.



America's rural electric systems

For more information, write: Dept H, National Rural Electric Cooperative Association, 1800 Mass. Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20036.

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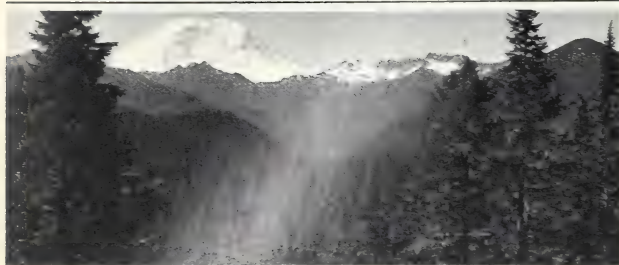
by Tom Wolfe

Mens Sana in Corpore Sano



"We'll give you a full scholarship, and you won't have to take but one class a week during basketball season, and you'll have your own apartment, rent free, and eleven hundred dollars a month for books and supplies and incidentals, and a Corvette for yourself and a Caprice Classic for your folks, and when you graduate you'll be able to read the newspaper and the stereo ads and add and subtract on a portable calculator and direct-dial anywhere in the world."

BOUNTIFUL NATURE GETS AN ASSIST FROM MODERN FORESTRY IN THE FAR WEST.



The incredibly productive evergreen forests of the Pacific Coast provide more than a third of our nation's wood.

Some of the richest, most productive forests on this green earth are found on the Pacific Coast of the United States.

They make up just 12 percent of the nation's commercial forest*, yet they produce more than a third of our wood.

These are the forests of legend — a rich forestland where Paul Bunyan would have felt at home. A lush green belt 100 miles wide, from California to Alaska.

Large portions of this land have been harvested once to give us wood for homes, paper, pulp, packaging and thousands of other products. Now a new generation of trees has taken its place. Trees that are growing faster and straighter, thanks to twentieth-century scientific forestry.

DEMANDS ARE RISING.

It's a good thing. The government says domestic demand for wood and paper products will double by the year 2020. And demands on the forest for all kinds of uses are increasing rapidly as well.

However, most forestlands are far less productive than they could be. This means that every acre of productive forestland will have to grow even more wood to meet the needs of the future.

The incredibly productive forests of the Pacific Coast will play a role in meeting that challenge.

The Pacific forests owe their great productivity to nutritive soils, moist climate, and some of the best forest management in the world.

MAN ASSISTS NATURE.

Genetically superior seedlings are planted by the millions in newly harvested areas, giving the new forest as much as a five-year head start over natural regeneration.

Both these Douglas firs (each 26 years old and shown 35 percent of actual size) grew in the Cascades of Washington. But the bigger one grew in a managed area, while the smaller one did not.



As the trees grow, they're protected from insects, fire and other natural enemies. Slow growers and competing brush are thinned out to give the better trees room to grow. When necessary, extra nutrients are provided to give the young forest an added burst of growth.

Everyone shares in the multiple benefits of the managed forest. There's lumber for housing. Jobs. Revenue for schools. Places to camp and fish. Watersheds for cities. And wildlife habitat.

All these things are possible because wood is one natural resource that's renewable. And modern forestry has found new ways to make Mother Nature more productive.

The result is a better quality forest, often more than twice as productive as the generations before it.

A LONG WAY TO GO.

So there's progress in forest management along the Pacific Coast, and in forests all across the country. But we still have a long way to go.

For more information, write American Forest Institute, P.O. Box 87, Springfield, VA 22150.

**Commercial forest is forest capable of, and potentially available for, growing trees for harvest.*



American Forest Institute

ORIGAMI AEROPLANE

short story

by Lowell Komie

HAD DINNER with Tennessee Williams once," she said. She took a long strand of her hair and coiled it on her finger and then tossed the spiral of hair back over her shoulder. "I was working as an editor for publishing house in New Orleans and I met Williams. We were doing a collection of his and we all went out one night. I didn't say much of anything to him. Oh, I remember after dinner we were standing in the parking lot, waiting for a taxi, and I said to him, 'The sky looks like a wound.'"

"A wound?"

"No. The sky looks like a wound."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. He just looked up and smiled."

The man nodded and called the waitress over and ordered his first scotch. The woman ordered a glass of white wine and took a cigarette out and tapped it on the table.

"His brother, Dakin, was also there," she added softly, and then suddenly she was quiet. He had a quick capacity for suddenly becoming quiet.

She must be twenty-four or twenty-five, he thought as he watched her face illuminated by the flare of the match. He was fifty and divorced, with two children. They were in the first-floor bar just off the lobby of the Ritz in Boston. He was a senior editor with a Boston publisher and she'd been sending him chapters of a novel or months. Finally he'd written her a note and invited her to meet him after work for a drink. "The bar of the Ritz at six on Thursday," he'd written on his house stationery. The next day he received a return note from her in a pale blue envelope of the Savoy in London with the address crossed out and her Boston address inserted. "D'accord," it said in a tiny, spiky handwriting that resembled his cardiogram squiggle.

The woman had pale ivory skin and long auburn hair. She had a quality of reticence

that was extremely appealing to him. She was looking down and away from him now as if she already regretted telling him about the evening with Williams. He wondered if she would get up and leave. He also noticed that she wore a gold serpentine ring and that the eyes of the serpent were green.

She began to speak again. "I knew a man in New Orleans, he called himself an 'old fag' but he was only fifty. Well, this man went home up North to visit his family. He had two weeks and he spent the first week just going to country fairs with his mother and his sisters, eating preserves and pies. I think his sisters were nuns. And then the second week he took off with another man and they came back down and really *did* New Orleans. The man he brought down with him was a tattooed man and he had only one leg." She stared at him as if she were deciding whether or not she could trust him with this kind of information. "Yes. Well, when they got to New Orleans, the two of them went to their room and they began drinking, and then they decided to streak the hotel lobby. So they did. They streaked the lobby." She smiled and blinked her eyes. She had very dark lashes that she lowered when she decided to be silent again.

"How could a one-legged tattooed man streak a lobby?"

The lashes came up. She looked at him. "He did."

"I believe you."

She nodded.

The man called to the waitress and ordered another scotch and the woman asked for a second glass of wine.

"Have you met other famous writers?" he asked her.

"No. Have you?"

"A few," he said.

He leaned back in his chair and looked around the room. It was done in red velvet



Lowell Komie is a writer and lawyer from Chicago. A collection of his short fiction will be published by the American Bar Association.

Lowell Komie
ORIGAMI
AEROPLANE



but he was feeling rather comfortable with the first scotch gone, almost as if he had climbed inside his cuff-link box and the lid was slowly closing over him.

"What did you do last night?" he asked her.

"Oh, I combed the tangles in my cat. I hadn't combed her for two weeks." She looked up again. "Oh, all right, what did you do last night?"

"I don't remember. I took my kids to a shopping center for dinner and there were all these little booths. One kid brought back caramel corn, another tacos. I had crepes and asparagus soup. Are you hungry? Have you had dinner?"

"I'm not really hungry." She paused and drank her wine. "Why don't you order." She lit another cigarette and looked away from him. "Do you think they have a disco here?" She moved her head with the movements of a disco beat and pursed her lips.

"I don't know. Do you disco?"

"I won a championship once at Harvard Law School." She moved her head again and tapped her cigarette. "Disco Queen of Langdell Hall."

"You're the Langdell Hall Disco Queen?"

"I think so."

"You aren't sure?"

"No. I'm sure."

"I don't know how to disco," he said. "I like to dance, though. There's music in the dining room. I saw them playing there."

"I don't know how to slow dance," she said.

"You know, you have a quality of diffidence that I like. A quality of cool diffidence. The way you hold your head. The way you hold your cigarette. I see that quality in your writing, too."

"Thank you."

"I like your novel. Why don't we get a room and talk about your writing. You can read from your manuscript."

"I thought you'd never ask." She looked at her watch. "We've been together for five minutes."

"Aren't you into risk? Everyone's into risk."

"A room at the Ritz," she said. "I don't think that's much of a risk. On a scale of risks, I'd say that's quite elegant. Some risks are inelegant, you know."

"I actually knew a man named Elegant," he told her. "I used to swim at a club after work. He was always around the pool and constantly being paged on the loudspeaker. 'Mr. Elegant, Mr. Elegant, telephone call.' I think he was a divorce lawyer and that was a way of advertising." The man was really using up all his ma-

terial now. That was the lodestone.

"Have you ever heard of the Ritz house detective?" she suddenly asked him. "He's a dwarf and he keeps a cobra in the ventilation shafts." She raised her eyebrows. "He feeds the cobra old rose petals from wedding bouquets."

"What's his name?"

"The cobra's name?"

"Yes."

"I don't know. Charles, perhaps. Charles the Ritz."

"What's Charles's function? Is he just detective?"

"Oh, no. He's sort of a thermostat. He pokes his head out of a vent whenever passion rises in a room. He's attracted by any kind of passionate sigh or groan."

"I see. What's the name of the dwarf detective?"

"Wee Willie. Wee Willie of the Ritz."

"What's the name of your cat?" He reached out and touched her hand for the first time.

"My cat? My cat's name is Peter."

"That's a pleasant name. Did you name her after a lover?"

She took a deep breath, looked at him, blinked several times, and tapped her cigarette once, twice, and then she quietly said to him "I know this Dutch clairvoyant in New York City that I visited last year who told me I was going to marry a tall, blond, balding lawyer from Tennessee and we'd move back down South and I'd begin my doctorate and he'd teach at the law school." He noticed, though, that she was standing as she told him this and she was holding her carryall and her raincoat in her hands. "I know you think I'm late back," she said, "but I never thought you'd take me literally." She smiled and touched his hand with the finger that bore the serpent ring. "Do you have a reservation for this reading are you just talking?"

THEY WALKED through the lobby and she waited for him by the cigar stand while he went to the desk and asked for a room. When he returned, she was inspecting a box of chocolates with a pink ribbon bow. He flashed the key hidden in his palm and she nodded. They met at the elevator.

"Did you have any trouble?" she asked the elevator door closed. They were alone.

"No."

"Oh," she said and nodded again. She held her big bag with both her arms folded around

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"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy.

"But then I tried Vantage. Frankly, I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers.

"That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked.

"For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."

Peter Accetta

Peter Accetta
New York City, New York



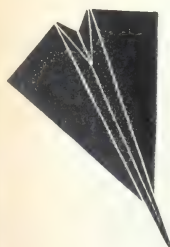
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AEROPLANE



it in front of her. He could see that there were at least two large manuscripts in the bag.

"Do you detect a scent in here?" he asked her and sniffed. "I've heard that they spray the elevators at each Ritz Hotel with the same fragrance."

She sniffed. "I don't smell anything."

"It's true. They spray all of them with a special fragrance."

The doors opened and they went to the room. He hung the DO NOT DISTURB sign on the door-knob. The sign was written in four languages, English, French, German, and Arabic. One of them should do the trick, he thought, and went into the bathroom. He could hear her talking to someone, but when he came out she was alone.

"Who were you talking to?" he asked her. She was sitting in a chair by the window. She'd taken her coat off and put her glasses on and she held a manuscript in her lap. "Wee Willie, the house detective. He was here checking us out."

"The dwarf detective."

She nodded. "He left us this." She pointed to a bottle of champagne in a bucket with two glasses on a table. "This is a nice room, isn't it," she said. She adjusted her glasses and turned on the TV set without sound, using it for light instead of a lamp. She opened her manuscript and began to page through it.

He went into the bathroom again, got a hand towel, and opened the champagne and poured them each a glass. "What did Willie look like?" he asked her.

"He was very tiny and he had rose petals on his shoulders, also his head was wrapped in a turban with a great big diamond in the center."

"Did he have tattoos?"

"No. He was just a plain little man."

"What did he say? Did he say anything about the cobra?"

"He just said, 'Welcome to the Ritz,' in a tiny squeaky voice, and he asked to see our key." She pulled her legs up underneath her and adjusted her skirt. She also lit another cigarette and began to read aloud to him.

He took his jacket off and then removed his shoes and sat back on the bed with pillows propped against the headboard and watched her. She had a nice reading voice, just a trace of a southern accent. The shadows of the figures on television flickered across her face as she read. He closed his eyes and pretended to be listening with great acuity. Actually, he was thinking about how he could ask her to leave her reading and come to bed with him without

really disturbing her. She was like a young butterfly that was only resting for a moment and he was afraid that his least gesture might offend her and she'd flutter out the door. Finally, he decided she couldn't possibly be that fragile and he just asked her, "Why don't you put the manuscript aside?"

She didn't answer him. She became quiet and looked at him for a long time and then she tore out a manuscript page and began slowly folding it.

"What are you doing?" He sipped some more champagne. She looked quite beautiful to him in the gray light of the TV.

"You'll see." She kept folding the page and then when she had it folded into a neat little paper glider, she tossed it at him. She tore out a second page and began folding it.

"I hope you have copies of those," he said and sipped the champagne again. He wriggled his toes and tossed the paper glider back at his big toe.

"I think this one is better. Aerodynamically speaking." She walked to the window and raised it.

She stood with her back to him at the open window and then she put her hand out into the darkness. "It's really a soft night," she said.

"Why don't you step back from the window," he asked her gently.

She took a match and lit the tail of the second paper glider and tossed it out the window. "Origami aeroplane," she said to him. She stood watching the flame until it disappeared and then she stepped back and shut the window. Now she came over to him and sat on the edge of the bed and slowly removed her necklaces, and began unpinning her hair. She leaned over him and dropped her necklaces on the night table. As she bent over him, her hair fell loosely around his face. He thought he saw the green eyes of her serpent ring flash at him from beneath the silken umbrella of her hair, or was it a separate pair of hooded eyes staring at him? When she kissed him tentatively, he didn't sigh. He made absolutely no sound. He was beneath her with her back shielding him. If the cobra came hissing out now from the vent attracted by his passion like a heat-seeking missile, she would take the lethal sting. He held his breath between tightly compressed lips. He may be sexist, that he knew, even perhaps a sexual adventurer, but it was all part of the literary game and he was an old hand. There was magic abounding in the room, these were her friends and he knew enough to lie still and be very quiet.

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Without chemicals,
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WALKING THE GREAT MALL

by Matthew Stevenson

Paintings by Er

When our group of thirty Chinese professionals landed at Dulles Airport near Washington, we were one of the first tours to reach the United States mainland since Americans opened up their borders to visitors from the East.

During the ten-day trip, we visited factories, schools, universities, and government offices, and conducted many interviews that ranged from formal discussions with State Department representatives to chance meetings with

ordinary citizens on buses and airplanes. But despite everything, the United States remains a blur, a jigsaw puzzle without structure or design, a web of observations that when pieced together yield only fragmentary understanding of such a fascinating country.

Throughout the journey, language remained a frustrating barrier between the group and the American people. Using our guide and interpreters, we heard mostly the official language,

through which we received glowing reports about the people and their economic happiness. We often found this impossible to verify. In Washington, especially, government functionaries speak a local dialect that is impenetrable to the untrained ear. One Congressman, for instance, said that the Carter Presidency had made "serious breakthroughs in prioritizing the decision-making process." Our guide later told us that although this official language



In Front of New York



Eugen Schallert

unknown to a majority of the people, it is used whenever the government is advocating unpopular reform. Thus, had we been able to communicate directly with many citizens, our group might have learned more about the layer of resentment and dissidence that no doubt exists under the veneer of a prosperous and bountiful nation.

However friendly to foreign visitors, Americans go about their lives in a subdued manner, which is a constant reminder of the oppressive ideology that dominates the country. In the streets, few are smiling. The factories, with their grim assembly lines, reveal the system's indifference to individual achievement. Housing is monotonous: cities are full of high-rise apartment buildings; suburbs are a collection of

various one-design houses; accommodation for overnight tourists is usually located on the outskirts of town near a noisy highway. And the bland diet leaves little room for delight.

In confirmation of all reports heard before our trip, the automobile remains supreme, which is one reason why the United States, despite recent economic decline, is still the largest overdeveloped country in the world. The standard of living is high, compared with that of most nations, and production is such that it is taking longer than was projected to make the transition from an industrial economy to underdevelopment.

But there are signs everywhere that the country is working hard to catch up with the Third World. Many talent-

ed youths from top universities, after they finish their formal training, spend several years abroad with the Peace Corps, an organization that prepares Americans for poverty, overpopulation, poor health conditions, and other commonplaces of agrarian life.

Americans are an industrious people who work hard despite the often grim conditions. This has made the drive toward underdevelopment a national enterprise, and government policies, wherever possible, are contributing to the great leap backward. In Washington, six agencies now do a job that ten years ago required only a staff of nine with two stenographers. Every few years the Congress passes *Matthew Stevenson is an assistant editor of Harper's.*

legislation that authorizes money for farmers not to grow certain crops. And some federal regulations, in their demand that industry pay filial obeisance to government, remind the visitor from the East of his ancient traditions and affection for bureaucracy.

The success of these programs is beginning to be measured. During an interview at the Treasury Department, an official boasted to our group about the expanding presence in the United States of foreign capital—one useful indicator of underdevelopment. He took note of the large amounts of real estate now under foreign ownership, the recent acquisition by an Arab group of a bank owned by the President's friend, and the number of hotels in New York and Washington that have absentee owners.

But the economic future of the coun-

try is intrinsically linked to the struggles for power that periodically rock the otherwise serene nation. While we were there, much discussion centered on the possible rehabilitation of former President Nixon, who was ousted in 1974 after revealing revolutionary doctrines concerning law and morality. Commonly referred to as the "Gang of One," Nixon fell from office when his principles proved unacceptable to a majority of Americans.

Unlike the People's Republic, which relies upon the wall poster to keep abreast of government intrigue, the United States is limited to television. Except in some of the larger cities, newspapers—similar to posters, only collapsible—are rarely a source of information. The people in the provinces watch television, both morning and evening, for news. While we were

there, this consisted entirely of President Carter embracing either President Sadat of Egypt or Israel's Prime Minister Begin.

Before the Gang of One was purged from power, it exerted influence on broad sectors of the society, especially the arts. The effects of the Gang's id aesthetic doctrines are still present in central committees like the National Endowment for the Arts, and most of our group were disappointed with exhibits seen at state-supported museums. A request to see graffiti, a form of dissident art, was turned down; however, three tour members reported seeing some while on a subway. They noted its similarity to several Chinese characters that, translated, mean: "Free Billy Martin"—an allusion, it is thought, to a political prisoner.

Nowhere is American ideology more apparent, or distressing, than in literature. A people with a proud literary tradition has been cut off from its classics, which are rarely found in bookstores. Instead the population is fed stale tracts on how to run, cook, look out for itself, use cosmetics, and dress for success. While this may be a legacy of the Gang of One and its philosophies of self-preservation, the effect is a populace that is dour in appearance and determined to achieve perfection.

Thus, ideological fervor has replaced creative thinking, and propaganda masquerades as art. This is especially true in the movies. Shortly before turning to China, we saw two current favorites, *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, films about the inevitability of conflict with nebular powers.

This belligerence, surfacing as it does toward the end of the journey, left our group with an unsettled feeling about the knowledge that there can be no conclusions about America. The traditions for one on a brief visit are endless: the government is rich, while many of the people are poor; New York, the financial capital of the world, is bankrupt; and the nation with the most sophisticated system of communication on earth graduates students from high school who can hardly read or write. The United States is a land of paradox, a riddle for which no one knows the answer.



New York City

SONDHEIM'S LITTLE DEATHS

the ironic mode and its discontents

by John Lahr

*How is it you sing anything?
How is it you sing?**

—Sweeney Todd

MUSICALS celebrate two things: abundance and vindictive triumph. Tall tales of the urban middle class, musicals revel in the spectacle of material well-being. They cajole the audience that if you don't have a dream, how you gonna

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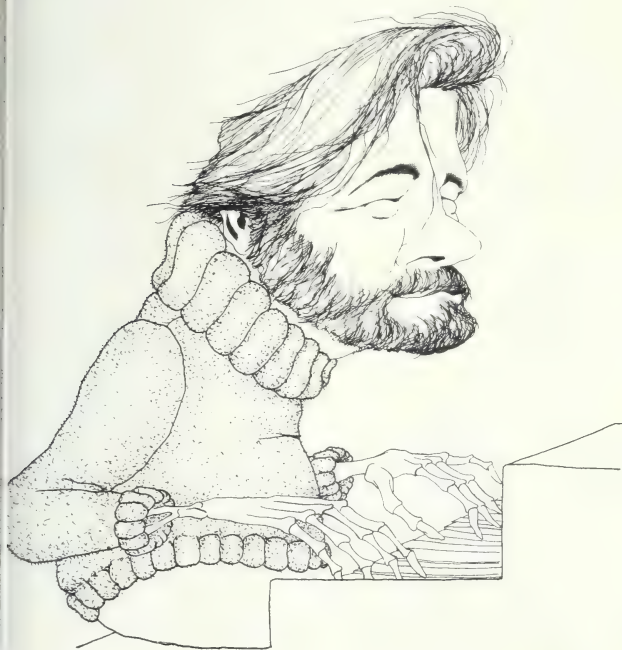
have a dream come true? In its combination of script, song, and comic turn, the musical's formula meets the restless need of the American public for action and enchantment. The musical is mythic. People don't walk, they dance. Problems exist only to be sung or hitch-kicked away.

Until the mid-Sixties, the best popular songs came out of the American musical. The confections of the Gershwins, Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, Frank Loesser, Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart and Oscar Hammerstein, Harold

Arlen with E. Y. Harburg were the backbeat of American progress. Their songs created a climate of confidence and promise. The songs played a dramatic part in molding the myths of modern America. For nearly half a century, the musical has been refurbishing with new words and rhythms the well-worn clichés of the middle class. Social comment is as unwelcome to most Broadway producers as syphilis is to a whore. Yet, although its creators never admit it, the musical's fierce and mischievous commitment to the status quo has made it unwittingly the nation's most effective political theater.

The form itself is an endangered species. In 1929, there were about eighty new musicals on Broadway; in 1978, there were fewer than fifteen. The writing is on the fourth wall. Spiraling cost is one of the culprits in killing off the art form, but economics is only an accomplice to the crime. The musical has not been able to adapt to the changing social and psychological mood of America. Over the past two decades the musical's comforting faith in the nation's goodness has been betrayed by public events; and it has found itself with nothing to sing about. Almost all the "new" hit shows (*Annie*, *Cabaret*, *Fiddler on the Roof*, *My Fair Lady*, *Hello, Dolly!*, *Irene*, *Funny Girl*, et cetera) are set in the past, where the complications of contemporary life can't shake an implacable hopefulness. Most of the smash hits of the past twenty years have been nostalgic for the elegance, innocence, lavishness, and values of earlier times. As America's dream becomes increasingly threadbare, so has the art form that best promoted it. In this, at least, the musi-

John Lahr's most recent book is Prick Up Your Ears: The Biography of Joe Orton, published last November by Alfred A. Knopf.



THEATER

cal remains the perfect metaphor for the time.

Much of the hope for the musical's survival resides in the acerbic intelligence of Stephen Sondheim, whose tenth musical, *Sweeney Todd*, opened in New York this winter. In collaboration with his director/producer, Hal Prince, Sondheim has given a sense of occasion back to the musical and moved it away from the Shubert Alley formula of "no girls, no gags, no chance." At forty-eight, he is young enough to hanker for radical reform of the musical yet old enough to have absorbed professional expertise from the master craftsmen with whom he's worked: Oscar Hammerstein, Leonard Bernstein, Jerome Robbins, Richard Rodgers, and Jule Styne. Lyricist and composer of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, *Anyone Can Whistle*, *Company*, *Follies*, *A Little Night Music*, and *Pacific Overtures*, and grudging wordsmith to such great shows as *Gypsy* and *West Side Story*, Sondheim has become the American musical: a king on a field of corpses.

Traditional musicals dramatize the triumph of hope over experience. Characteristic of their flirtation with modernism, Sondheim's shows make a cult of blasted joys and jubilant despair. He admits that joy escapes him. "If I consciously sat down and said I wanted to write something that would send people out of the theater *really* happy, I wouldn't know how to do it." His mature musicals sing about a new American excellence: desolation.

VERY FEW of the great Broadway songwriters grew up poor. Except for Berlin and Harburg, the majority were middle-class kids whose sense of the good life was part of their optimism. They'd always known abundance, and their songs registered a sense of wonder and excitement at the blessings of the material world. The truth of that magical well-being was proved by their fame and astronomic royalty statements. Sondheim, heir apparent to their stardom, shares, if not their world view, then this intimacy with affluence. The differences are generational. The sense of blessing has given way to boredom, the innocence to irony.

The precocious son of a dress manufacturer, Sondheim was educated in

private schools in New York City and Bucks County, Pennsylvania, where he moved with his mother at the age of ten after his parents divorced. His ambition to write musicals was fired by the friendship and tutelage of Oscar Hammerstein, who lived nearby. Sondheim wrote his first musical at the age of fifteen. After graduating from Williams College as a music major, he won a two-year fellowship to study modern music with the avant-garde composer Milton Babbitt. Sondheim's mind and his training were more sophisticated than those of many of his musical-comedy mentors, but he moved in their swank milieu. In Craig Zadan's *Sondheim & Co.*, Milton Babbitt remembers: "He had a very nimble mind and he was very musical. . . . He was also constantly diverted with parties. His social world. . . was very Park Avenue. . . . He was terribly bright and one could only wonder how serious he could afford to be. He had money, he was accustomed to frivolity, he was not accustomed to working terribly hard in a serious composer's sense."

No wonder that Sondheim's early lyrics mined the familiar mainstream vein of hope and attainment, and gave the musical eloquent expressions of its bourgeois dream. The sense of anticipation—that peculiarly American expectation of a magical insulation from life (true love, fame, money)—was superbly defined in "Something's Coming" from Sondheim's first Broadway show, *West Side Story* (1957):

*Could it be?
Yes, it could.
Something's coming,
Something good—
If I can wait.
Something's coming,
I don't know
What it is,
But it is
Gonna be great. . . .*

In 1959 *Gypsy* gave voice to the mythology of pluck and luck that show business acts out. With the hyperbole of Kennedy's New Frontier racing the heart of the nation, skepticism was as "un-American" in the theater as it was in the society. Whatever small irony the songs gave to the characterization of Rose and her girls in their uphill battle to show-biz fame and fortune, their message was clear: "Everything's Coming Up Roses." Rose—who early in the show expresses the familiar

democratic longing for mobility a success: "all the sights that I gotta yet/all the places I gotta play"—crazed in her ambitions for her daughters. In fact, as the song's shift of pronouns makes clear, she is a backstomother with nowhere to go and nowhere to play. Rose assumes "father" role to her daughters and suffers the same fate as the rejected father. Her pride and self-fulfillment depend on her daughters leaving her behind and "doing better" than she. In "Rose Turn," Sondheim dramatizes the path of her vicarious life. Rose preterites she's a performer on the empty stage and spews out her anger and longing

*Why did I do it?
What did it get me?
Scrapbooks full of me in the
background.
Give 'em love and what does it
get you?
What does it get you? . . .
They take bows
And you're battin' zero. . . .
I had a dream.
I dreamed it for you, June.
It wasn't for me, Herbie.
And if it wasn't for me
Then where would you be,
Miss Gypsy Rose Lee?**

The Broadway musical can never bring itself to deny completely the ethic that sustains it. In *Gypsy*, the ethic justifies the means: an attitude the system has made irresistible. Sondheim, in 1959 a would-be star, concurred with that selfishness. "Rose's Turn" ends with Rose nearly shouting:

*This time for me,
For me!
For me!*

Rose and her daughter, Gypsy Rose Lee, reach some understanding at the finale. The audience gets its happy ending, its world view very much intact. The boldness of "Rose's Turn"—one of Sondheim's great numbers—is compromised. The victim's moment is short-stopping. Rose's crazed energy is gorgeous. Success may be punishing, but Broadway it's never really questioned. Instead, the waste of life is justified.

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nd forgiven in the thrilling moment of vindictive triumph the song provides. Whatever loss or impoverishment Rose feels, the audience knows that this whole million-dollar enterprise, with all its creative energy and star performers, is memorializing her own obsession, and theirs.

This spirit of aggrandizement links Sondheim emotionally and technically to the traditional musical. "I believe *Gypsy* is one of the two or three best shows ever written," Sondheim says. The last good one in the Rodgers-and-Hammerstein tradition."

After *Gypsy*, Sondheim's next three musicals, although experimental in lyrical technique, were still very much part of the Broadway mainstream. *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* (1962), a smash hit, used songs as respites from hilarious action; *Anybody Can Whistle* (1964) was a legendary mess that tried to make songs comment on the action; and *Do I Hear a Waltz?* (1965), his uninspired collaboration with the granddaddy of the traditional musical, Richard Rodgers, left Sondheim wondering why such musicals needed to be mounted and Rodgers wondering why he'd worked with Sondheim (Rodgers: "I watched him grow from an attractive little boy into a monster").

SONDHEIM SAT OUT the turmoil of the late '60s in his Manhattan townhouse, reemerging in 1970 with *Company*, a musical in tune with the new, winded, post-protest times. Sondheim had come of age: his own diminished sense of life and guarded emotions were now shared by a nation obsessed with its despair. Sondheim's glib toughness echoed the mood of the unromantic era. He became a phenomenon new to the Broadway musical: a laureate of disillusion.

A society that feels itself irredeemably lost requires a legend of defeat. And Sondheim's shows are at the vanguard of this atmosphere of collapse. He shares both the culture's sense of impotence and its new habit of wrenching vitality from madness. He is a connoisseur of chaos. (*Sweeney Todd* revels in murder.) Sondheim's musicals do not abandon the notion of abundance, only adapt it. They show Americans a world still big, but in death-dealing, not well-being.

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Sondheim's mature scores mythologize desolation. *Company* chronicles the deadening isolation of city life. *Follies* (1971) records in pastiche the death of the musical and dramatizes the folly of aspiration by staging the theatrical "ghosts" of the past. *A Little Night Music* (1973)—more attenuated and bitter than Ingmar Bergman's *Smiles of a Summer Night*, on which it is based—depicts love among the ruins of a decadent and rootless Swedish aristocracy. And *Pacific Overtures* (1975) shows the destruction of Japanese culture through the encroachment of the West.

"All writing is autobiographical," Sondheim has said. "You find something of yourself that fits the character." Most of Sondheim's characters are numbed survivors whose songs examine fear, loss, betrayal, and anger. At the finale of *Company*, the central figure realizes he needs to make a human connection, that "alone is alone not alive":

*Somebody hold me too close,
Somebody hurt me too deep,
Somebody sit in my chair
And ruin my sleep
And make me aware
Of being alive,
Being alive.**

It is a passive climax. The spirit doesn't soar, it surrenders. Life is no longer dramatized as an adventure but as a capitulation. Impotence reigns, and all that is left to man's abused freedom is to justify its debasement. Laceration replaces longing as the popular delirium, and, typically, "Being Alive" lets the public applaud its emptiness: "Somebody force me to care,/Somebody let me come through."

The theme of the dead heart trying to resuscitate itself dominates much of Sondheim's work. As Alexis Smith sang in *Follies*: "How can you wipe tears away/When your eyes are dry?"** The heart is so well defended from hurt that little can penetrate it. Instead of celebrating the ease and spontaneity of emotion that was the stock-in-trade of the traditional musical responding to a world it insisted was benign, Sondheim's songs report the difficulty of feeling in a world where, as his song says, there's "so little to be sure of."

In *Anyone Can Whistle*, he first obliquely confronted the inhibitions that give his later scores their strained and haunting sense of incompleteness:

*Maybe you could show me
How to let go,
Lower my guard,
Learn to be free.
Maybe if you whistle,
Whistle for me.**

As Sondheim dramatizes again and again, commitment is something in which he has no faith. He is at a loss for compelling words about love. He has publicly denounced "I Feel Pretty" from *West Side Story*, pointing out the lie of its alliteration ("I feel fizzy and funny and fine"): "Somebody doesn't have something to say." Sondheim's judgment of his song could be leveled at the emotional impoverishment of a great deal of his work. In his large and impressive catalogue, most of the love songs are written in collaboration with other composers—such as Bernstein ("Maria," "Somewhere"), Styne ("Small World," "You'll Never Get Away from Me"), and Rodgers ("Do I Hear a Waltz?")—whose music has a melodic grace Sondheim's music lacks. Sondheim can be brilliant in his diagnosis of the failure of relationships, but never quite believable about their success. Romance, once the bread and butter of the musical, is now only stale crumbs on Sondheim's table.

WHILE WORDS for passion fail him, those for rage come easily. In the loveless and faithless worlds he writes about, anger is the surest test of feeling. Sondheim's scores bristle with the bitchy irony of deep-dish journalism. (Both make profit in exploiting pain.) Sondheim uses wit to sell his anger. In a superb song like "The Ladies Who Lunch," from *Company*, Sondheim lets mockery have a field day. With her checklist of the various bourgeois pastimes, the sozzled

singer uses anger to stir things up and create the illusion of movement in a stalled life:

*And here's to the girls who just
watch:
Aren't they the best?
When they get depressed, it's a
bottle of Scotch
Plus a little jest.
Another chance to disapprove,
Another brilliant zinger.
Another reason not to move,
Another vodka stinger.**

Mockery is disillusion in action; but by the time Sondheim brought it to Broadway it had been accepted in American life. For a decade Pop Art had been throwing back at the public as fine art the detritus of industrial society—soup cans, beer cans, billboards, comic books. The youth culture made mockery a "life-style," and *Hairspray* (1968) brought it into show business. Even Hollywood, sniffing the winds of change, managed *M*A*S*H*, a send-up of the war effort. In literature, satirists such as Joseph Heller (*Catch-22*), Kurt Vonnegut (*Slaughterhouse 5*), Tom Wolfe (*Radical Chic*), Jules Feiffer, and Lenny Bruce found a wide new audience. Their satire identified the social cancer. But Sondheim never lets his maliciousness go beyond the wisecrack. The jeers at marriage in "The Little Things You Do Together" (from *Company*) are as facile as they are cruel. By making delightful his disgust with family, Sondheim sells the sickness while others before him sold the antidote:

*It's the concerts you enjoy together,
Neighbors you annoy together,
Children you destroy together
That keep marriage intact.
It's not so hard to be married,
When two maneuver as one.
It's not so hard to be married
And Jesus Christ, is it fun.**

The metaphor for *Company*, Sondheim wrote recently in *The Dramatist's Guild Quarterly*, was New York City. "We were making a comparison between a contemporary marriage and the island of Manhattan." The traditional musical made the city into a playground, from which the character emerged undaunted and invigorated by New York's obstacles. Manhattan, *Company* suggests, is a lethal, suffoca-

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A music world "first" occurred on March 5, when the Philadelphia Orchestra launched a tour of the Southeast with a concert at the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C. While orchestras often tour, this occasion was unique. It marked the beginning of the largest commitment ever made by a company toward symphony orchestra tours: the Bell System's support of "American Orchestras on Tour," a program of cross-country tours to some 100 cities over the next several years by a number of America's finest symphony orchestras. Joining the Philadelphia Orchestra in this program during 1979 will be the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the Cleveland Orchestra, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the New York Philharmonic, and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.

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THEATER

ing battlefield where survival hardens the heart and infects all contact with desperation. Now, the battle is shown as hardly worth the prize. Sondheim put it brilliantly in "Another Hundred People":

*And they meet at parties
Through the friends of friends
Who they never know.
Will you pick me up,
Or do I meet you there,
Or shall we let it go?
Did you get my message,
'Cause I looked in vain?
Can we see each other Tuesday
If it doesn't rain?
Look, I'll call you in the morning
Or my service will explain.**

This song captures New York as the contemporary middle-class audience experiences it. The answering service, the television, the intercom, the beeper—all the devices that keep urban dwellers "in touch" also help them hide. They magnify the citizens' terrifying isolation. As Sondheim's song says, New York is "a city of strangers," its frantic pace at once a distraction and a destiny. If there is no peace here, at least there is exhaustion—a state of collapse where neither the dead heart nor a death-dealing society matters. *Company* exalts fatigue; *Follies* exploits its cultural manifestation: nostalgia.

Discussing Hal Prince's concept for staging *Follies*, Sondheim recalls: "The Roxy opened in the late '20s with a picture called *The Loves of Sunya*, a film which starred Gloria Swanson, and when it was torn down in 1960, she posed in the ruins with her arms outstretched. And Hal said that *that's* what the show should be about—rubble in the daylight."

Conceived as a show-biz reunion on the Follies stage, which is soon to be demolished for a parking lot, the show sets the musical dreams of the past against the brutal actualities of the performers' present lives. It is an extravaganza of irony. In its delectation of decay, *Follies* puts older stars like Gene Nelson, Alexis Smith, Fifi D'Orsay, Ethel Shutta, Dorothy Collins back on the boards. This crude juxtaposition trades on nostalgia to make a point about it, and them. But *Follies*' appetite for carrion is at once breathtaking and

sinister. Ghosts of Broadway's past are symbolically as well as literally materialized on the Follies stage. Of course, sculptors like George Segal and William Kienholz have been creating brilliant and ghostly environments since the early '60s. Their worlds are unrelenting and silent. In making death the subject of story and song, *Follies* also makes it spectacular. The audience is asked not only to watch decay, but to love it. Sondheim's "I'm Still Here," sung by Yvonne De Carlo (!), turns devastation into delight:

*I've been through Reno,
I've been through Beverly Hills,
And I'm here.
Reefers and vino,
Rest cures, religion, and pills,
And I'm here.*

* * *

*First you're another sloe-eyed
vamp,
Then someone's mother. Then
you're camp,
Then you career from career
to career.
I'm almost through my memoirs
And I'm here.**

The show is full of Sondheim's smart pastiche numbers, which convey the dreams of fulfillment and success. At the finale—when, as the record notes report, "The cacophony becomes a fever and all the stops are let out as the nightmare fills the stage"—a character in white tie and tails tries to put over the old Broadway bravado. He can't finish the song.

*Success is swell and success
is sweet
But every height has a drop.
The less achievement, the less
defeat:
What's the point of shovin' your
way to the top?
Live 'n laugh 'n love 'n you're
never a flop... ***

Follies' disenchantment isn't convincing because it hungers for traditional success. ("In America today," said *Follies*' co-director and choreographer, Michael Bennett, a few years after the show, "either you're a star or you're nobody.") The show's numbers

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take their energy not from what ironically reveal about their character but from their vision of the old musical forms dusted off and lovingly put before an audience. "It's a schizophrenic piece," Sondheim says. "And it's supposed to be." But the split in the show's consciousness is deeper than he realizes. *Follies* is paralyzed by the nostalgia it wants to expose. "Hope does grow on trees," a character says at the end. "You make your own." That's what the musical has always believed. *Follies* wants to detach itself from form and content of the traditional musical, but manages only to return to the status quo ante.

BEFORE IT WAS ART, the musical was fun. In trying to push the musical toward greater seriousness, Sondheim's shows have lost much of their fun. As a lyricist, Sondheim disdains the enchantments cannot resist the temptation to add choice for the most overrated lyricist he wrote with typical acerbity in *Dramatists Guild Quarterly's* poll of favorite lyricists. "Lorenz Hart, who work has always struck me as being occasionally graceful, touching, mostly, technically sloppy, unfelt, silly ('Lover, when I'm near you/I hear you/Speak my name/Softly my ear you/Breathe a flame')." But their technical expertness, Sondheim's songs often lose in resonance what they try to gain in statement. "The danger of argument in verse," Auden warns in *The Dyer's Hand*, "is that verse makes ideas too clear and distinct." Sondheim polishes every idea; the result is lush and cold:

*Every day a little death...
Every day a little sting
In the heart and in the head.
Every move and every breath,
And you hardly feel a thing,
Brings a perfect little death.**

"Anybody can rhyme 'excelsior' 'Chelsea or,'" Sondheim has said. "I rather have an ear-catching thought than an eye-catching rhyme." This is more clever than clear. Sondheim speaks proudly of how his songs develop and advance the characters in his musicals. But what distinguishes the characters?

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acters in most of his later work is that they have no character. As he himself has pointed out, "In *Company* we were up against one of the oldest dramatic problems in the world: how do you write about a cipher without making him a cipher? In *Follies* we deliberately decided not to create characters with warts and all. Everybody would be, not a type, but an essence. . . . *Pacific Overtures* was an attempt to tell a story that has no characters at all." Sondheim makes an asset out of a liability and calls it a breakthrough.

The very nature of the lyric holds the musical back from taking issue with its society. Verse, Auden writes in *The Dyer's Hand*, "is unsuited for controversy, to proving some truth or belief which is not universally accepted, because its formal nature cannot but convey a certain skepticism about its conclusions. 'Thirty days hath September/April, June, and November' is valid because nobody doubts its truth. Were there, however, a party who passionately denied it, the lines would be powerless to convince him because, formally, it would make no difference if the lines ran: 'Thirty days hath September/August, May, and December'."

Pacific Overtures falls into this trap. When Sondheim's lyrics tell a story with no didactic purpose, as in his account of Admiral Perry's treaty signing with the Shogun, "Someone in a Tree," the song can be astonishing. But at the finale, when the show strains for significance and lectures the audience about the perils of industrialization by showing modern Japan, the lyric is woefully inept. The form of "Next" belies the seriousness of its message:

*Streams are flying,
Use the motion—
Next!*

*Streams are flying,
Mix a potion.
Streams are dying.
Try the ocean—
Brilliant notion—
Next.**

"I'm essentially a cult figure," Sondheim wrote in *The Dramatists Guild Quarterly* last year. "My kind of work is caviar to the general [public]." Sondheim has set himself up as an avant-gardist in an avowedly popular form. His shows aspire to be mass en-

tertainment while being suspicious of the mass. "You have to remember that the average audience for a musical is by definition more traditionalist than for a straight play," Sondheim told the *London Times*. "In America they still regard Kurt Weill as highly avant-garde. . . . But you must go on breaking down old musical forms and creating new ones, otherwise there's nothing but repetition."

But musical comedy is to music what Ping-Pong is to tennis. Only on Broadway could Sondheim's music sound radical. He uses a harmonic language developed in France between 1895 and 1910, notably in the art songs of Ravel. *A Little Night Music*—a show whose libretto confirms Voltaire's dictum that anything too silly to be said can always be sung—is musically Sondheim's most interesting score. It contains moments of uncommon interest: the roving harmonies in "You Must Meet My Wife"; the metrical modulation in "The Miller's Son," in which the rhythm is constant and the meter changes; great lyrics matched to a memorable melody, in "Send in the Clowns." Too often in his music, rhythmic monotony is overlooked because of the vivaciousness of his lyrics. Unlike Gershwin, who began his songs with introductions, Sondheim's songs begin with vamps—an approach that restricts his melodic invention and gives away to the audience what follows. The boldness of the initial musical gesture becomes monotonous because of this imposed pattern.

OF ALL Sondheim's shows, *Company* is the most substantial. The limitations in Sondheim's music—its cold technique, its nervousness about emotion, its stylish defensiveness—match the brittle world *Company* describes. It is not the absence of hits—"Send in the Clowns" is one of his few—but the lack of heart in Sondheim's music that has been his real nemesis. His music never risks embarrassment. Instead, he hides his deepest feelings behind style, which keeps both his music and his musicals from as yet reaching their fullness. In *Sondheim & Co.*, Leonard Bernstein speaks perceptively about Sondheim's inhibitedness, his fear of direct, subjective expression. "Nothing must be straight out subjectively be-

cause it's dangerous, because it reveals your insides. The fear usually takes the form of the fear of corniness, of being platitudinous, or whatever. Steve has very strong feelings and therefore must invent correspondingly strong defenses to guard against those feelings. . . . He always been a little bit afraid of the word 'beautiful,' except as it can be reinterpreted as charming, decorative, odd, sweet, touching—touching in some oblique way."

To many people, including Bernstein, "Send in the Clowns" augurs a breakthrough, the emergence of a personal language at once passionate and penetrating. But this now seems unlikely. *Pacific Overtures* followed. *A Little Night Music*, another "smart" idea that allowed Sondheim to dodge deep personal feelings in a virtuoso display of technique. *Sweeney Todd* updates his boulevard nihilism.* makes an opera of cannibalism and gore, but without a shudder.

*Swing your razor high, Sweeney,
Hold it to the skies!
Freely flows the blood of those
Who moralize! ***

Death is now resolutely Sondheimian: dominion; but even his appetite for blood is bloodless. Death, what Henry James called "that distinguished thing" is turned into shallow camp in a work where evil holds no odium and life no significance.

From *My Lai* to Guyana, the American public has become casual about absorbing catastrophe. And Sondheim has turned this numbed anguish into a mass product. Too chic to register disapproval, Sondheim is an entrepreneur of modern anxieties. His music claims victory for themselves as new departures, but they are the end of the musical's glorious tradition of trivialization. Sondheim's cold elegance matches the spiritual pall that has settled over American life. His musicals are chronicles in song of the society growing decrepitude. They foreshadow the newest barbarism—a nation that has no faith in the peace it seeks and the pleasure it finds.

* As the show had not opened at the time of this writing, my remarks are based on a reading of the script.

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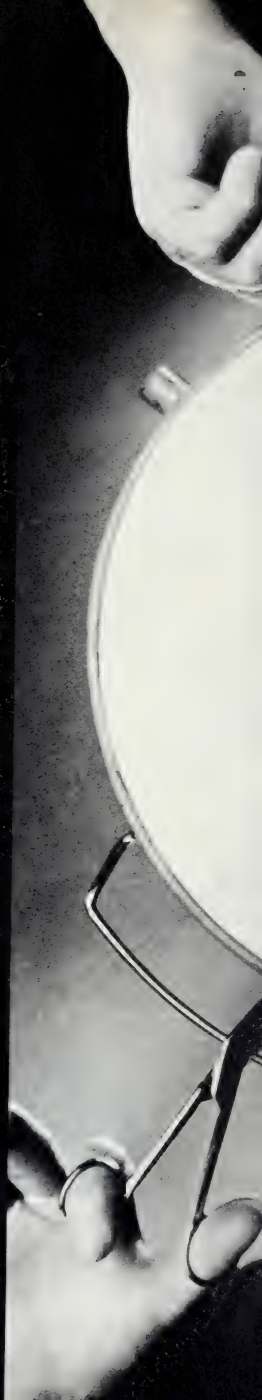
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CHEERFUL SYMMETRIES

Specific for literary dyspepsia

by Frances Taliaferro

Optimism: The Biology of Hope, by Lionel Tiger. 300 pages. Simon and Schuster, \$9.95.

Augusta Played, by Kelly Cherry. 304 pages. Houghton Mifflin, \$9.95.

Happy All the Time, by Laurie Colwin. 224 pages. Alfred A. Knopf, \$7.95.

THE PATRON of these reflections is that Oliver Edwards who was a fellow collegian of Dr. Johnson. This irrepressible septuagenarian wore "a wig of many curls" and loved to watch his grass and corn and fruit trees growing in Hertfordshire. It is he who complained to the great moralist, "You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson. I have tried too in my time to be a philosopher; but, I don't know how. cheerfulness was always breaking in."

Boswell found Edwards's cheerfulness "an exquisite trait of character" (and, Boswell-like, smugly cited the agreement of "Mr. Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Courtenay, Mr. Malone, and, indeed, all the eminent men to whom I have mentioned this"). But cheerfulness since Boswell's time has had a bad press, associated as it is with starchiness, immoderate day nurses, Pollyanna, and people whose rosy morning faces are a reproach to the saturnine. Perhaps the word itself is at fault, but what to substitute? *Gaiety* gives pause now that the adjectival form has been usurped, *ebullience* sounds unreliably liquid and *pleasantness* unrelievedly beige. Perhaps the lovely quality would carry more weight if it had a Greek name, but all the good ones seem to describe diseases or begin with the alpha privative, which is hardly in the proper spirit.

If traits of character were vegetables, we would quickly acknowledge the melancholy eggplant, the dependable turnip, the loving tomato, and the brave asparagus. Cheerfulness, their

peer, must be strong, green, and leafy: the romaine of the emotions, perhaps, but never the iceberg lettuce, for true cheerfulness is not vapid. Like charity, which in some respects it resembles, cheerfulness is a sturdy, confident quality, but it vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly. Cheerfulness, the least glandular of virtues, cannot be located in any one of the body's great systems, for it expresses the harmony of all. He is cheerful who is *bien dans sa peau*.

Lionel Tiger pleasantly disagrees. In *Optimism: The Biology of Hope*, he proposes that "there is a neurophysiology for a sense of the benignity of the future." The discoveries of neurochemistry show us that the "friendly opiates" secreted by the brain may do more than dispel pain; Tiger believes it possible "that there is a location in the brain for good feelings about the present and the future." Our biological optimism is very likely related to "a kind of cognitive overdrive associated with our past as a hunting primate. When we acquired our huge cerebral cortex, this elaborate organ started producing an ever more complex and imaginative stock of optimistic schemes."

Tiger spends far too much time on sociology at the expense of biology, and readers who require the persuasion of

data will remain unmoved. Still, it is refreshing to think that the anatomy of gaiety might someday locate the exact cortical convolution, that we might know it enlarged in some and atrophied in others, that the optimism of our happiest saints might be preserved in the cheerfulness of reliquaries with far more power to bless and transform than resides in their withered hands, their chalky tibias.

IN ART AS IN LIFE, unrelieved gaiety is as impossible as a diet of unimagined romaine: the balance is a matter of scale. Cheerfulness in art is the counterpoise to the monumental, the ceremonial, and the pompous, nor has anything to do with ecstasy, for these are modes of seeing that do not acknowledge the comfortable reality of the human body. Cheerfulness, so often a matter of scale, is absent from the grandeur of Aeschylean tragedy and from the awesome roll of Miltonic pentameter: and cheerfulness does not lead to distortion or dislocation, which makes so much of modern literature. Yeats speaking of balance and renewal, finds in Hamlet and Lear "gaiety transfiguring all that dread." It seems to me that the promise of cheerfulness in literature is the absence of dread, the certainty that nothing irrevocably awful is going to happen.

Then if nothing awful happens in Literature, or is it something less? Boswell's comment on philosophy may do equally well for literature: "Liberal religion, [it] is too generally supposed to be hard and severe, at least so great as to exclude all gaiety." Whence the spiritual inferiority some of us feel in the presence of those who prefer Kafka to Jane Austen. Something dire is always going to happen in Kafka, but Jane Austen assures us that harmony

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both necessary and possible. There is undeniable gaiety in her greatness. Should we think less of her for it?

Three novels of the past year have the cheerful symmetry—and often the style—that is delightful in movie comedies of the 1930s. W. M. Spackman's elegant *An Armful of Warm Girl** is about amorous pursuit in settings of an almost feudal splendor, though it takes place in the American 1950s. Laurie R. King's *Happy All the Time* miraculously, uncloyingly describes two happy couples who enjoy their lives; this delicious book has the sweetness of *Cosi* and *Tutte* without its shadows. Music is the natural expression of cheerfulness, and it is no accident that the heroine of Kelly Cherry's new novel *Augusta Played* is a flutist; the zany intricacies of the plot culminate in a musical "happening" at Town Hall, a marvel of discord that preserves the concentric harmony of the book.

Almost every prospect pleases in these lovely novels. Conditioned by literary experience, we read edgily at first, suspecting all the pleasantness, waiting for the terrible blow to fall. It doesn't. Gradually we relax and yield to the celebration of healthy relationships, benign pleasures, and creature comforts, for which it is possible to develop an agreeable and pleasing appetite. (The cheerful novelists suggest that such an appetite may be accommodated by the constant readiness of old champagne, though it can be equally well served by a Mozart quartet heard through an open window, by lowered sheets or the absence of cockroaches.) Such pleasures would be objectionable if they were totally bland, but each novelist produces the literary equivalent of the anchovy—a prickly character, a threatening event—to relieve the sweetness.

Aristotle ennobled the digestive metaphor when he spoke of the *catharsis* of tragedy. Indeed the signal characteristic of great art may be its power to trouble the viscera, and our greatest artists may continue to be dyspeptic. Still, there is no intrinsic superiority in a bad digestion and a cranky temper. Let a comfortable word be said for the artist of cheerful, eupeptic disposition. □

* Published by Alfred A. Knopf, \$6.95. A review of the book appeared in *Harper's*, April, 1978.

BULLHEAD

by John Engels

Sprawled
after midnight
on the damp planks,
on my belly in darkness,
the breath squeezed flat in me,
I drift the bait
into the pale moon-shadow of the dock,

waiting for the blunt
emergence of the bullhead, his slow
lurch at the worm, the hauling-out:
sluggish black spasm of flesh,
shine of the small, mucousoid eye.

He does not die
at once: ugly among fish,
poisonous dorsal spine erect,
he swims in the air for hours,
scrabbles and grunts in the bucket.
I have fished for a hundred nights
hearing that gross croaking from the bucket,
and have not forgotten, am granted the memory:

in that peculiar sleeplessness which loves
those things which resemble
other things, night
after watery night I have tried to breathe
the inappropriate air,
have wanted to call out into the blackness
beyond the dumb, immediate blackness

that I am about to die and cannot die,
but making so dull a voice of the dull
connatural agony, I writhe to it,
grunting aloud, the hook
of the breath snagged
in my gullet,
the worm in my mouth like a tongue.

HOLLYWOOD'S WAR

The Deer Hunter invents cruelties to sell Vietnam

by Tom Buckley

FOR ME, it's a very personal film," Michael Cimino, the director of *The Deer Hunter*, was quoted as saying in an article published in the *New York Times* on December 10, 1978. "I was attached to a Green Beret medical unit. My characters are portraits of people whom I knew... the people who fought the war, whose lives were immediately affected and damaged and changed by the war. ... They were uncommon people who had an uncommon amount of courage."

From Hollywood had come whispers that a searing, powerful film about the Vietnam war and its effect on ordinary Americans had at last been made, that a brilliant young director had risked his career as he fought for three years against the fear and inertia of the studio bosses to put his film on the screen. The article provided the climax for an advertising and publicity campaign that had been going on for months. It appeared just as *The Deer*

Hunter was about to open for special one-week engagements in New York and Los Angeles, prior to its general release in February, to permit it to qualify for the 1978 Academy Awards and other honors.

Cimino, who had only three previous screen credits, told Leticia Kent, who wrote the story for the *Times*, that he was thirty-five years old, that he had been raised in New York City, and that, wishing to "unlearn" his formal education, he left Yale University shortly before completing work on a doctorate to enter the Army early in 1968. He was not sent to Vietnam, he said, with a touch of regret; he was assigned to a Special Forces medical unit in Texas, and it was there that he met the men who inspired him to make *The Deer Hunter*. After his discharge, Cimino said, he learned moviemaking with a producer of industrial and documentary films in New York, and then set out for Hollywood.

It's such a modest, straightforward

account that you can't help wishing were true. But Cimino wasn't thirty-five when he talked to the *Times*, was a few months short of forty. According to the Pentagon, he enlisted in the Army Reserve in 1962, not 1968. He spent six months on active duty instead of the two years he would have served if he had been drafted. For about five months he was assigned to Fort Dix, N.J., with a month or so of medical training at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

A small number of Special Forces troops were assigned to Vietnam as advisers in that relatively quiet period. Cimino may have seen a couple of them in a chow line or even been in a class with them, but he never wore the Green Beret himself.

Cimino did indeed attend Yale, and received a master of fine arts degree in 1963. The university has no record of his having done any work toward a doctorate. Later on, he was well known in New York as a director of television commercials rather than documentaries. He was very successful, made a lot of money, and, in 1971, like others before him in the same line of work, he left for Hollywood.



Cathy Hall

IF IT WERE NOT for the way that are mirrored in *The Deer Hunter*, Cimino's impostures would scarcely be worth noticing. People often abandon uncongenial identities when they go to Hollywood. Former corporate minions, shady lawyers, talent agents, rock-music impresarios, supermarket magnates, packagers and promoters, flimflam artists and racket g

Tom Buckley, who covered the Vietnam war for the *New York Times* from 1966 to 1970 and returned there in 1969 and 1971, writes about films and television for that newspaper.

urers, accountants with four sets of books, pimps and prostitutes of both sexes, all transformed into poets of the nema, recline on one elbow on chaises à la marble margins of their swimming pools, crowned by themselves with laurel.

But it's all makeup, wardrobe, location shooting. For these people what's important is the project, the deal, the type, the power, the money. The contacts they laboriously negotiate, break, and litigate about are thicker and usually more imaginative than the screenplays they pass from hand to hand. It's not the movies that get made that cost dear, it's the overhead, the caterer, the leased Mercedes, and the options, commissions, and kickbacks on the ones that don't.

The former maker of television commercials, adept in dramatizing the adventures of one brand of aspirin or detergent over the others must have felt right at home. He received his first green credit soon after his arrival, as a writer of *Silent Running*, a modest science-fiction film. He did the rewrite of *Magnum Force*, in which Clint Eastwood played a tough detective, when his friend John Milius went off on another assignment. In 1974, he was theriter-director of *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot*, with Eastwood starring. It made money, as Eastwood films usually do, and was a modest critical success. During the next three years *The Deer Hunter* was one of several original screenplays Cimino worked on, but was unable to get produced. He so spent a certain amount of time hanging out with Milius and his circle. Milius is tall, burly, and athletic, a surfer and a marksman—all things Cimino is not. He is an admirer of the martial virtues who was prevented by a bad case of asthma from serving in Vietnam or even entering the armed forces. Nonetheless, he regards himself as an expert on the war and has written the screenplay for Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*, which has been scheduled for release in August after many delays.

After *The Deer Hunter* had been turned down by the major American studios and producers, EMI, the British entertainment and electronics conglomerate, provided financing (a reported total of \$13 million), and Cimino and his cast and crew set off for locations in Thailand, Ohio, Pennsyl-

vania, and the state of Washington.

From what is on the screen, it is not difficult to see why Cimino had to go so far for his money. There is no story, only a succession of unconnected episodes strung together for what seems like an interminable three hours and four minutes. Cimino has refused to be trammied by dramatic convention. Problems of motivation, plausibility, relationship, even chronology, are ignored. There is no development or illumination of character. Instead of dialogue there are grunts and obscenities.

Cimino has said he was not, after all, trying to make a realistic film. The implication is that he could do so if he wanted to, but that would be like setting Picasso to painting a barn. *The Deer Hunter*, he has said, is surrealistic, a dreamscape. He is wrong. His

characters, their milieu, his version of the Vietnam war, all suffer from the same defect. They are neither real nor surreal—merely pretentious and false.

THE DEER HUNTER doesn't hold the mirror up to nature. It holds it up to Cimino. In his narcissistic fantasy, the leading character is also called Michael, but the director's soft, round face becomes the impassive, unyielding bearded countenance of Robert de Niro, who plays the role, or John Milius, who may have inspired it. This Michael works in a blast furnace, testing his strength and skill against molten steel. He is the natural and unquestioned leader of his crowd, but keeps himself alone, private, aloof. He is a superman, beyond the need for a girlfriend or a wife, children, home, or possessions, aside from his old Cadillac and his hunting rifle and telescopic sight.

From the blast furnace, where the film begins in an atmosphere of Stokhanovite intensity, the scene shifts first to the changing room, where the leading characters hug, pat, and goose each other as they do all the way through the film, and then to their local bar. It is the last day of work for Michael, Nick, played by Christopher Walken, and Steven, played by John Savage. The next day they are to leave for the Army. For some reason, never made clear, they are all certain they will be sent to Vietnam.

That night Savage is married. His bride is stupid and sluttish, as are most of the women in the film. She is pregnant, perhaps by someone else. Since the three buddies are presented as being of Russian descent, it is an Orthodox service, colorful but tedious for nonparticipants. After that, there is a combination farewell and wedding party at the local American Legion post, marked by much drunkenness, shouting, dancing, and fighting. Then there is one last deer-hunting dawn. Michael, scrambling over crags that look more like the habitat of mountain goats, bags his buck in what for him is the only permissible way—with a single shot.

These scenes run for more than an hour and they provide little more than negative inferences. The dominant impressions one gets are that Mike, Nick, Steve, and the three others who make

"De Niro's acting is perhaps his purest yet, you sense a power in him. 'The Deer Hunter' places director Michael Cimino right at the center of film culture. The film dares to say that things have come down to life versus death, and it's time someone said this big and strong without fear."

—NEWSWEEK, Jack Kroll

"So real, you can feel it in your bones. DeNiro has accomplished an amazing characterization and the others make you see a world you've never known. Director Cimino has made a picture that resounds and echoes with a true American voice."

—N.Y. POST, Archer Winsten

"Directed by Michael Cimino, written by Deric Washburn, 'The Deer Hunter' has qualities that we almost never see any more — range and power and breadth of experience. What really counts is authenticity, which this movie has by the ton...An epic."

—NEW YORK, David Denby

"A big awkward, crazily ambitious motion picture that comes as close to being a popular epic as any movie about this country since 'The Godfather.' Its vision is that of an original, major new filmmaker."

—N.Y. TIMES, Vincent Canby

up their circle prefer the company of one another to that of women, and that they are the only six men in the United States who have never talked about the Vietnam war. Mike, Steve, and Nick are going to get into uniform as unquestioningly as their fathers might have done after Pearl Harbor. In the fall of 1968, when the film begins, at a time when Richard Nixon was campaigning for the Presidency on a promise to "Vietnamize" the war, this seems incredible.

In fact, as presented by Cimino, these relatively prosperous, strongly unionized steelworkers of western Pennsylvania are revenants of the 1930s. Their houses are little better than shacks, enveloped in the acrid smoke of the mill. They don't read the papers or look at television except for sports events, they haven't traveled and are without curiosity about the land beyond the Alleghenies.

Stranger still, in this close-knit town, scarcely anyone has a family. Steve has a mother, who virtually drags him to the altar. Linda, played by the incongruously elegant Meryl Streep, who is involved in a curiously ambiguous relationship with both Mike and Nick, has a drunken father who gives her a black eye. Everyone else, so far as the picture is concerned, is without kith or kin.

De Niro, who for some reason wears a beard and moustache, must be close to forty and looks it—too old to be playing a draftee. Far from seeming Slavic, he remains what he is ineradicably by birth and upbringing. That is, the big-city Italian-American he has played in virtually all his films. De Niro is, nonetheless, a powerful screen actor, and his presence gives *The Deer Hunter* whatever flickering life it possesses. If De Niro seems virile and strong, Walken and Savage, both slim, blond, and looking no older than, say, their early thirties, seem oddly passive and vulnerable as tough steelworkers.

From their hometown there is an abrupt transition to a setting that resembles a montagnard hamlet in the Central Highlands of Vietnam. It has apparently just been overrun by North Vietnamese troops, although only one is shown, throwing a grenade into a bunker in which women and children are covering. Mike, dazed and covered with soot, hauls himself out of the rubble, picks up a flamethrower, and

incinerates the enemy soldier. As he burns to a cinder, like one of those self-immolated Buddhist monks in 1965, two helicopters arrive with reinforcements, including, amazingly enough, since Mike has joined the Green Berets and they have not, Nick and Steve. The ensuing engagement is not shown, but the reunited buddies apparently do not cover themselves with glory, because another abrupt cut reveals them, unwounded, among a group of prisoners confined beneath a large bamboo hut built on stilts over a wide, swift-flowing river.

THE FOLLOWING SCENE reveals Cimino's undeniable accomplishment in *The Deer Hunter*.

In a medium that has been soaked in depictions of cruelty and violent death since its earliest days, he has hit upon a novel and, it must be said, particularly repulsive method of presenting torture and murder. One by one the prisoners are pulled up into the hut by a grinning giant. While their implacably cruel captors, most of whom are played by Thais, perhaps on the theory that all Orientals look alike, giggle and bet heavily on the outcome, they are forced to play Russian roulette with the survivor of the previous coup. Those who refuse are beaten and confined in a cage submerged in the river, there to be nibbled by rats and eventually to drown. On the other hand, there doesn't seem to be any reward for playing and winning—that is, pulling the trigger on an empty chamber. You apparently continue against other opponents until you lose.

The first loser is a South Vietnamese captain. The referee inserts a single bullet in the revolver, spins the cylinder, snaps it shut, and hands it to him. The captain places the end of the barrel against his temple. He holds it there for long seconds while conflicting premonition and fatalism contort his face. When he finally pulls the trigger, in closeup, naturally, the sound of the shot echoes through the theater and his blood spurts across the screen.

Steven's turn comes. He is the smallest of the three, and the most dependent. Despite Mike's urgings to "do it, do it," he lets the phallic barrel slide upward as the discharge occurs. He was right to do so because the chamber had a round in it. With a graze on

the side of his head he is dragged to the floating dungeon.

Mike is a different story. He curses his captors, takes their savage blows without turning a hair, pulls the trigger quickly, with obvious contempt for the possibility of death, and, of course, wins. Eventually Mike has to go against Nick. It is a possibility he has anticipated. He dares the referee to load the revolver with three bullets instead of one. The referee is so stupid he does it and the guards are so slow that he allows Mike to get off a few fast shots. He and Nick grab a couple of automatic rifles, riddle their captors, fire at Steve, and start floating down the river on a convenient tree trunk toward a friendly territory.

It is a brilliant scene, acted with ferocious intensity, directed and edited in staccato flashes, and all the more exciting because it comes after so much tedium. But the effects that Cimino learned in the Eastwood school of violence must be pushed to the limit because they occur in a dramatic vacuum.

The three make good their escape, but somehow lose track of one another. Steve loses both legs under unexplained circumstances. He is sent back to hospital near their hometown, but refuses to see his wife. Nick has an emotional breakdown. Leaving the military hospital in Saigon where he is being treated, he wanders the streets until he is led somehow to a mysterious house at the end of a long, dark alley. Persuaded to enter, he finds it is a gambling casino, and the only game that is played is—you guessed it—Russian roulette.

The casino is not, as might be supposed, a hallucination, but as reality Cimino's notion is ludicrous. There was plenty of gambling in Vietnam, of course, but it was carried on privately, mainly among the Chinese and Vietnamese, with cards and Mah-Jong tiles. Nor does it have validity as metaphor. In the latter stages of the war, American troops were taking chances they could avoid and often rolled grenades under the bunkers of officers who insisted that they carry out orders.

Traumatized by his experience as a prisoner, Nick becomes one of the professional players. For months, apparently, he bucks the 5-to-1 odds, perhaps using a loaded loaded revolver. He wins a fortune in bets, which he sends

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MOVIES

to Steve, becomes a narcotics addict and a deserter, and remains in Saigon long after the last American troops have been withdrawn.

Suddenly, it is 1975. Mike, who has disappeared from the film for a while, turns up in his hometown, presumably after prolonged service with the Green Berets in Antarctica. Catching up on news of his buddies, he flies back to Saigon. He has promised the frightened Nick, after all, that he will not leave him "over there." Mike arrives just as the city is falling, and finds Nick, a zombie by now, still pulling the trigger and still not being able to kill himself. In the denouement, the two exchange tokens of love, Mike sits down for one last game, and Nick finally gets lucky. Mike brings his body home. As the film ends Mike is sitting in the kitchen of his favorite bar with his old pals singing, tremulously at first, then with conviction, "God Bless America."

IT WOULD BE a remarkable conclusion if there were ironic intent, but there isn't. The political and moral issues of the Vietnam war, for ten years and more this country's overriding concern, are entirely ignored. By implication, at any rate, the truth is turned inside out. The North Vietnamese and the Vietcong become the murderers and torturers and the Americans their gallant victims.

Cimino's ignorance of what the war was about, symbolically and actually, as reflected in *The Deer Hunter*, is incomplete and perverse to the point of being megalomaniacal. He had no technical adviser and no one who even served in Vietnam on his production staff. It is as though he believed that the power of his genius could radically alter the outlines of a real event in which millions of Americans took part and that is still fresh in the memory of the nation.

The Deer Hunter is a version of comradeship in the factory and the battlefield as it might have been rendered by Luchino Visconti, the late filmmaker, or Helmut Newton, the fashion photographer, both of them experts in the lush presentation of perversity.

Intense male friendships have always existed in wartime, of course, but for several reasons the Spartan virtues seemed rare in Vietnam. The relatively high incidence of death, wounds, and

illness in combat units, the individual replacement system and the onerous duty all helped to make Vietnam a lonely place for the infantryman. No sooner did he begin learning names of the members of his squad platoon than they began, one way or another, going home.

The Deer Hunter does not exact cruelty, it exploits it. Cimino, in a way, seems to be as insulated from reality as the Marquis de Sade in cell. To invent forms of cruelty—Russian roulette game—where so much suffering actually occurred seems doubly perverse.

But literal truth or the higher truth of art is not what *The Deer Hunter* is about. EMI doesn't back art with a million, and Universal, a part of MCA entertainment conglomerate, doesn't distribute it. In fact, Universal specializes in junk movies and knows how to sell them. *Jaws* has returned \$121 million in rentals, *Jaws II* \$111 million, *Airport* \$45 million, and *Earthquake* \$36 million.

Until six months or so ago, Universal was known to be unenthused about *The Deer Hunter*. Its executives may have possibly been misled by long dull stretches and thought Cimino had put over a work of art. What may have changed minds was the success of *Midnight Express*, a film about a young American confined in a Turkish prison. Too, is a pornographically violent, masochistic fantasy with even stronger elements of homosexuality. The fifty-to-thirty age-group, which makes up the bulk of the movie audience, like it, perhaps being less bigoted than such material than their elders.

In any event, *The Deer Hunter* is its way. Business is reported to be good at the reserved-seat engagement that began February 2. The New York Film Critics Circle, taking, I believe, the pretension for the artistic fact, it the best film of what everyone agreed was a very bad year. Some of its members, who spend most of their time screening rooms, praised its truth to life. Now Cimino stands just below the summit of Parnassus, which in the movie world these days is scarcely more than a hillock. According to *Variety*, the show-business paper, *Deer Hunter* is a 6-to-5 favorite to win the Academy Award.

HARPER'S/APRIL

continued from page 6) open to students with "limited English proficiency" can indeed "be construed as applying to almost anyone" in elementary or high school, which was what I wrote.

González's saber is wide of the mark here.

Touché. I should have written "authorization." An authorization is a maximum that Congressional appropriations in the years ahead may not meet. The doctor himself misleads if he means to imply that the Congressional plan for bilingual education is anything other than expansionary.

This is the most important issue raised by Dr. González, and again he is right. But I notice he does not draw attention to the finding of the American Institutes for Research study, which was as follows: 85 percent of bilingual education project directors, at the time that they were asked "What do you do with the student who is able to function in school in English?" said that the student remains in the program. Only 5 percent said that the student is transferred out. It is indeed not so precisely what proportion of students these project directors were speaking for. But it must have been a high percentage.

It makes no sense to suggest, as Dr. González does, that hostility to bilingual education may stem from "perverse ethnocentrism." Ethnocentrism is belief in the superiority of one's own ethnic group; overriding concern with one's own group has precisely brought bilingual education in its wake.

OPEC's defense

Craig Karpel's "Ten Ways to Break OPEC" [January] is a provocative essay, but it suffers from two basic flaws. The first is the assumption that U.S. firms are indispensable to the members of OPEC, and the second is that OPEC is a passive organization incapable of devising countermeasures to offset actions taken to weaken it. Both are contrary to the facts. Onerous restrictions placed on domestic firms will simply drive capital abroad and allow foreign firms to capture a larger market share. And since the oil-producing countries are in continual communication with one another and have oil as a common bond, they are in a much better position to respond with collusive

policies than the oil-consuming countries. Many of Karpel's "ten ways" would actually strengthen OPEC by promoting the collusion required for retaliatory actions.

ALBERT L. DANIELSEN
Athens, Ga.

Not 72 percent but about 60 percent of Algerian oil exports are to the United States. Revised production statistics became available in November, 1978 [after Mr. Karpel's article went to press]. Since production is now known to be higher, the percent of exports to the United States is lower. It is still a very high percent, and if there were a quota auction, Algeria would have to cooperate with the detested Americans to weaken OPEC, or stand on principle and dump more than 650,000 barrels daily into a thin spot market.

However, nobody should expect OPEC to accept meekly this threat to its revenues. One obvious tactic: to cut back output to inflict injury upon all consuming countries. Whether this would be called a "boycott" of the United States would not matter any more than it did in 1973-74, when U.S. supply was reduced by less than that of the "friendly" French and British. The object would be to hurt everybody in order to have them bring pressure on the United States.

M. A. ADELMAN
Professor of Economics
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Mass.

CRAIG KARPEL REPLIES:

My proposal that U.S. exports to OPEC countries be licensed—along with arms sales—with terms to depend on each country's responsiveness to U.S. energy needs is based on the extent to which American firms are indeed indispensable to OPEC countries. The oil-producing countries' vast purchases of U.S. machinery and weapons systems to date require a constant flow of spare parts, ammunition, and technical services that only the U.S. can supply. (For instance, West Germany cannot supply Saudi Arabia with a replacement shoot-down radar for the F-15 air superiority fighter.) OPEC countries already purchase a substantial portion of their imports outside the U.S., despite the absence of measures such as I suggest. There is no evidence that if such policies were adopted for-

foreign companies would obtain a larger market share. For example, during the deliberations surrounding U.S. anti-boycott legislation, U.S. exporters to Arab OPEC members complained that such a law would harm U.S. trade. As it happened, during 1978, the first year after the bill was enacted, U.S. exports to Arab countries rose by 12 percent.

I agree with Mr. Danielsen that OPEC is in a better position to respond with collusive policies than are the oil-consuming countries. That is why I propose unilateral action by the United States. Would Mr. Danielsen counsel that we dissolve our police departments lest we strengthen organized crime by promoting collusion?

On Harvard's final grade

While I recognize the editors' right to determine the titles of articles, I strongly disapprove your choice for my essay on curriculum reform in the March issue. After sending me galley proofs bearing the title that I had submitted ("Harvard's New Clothes: Reforming General Education"), you replaced it, without my knowledge or consent, with a title ("Harvard Flunks a Test") that misrepresents the article, causes me profound embarrassment, and wrongly prejudices the reader. The title imposed by *Harper's* inaccurately characterizes the Harvard reform as a failure. As I said in the article, given the constraints on curriculum reform at any major university, Harvard's accomplishment was considerable.

ADELE SIMMONS
President
Hampshire College
Amherst, Mass.

Given Ms. Simmons' assertion that Harvard's report "corresponds to the work of the Talmudic scholars who reinterpret texts that are themselves reinterpretations of reinterpretations," we concluded that Harvard had accomplished very little in the way of educational reform. Ms. Simmons, to the contrary, prefers to grade Harvard's achievement on a curve, in comparison with reforms at other universities. We agree that the distinction is more than academic. Although titles remain the responsibility of the editors, we regret Ms. Simmons' unhappiness. —Ed.

HARPER'S/APRIL 1979

GARDEN CLUB NOTES

Fighting bugs organically

by Laurence Sheehan

A VEGETABLE GARDEN is a lovely thing, said the poet, but what about bugs and pests? How can we protect our bounty from invaders without resorting to using the pesticides and insecticides that ravage soil and spring leaks in our ozone layer? That is this month's subject.

There are many effective non-chemical-company methods for de-bugging the garden. Some are new, some old, but all are safe and sane and may be used without fear of upsetting Nature's balance. Repeat, none are chemical! They have been endorsed by one or more members.



Hand-to-Hand Combat

We lightly refer to these methods as "hand-to-hand combat" because members are expected to get out into the garden proper and actually fight the pests attacking their crops.

If you have slugs, set out trays of warm beer. Attracted by the yeasty smell, slugs will fall into the trays and drown. Many thanks to our dear friend and neighbor over in Redding, Ruth

Laurence Sheehan has written several books on sports and gardening.

Stout, for this clever idea, which she dreamed up in '06.

If you have aphids, lay out Reynolds Wrap on the ground around the plants. Caught between skies—one real, one reflected—the aphids become disoriented and shortly drop dead, utterly mad.

The single best hand-to-hand combat method of organic pest control is to pick bugs off the plants with your fingers. But don't drop them on the ground and trample them or many will survive. Either deposit them in a pail containing laundry detergent (no phosphates, please) and put the lid on it so they will suffocate. Or drop them in kerosene and set a match to it when you have sufficient quantity.

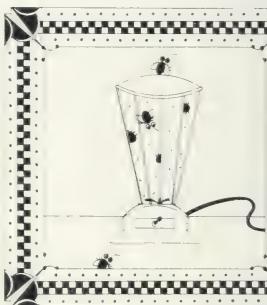
Hired-Guns Approach

Continuing our "warfare" analogy, this method refers to using natural enemies of the unwanted intruders. Two of our personal favorites are ladybugs and green lacewings.

Ladybugs may be purchased by mail order for less than \$1 per thousand. They devour forty to fifty aphids per day. The down side is you may have to buy in *aphids* come August, to keep your ladybugs fat and happy.

Green lacewings are excellent against scale insects and mealybugs. They lay eggs at night and their babies look like tiny alligators when they hatch. They also may be obtained in quantity from a reputable entomologist. It is impressive to see them tearing through a mealybug infestation.

Praying mantises make another good gardener's ally, as they will destroy any and all caterpillars or mites that you "mite" have in the garden. We don't count them among our favorites simply because they terrify us and they have ever since we were a child.



Other creatures that will keep slug and snail population to a minimum, and therefore should be welcomed in the garden, are geese, ducks, snails, shrews, and bats.

Biological Warfare

Now we come to some more recent order for your cabbage worms.

Special sicknesses have been developed that attack two of the organic gardener's most persistent enemies: the cabbage worm and the Japanese beetle.

Bacillus thuringiensis is the one to order for your cabbage worms. It comes in spray form and should be applied directly to the soil at the base of plants. Soon your worms catch kind of terminal whooping cough. *Bacillus thuringiensis* is said to be devastating in its limited range; fortunately, only cabbage worms are vulnerable) as was the Plague of the Middle Ages lore and legend.

Milky spore disease (trade name: *Doom*) is your choice for Japanese beetles. It should be introduced into the garden soil and surrounding areas in the fall. It turns the young larvae of the beetles completely v

while they are trying to hibernate, and they do not live to see another spring. One drawback to milky spore is it does nothing about *this* year's beetles. To deal with them, we recommend trying a method based on the recent discovery that when a beetle is suffering violent death, it emits a noxious element that can be collected and used as a toxic dose against other beetles. Here's how to go about it. Take a dozen mature beetles and put them in your blender with a tablespoon of lukewarm water. Set on "coarse chop" for ninety seconds. If you have a Cuisinart, use the No. 3 setting. Take the resulting batch, add a quart of water, mix thoroughly, and transfer to your home sprayer. Now spray garden areas where the beetles are feeding. Watch them pop!



Conclusion

Science marches on. We have recently read that it may not be long before the only thing we'll have to do to control insects in the garden is to plant the correct hybrids of the vegetables we want. For example, researchers have now developed a type of bush bean that has long hairs on it that actually catch leafhoppers and strangle them before they can eat the beans. Is unrealistic, then, to hope for a new pepper plant variety that will come with its own natural anti-aircraft system to drive off wasps, or a breed of corn with its own land mines here and there among the kernels, to get the crows?

In the meantime, we must depend on the various pest-management methods previously discussed to keep garden and conscience clear during the growing season. □

HARPER'S/APRIL 1979

CONCH

by Amy Boesky

The darkness pulls like water on the sand.
Unstartled waves slap up against our shins.
I watch the waves come in. I hold your hand.

We stand in a debris of broken sand
Where some child's earnest monument has been.
Now darkness pulls like water on the sand.

The night cuts toward us, smelling flesh and land
And fighting fog-filled water with its fin.
I watch the waves come in. I hold your hand.

The huge, unhappy jaws unhinge to span
Stars bared like teeth in an indifferent grin.
The darkness cuts a blood-line on the sand.

Your fist curls like a shell. I take your hand
And cup it to my ear, and from within
I hear the waves come in. I hold your hand
And listen to the darkness on the sand.

MY LADY THE LAKE

by Peter Davison

It is the lake within the lake that drowns.
Sunbeams gnaw into its dark, never again
to be released as light. The lake swallows
whatever it is fed. It eats its ice each spring,
nibbles for years at fallen twigs and timber,
engorges the heat of summer with each sunset,
closes around corpse of dragonfly and beaver.
By its waters I have sat down and wept, without
taking any comfort or return
except for the offer of what it had translated:
frogs, crayfish, sticklebacks. The trout
stocked by a prescient owner crammed themselves,
after the passage of several seasons, up
against its banks to die. It devoured their bones.
Still water gives us only a reflection.
Whatever we cast in, it will accept,
and in such lakes within the lake we drown.

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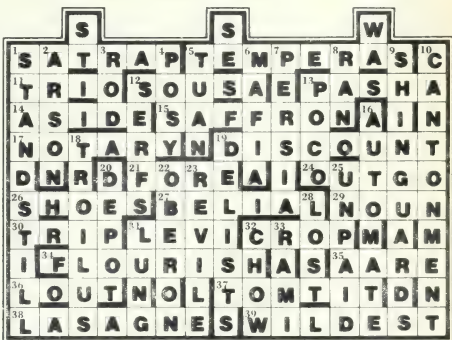
PREVENT BLINDNESS

Solution to the March Puzzle

Notes for "March Winds"

A Sousa march winds through the puzzle from each of the protruding squares to 34A (FLOURISH); they are: STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER, SEMPER FIDELIS, and WASHINGTON POST MARCH.

Across: 1. reversal of part-as; 5. temperas, anagram; 11. (Pa)trio(ts); 13. P(ash)A; 14. aside, anagram; 15. saffron, anagram; 17. not (necess)ary; 19. discount, anagram; 21. (be)fore; 24. out-go; 26. sh(O)es; 27. Belial, anagram; 29. n(O)un; 30. trip, hidden; 31. Levi, anagram; 32. c(r)op; 34. flourish, pun; 35. reversal of era-a; 36. 1-out; 37. to-mt-it; 38. la(s)agne; 39. wildest, anagram. **Down:** 1. stands-till; 2. a-R-son; 3. reversal of d-or; 4. pos(reversal)-y; 5. Tu(rkest)an; 6. Mafia, hidden; 7. Persia, anagram; 8. R(n)A; 9. shin gland(anagram)-s; 10. can't-on-men-t; 12. ser(I)fs; 13. po(or)-co; 16. Au-to-mate; 18. t-roil-us; 19. d(u)elists; 20. reversal of topped; 22. Oberon, hidden; 23. re-vile; 25. unp(anagram)-aid; 28. Lo-st; 31. (f)lung; 32. chow, two meanings; 33. reversal of I-mar.



PUZZLE

APRIL FOOL

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions:

Just to be contrary, a trick is played on the solver in this puzzle's clues.

Clue answers include one common foreign word. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 95.

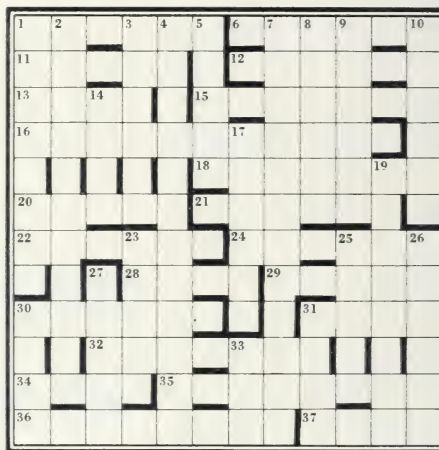
CLUES

ACROSS

1. Separate envoy, almost (6)
6. Saccharine book, ridiculously trite (6)
11. Villain's catcall (5)
12. Dress—French one—lying around to steal (6)
13. Go slowly and breed (4)
15. I'll rate "Dancin'" as fanciful (7)
16. A Biograph Co. production: "Loving the Wide Open Spaces" (11)
18. Erotic notice about Forty-second (7)
20. Kept busy, I had quickly used the baton (5)
21. Is curious time for layman (6)
22. I'm clumsy inside when I'm bleary (6)
24. Miserable dog in officers' school... doesn't happen (6)
28. Tombstone inscription on English green (4)
29. Validate yearly, if you put an article inside (5)
30. Influence to set foot on the shore (6)
31. One in a thousand? Just the opposite! The bottom (4)
32. Underestimated in solo Verdi drafted (7)
34. Mother of Paris sounds like a couple (4)
35. Substantial knotty pine desk (4-4)
36. Before the start of Gloria Swanson's debut (8)
37. Abstainers' cry for help takes time (4)

DOWN

1. A darn big convulsion is soothing (8)
2. Awkward teen reading "Funny Girl" on stage (11)
3. Enthusiastic new composition from Varese (6)
4. Daring companies assuming political sector boundaries (12)

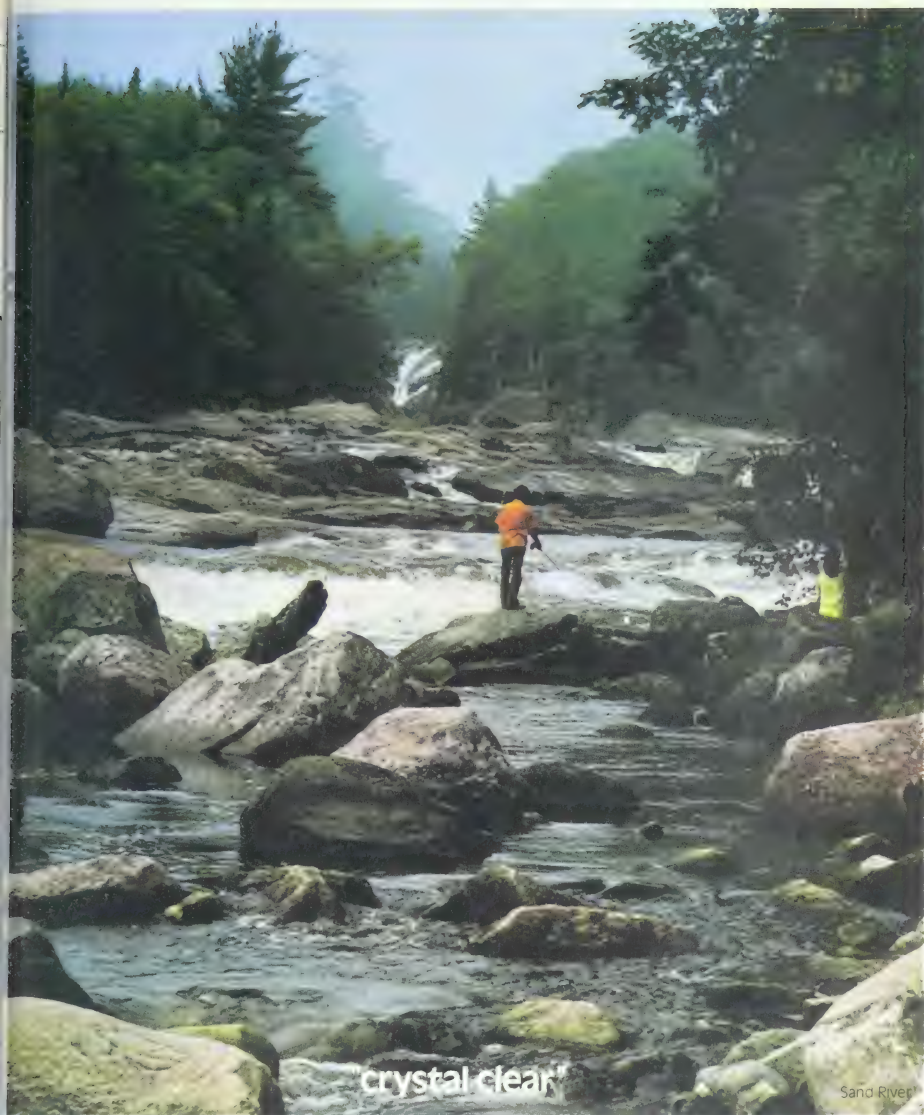


5. That man records checks (5)
7. Eleven succeeding into acting slightly differently, sobering (12)
8. Bass's frothy lt. beer (6)
9. Nothing penetrating afflicts liberals (6)
10. Relinquish heartlessly—don't like the taste (6)
14. Passionate talk, amorously Latin (4)
17. Here's limiting cipher: GOATS (6)
19. Play the banjo, dear, for the nice lady (8)
23. Chicken is born to be delirious (5)
25. Cry of triumph is close to being unclear (5)
26. A bit of Sara Lee, softly Southern, is up (6)
27. Animals in southern state after losing identification (5)
30. One takes British politicians to be little angels (4)
31. A dentist takes off (4)
33. Died in silence (3)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to April Fool, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10016. Entries must be received by April 13. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to

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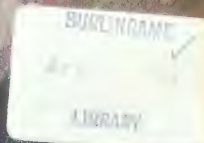
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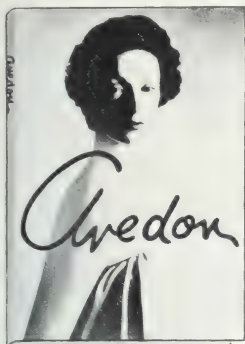


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- | | | | |
|--------------------------|---|--|--|
| | BOOKS | | 7 LETTERS |
| <i>Terrence Des Pres</i> | 84 A review of <i>Lest Innocent Blood Be Shed</i> , by Philip Hallie. | <i>Lewis H. Lapham</i> | 8 MacNelly |
| <i>Hayden Carruth</i> | 88 Poetic innovation and the great tradition. | <i>David Suter</i> | 11 THE EASY CHAIR
Program notes. |
| <i>Andrei Amalrik</i> | 91 A review of <i>The Secret Betrayal, 1944-1947</i> , by Nikolai Tolstoy. | <i>Tom Wolfe</i> | 79 OTHER THINGS BEING EQUAL |
| <i>Jeffrey Burke</i> | 95 IN PRINT
The art of science writing. | <i>Simon Winchester</i> | 83 IN OUR TIME |
| <i>Earl Shorris</i> | 103 AN EYE FOR AN EYE
Reflections on equality. | | 97 THE FOURTH ESTATE
Understanding Islam. |
| | POETRY | <i>Ann Bayer</i> | 106 AMERICAN MISCELLANY
A Cleveland scrapbook. |
| <i>Geof Hewitt</i> | 102 THIS EGO IN THE WILDERNESS | <i>E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.</i> | 112 PUZZLE
Free Association. |
| <i>Paul Zimmer</i> | ZIMMER'S LAST GIG | | |
| <i>Millen Brand</i> | 105 THIRTY CHILDBIRTHS | | |
| <i>John Tagliabue</i> | YES, WE CAN STAND ALL THESE NOBEL PRIZES, COMETS, UNIVERSES, EPICS, THEY KEEP COMING OUR WAY | | |
| <i>Joan Murray</i> | 107 CROCUS | | |
| <i>DeWitt Beall</i> | 15, RUE DU SOMMERARD | | |

Cover painting by Barbara Sandler

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JAYMAR

U.S. GOVERNMENT REPORT: CARLTON LOWEST.

Carlton claim confirmed.

Many cigarettes are using national advertising to identify themselves as "low tar." Consumers, however, should find out just how low these brands are—or aren't. Based on U.S. Government Report:

14 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one Vantage.

11 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one Merit.

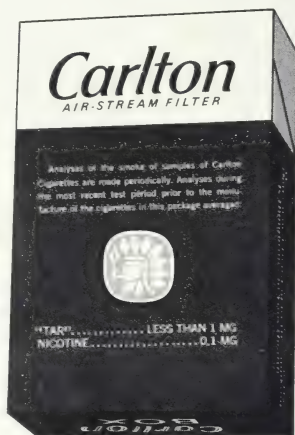
11 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one Kent Golden Lights.

6 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one True.

The tar and nicotine content per cigarette of selected brands was:

	tar mg.	nicotine mg.
Vantage	11	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Kent Golden Lights	8	0.7
True	5	0.4
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than 0.5	0.05

This same report confirms of all brands, Carlton Box to be lowest with less than 0.5 mg. tar and 0.05 mg. nicotine.



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Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack and Menthol:
1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

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Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company,
c/o Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, a division of
Municipality Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John
Wiles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, President;
Mald R. Dwight, Vice President; Charles W. Arna-
uld, Secretary; William R. Beattie, Treasurer. Sub-
scriptions: \$11.98 one year, Canada and Pan America,
\$2.00 per year; other foreign, add \$3 per year.
Advertising information contact Harper-Atlantic
Inc., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.
Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles,
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lishers, Incorporated. Printed in the U.S.A. Second-
class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional
mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Please send Form 3579
Harper's Magazine, 1225 Portland Place, Boulder,
Co. 80523. ISSN 0017-250X

DESCRIPTION: CORRESPONDENCE: Harper's Maga-
zine, 1225 Portland Place, Boulder, Colorado 80523.
For changes of address, provide both old address (use
address label from latest issue) and new address, in-
cluding zip code. Allow six weeks advance notice.

LETTERS

The morality of dissent

Edward Abbey ["One Man's Nuclear War," March] asks us to believe that his "crusaders for virtue," those anti-nuclear demonstrators blocking the railroad tracks at the Rocky Flats atomic-weapons plant, force a clear moral choice upon us all: side with them ("difficult and dangerous") or condemn them ("leads to self-betrayal"). Thus, with the same simplistic jingoism used in the 1950s to co-opt patriotism as a right-wing property, so do today's ideologues-in-fashion seize the high moral ground as the sole property of the counterculture.

Abbey's claim that "there have been so far no fights, no bodily injuries of any kind on either side," is false: one demonstrator stabbed another over the alleged theft of a piece of sagebrush, part of a "spiritual cleansing ceremony" inside the tepee blocking the tracks. Another member of the "Rocky Flats Truth Force," as the demonstrators call themselves, suggested that the assailant may have fallen victim to the Full Moon Gathering. "Every level gets so high during these," he said, according to Denver's morning newspaper. The violence aside, Abbey also failed to report the positively off-the-wall and flaky behavior of the protesters, thirty of whom "witnessed" a UFO approach their campsite with information suggested to be an alien warning to earthlings to abandon nuclear energy, according to a protester's letter appearing in Boulder's news-
paper.

While history abounds with examples of the bizarre behavior of true prophets, it does not therefore follow that every kook carries a message worth listening to. Indeed, these zealots, with their strident and simplistic demands to solve the dilemma of the ill-sited and once badly managed weapons plant, have cast irreparable discredit upon the ongoing and realistic efforts of others to do the same thing.

Ten years ago, I crossed a NO TRES-

PASSING sign at the plant with another local scientist. We didn't carry heroic symbols nor try to get our picture in the papers. We carried two small instruments to measure radioactivity and began that day a sensible and continuing effort that finally resulted in the biggest turnaround in the Atomic Energy Commission's history. The AEC's contractor-operator of twenty years, the Dow Chemical Company, was "let go," as were the AEC's local managers. A conscientious and continuing effort was then initiated by the new plant managers to reverse the considerable sins of the past. All of this took place while Daniel Ellsberg, a "careful student of the matter" and one of Abbey's heroes among the protesters, was still war-planning in the Pentagon. By polite persuasion over a decade, the plant has been changed so that it is hardly the threat to our community that it once was. To reduce the hazards of nuclear weapons still further will require the same sort of sane and credible arguments that have worked in the past, and Abbey's glorification of lunatic behavior can only reflect discredit upon reasonable alternatives.

H. PETER METZGER
Boulder, Colo.

If Edward Abbey feels our society is "rational," as he claims, then he had better take a second look at the verdict of the jury in the Rocky Flats case: namely, that even after the defendants admitted to having attempted to block rail traffic into the plant, the jury, incredibly, found them innocent of "obstructing traffic." If such is the decision of members of a "rational" society, Mr. Abbey had better consult a dictionary of English-speaking peoples to more fully appreciate the meaning of the word.

But worse than his emotional defense of these antitechnologists is his statement that the defendants were "putting on trial... the complacency and cowardice of us all in meekly accepting, like laboratory mice, the miserable nightmare that statesmen and

...and technologists have upon our lives, without our consent. I have no objection if Mr. [Name] wishes to admit to Harper's readership his own cowardice or personal impotence, but I object to being accused of his inadequacies. And if he believes that our statesmen forced a "miserable nightmare" upon us and our unborn generations, then I suggest he run for political office, or vote, or otherwise work within our democratic system to change things as they are (something his "crusaders" were unwilling to do).

CHRISTOPHER B. TIMMERS
Highland, Ind.

EDWARD ABBEY REPLIES:

If these gentlemen would read my little essay again, with some care, they would find that most of their objections were anticipated, at least by implication, in the context of the essay itself. As for the charge that some lunatics did eventually appear among the protesters, one can only say that it would have been amazing, in so large a gathering, if this had not happened.

Slips of the tongue

Anent Jeff MacNelly's cartoon in your March issue: I taught the poetry of Robert Browning in Japan back in the '50s, true, but when I later worked among the Chinese, I never heard the popular confusion of *r* and *l* that your cartoonist implies.

LOUISE E. RORABACHER
Sun City Center, Fla.

Two no trump

Cold Warriors are certainly entitled to a forum, but Harper's, to say the least, seems an unlikely publication for Michael Ledeen's article in your March issue ["Trumping Asian Allies"].

Ledeen objects to Carter's tactics because he disagrees with the results. If Carter surreptitiously negotiated to double American troops in Korea, I doubt if he would object in the least. That notwithstanding, Ledeen has learned no lesson from Iran. For the base of a

political-military alliance to rest on despotic, repressive government is, in the long run, counterproductive. He discredited — and corrupt — mainland Chinese who control the repressive Taiwanese by force and repression are no more political security to the Shah's secret police. This is with consideration of the morality and ethics of an alliance with so disreputable a government, dirty words in Cold Warrior's lexicon. I think that Attila the Hun were reincarnated and took a firm anti-Communist stand, would qualify for foreign aid, armaments, and substantial credits.

To recognize the Soviet Union, most powerful Communist country in the world, and pretend that the despotic, rump regime of Taiwan was legal government of the people of China never made sense, something even Nixon recognized. More power to Carter for breaking our ties with Taiwan.

KENNETH J. RAWSON
Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

In your March issue you published an irresponsible and inaccurate article



Michael A. Ledeen. I am aghast to learn from this article that I attended meetings I never even knew about, participated in studies that were never being on, and advocated a position that have, in fact, never advocated. Neither *Harper's* nor the author contacted me before printing what you purport to be my views and my actions. None of the views or actions attributed to me by Mr. Ledeen are true, in part or in whole any time.

LESLIE H. GELB
Director, Bureau of
Political-Military Affairs
Department of State
Washington, D.C.

MICHAEL LEDEEN REPLIES:

Mr. Rawson has missed the point. I objected to the Carter Administration's decision to remove covertly American nuclear weapons from South Korea because of the damage it does to American credibility, the fatal effect it has on American alliances throughout the world, and the further weakening it produces in the strategic position of the United States. Mine was not a defense of South Korea, but a criticism of American strategic practice and Presidential decision-making. So far as Taiwan is concerned, I simply observed that the way in which the decision was made and the terms of our deal with the People's Republic of China were calculated to antagonize the Congress and make it more difficult to convince other American friends abroad to take risks for common causes. The events of the past two months have amply borne out that relatively obvious comment.

Finally, there is the epithet "Cold Warrior." Just a few years ago people who criticized the American President for acting against the explicit desires of the Congress, and for making important decisions in secret, were hailed as advocates of participatory democracy. If Mr. Rawson has his way, then "Cold Warriors" are simply those who would Democratic Presidents to the same standards as Republican ones. But Nixon was wrong when he did it and so is Carter today.

Mr. Gelb is understandably upset at seeing his name linked with the events described, and in part—but only in part—his anger is justified. After checking my sources, I am convinced that I incorrectly placed Mr. Gelb

among the members of the transition team that recommended the covert withdrawal of nuclear weapons. But I am also convinced that I correctly named Mr. Gelb as a participant in a meeting at the Brookings Institution in 1975, and that he urged candidate Jimmy Carter to plan an American withdrawal from South Korea. Finally, the most significant part of Mr. Gelb's letter is not its blanket claim of innocence, but his silence on questions of substance. This is another case of the dog that did not bark in the night.

Letters of credit

The *Harper's* letters section is usually so full of scandalized accusations, injured feelings, missed points, and arch rebuttals that one is hesitant to add another voice to the cacophony. But I felt I had to write after reading Joseph Epstein's wonderful story in the March issue. I truly enjoyed "Race Relations."

DENNIS P. WILKEN
Cincinnati, Ohio

I am not, generally speaking, an aficionado of short stories, and it is the rare piece I can read past the third paragraph before growing impatient, my eyes darting ahead like those of terns over the ocean, hoping even in the midst of flight to catch the glittering of some shiny object worth descending for.

Ella Leffland's "To the Campanile" [February] more than merited such a plunge: what could have been but the sparkle of tinfoil in the sunlight turned out to be a jewel. And its beauty lay not in a diamond's flashiness but in the modesty of an opal, its colors shimmering, quiet, yet deceptively profound.

PAMELA WAGNER
Hartford, Conn.

ERRATUM:

In Christopher Porterfield's review of Henry Greene's novels in the February issue, the word *plays* should have been deleted from the first sentence, as his reference was to Congreve's novel. The editors regret the error.

OVER THE COURSE OF TIME, THE TASTE HASN'T ALTERED A DEGREE.



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PROGRAM NOTES

the early afternoon of the gods

by Lewis H. Lapham

FOR THE REST of the year, and probably throughout the Presidential campaigns of 1980, nobody will be safe from the onslaught of news about the fading of the American glory in the world. Even now it is hard to get through a week without having to make polite conversation about the loss of a national election and the weakness of the national resolve. The newspapers bring routine reports of humiliations on the frontiers of empire, and anybody who gets to a microphone makes an announcement about President Carter's appalling lack of decision. Before the first blooms of summer move north across the Potomac the media opera companies (augmented by string orchestras, boys' choir, and a corps de ballet) will be staging variations on the *Götterdämmerung*. I expect that it will be difficult to make sense of the plot, and I have begun to compile a list of program notes. They refer to the words and phrases most likely to appear in the libretto. Even if they don't entirely explain the comings and goings on the stage, I assume that they will provide the correct line of talk during the intermissions. To the reader who notices that the notes often contradict one another, I should point out that the confusion is traditional.

THE INDIAN OCEAN:

Of enormous strategic importance. Whoever controls the Indian Ocean controls the world." Probable point of origin for World War III.

FOREIGNERS:

All treacherous. They used to come to New York and Washington to borrow money and to admire the examples set by the resident moralists. Now they

come to buy office buildings and former Secretaries of State. No matter how much you give them, they never learn their proper place. In this respect they resemble ungrateful children.

THE FUTURE:

For the past thirty years most responsible people believed that time was on the American side. This is no longer true. Say that time swears allegiance to no man's flag.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES:

All unsatisfactory. "How is it possible that the United States can yield so little in the way of statesmen?" Surely we must be able to do better than this. Mention Jefferson and F.D.R.

MORAL FAILURE:

The reason for all our troubles. Fulminate against it. Most noticeable in California and department stores. In Iowa, thank God, a few mothers still go to church.

TERRORISTS:

All come from wealthy families.

WARS:

Happen by accident. Say that you're worried not so much by the generals in Moscow and Peking as by the popular fronts in countries with names that nobody knows how to pronounce.

MUNICH:

Must never happen again. Express contempt for Chamberlain's umbrella.

PEASANTS:

We must be sensitive to their needs. Peasants don't make distinctions between the landlords who oppress them. Communism or capitalism—it is all
Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

the same to the *campesinos* on the Altiplano.

AFGHANISTAN:

The Russians are in back of it.

NUCLEAR EQUIVALENCE:

Preferable to nuclear proliferation or nuclear annihilation.

PATRIOTISM:

Restored to fashion. It is very fashionable to know the name of somebody who was killed in Vietnam. "Now I know what all those World War II movies were about."

THE SOVIET UNION:

An armed camp. Fortunately the Russians have the Chinese to worry about, and this prevents them from sacking Paris.

THE UNITED STATES:

Meaning varies according to the company and the circumstances. 1. (among conservatives) A large but impoverished nation lying somewhere to the north of the Mexican oil fields. Although most of the inhabitants have abandoned themselves to dreams and revels, a few older citizens still remember how to operate simple machines. 2. (among liberals) A land of myth and legend in the Western ocean. The inhabitants have been granted the boon of perpetual youth. They never die.

LATIN AMERICA:

Terra incognita. Nothing ever happens there that anybody needs to know or remember.

THE CHINESE:

Still inscrutable. Ridicule all attempts on the part of Western intellectuals to explain the mysterious East.

Absent at all levels of institutional and political authority. We haven't had decent leadership in this country since Harry Truman left office.

FINANCIERS:

Always better informed than journalists. They have access to swindlers and corporation presidents.

DICTATORS:

Easier to deal with than democratic coalitions. They know their own minds. Symbols of stability in a world besieged by social chaos.

NARCISSISM:

More terrible in its effects than forty-five armored divisions. The ruination of the state.

CUBAN TROOPS IN AFRICA:

Invincible. The natives welcome them with flowers.

PAX AMERICANA:

Aria sung to the memory of departed heroes.

THE DISPOSSESSED:

Always preceded by "the poor" and "the black."

THE CIA:

It never should have been dismantled. The world is a lot more dangerous than anybody knows.

DEFENSE BUDGETS:

Either too high or too low. The United States spends \$112 billion a year for armaments, and over the past twenty years it has assembled an arsenal of impressive size. The government goes to this trouble for pacific reasons, primarily as a means of providing employment to the residents of Fort Worth and Seattle.

"LINKAGE":

Very fashionable. Nobody knows what it means.

FAILURE OF NERVE:

Worse than moral failure. Seize every opportunity to speak against it. "We have become a nation of sheep."

ALLIES:

Analogous to paintings in the National Gallery. "There's my last Shah

hanging on the wall." Taiwan was recently de-accessioned.

DISCIPLINE:

Essential, particularly in people younger than oneself.

THE NIXON ADMINISTRATION:

The Golden Age of American diplomacy. Say what you will about Dick Nixon and Henry Kissinger, they knew how to play the game of geopolitics. The Russians were afraid of them, and this is the highest proof of policy.

TREATIES:

Scraps of paper.

SAUDI ARABIANS:

Hold very austere religious beliefs. They wish they weren't rich.

FASCISM:

Hitler gave it a bad name.

POLITICIANS:

A troupe of actors. They make a profession of being seen. Feel sorry for them. "I know what he's running for, but what is he running from?"

COUPS D'ÉTAT:

Customary in the tropics.

COLONIALISM:

The secret of the art is lost. The Americans never had much talent for it.

IRAN:

A lesson to us all.

LEADERS:

Most perfect examples set by baseball managers, football coaches, and automobile executives. Ask in a loud and belligerent voice what anybody thinks would happen if Vince Lombardi were running the country.

RUSSIANS:

All paranoid. Understandably so. The memory of Genghis Khan and Napoleon remains embedded in the Russian soul.

GENERALS:

Always prepare strategies for the wrong war.

OIL:

The lifeblood of freedom. Even small

and inconsequential nations raise the price of oil to as much as \$20 a barrel. They have the effrontery to do this because the United States failed to persuade them of their true interests.

GOVERNMENT REGULATIONS:

Compare them to serpents or vipers. They strangle the sinews of industry.

DISARMAMENT:

A well-meaning notion but impractical. "If the rest of the world were as civilized as the United States, there might be something in it." Say that the millennium has not yet arrived.

ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI:

Despise him. All his theories have been proved wrong.

THE WORLD'S UNHAPPINESS:

Follows from the failure of nerve in New York and Washington.

"GETTING TOUGH":

The only mode of conduct that makes an impression on people who have lost all respect for human decency. Avoid being too specific about what it means to get tough. The phrase makes a better effect if you don't go on to suggest that General Westmoreland return to Camranch Bay.

PRESIDENT CARTER:

Weak and inept. In any discussion of political affairs politeness demands that everybody present contribute at least one observation or anecdote illustrating Mr. Carter's inadequacy. Say that he means well.

DISILLUSION:

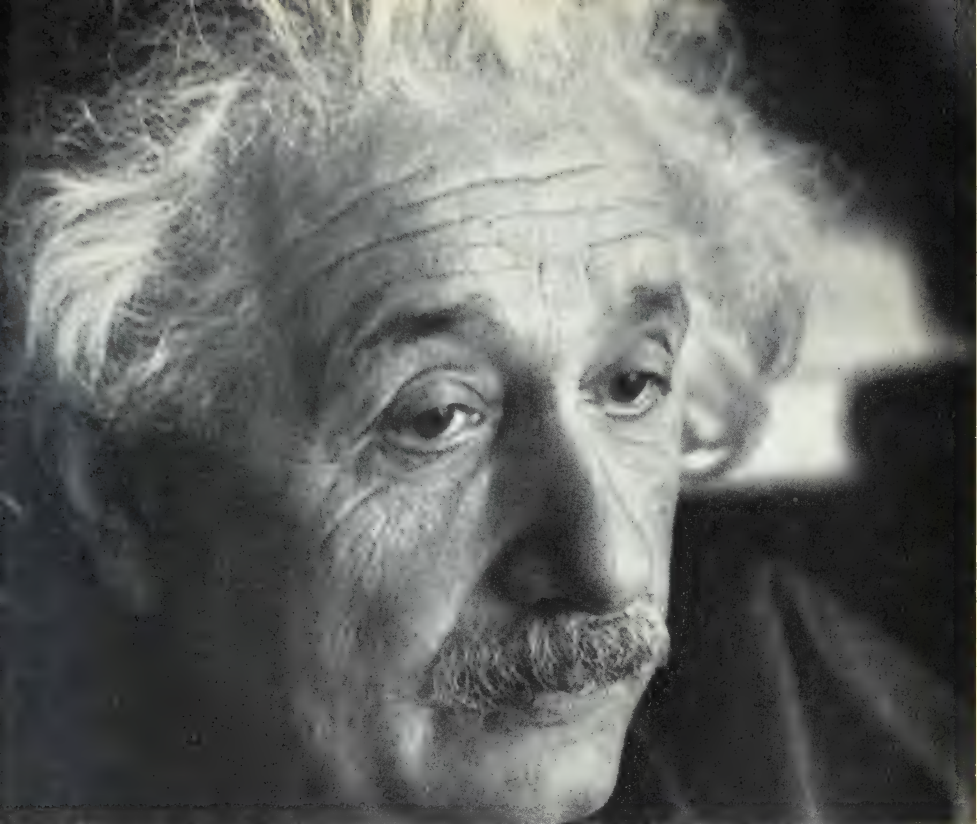
Very fashionable. Proof of a refined sensibility.

EGYPT:

American Presidents go there when they feel the need of cheering crowds.

REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT:

No longer sufficient to the requirements of the modern state. The electoral system operative in the United States chooses men according to their capacity to eat bad food, stay in Holiday Inns, and make the same meaningless speech on 300 days in succession. What has this to do with governing a nation? □



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and the world's coziest
impressions and head for the
town?

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be intolerable.

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be for popular assumptions
at *anything*.

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CHILDHOOD'S END

A hopeless future inclines the young toward death

by Scott Spencer

WHEN, in recent memory, has it been less a privilege to be young in America? This is a time of dwindling national expectations, closing schools, slashed domestic budgets. Now the nominally liberal elements in the society—once the counsel in defense of the limitlessness and abundance of times to come—advise us to curtail economic growth and find in ourselves the moral strength to make do with less. Even the antique Yankee notion of unflinching ambition and meteoric success is being replaced by a still older sense of living on the trembling edge of history. The very idea of a National Future is being abandoned in favor of a winded American Moment.

Yet what can be more befuddling to our sense of the moment than the voices of children clamoring for their place in the world? And so a deepening strain in the new American ideology of retrenchment is a skeptical, increasingly disengaged evaluation of the once-sacrosanct realm of childhood.

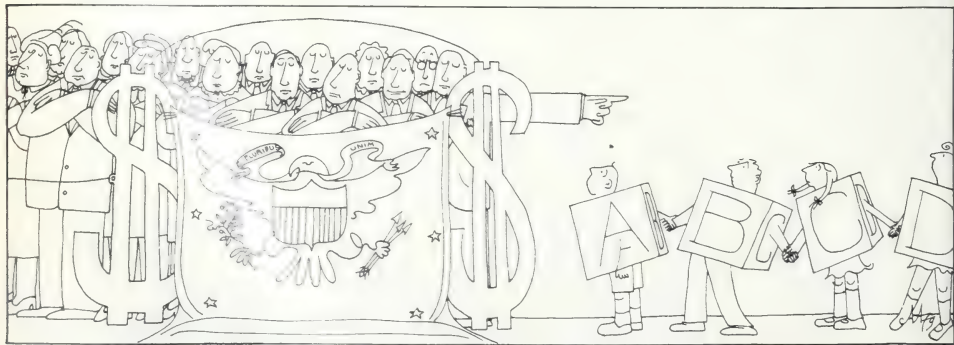
And along with this new evaluation is a sudden and pervasive reversal in the typical and accepted family structure. Abandoning the much-maligned ideology of permissiveness, this year's American family no longer prepares children to forge the way into the future, but instead trains children to fit themselves somehow or other into a shrinking present. It seems startling to remember that just a decade ago we were chiding ourselves for our neurotic fascination with youth. Indeed, fashions change, but this change of style has left an entire generation out in the cold.

TWO RECENT DEVELOPMENTS are indicative of our changing feelings toward childhood. In the past few years, more and more school districts across the United States have voted to close public schools—pleading fiscal crisis. Those who have until now accepted the burden of taxation have decided it is more important to protect their standard of

living than it is for the schools to remain open. In Ohio, for example, of the thirty operating levies placed on ballots since 1970, only two have passed. In some cases, the vote against public education is a vote against racial desegregation, but more often it is simply a pocketbook vote. And so the idea that the state of childhood guarantee the right to instruction and enrichment—a hard-won right that we were, until recently, morally bound to defend—is fast losing currency.

The closing of public schools in the most prosperous of nations is a bizarre and shameful phenomenon. And it is somberly suggestive of the American mood. Parents who two decades ago were willing to suffer genuine material hardships in order to have and raise children are now judiciously balancing the needs of yet another generation against their own desire for a country house, a larger air conditioner, a

Scott Spencer is the author of Preservation Hall, a novel; his second novel, Endless Love, will be published next fall by Alfred A. Knopf.



microwave oven—or a retirement reasonably safe from the ravages of inflation.

Further evidence of the new resentment of children is the fearful metaphorization of our attitude toward children and teenagers who break the law. In New York, for example, Gov. Hugh Carey has adopted a fiercely punitive policy to deal with those lawbreakers once called juvenile delinquents. Now

New York a teenager who commits violent crime may be brought to trial and sentenced in the same court—and with the same severity—as an accused felon of thirty. This “get tough” policy is popularly judged to be realistic and necessary. But it cancels the very idea of childhood as well as our collective responsibility to the children in our midst. In the self-serving spirit of the times, we are claiming that beneath us is a mutant generation, a generation of children who are not really children at all.

IT TOOK CENTURIES to develop the idea of childhood and to rescue children from the miniature adulthood of the Middle Ages and the emotional and economic slavery of the Industrial Revolution. Reformers, psychologists, and artists finally prevailed with the notion that childhood is a separate and special state—a state of grace, dependence, and promise. Yet now the idea of childhood, so long in vogue, is in retreat, its promenade abandoned after only a turn around the park.

History's fair-haired flower children have passed into middle age, and in their place comes a changeling generation that may be the most disturbed and demoralized in this century. Having narrowly missed the fête with which America culminated the Golden Age of childhood in the 1960s, the young today are ignored in society and greet this collective neglect with a harrowing and pervasive lack of self-regard. The only popular identity they possess takes the form of the rubric of Punk, which has as its motto “We Are the Future: No Future.” The names of the younger rock and roll bands repeat the suicidal nomenclature: Suicide, the Erasers, the Destroyers, the Voidoids, the Dead Boys.

In counterpoint to the eternal youth of their elders, children apparently want to escape from the stigma of

childhood as it enters its new Dark Age. On the sharp statistical rise are: teenage and child pregnancy; teenage and child alcoholism; teenage and child drug addiction; teenage and child prostitution and pornography; teenage and child venereal disease; truancy; illiteracy; and criminality. But the most terrible aspect of the flight from childhood is suicide, the third leading cause of death among American children and teenagers (under eighteen) following accidents and murder.* While the number of children who end their own lives is not astoundingly high, the rate of childhood suicide is increasing radically. In the past decade it has risen more than 100 percent. And the rate of attempted suicides is rising even faster. According to many estimates, fifty-seven American children and teenagers attempt suicide every hour. Last year, approximately 5,000 adolescents and children under eighteen found their way into the U.S. suicide statistics, three times the number twenty years ago. This does not include children under ten, whose suicides are automatically classified as accidents. It does not include most drug overdoses, willful accidents, nor all of the suicides that are discreetly classified as accidental deaths, usually at the behest of parents with the wherewithal to alter family history. The number of children who attempted suicide last year has been placed at anywhere from a quarter of a million to half a million.

When we attempt to think about the suicides of children, we enter a landscape that is nine-tenths fog, with here and there leaping forth a statistic, a projection, a case history, an anecdote, made all the more gruesome by the miasma of uncertainty and secrecy that surrounds it. It is, in fact, impossible to say how many people of any age have attempted to or succeeded in taking their own lives, and as the age of the suicidal person decreases, the likelihood that the act will remain statistically anonymous increases. Among chil-

* The trend in the United States is repeated in other nations. For example, the suicide rate for West German children has nearly doubled in the past ten years: in 1976, 1,468 West Germans between the ages of ten and twenty-five killed themselves. The suicide rate for children in France shows a consistent rise. And in Japan, the number of suicides among children under nineteen has increased 15 percent since 1977.

dren, suicidal crises and suicide attempts are utterly numberless; Dr. Calvin Frederick of the National Institute of Mental Health believes that among young people, suicide attempts outnumber actual suicides by fifty to one.

Like the murder of children, childhood suicides tend to be particularly hideous. Not only do they fill us with a more than ordinary sense of sorrow and shame and loss, but also the methods to which children resort are often bloodcurdling. When the suicide is an adolescent, there is some chance for elegance and restraint, but there is little such chance in the suicides of the very young.

Some children kill themselves by repeatedly smashing their heads against a wall. Some children set themselves on fire. Some cut off their genitals, or put knives and razors up their vaginas. Some small children stab themselves in the chest with scissors. Some hang themselves, and some leap out of windows. Some very young children attempt suicide by retaining their urine and feces.

The abused child may end up as a runaway or a murder victim, but is not considered a likely suicide. Apparently, in abused children the clearly drawn lines of combat awaken an impulse for survival. Or it could be that because the parents act out their shame and disregard, the child need not direct it against himself.* But the child who is ignored, not touched, made to feel in the way, subtly turned against himself can develop a suicidal personality—and the child's response to parental ambivalence is to act on the parents' unspoken hostility and attempt to take his own life.

Dr. Jackie Schiff, a psychotherapist who has been working with suicidal youth from mostly affluent families in and around Marin County, California, for the past fifteen years, says that in the formation of the suicidal character, ambivalence is more destructive than hostility. And the pain engendered by parental ambivalence can be felt and acted on by children with stunning dispatch. Experiences with suicidal children—including children younger than

* The government estimates that some 2,000 children died last year from parental abuse and neglect, and that the number of abused children is as high as 200,000 per year. An increase of 15 to 20 percent is expected this year. These figures reflect only reported cases.

two years—lead Dr. Schiff to conclude that for many, the suicidal impulse is ingrained within the first three months

The psychological equation put forward by Dr. Schiff and others is both simple and terrifying: ignored children develop a concurrent need for stimulation. This need grows as it is unfulfilled—like most hungers—and in a very short time it hardly matters to the child if the stimulation is positive or negative. As Dr. Schiff says, "It's easier to beat your head against the wall than it is to get someone to hold you." This need for stimulation and the *addiction* to negative stimulation—a kind of macabre masturbation—can soon grow out of control and become life-threatening, especially since most children's sense of consequence is barely nascent. What is more frightening, Dr. Schiff and other therapists who deal with suicidal children recognize the selectivity inherent in their experience: by and large they see children whose parents at least care enough about them to seek psychiatric intervention.

Freud wrote that suicide is an act of hostility, and it may be true that children who kill themselves are committing symbolic patricides. Yet it is also clear that in many cases—perhaps in most—the child who attacks his own life is not committing an act of revenge or aggression. At its darkest center, at its most wrenching, childhood suicide is an act of obedience. Committed in the despair and ignorance of childhood, the lunge toward self-annihilation is a last act of homage to the omnipotence of parents and the adult realm, as well as a final proof of the child's thwarted desire to do what is expected of him.

IS THE FAMILY TO BLAME for the suicides, suicide attempts, and quasi-suicidal behavior of children? Conventional moralists, hoping to explain away the torments of the young, find explanations in the ambiguities of sexual roles, women's increased participation in the labor market, rising divorce rates, promiscuity, excessive leisure, and the diminished influence of established religions. The moralizing about children in trouble implies an indictment of moral laxness and disarray in their parents.

But it is false—even wicked—to

speak of the family in isolation. Psychiatrists agree that a leading cause of suicide in the young is a hopelessness about the future. Yet is it the family per se that endows children with an appetite for the future? Does the deep, steady undertow of the times find its source in families, broken or otherwise? Though most psychiatric explanations would, to one degree or another, fix the responsibility for the youthful suicide on parental preoccupation or divorce or some other private sorrow, blame should not be isolated when the whole of society is withdrawing its commitment to children.

What is it like to be a child at a time when society is virtually obsessed by the notion that there are too many children in the world? Whereas the postwar Golden Age of childhood occurred when babies were welcome and even the privileged classes partially measured their fortune in children, there is now an overwhelming, crushing consensus among nations that the world's resources cannot support continued population growth. Interestingly enough, this desire to limit the number of children born is most fervently expressed in our own country, with its vast wealth, its open spaces, and its birthrate markedly down.

The turn away from children, the general—not just familial—drift from the idea of generation, is a trend that not only illuminates the style and dread of our society but serves its frightened, short-term vision as well. So often, attitudes that we like to trace back to variance and complexity of individual lives and individual families find their real roots elsewhere: in the collective unconscious of a society seeking to extend and protect itself. Just as the Golden Age of childhood, with all of its sentiment and sacrifice, was a perfect expression of our appetite and optimism as we marched through what was supposed to be the American Century, the declining birthrate, the reappraisal of the rights of the young, and the perpetual youth of a huge segment of our adult community are a fitting reflection of a society—or a dominant section of society—seeking somehow to maintain equilibrium in inhospitable circumstances. It is risky to talk of ideas as being "caused"—especially if that cause suggests class interest—but the fact remains that the hostilities toward children could not serve the country

any better if they had been choreographed.

WITH INCREASING frequency—and plainiveness—we hear how children endanger the "life-style" of those who must care for them. The protectiveness toward something so seemingly ephemeral as a "life-style" may at first glance seem bizarre—*can* narcissistic—yet when the term "life style" is recognized as code, its significance begins to make sense. What the expression refers to is in fact something closer to the bone: standard of living. Life-styles almost invariably cost money, and the more "imaginative" the life-style, the more "daring," the more it is likely to cost. Backpacking in our unspoiled wilderness implies one life-style; twenty-dollar haircuts, the numb euphoria of cocaine, microwave ovens, designer pens, and antiques imply others. There are life styles at every level of price and sophistication, once you push through the turnstile with a certain minimum amount of money to spend.

Thus, underlying the degeneration of our romance with childhood is the pervasive idea—half grounded and half hallucinatory—that children can no longer be afforded. When it comes to our own vast underclass and the poor of the world, the idea is forthright: the underprivileged will never improve their lot until they stop reproducing, and if they can't stop themselves then we must do it for them. To the corners of the earth we will send doctors trained in the craft of sterilization. (That one day the "needy" of the world will recoil in horror seems not to occur to well-meaning advocates of this enterprise. The emphasis on overpopulation is a function of political and social realities, just as Batista's Cuba identified one of its problems as overpopulation and Castro's Cuba now seeks to encourage larger families.)

But the dread of children isn't limited to the rich man's view of the poor. Even those with rather large sums of discretionary income wonder in all seriousness if they can afford to have children. For those who do not have children, it is difficult to begin. Even the women's magazines now feature articles discussing the option of not reproducing. Yet the terms in which the

conflict is stated are often asked: the question is not whether or not to bring children into the world, but whether we ourselves will feel totally fulfilled as adults if we do not experience parenthood. Thus, the decision is reduced and distorted into the solipsisms of "life-style." And for those who do have children, tremendous resentments are encouraged by society—on a material level alone.

In this sense, parents who say that their children are draining the life out of them are really saying something much less mystical: It is their ability to buy things for themselves that is being drained by the child. And since the accoutrements of the single or childless life are the most ephemeral and the most discretionary, they must be glamorized and injected with importance. Once you have been removed from the possibility of wasting your money on a lot of self-enhancing junk, you can feel isolated and irrelevant: the familiar voices are no longer speaking to *you*. Your diminished ability to participate in the marketplace is felt unconsciously as life itself passing you by. Those who do not spend and live well are irrelevant, and if the children are responsible, then, in fact, they have ruined your life.

In the International Year of the Child, there seems to be little hope for improvement in the lot of American children. There are no indications that the rates of youthful suicide, drug abuse, and alcoholism will decrease; nor does the incidence of child abuse and neglect show any sign of slowing in its horrifying increase.

And in the meantime, the role of America's young will continue to be played by men and women in their late twenties, and their thirties and forties. Maintaining a childish silence on their real political and social destiny and cherishing the infantile role of consumer, adults usurp the prerogatives of the young, leaving precious little for the young themselves. Today two-thirds of the customers at Disney World are adults. The irony of my generation's absurd and strenuous dream to remain, in the words of Bob Dylan, "forever young" is that the dream may come true, and the children born at the strong end of our Golden Age of childhood will be the last of America's young. ☐

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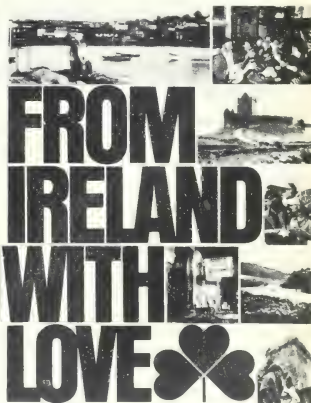
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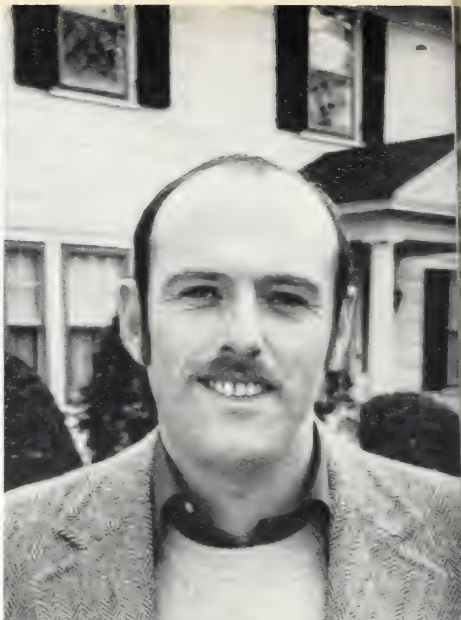
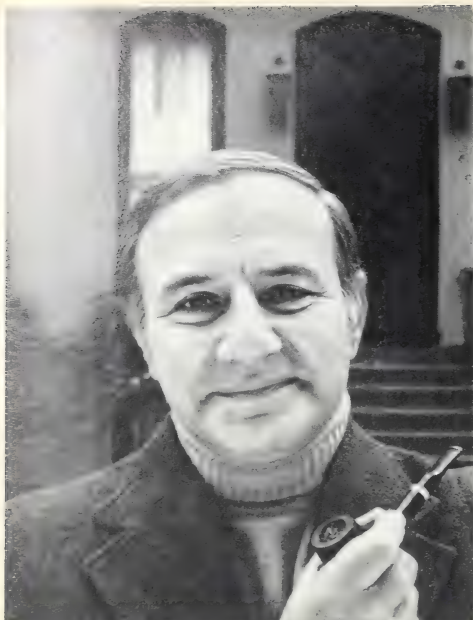
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1 Source: U.S. Dept. of Labor 2 Cost does not include land Source: U.S. Dept. of Commerce

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ARMS BAZAAR

SALT was never intended to disarm

by Robert C. Johansen

ALTHOUGH I HAVE SPENT most of my time in recent years trying to halt the arms build-up, I cannot in good conscience join the campaign to ratify the new treaty emerging from the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT II). An understanding of the political context surrounding the entire SALT process reveals that it discourages a halt to the growth of armaments. Military and civilian officials in the Pentagon understand this, which explains, perhaps, why they will endorse the SALT II treaty. Although the treaty does not dictate an increase in armaments, the negotiation and ratification processes provide the political conditions for an increase in military expenditures and overall destructive capability. Thus, I doubt that the provisions of the SALT II treaty are desirable enough that individuals and groups who want to reverse the arms race should devote their time, energy, and money to ratification.

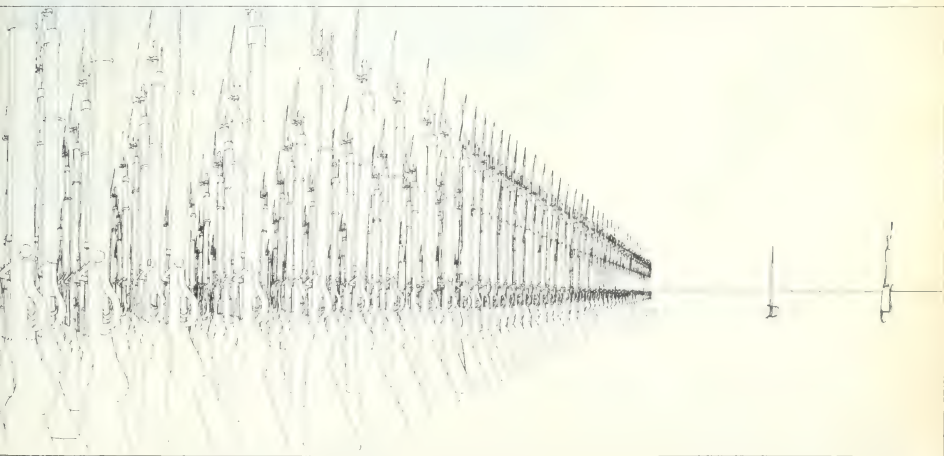
To be sure, if we look only at the SALT II treaty itself, it might seem

that we would be better off with it than without it. But that conclusion is a product of short memories and ignorance of the events surrounding the treaty, and forgotten is the intention, abandoned after SALT I, of achieving a treaty of unlimited duration. (SALT II will last until 1985.) It is also forgotten how much lower was the number of warheads, how much more stable was the strategic doctrine, how much less capable the superpowers were of fighting a nuclear war when SALT began than they are today. If one measures from the beginning of SALT in 1969, it is hard to believe that arms opponents would be in any worse position if there had been no SALT at all. SALT helped to make multiple warheads (or MIRVs: multiple independently targetable reentry vehicles) acceptable, and now it is giving a boost to the cruise missile, the M-X (a mobile missile), and the shift to a nuclear war-fighting capability, as opposed to a posture aimed simply at deterring an attack. Since SALT I was signed, the United

States has deployed roughly 4,000 of the 10,000 warheads in its strategic arsenal. The achievement of both SALT I and SALT II is to curtail relatively insignificant parts of a quantitative arms race so that more money and brainpower can be devoted to a significantly more dangerous qualitative arms race.

The value of SALT is also miscalculated because political leaders are eager to attribute historic importance to their work—an importance that history often later belies. SALT II is based on slightly revised missile ceilings agreed upon by President Ford and Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev at Vladivostok more than four years ago. Ford described the Vladivostok Accord as “a real breakthrough that puts a cap on the arms race, . . . thus preventing an arms race

Robert C. Johansen is the author of The National Interest and the Human Interest: A Normative Analysis of U.S. Foreign Policy, to be published in September by Princeton University Press. He is also president of the Institute for World Order and a participant in the World Order Models Project.





King Carl XVI Gustaf of Sweden—
on the right in these photos—presents
the 1978 Nobel Prize in Physics to
Bell Laboratories scientists Robert
Wilson (top photo) and Arno Penzias.

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...as terror, instability, war, tension, and economic waste." Secretary of State Henry Kissinger observed that when the accord was formally ratified, this "major breakthrough [would] be seen as one of the turning points in the history of the post-World War II arms race." More than four years have passed, and the Vladivostok ceilings have not been significantly exceeded by either side. Nonetheless, no evidence supports the contention that a major breakthrough has occurred in putting a cap on the arms buildup. Indeed, now that he is no longer Secretary of State, Kissinger seemed to possess a steadier grasp of the facts when he said recently that the SALT II treaty "at best slightly limits existing weapons programs."

SALT is more a charade than an arms reversal program. It serves the political needs of politicians, not the security needs of the human race. Leaders act as if they are making something big happen, but progress is recorded only in the military budget and in destructive capability. Weighty Senators, whether they be Henry Jackson seeking to expand his power in the Democratic party or Howard Baker and other Republican Presidential apprentices, appear on the political stage as actors exercising seasoned judgment and cautious wisdom by suggesting that they might oppose ratification because SALT II would restrict the United States too much. Always eager for drama, the media eagerly pick up an impending battle on Capitol Hill, make it newsworthy, and describe mere political theater as vital to the future of the Republic—meanwhile ignoring what is significant about the public's loss of control over the militarization of the planet.

Not all of these people understand that they participate in a charade, but neither do they seriously question how present military policies, with or without SALT, will increase human security in the long run. The quality of the charade is illustrated by the President's strategy of trying to increase the number of Senatorial votes for SALT II ratification by appointing a career military officer, George Seignious, to head the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. If the Washington climate is so hostile to arms reductions that a military official and previous opponent of arms control must head the agency

responsible for reductions in order to get Senate ratification of a treaty as harmless to the military as SALT II, can anyone really believe that we are about to take a significant step down the road toward arms reductions?

THE GREATEST THREATS to peace by arms competition today are the qualitative improvements that make weapons faster, more deadly, more accurate, and more difficult to detect or defend against. SALT II will not prevent a single important qualitative development now on the drawing boards.

Proponents of SALT II, whether in Moscow or Washington, point out that SALT II is desirable because it will contribute to détente. That may or may not be true, but we should recall that military expenditures, even after discounting inflation, have risen faster during détente than previously. SALT II will not scale down the diplomatic advantages the two military giants enjoy in their relations with other countries—advantages derived in part from their military power. As a result, other governments will continue to feel the need for more arms if they seek to reduce inequities in global decision-making.

Détente and the SALT agreement between the United States and the Soviet Union signal not an end to arms competition, but instead an accord between the two most heavily armed governments on how to manage the undiminished arms competition. SALT II is a clever managing device to enable the United States and the Soviet Union to put fewer resources into the type of weapons—stationary, land-based, single-warhead ICBMs (intercontinental ballistic missiles)—in which an increase in their superiority over the rest of the world's governments will no longer matter. Moscow and Washington will then pour more money and brainpower into areas of technology where they can further outpace the rest of the world militarily.

Even with the promise of successful negotiations, the Carter Administration has already projected for the next several years an average annual increase in military expenditures of 3 percent above inflation. In sharp contrast to his campaign pledge of a \$5-\$7 billion cut in the military budget, President Carter recently declared: "Our goal . . .

is to increase the real level of defense expenditures. This is our goal." Increased spending by the United States and the Soviet Union will be used in part to develop and produce advanced nuclear warheads and delivery systems.

When the number of strategic missiles was limited by SALT I seven years ago, Defense Department officials used this limit as an argument for putting more than one warhead on each missile. This technological "improvement" when later imitated by the Soviet Union, produced new Soviet capability that now makes the U.S. ICBM far vulnerable to Soviet attack and therefore becomes the excuse in the United States for a new mobile ICBM, the M-X. Pentagon officials also agreed to support SALT I on condition that they could develop the cruise missile, which was not covered by SALT I. The cruise missile, paradoxically, is a stumbling block in negotiating a SALT II agreement, and it will make extremely difficult the inspection of any future effort at limitation.

When SALT II established a ceiling of 1,320 MIRVs at the 1974 Vladivostok meeting of President Ford and Soviet President Brezhnev, this high missile ceiling quickly became a target for large additional deployments. At the time the U.S. had deployed 8,000 missiles with multiple warheads. The Soviet Union had none. That historic moment presented an easy opportunity to have MIRVs banned completely, but they were not, because of the guiding principle for arms-control negotiation: limit the weapons considered least important to develop, and allow unrestricted development in other areas.

SALT II negotiators have carefully followed this principle. The treaty will allow the further testing of a MaRV (maneuverable reentry vehicle) to increase warhead accuracy. This is useful primarily for attacking an opponent's nuclear forces and for establishing nuclear war-fighting capability. Such targeting precision is not necessary for simple deterrence of an attack. It will, however, stimulate a response from the Soviet Union, which will then make the U.S. deterrent more vulnerable and therefore will be used as the rationale for new U.S. deployments. The high MIRV ceiling in SALT II, for example, is already being used to justify the need for the M-X. Few people recall

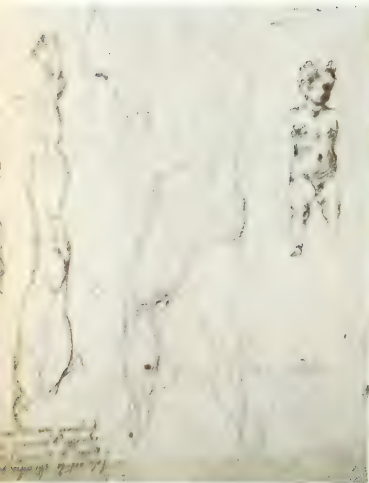


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the earlier U.S. arms-control decision not to try to ban MIRVs is now stimulant for an entirely new ICBM.

U.S. negotiators in SALT II protected the right to develop the M-X, a larger, more accurate missile, with the intention of making it mobile so as to keep the Soviet Union guessing where it is stationed. Because of its multiple warhead capability, this missile will increase the threat to Soviet land-based missiles, make Soviet leaders more uneasy during a crisis, and stimulate them to match new U.S. technology. It will also make inspection of any future limitations much more difficult, thus decreasing the prospects for genuine strategic reductions if there should ever be a SALT III treaty. The decision to develop this new missile became a foregone conclusion as the negotiations proceeded, not because there was a security need for it, but because a payoff was needed for Pentagon officials to get their support for SALT II. Thus, the more arms-control negotiations appear to be serious and successful, the more rapidly the normal resistance to unnecessary new arms programs erodes, which is why "success at SALT" has meant an increase in military expenditures and destructive capability.

The promise of a SALT treaty in some cases has speeded up the rush toward more numerous and destructive weapons. Secretary of Defense Harold Brown, for example, recently directed Air Force and civilian analysts to accelerate planning for the best way to deploy the M-X missile so that President Carter could announce plans for the more deadly intercontinental missile in time to help ease the way for Senate approval of the SALT II agreement. SALT II will also allow the development of the Trident submarine, the longer-range Trident missile, the cruise missile, and the neutron weapons. The SALT II ceilings on missile launchers are not sacrificial ones. The United States has not wanted more launchers (as opposed to warheads) than it now has, a level below the ceilings in SALT II. The Soviet Union will have to dismantle approximately 150 to 250 aging launchers, but it will more than compensate for these by adding hundreds of warheads to its other missiles.

In brief, SALT II legitimizes the

nuclear weapons below the ceilings, encourages building up to those ceilings, and, outside the ceilings, explicitly allows new weapons that will make future reductions more difficult. It fails to move the United States, the Soviet Union, other nuclear powers, and countries approaching nuclear capability closer to the renunciation of nuclear arms.

MOTIVATED by a desire to hold political ground against the advance of growing conservative forces, many people argue that advocates of arms reduction must work to ratify a relatively useless SALT II primarily because we later on want a more desirable SALT III. Yet this is an admission that SALT II is not worth the lobbying effort in itself. If that is so, we should lobby now for the comprehensive arms reductions that we unrealistically hope will be part of SALT III, and forget about SALT II. If such a lobbying effort were successful, SALT II would be passed easily. In other words, lobbying for a demilitarized global security system would, as a side effect, encourage the ratification of SALT II, but lobbying for SALT II will not give us comprehensive arms reductions.

Organizations with offices in Washington get easily caught up in counting votes to achieve legislative "victories," without careful assessment of whether a victory matters in the long run. A treaty ratification campaign offers a concrete goal, something useful for mobilizing constituents and contributors. It is exciting to have lunch with Washington influentials to plan strategy for a legislative battle. Those tasks are important, but *only* when the battle is over a fundamental issue, and SALT II definitely is not. Nonetheless, during 1978, leaders from labor unions, liberal lobbying groups, and almost all peace organizations joined the SALT bandwagon.

Unfortunately, a campaign to ratify SALT II will lead the public into the mistaken belief that the best road to genuine arms reductions is through negotiations similar to SALT I and SALT II. Yet this approach will not produce a demilitarized security system because it aims to manage the arms competition, not to terminate it. Negotiators—no matter how well-in-

tioned—cannot reduce arms substantially at the same time that they rely heavily on them for security and diplomatic influence. Arms can be significantly reduced only when security can be achieved through means that do not depend so completely on national military forces. This requires us to think seriously not about piecemeal stopgap measures of arms stabilization or control within the present international system, which is a war system based on the threat or use of force, but about steps to take toward the creation of an alternative security system.

A transnational monitoring agency that includes third parties is an essential part of any long-range policy to increase security while decreasing dependence on arms. Yet with characteristic arrogance the U.S. and Soviet governments act as if they were the only two governments in the world that have a right to monitor their nuclear postures—postures that cannot avoid affecting every inhabitant of the planet. Nor is it any credit to our NATO allies that they allow the United States to take this position. The verification of SALT II could be carried out by global, multilateral agency. Establishing such an agency would be a positive accomplishment. Even with such an agency for monitoring SALT II, the United States could still maintain national means of verification to reassure those who might doubt the reliability of the global agency during its infancy. But because it has no long-range policy for arms reductions, and despite the absence of any reasonable argument against this idea, the United States refuses initiatives in this direction.

Far from strengthening international peacekeeping organizations and increasing their representativeness, SALT II advances the system of great-power dominance over the economically and militarily less-powerful societies. The attitudes supporting SALT II will, in my opinion, someday be seen as a late-twentieth-century manifestation of old-fashioned imperialism. The Big Two, which produce ever-greater military fruits despite détente, hold most of the world's population hostage to the threat of instant genocide. Moreover, the world's people are subjected to taxation without representation—through the worldwide, negative economic consequences of unnecessary military expenditures. Much of the world's popu-

ation suffers under political repression partly encouraged by militarism and alliance-building that are nurtured by U.S. and Soviet postures. The SALT II treaty may be a positive expression of political collaboration between the Kremlin and the White House, but it is not a serious effort to achieve a secure and peaceful world or a life of greater justice for many other societies of the world, conditions that are prerequisites to genuine peace.

TO OPPOSE the political Right is easier than to oppose the war system, but it is also less promising. To think seriously about abolishing war as an accepted institution means a fundamental questioning of the present international system, where we all enjoy privileges because of the present global distribution of power and wealth. Yet without commitment to demilitarization of the world security system, one or two weapons systems will come and go, as SALT fails or succeeds. But the return to new arms builds, like the craving for a fix by an unreformed addict, will always return until steps are taken to kick the military habit completely—a message that should be carried to our Senators rather than the appeal to vote “yes” on SALT II.

For those who will work for ratification of SALT II, despite these arguments, I suggest that any Senator who is asked to vote “yes” on SALT also be asked to put meaning into that vote by a public pledge to vote for a 10 percent annual reduction in military expenditures, to be continued indefinitely if reciprocated by the Soviet Union. Of course, if a vote for SALT II were synonymous with a vote for a budget cut or even a freeze, the Pentagon would oppose it and SALT II would fail—unless a strong public movement had been established to insist on moving toward an alternative security system. This reality exposes the true meaning of SALT.

The nongovernmental arms-control community in 1979, supposedly on the cutting edge in pressing the government toward more enlightened policy, is actually far less progressive than were some government officials years ago. Since the 1950s, the growth of military influence and mentality in our Legislative and Executive cham-

bers has spread to a majority of public-opinion leaders. That the spread has been without maliciousness does not make its impact upon the body politic any less malignant. In 1961, the U.S. representative to the United Nations could declare: “We do not hold the vision of a world without conflict. We do hold the vision of a world without war—and this inevitably requires an alternative system for coping with conflict. We cannot have one without the other.” Today, such ideas are not even the object of serious study, let alone advocacy, by Washington arms controllers in or outside the government. Both the pro-SALT II Carter Administration and the anti-SALT II conservative Republicans accept most of the same assumptions about the international security system; neither group tries to change those assumptions. They say, in effect, “A war system is here to stay—at least during my term of office. To move beyond rhetorical flourishes and to take action to reverse the arms buildup and to replace the war system with a peace system is unrealistic.”

The U.S. public and the world’s public face a problem similar to the one we faced in the Vietnamese conflict. Few U.S. political leaders then wanted to suffer the assumed political costs to their own careers by advocating a withdrawal of U.S. personnel, regardless of how unpromising were the prospects for U.S. military forces. In the late 1970s, few political leaders are willing to accept the assumed political costs of advocating a practical program for abolition of war, regardless of how unpromising may seem the long-range prospects for continuing the escalation of armaments.

IT IS TIME for a new antiwar coalition to come together. In addition to familiar antiwar activists, this time it must include environmentalists, feminists who understand how deeply ingrained, erroneous, and unjust are the myths about power, the poor, who suffer the most from militaristic consumption of resources, and political conservatives who believe that some variation of a system of law and nonviolent conflict resolution, which resolves disputes domestically, should be developed for world society.

Given the political will, it is possible

to implement a feasible step-by-step approach that would move us toward the abolition of war as an accepted institution, much as slavery shifted in our thinking and behavior from an acceptable to an unacceptable human institution during the 1800s. In effect, the portion of human interactions across national boundaries that now is part of a war system would be transformed into a peace system. A peace system already governs many of those human interactions, such as trade and travel. The idea of abolishing war, which at first glance seems blushingly unrealistic, turns out upon further examination to be realistic enough that it already has been partly implemented. In fact, peaceful resolution of conflicts is the rule, not the exception, for most human interactions within nation-states and even in the majority of relations across national boundaries.

The full blossoming of the abolitionist idea depends upon cultivation by people bold and imaginative enough to see that nonviolent conflict resolution, with appropriate institutional reform and attitudinal change, can be expanded to all areas of international life.

Finally, unexamined enthusiasm for SALT comes easily because we have lost a clear moral sense of right and wrong. It is a tragic self-deception to think that the important point for peace advocates in 1979 is that we will be better off with SALT II than without it. A more accurate message is that the weapons that now exist and will remain after SALT II are morally unacceptable. No less than a gas chamber for innocents, a nuclear furnace for any purpose is a fundamental denial of the most revered ethical teachings of Western and non-Western civilizations.

Yet the U.S. and Soviet military postures are not aimed at eliminating the role of nuclear weapons or military power in human affairs—with or without SALT. The military officials of the two countries are not in alliance to spur the arms race and to violate the global human interest, but the effect is the same as if they were. And the mutual U.S.-Soviet military stimulation, with its attendant consequences of nuclear proliferation and destabilizing weaponry, poses a greater threat to the human race than does the present Soviet arsenal to the U.S. population. □

KILLING JAMAICA WITH KINDNESS

An island between the devil and the deep blue sea

by T. D. Allman

THERE STILL IS the tendency to look upon that army of ex-colonies that marched into the United Nations during the 1960s as heralding some sudden, new, dramatic, revolutionary change in the way the world works, and to consider the Caribbean a crucial geopolitical laboratory, where events must prove one or another of the ideologies contending for our time right or wrong. But time can move sideways, events march toward anticlimax. To look today at what has happened to Jamaica is like looking at the movie stars one sees vacationing, without makeup, at Round Hill near Montego Bay. One recognizes the face, but finds little of the old glamour in those momentous issues supposed to have been decided in emerging nations like this one, when they are exposed to the bright Jamaica sunshine. Fashions in world politics change, but small poor countries like Jamaica remain the same—prisms reflecting not just the obsessions, but the vast carelessnesses of the rich. Our clandestine operations may no longer destabilize their governments, our ambassadors

probe at their prime ministers, our multinational corporations bribe their cabinet ministers. But as recent events in Jamaica have shown, a tourist with a camera can incite as much discontent as an agent provocateur, a Washington loan can be as destabilizing as a trade embargo, our beneficence can diminish a people, too.

At the time Jamaica became the Caribbean's largest independent democracy in 1962, it was President Kennedy's conviction that there could be no middle ground between Communist apocalypse and American grace. "New nations," Kennedy announced, must "choose between competing systems." In order to make the right choice, he urged, "they need only compare the disillusionment of Communist Cuba with the promise of the Alliance for Progress." Jamaica—its foreign-owned bauxite industry at that time supplying 90 percent of the American aluminum industry's needs; its beaches ripe for tourist promotion; its government, even after independence, dominated by

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a small, disproportionately white Anglophile elite—did not hesitate to make its choice. In a day of missile crises and cries for the Yankee to go home, it would be America's loyal little friend. On Independence Day Jamaica's prime minister, Sir Alexander Bustamante, announced "the irrevocable decision that Jamaica stands with the West and the United States." Yet over the next decade the comparison Kennedy urged did not cease to grow more and more unedifying. While Cuba achieved fundamental, if overromanticized reforms, the CIA gerrymandered Guyana, Lyndon Johnson raped the Dominican Republic, and when Richard Nixon was not sending Nelson Rockefeller to Haiti to embrace Papa Doc, he was naming big contributors to the Committee to Reelect the President as his plenipotentiaries in island nations.

One of Nixon's ambassadors to Jamaica, Vincent W. de Roulet, evidently warned that it was impolitic to call the Jamaicans "natives," opted instead to refer to them as "niggers" at official functions. His successor, a statesman by comparison, spent his time playing



olo. By 1974, Jamaica was a case study in malign neglect. Though its annual per capita income, at \$1,000, was high for Third World countries, the island's wealth was so inequitably distributed in favor of Jamaica's small, mostly fair-skinned elite that 85 percent of its people were subsisting on incomes of less than \$200 a year. Britain had closed its doors to Jamaican immigration, and at least a quarter of the island's work force was unemployed. Inflation was close to 30 percent. Jamaica's share of the U.S. bauxite market was declining as the multinational corporations diversified their supplies, and the bottom was about to fall out of the sugar market. While leaders of the opposition Jamaica Labor Party and the ruling People's National Party denounced each other in ornate parliamentary addresses, rival gangs, allied to each of the major parties, shot it out in the slums of West Kingston. Most important, the higher oil prices of 1973 had broken the back of the Jamaican economy, which is entirely dependent on imported energy. Jamaica always had been shortchanged by British and North American capital. Now, in the name of a fairer deal for the Third World, it was being beggared by the Arabs, the Iranians, the Nigerians, and the Venezuelans.

THE SURPRISING THING is not that politicians in Kingston finally reacted against Jamaica's allotted place in the American Caribbean order. But that the reaction—like the recent popular disturbances against the deteriorating standard of living—was so long in coming, and so short-lived, and produced so few results. Jamaica's charismatic prime minister, Michael Manley, had visited Havana as early as 1961; and like most of the West Indian elite, whose idea of radicalism derives from Harold Laski's lectures at the London School of Economics, not from any experience of a guerrilla struggle for independence, Manley had decided that the Cuban experiment could never last. But in late 1973, Manley journeyed with Fidel Castro to the nonaligned conference in Algiers. The experience amounted to what Manley himself described as a "revelation," what his adversaries soon denounced as an unbecomingly and opportunistic infatuation

with radical chic, Cuban style. The son of one Jamaican prime minister, and the relation of two of Jamaica's three other prime ministers, Manley returned from Algiers, by way of Havana, to denounce the privileges of the island's small and clubby political elite. Soon the Jamaican leader—white enough to be mistaken for an Englishman on his trips abroad—was proclaiming his solidarity with liberation movements from Indochina to Namibia. Manley soon increased taxes on the aluminum companies from \$30 million to \$200 million a year and established diplomatic relations with Cuba, China, and the Soviet Union. He announced that Jamaica was forsaking capitalism for "democratic socialism," revoking its "irrevocable decision" to stand with America in favor of a policy of "self-assertion against a colonial past."

Manley's approach paid off handsomely in Jamaica, where 90 percent of the people are black and poor, in the 1976 elections. Promising to march "hand in hand" with Cuba internationally, to abolish the monarchy at home (Queen Elizabeth was still head of state, fourteen years after independence), and to establish a new "form of relationship in which workers share in the ownership, the profits, and the decision-making," Manley careened around the island like an Old Testament prophet, offering a New International Economic Order. "Joshua, Joshua," the crowds cried wherever he went. No one could mistake Manley's opponent, Edward Seaga, leader of the Jamaica Labor Party, for a prophet. Seaga, whose adversaries sometimes spell his name C-I-A-g-a, is a suave businessman of Lebanese descent, a Harvard graduate with close ties to both the aluminum companies and the gangs of West Kingston. He vowed it would be the end of democracy if Manley won, but many Jamaicans—fearful of Seaga's connections with the Americans and local political violence—considered Manley the lesser risk. While high officials in the Ford Administration, hamstrung by the Watergate and CIA scandals, muttered impotently about an emerging "Cuba-Jamaica-Guyana axis," the campaign saw scores of Jamaicans killed or wounded.

When the votes were counted, Manley had won a four-to-one majority in the Jamaican House of Representatives. Lauding the Jamaican prime minister

as "a sincere friend of the Cuban revolution," Havana hailed the results as a victory "of special importance" against "imperialism and internal reaction." If most analysts agreed that yet again American arrogance had turned a friend into an enemy, and made the prediction of left-wing ascendance in the Caribbean a self-fulfilling prophecy, the only question remaining was whether Jamaica's lurch to the Left, like Cuba's, could be contained. "Jamaica appears on the verge of a political explosion," even so calm an analyst of events as the *Christian Science Monitor* believed, "that could send shock waves across the Caribbean."

CONSIDERING what has happened in Jamaica since the 1976 elections, it was fitting that I arrived there in a U.S. military transport plane, and that the first Jamaican official I encountered, an employee of the tourist board, offered me a complimentary rum cocktail, not a lecture on imperialism. Though it still is considered of some moment that Havana over the past few years has opened a technical school here, built a few leaky dams in the mountains, provided one small public-housing project, and sent a dozen doctors to minister to the needs of its 2.1 million Jamaican neighbors, it is less noticed that the troubled Jamaican economy receives rather more substantial support from the opposite end of the island of Cuba.

As the number of Cuban employees at the American naval base at Guantanamo Bay has dwindled, Jamaican bartenders and gardeners have taken their place. Their dollar remittances, sent back to relatives in Jamaica, exceed the annual total of Cuban assistance. For opponents of the Carter Administration's aid program here, like Sen. Orrin Hatch of Utah, Jamaica remains no more than "a captive of Cuba," and Prime Minister Manley an English-speaking Castro. But for the Pentagon logistics system, Jamaica is no different from Puerto Rico or Haiti, just another one of those pieces of Caribbean real estate where U.S. military supply planes are free to land as they please. To do its bit to rid the Caribbean of the imperialist past, Jamaica need only forbid its citizens from staf-

Yankee outpost on foreign soil. Depriving the Americans of their Jamaican waiters and others no doubt does more to erode the Guantanamo base than all the manifestos so far enacted at all the UN-adjacent conferences. But three years after the supposed triumph of radicalism here, the shock waves have failed to wash ashore. When Jamaicans take to the streets now, it is not to fight for the revolution, but to protest the dwindling supplies of meat, the soaring price of kerosene. It is not Jamaica that is sending shock waves across the Caribbean, but Jamaica itself that is being traumatized by the forces of the U.S.-sanctioned international economic order.

Jamaica's rhetorical relationship with Havana and its economic relationship with Guantanamo in fact are emblematic of what has happened. Openings to the Left have yielded little but big headlines, scared away foreign tourists and investors, and made Jamaicans themselves clamor for immigration visas at the American and Canadian missions. Meanwhile Jamaica finds it does receive at least a steady supply of crumbs when it waits on the white man's table. Today the bauxite mines remain foreign-owned; Jamaica still has its foreign Queen. Michael Manley, a white man speaking for a poor, black nation, and Andrew Young, a black man representing a rich, white nation, now commune in perfect empathy. It seems no accident that Jimmy Carter, with his rural southern roots, should have enjoyed one of his most spectacular if least consequential policy triumphs here.

Truth to tell, Jamaica these days is like a sharecropper who has received a Christmas basket from his landlord. At \$30 million a year, Jamaica currently is the largest recipient, on a per capita basis, of American aid in the Western Hemisphere, but it is as far, perhaps further away than ever, from being master of its own house. These days Manley still visits Havana, and receives the plenipotentiaries of Peking; indeed, he does so with the Carter Administration's tolerant blessing. But there has been an economic revolution here only to the extent that the value of the Jamaican dollar is now controlled in Washington, while the value of the Jamaican pound was once set in London. Jamaica's budget now

is as much under the control of the International Monetary Fund as it was under the control of the British Treasury during the days of colonialism. The \$1 billion American private investment here is safe: Americans are no longer stoned on the streets but welcomed as friends. The most influential foreigner in Kingston is the U.S. Ambassador, Frederick Irving, who neither plays polo nor treats the Jamaicans with disrespect.

Two or three years ago, the question was whether American selfishness and arrogance would force Jamaica irrevocably into the Cuban orbit. Today the answer is clear. After so many meandering American policies leading to so many American defeats in this part of the world, there has been a triumph of American good intentions in Jamaica. Andrew Young and Rosalynn Carter have come here, and demonstrated their good intentions. The U.S. embassy here has been instructed to be well-intentioned, and it follows its instructions enthusiastically. Mr. Manley, a well-intentioned man, knows a well-intentioned President when he sees one, and has announced that U.S.-Jamaican relations have entered a new era.

The only question now is whether the Jamaican people can survive all these good intentions, for our well-intentioned fiscal policies are pushing poor Jamaicans deeper into poverty, while our well-intentioned immigration policies encourage affluent Jamaicans to desert their country for Miami and New York. Far from becoming an English-speaking Castro, Prime Minister Manley has become the Caribbean Harold Wilson, Jamaica under his rule a land where "socialism" is dispensed like Valium, not to cure ills but to distract the patient from his problems.

WE ARE EMBARKED," the prime minister announced in 1976, "upon an orderly transition from one society based on one set of human values to another based on new forms of relationship." Both the poor of Jamaica, who cheered those words, and the tourists, who stayed away when they heard them, at first took Manley at his word, but today it is all too clear that neither was right. Every day the jets shuttle a few rich Jamaicans and many rich foreigners in half

an hour between Kingston, where recently an Inter-Continental Hotel has sprouted among the shanties, and the resort hotels of Montego Bay. Jamaica's annual bill for imported oil now runs about \$100 a person a year in a country where whole families must live on half that a month, and every Friday the Jaguars and Audis of the Kingston elite make the run up to the north coast beaches in a few hours. For the rest there is a tiny, tired train that on good days makes the journey of 123 miles in seven hours. At Spanish Town, the shanties run down to the railroad tracks, and grinning, toothless children cling to the train's windows with sugar cane for sale. At May Pen, the blind beggars alight, to repeat their mendications in the opposite direction when the next train comes along. The MoBay train has no air conditioning, no reclining seats, but even here one finds replications of distinctions going back to the days of the great plantations. In first class, one's fellow passengers are the descendants of an Indian clerk or a Chinese merchant. The man in the black coat with the furled umbrella has black, pomaded hair but the face of a Yorkshireman, and when two youths with second-class tickets, wearing blue jeans and Afros and polyester shirts open to the waist, first hang about the door, then edge their way to a first-class seat, the conductor is summoned. Tickets are inspected, and they are shooed back into the other compartment, a compression box of black faces and white teeth, where some stand in the aisles for the trip across the whole island and there are only two kinds of windows: those that cannot be opened in the heat, and those that will not close in the rain.

At Mandeville, in the highlands, the Free World's most important source of bauxite is another poor village standing beside an immense hole in the ground; one must visit a bank in England or an aircraft factory in America to find where all Jamaica's wealth has gone. In villages with names like Comfort Hall and Merrywood and Stonehenge, one sees a few people scratching red earth, planting yams, harvesting a little cassava. But 136 years after the last slave revolt, one-fourth of the cultivated land in Jamaica is owned by 3,000 people, and since 1974 the world price of sugar has dropped from 65 cents a pound to about 8 cents. So

in these tired green hills people can drink their fill of Appleton rum, but they have no money for the national staple, salt fish—imported from England and because even though 60 percent of all Jamaicans by now were born after independence, they still do not shun the seas that surround their island. They cut cane for sugar that Britain, now in the Common Market, no longer buys, to trade for North Sea cod. Malnutrition, unknown even before emancipation, when Jamaica's plantation economy already had started to break down, is now a fact of life.

On the train, as in the land through which it passes, poverty is mingled with music, and hunger with literacy. Women discuss how they no longer can afford soap in accents Shakespeare might have understood; and when a book seller in rags boards the train, he does a brisk business in worn volumes of Faulkner and Milton and Elridge Cleaver, as well as Agatha Christie. For 400 years Europe has disoriented everything it buys here, and marked up everything it sells. The people are hard-working and 70 percent literate, a phenomenal rate for this part of the world. But what does all that matter, when—so many centuries after the trade in slaves and molasses began—"there is," as Prime Minister Manley once earnestly argued on the top page of the *New York Times*, still a great need for a systemic change in both the principles and the methods upon which international trade is based?"

Past a town called Anchovy the train begins a corkscrew descent through a audy sunset to Montego Bay, where for the first time since leaving Kingston one hears the roar of jet engines, the buzz of air conditioners, the disco beat, sees head lamps, streetlights, neon lights, sees Americans, Canadians, Germans getting away from it all. On the railroad's steepest jungle inclines, young men in shorts strip to the waist. They climb upon the roof of the speeding train and, arms outstretched, balance their way down the mountainside like surfers, negotiating the tops of palm trees instead of waves; but once in Montego Bay a metamorphosis occurs. The tourists land at the airport in traveling suits, carrying many a valise; they go to their hotels, and take off as much clothing as possible. The Jamaicans arrive at the train

station threadbare, carrying perhaps a plastic bag; they go downtown to the little cots they rent in shacks where people sleep six to a room, and put on a full suit of clothes.

So in a few hours one of the train-surfers is wearing a tuxedo, as he serves a rum confection to a stockbroker dressed in boutique sneakers and matching red disco shorts. A German in a bathing suit takes an evening stroll in the hotel garden, and is approached from the shadows by a village girl wearing patent leather high heels, net stockings, a calf-length cocktail dress, and a hat. By midnight the secretaries from Philadelphia and Toronto are dancing, barefoot, with unemployed Jamaicans wearing local copies of Pierre Cardin three-piece suits.

WHAT MANLEY had not considered was that when he promised "democratic socialism" in Kingston, or praised Castro to the international press, the travel agents in America were listening. Following his victory in the 1976 elections, the peak-season hotel occupancy rate, which had been 71 percent, dropped to as low as 18 percent. Foreign-exchange earnings from tourism, which had reached \$120 million a year, were cut in half. In the end, it was a much smaller sum that scuttled Jamaica's brief experiment with economic independence, and gave the Manley government, for all its promises to break out of Jamaica's "present system of economic arrangements" with the rich nations, as the prime minister had put it, no choice but to smile back when Jimmy Carter smiled—and then swallow hard as the International Monetary Fund (IMF) dictated Jamaica's economic future.

Following his electoral victory, Manley found himself in a position that many leaders of poor countries share. He could not practice economically what he preached politically. The voters had given him a mandate to enact millennial reforms. But Jamaica's soaring energy bill and the collapse of the tourist and sugar markets meant he could hardly meet next month's invoices to OPEC and the Americans, let alone finance a new national order. The amount of money Jamaica needed to borrow seemed small, some \$30 mil-

lion. The terms the IMF proposed amounted to nothing less than the abrogation of Jamaica's economic independence: a 40 percent devaluation of the Jamaican dollar; even lower living standards and even higher unemployment for the poor, on the theory that this would cut inflation; tax breaks for the rich and the multinational corporations, on the assumption that that would increase production. Never mind that such policies stabilized money markets only by destabilizing nations. The economic bureaucrats in Washington had the money; Jamaica could take the IMF's terms, or leave them.

In January, 1977, following the IMF ultimatum, Manley did what any leader of an independent nation legitimately might be expected to do. He rejected the IMF's terms, and like Nasser after Dulles refused to build the Aswan Dam, the prime minister of Jamaica went shopping, or, more accurately speaking, put himself up for sale. But the 1970s are not the 1960s, and the Caribbean, for all the strategic alarms it sometimes still provokes, remains what it has been since the seventeenth century—a balkanized backwater. The Russians, already enjoying the geopolitical privilege of subsidizing one Caribbean island at the rate of \$1 billion a year, offered the Jamaicans less money, on more stringent terms, than the IMF. The OPEC nations expressed gratification at Jamaica's newfound solidarity with their struggle for a new international economic order; they added that their petrol prices would remain the same. In Africa, in nations even poorer than his own, Manley was welcomed as a Third World brother. The Chinese were generous with lectures on the dangers of fake revolution, Allende style. Fidel Castro, owing Moscow \$9 billion himself, could offer Jamaica no hard currencies, but at least he delivered himself. Not since Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, many years earlier, had stopped over in Kingston, and the Rastafarians—sure the hour of the deliverance to the African Zion was at hand—had gathered by the hundreds of thousands at Palisadoes airport, did the advent of a foreign leader arouse such expectations.

As a diplomatic reception, Castro sought out the American Ambassador and cordially shook his hand. In pri-

vate, he informed the Jamaicans they to "live with capitalism a longer." And then he flew away, the Fabian socialists of the National Party where the Emperor of Ethiopia earlier had left those to worship him as a god in the Kingston slums. Meanwhile, in Washington, *realpolitik* and dirty tricks were out of fashion; Jimmy Carter and his human-rights crusade were in. The IMF terms had not changed, but now Andrew Young would administer them, in a sugar pill.

The result is that while two or three years ago Jamaica was a land that scared tourists and foreign investors, today it is a country whose prospects alarm its own people. Rosalynn Carter's arriving in Kingston has not stopped half the professional class from leaving—and provided they arrive at Kennedy Airport with skills and cash, our new, nonracist immigration policy welcomes them in. A check for \$30 million from the IMF has not stopped more than \$300 million from being smuggled out of Jamaica, nor have the smiles from Washington filled the stomachs of the poor. Five percent of the population still controls 90 percent of Jamaica's wealth, but there is no evidence that, under the IMF's new conditions, it is being used any less unproductively than before. There are changes: Jamaicans no longer simply hustle tourists, they now beg from each other. There always has been poverty here, but now there is hunger, too. The solution: Cut the labor force more, the international experts advise; import American machines to make your sugar crop more competitive. Curry at the kind of roadside stands poor Jamaicans frequent now costs as much as it does in a New York restaurant. This is an island whose people no longer can afford razor blades, meat, 60-watt bulbs, bicycle tires, and batteries for their transistor radios.

If the bad news is that Jamaica has tried to act out its illusion of economic independence, and failed, the good news is that as a result the island once again has become a fun place for foreign tourists. Under "democratic socialism" Jamaica has not altered the relationship between one class and another; it nonetheless has developed an exciting new tourist strategy. All along, the main problem for the Jamaican tourist industry has been that Jamaica

is not a beach, but a country of more than 2 million people; that places like Montego Bay are not outposts of Paradise, but cities where real people live. Under Jamaica's new policy, the emphasis is no longer on the all-purpose resort, with hotels being built where most Jamaicans live and try to work. Instead, the new tourist attractions are located as far away as possible from the life of Jamaica itself, and each caters to the appetites of a special kind of tourist—swinging singles, liberated couples, the super-rich, widows.

From Montego Bay I drove fifty miles to Negril, on the western tip of the island, as far removed from Kingston as one can get in Jamaica. The theme of the government-owned resort here, called Negril Beach Village, is "Hedonism," and for less than \$500 a week, single occupancy, one can inhabit a kind of Disneyland for the singles-bar crowd. There are scuba-diving lessons in the morning, and est sessions on a tropical atoll. One can dress up like a pirate for a cruise on a frigate. By mid-afternoon the discotheque beneath the swimming pool has reached a pitch of frenzy that Studio 54 does not achieve until four A.M. In the evening, male guests compete in a wet bikini contest. The prize is a large banana, presented by a Jamaican entertainer in a gold lamé dress, but what draws the young crowd here, from as far away as Illinois and Stuttgart, is the nude beach, off limits to Jamaicans. Nude volleyball begins at midnight; by dawn the couples are still intertwined in the garden. One evening, finding the staff had been instructed not to play reggae music, I strolled past the buffet tables full of lobster and free Calico Jack, out onto the main road where the poor of the countryside come to catch and eat the great land crabs that abound here the way squirrels do in New York's Central Park.

At the reggae bar a few miles down the road I asked the Jamaican who offered to sell me cocaine what his ambition was. His hair was braided in the Rastafarian manner; he was dressed in blue jeans he said a tourist had given him. "To get out of here," he replied. "Go someplace good, like Brooklyn. Nostrand Avenue. Eastern Parkway. I can see myself there." Was I familiar, he wanted to know, with the IRT? At night in Negril, when one

swims out as far as one can into the Caribbean, one's body excites the phosphorescence of a million microorganisms; they glow like stars, and the water seems to merge with the Milky Way. Two hundred yards out in the soft, warm current, the sound of the disco music from the hotel is still louder than the waves. It can be heard in the little plantation hamlets for miles around.

IT IS THE COMPLAINT of the international economists, and of the foreign experts in Third World development, that the Jamaican is scornful of tilling the soil. Even in small places like Lucea and Savanna-Mar it is true that wherever Jamaicans live together, one finds the dynamics of a town, not the processes of a village. At almost every crossroads, it seems, a woman has opened a beauty parlor; a man with a Bible has started a church. There is a rum shop and a radio repair shop. Children sell used flashlights while young men take apart old cars and put them back together again. Here, on an island where even the telephone poles seem to take root and grow fruit, food imports make one of the larger contributions to the balance-of-payments deficit. From Negril I flew in a light plane across the island back to Kingston, and saw at a few thousand feet what is not apparent from a jet, nor from the ground: how empty this overcrowded island is. True, the interior is mountainous, most of the shoreline rocky or swampy—not lined with beaches as one might infer from the tourist ads—but no more so than the islands of the East Indies, on the other side of the world, where the climate is identical, the economy similar, the colonial background somewhat the same—and everywhere the land reveals its long productive relationship with man.

Looking down on the empty forests, one remembers that this island is a homeland no one ever chose. Columbus, searching for Cipango in 1494, found Jamaica instead. By the seventeenth century, Jamaica's only real "natives," the gentle and peaceful Arawak Indians, were all dead. Almost every Jamaican today is the descendant of those who did not want to come here: of African slaves, indentured Chinese and Indian coolies, impressed

British sailors who jumped ship or fled here to escape their debts. In countries like Indonesia and the Philippines, the poor have a friendship with the land, but the whole history of Jamaica, from the slave revolts to the current efforts at industrialization, is a history of the struggle to escape the land, to emancipate oneself from the plantation.

Today there are about 4 million Jamaicans in the world, and for all but a small proportion of them, that mountainous countryside of sugar and tropical fruits, of life centered on the white man's fields, the Chinese shop, the Indian moneylender, and the Low Anglican church, is a life they have put behind them forever. A million or more Jamaicans live in the United States, mostly in the New York City and Miami areas. A similar number are in Britain, Canada, and other Commonwealth countries, and today a million more Jamaicans—about half the island's population—have wedged themselves into a dry, low-lying, and infertile pocket of land centering on Kingston. They live there with their backs to the land, looking out to Africa, Britain, America. No tourists come to Kingston, but here the discotheques, with names like Epiphany and 001, are more crowded than those in Montego Bay. At night the German and American-theme restaurants in St. Andrew are packed, and Jamaicans crowd drive-in restaurants with names like Trafalgar Square. The tourists come to Jamaica to act out some illusion of Paradise; for Jamaicans the thing is to pretend you are in London or New York. In both the interior of the island and in Kingston one is reminded of that cold sadness Conrad saw pervading even the most exuberant tropical lands. For some Jamaica is a vacation, for others an exercise in economics, or a Caribbean domino, or a test case for a certain foreign policy: a nation all too few people, Jamaican or foreign, love for itself.

The rival gangs of West Kingston negotiated a peace treaty last year, so the city—which is structured like an American one, with clumps of skyscrapers ringed by slums and daily traffic jams leading to and from cool suburbs in the hills—is no longer a place of random terror, in spite of the recent disturbances. What Kingston remains, even more than a city of music,

is a city of words. Like the Indians and the Americans, the Jamaicans, who are also an incorrigibly democratic people, value words for their own sake. On Jamaican radio the political call-in shows are the most popular, and when *The Gleaner*, the island's largest newspaper, recently sold stock, it was snapped up—in this country, where there is no money for salt fish and gasoline—in lots of \$50 in a matter of weeks. So being in Kingston is a little like being in Washington or New Delhi. The city trades on words, and they acquire a currency of their own. One does not hear the names of Henry Kissinger or Fidel Castro mentioned just at diplomatic cocktail parties; they are discussed in the little market stalls surrounding Victoria Park. Will Jamaica stay with the West, or veer to the Left? Do you detest Manley's economics, people ask each other, or fear Seaga's connections with the CIA more? Hardly a day goes by that the newspapers do not prove their own editorials wrong, by freely publishing the most lurid accounts of the death of freedom of the press; hardly a week when the prime minister must not make his excuses to a hostile crowd accusing him of cruelly stifling open dissent. The rich complain about the high cost of cars, the poor about the price of cloth. But everyone in Kingston seems to have the price of a ticket to a concert, theater, or ballet, whether in an air-conditioned auditorium or a sweaty hall. In Trenchtown the poor debate politics in loud voices on street corners; in New Kingston the professionals attend a political cabaret. Nowhere has one that sense, so frequent in the rest of the Caribbean, of being watched.

BOTH TO FOREIGNERS and to Jamaicans, all that is indigenous about Jamaica is epitomized by Rastafara—its music, its philosophy, its style of dress. This leads to much talk in Kingston about just what Rastafarians are. Some are gangs of hoods. Some Rastafarian temples are really temples to music, some of the most original in the world. Some Rastafarians are pious people, doing work without notice among the poorest of Kingston's poor. But what all Rastafarians share is the belief that all this—the slums and the luxury hotels;

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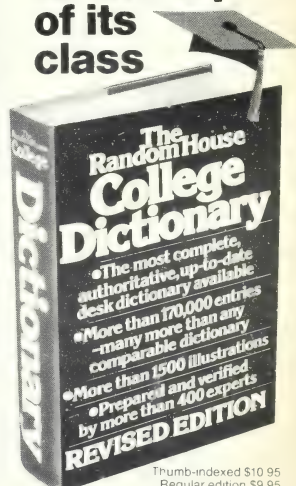
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of oil and the value of the dollar; the Cuban model and the American model; the People's National Party and the Jamaica Labor Party cannot go on forever. Tomorrow when he awakes, or fifty years from now just before he dies, the Rastafarian will be emancipated from the whole, long, funny, horrible historical mistake that began when his great-great-great-grandfather strayed too close to the white man's ship. He will be wafted back to Mount Zion in Africa. There, in the company of saints like Marcus Garvey and Haile Selassie, he will become his real self again. "Jamaica," Brother Sam Clayton, for whom Rastafara is feeding slum children and teaching them to read, told me, "is only our home away from home."

This is a country where the national instrument is the electric guitar and the basic cultural sound comes out of an American amplifier. Bob Marley, quintessential Jamaican, lives in London, and on visits to Kingston he is received like Castro or Andrew Young. Like the Jamaican doctors lining up for immigrant visas at the American embassy, like the radicals back from study tours of Cuba, like the waiters and bar girls in their fashions copied from foreign magazines, the Rastafarian is a Jamaican who does not want to be one.

But Haile Selassie, no more than Harold Laski, cannot give a Jamaican a job, and not long ago, when the American Ambassador in Kingston visited a temple of Rastafara to encourage it in its good works, one of the faithful gave him a Bible. Inside was a U.S. visa application. A popular political joke in Jamaica concerns the mystical day when, at last, every Jamaican has his fondest wish fulfilled. Five airplanes of infinite capacity have landed at the airport, ready to fly each and every Jamaican away to the land of his dreams. One plane is labeled *Africa*, another *Miami*. The third is called *Moscow*, the last two *New York* and *Havana*. At the appointed hour, everyone troops into the aircraft of his choice. Two of the flights, the story concludes, went uneventfully, but the planes bound for Havana, Africa, and Moscow were all hijacked to America.

On my last night in Kingston, before flying out on a plane full of Jamaicans going to New York to stay,

I attended one of those glittering occasions of Creole society. Like the country people marching barefoot to church in their Sunday best, this occasion had much charm and a little sadness. The tables were covered with white damask and bright silver and banked with flowers. Waiters in white coats served dishes redolent with tropical spice. There were French windows giving onto a trellised balcony full of perfumed air. The women, a dozen shades of coffee and white and black, wore a dozen shades of silk and chiffon. Only the foreigners drank rum, and the men all wore dinner jackets or Mao suits, elegantly cut in tropical-weight cloth. But whatever their politics, they were all related, by blood or money, this cultivated and charming West Indian patriciate. Their features spoke of faraway lands—China, Africa, India, Wales. But their names and accents might have come, all of them, from the same Thackeray novel.

They had gathered to say good-bye to a man with an African face and a European doctorate, named Melbourne, who was going to work for a bank in America. He was one of the country's foremost economists. All the magnates were there; the minister of finance was there. As port was passed to the left, the after-dinner speakers emphasized how much Melbourne would be missed, in the course of this temporary assignment; how much his nation needed him, how it would welcome him back when his work in America was done. Jamaica was not losing a civil servant, it was gaining an ambassador to the world of international finance. The assumption that the man would never return was unspoken, until he spoke: It was absurd, he suggested, in a jovial, postprandial way intended to make diplomatic the brunt of what he had to say, for a few people to sit on a small island talking about national sovereignty in an age like this one, when corporate vice-presidents have larger budgets than ministers of finance, the Mafia better-equipped armed forces. Everywhere microstates were being overwhelmed by macroeconomics. One no more could pretend that America was just another foreign country than Finland could imagine that the Soviet Union did not exist. In a world drunk on the politics of nationalism, the multinationals and Common Markets and the flow of money and people

across sovereign frontiers were economic facts no one could stop. The Russians were building Pepsi factories, the Chinese buying computers. The world had to be taken as it was, not as one imagined it should be: Why, even Cuba was building eighty-five resort hotels on its northern shore.

Jamaica, for all the talk of "democratic socialism" and dreams of Zion, remains a way station, where sojourners find themselves for a while. It always has been like that in the Caribbean. When the traffic in slaves was profitable, and Europe's need for rum and pepper and cane sugar acute, whole peoples were uprooted, brought across an ocean to form the colonial plantations we now expect to act as nation-states. Today the region is doing what it has been doing since Europe discovered the sugar beet and refrigeration, since the Industrial Revolution suddenly made slavery, that most labor-intensive of all economic systems, a heinous offense. Because of vast changes elsewhere, over which islands like Jamaica have no control, today another kind of society is being uprooted. The rich and clever flee, while those who remain go deeper and deeper into debt.

In the Caribbean the politics of this process really does not matter, in the sense that politics cannot reverse its flow. Cuba has its debts to Moscow, Martinique its bills to pay to the French. We, too, helped Castro build socialism on one island by taking his middle class; and while the IMF totes up the bills and Jimmy Carter expresses gratification that there are human rights in Jamaica, the larger fact is that the slums of Kingston and the villages around Negril are today no further from downtown America than the hamlets of Mississippi and South Carolina were from Harlem and Chicago in 1910. We dictate fiscal terms to their treasury while their doctors and scullery maids remake our cities. Our tourists, seeking escape, bring dreams of Forty-second Street to the plantation; to the extent that our policies influence it, we bring the Third World within our own doors. The illusion of independence was the same illusion in the Kennedy rhetoric: that we, and they, could choose. The truth is that we loom too large and rich, and they are much too poor, and near, for that.

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DR. KISSINGER GOES TO WAR

by William Shawcross

Among some American strategists and those with only a passing interest in the news, disruptions in Iran, China, Taiwan, Turkey, and Afghanistan have provoked anxiety about the decline of the American presence in the world. President Carter's critics condemn him for lack of leadership, and more than a few of these people speak wistfully of *realpolitik* and the worldly days of the early 1970s. If only Nixon and Kissinger were still around, so the talk usually runs, they could get on the phone to Brezhnev and resolve the difficulties in Indochina and the Middle East. This is nonsense, William Shawcross makes clear in a book about Cambodia that Simon and Schuster is publishing this month; for *Sideshow: Kissinger, Nixon, and the Destruction of Cambodia* describes the American participation in the destruction of that country, but it is also an exemplary tale about the delusion of *realpolitik*.

The sequences from the book that appear in these pages suggest that the Nixon Administration's theory and practice of *realpolitik* was concentrated in Washington. Nixon and Kissinger manipulated the press, made secret alliances within the bureaucracy, eliminated rivals from policy deliberation, and displayed a fondness for cunning normally attributed to Machiavelli's prince. Unfortunately, the demands of Washington politics often left little time for the rest of the world. When all decisions had to be made in the White House, there was little time for considering fully any one of them. Both Kissinger and Nixon loved the big picture—the balance of power, negotiations from a position of strength. They were less interested in the specific national imperatives of the small countries with which they dealt. The impression, sustained by the front page of the *New York Times* or the television cameras traveling with the Presidential party, was that finally the United States was in the hands of diplomatic strongmen. To read the encomiums in the newspaper, they could negotiate an arms limitation at lunch in the Kremlin and a trade agreement at dinner with the Germans.

To be sure, there were always crises—in the Mediterranean or the Orient—but they often seemed to be resolved by a meeting of foreign ministers or, if urgent, a summit conference. Nixon and Kissinger excelled at these meetings.

One gambit on which Nixon often relied was what he called his Madman Theory of war. Not the first to confuse himself with the state, Nixon believed that if other leaders

This excerpt is from The Sideshow: Nixon, Kissinger, and the Destruction of Cambodia, by William Shawcross. Copyright © by William Shawcross 1979.

thought him irrational and capable even of nuclear war, then they would keep their distance and grant the United States concessions. It was a bold, gambling tactic, intended to negate the suspicion that the United States might be nothing more than a "pitiful helpless giant."

Cambodia offered a test laboratory for the Madman Theory. In that unhappy country Nixon decided to prove to the unenlightened that he was capable of doing anything to get what he wanted. As Shawcross makes plain, Nixon, Kissinger, and the others who planned the secret bombing in 1969 and the invasion in 1970 could conduct their experiment only if Cambodia ceased to exist as a real place and became simply a square on the strategic maps. Nonetheless, in Washington at least, the Madman Theory was a success. Nixon managed to terrify the bureaucracy and thus prove to Congress, to the State and Defense Departments, and to local media establishments that he controlled foreign policy. For Kissinger as well, the Cambodia adventure proved useful. By showing his support for Nixon, he gained the bureaucratic advantage over such less-zealous aides as Secretaries Rogers and Laird. But at the same time Shawcross describes how the White House's policy toward Cambodia widened the war in Indochina and achieved little in our relations with the Soviet Union and China. No resources were secured, no vital alliances were reaffirmed, nor was America's reputation as a stable, responsible power done anything but harm. For this a country was destroyed.

—The editors

The use of threats in international affairs is not novel. For Nixon and Kissinger, however, it had a special purpose. Each believed in the value of unpredictability, of appearing "irrational" to one's enemy. Nixon publicly declared that "the real possibility of irrational U.S. action is essential to the U.S.-Soviet relationship." Privately he was more explicit. H. R. Haldeman records that in 1969 Nixon explained to him that "the threat was the key, . . . Nixon coined a phrase for his theory which I'm sure will bring smiles of delight to Nixon haters everywhere. . . . He said, 'I call it the Madman Theory, Bob. I want the North Vietnamese to believe I've reached the point where I might do anything to stop the war. We'll just slip the word to them that "for God's sake, you know Nixon is obsessed about Communism. We can't restrain him when he's angry—and he has his hand on the nuclear button"—and Ho Chi Minh himself will be in Paris in two days begging for peace.'"



THE PERSONAL and intellectual inclinations of Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger probably had a greater impact on the policy-making process than those of their immediate predecessors because they strove more vigorously to subordinate the bureaucracy's perceptions and interests. To a large extent they succeeded, and the manner in which they did so is of crucial importance. Most credit must go to Kissinger;

from early 1969, he built bridges and barricades all across Washington.

The highest barricades were erected against William Rogers and Melvin Laird and the Departments of State and Defense. The principal bridges were to Nixon, to his principal aides, H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman, to carefully chosen leaders of Congress, to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and to a certain section of the press. Of these the most enduring was the one to the press. It was a fine and careful structure, thrown with confidence across the gap that separated the new White House from the liberal denizens of Georgetown in Washington.

When the staff members of the National Security Council and the senior officials in State, Defense, and the CIA returned to their desks after watching the Inauguration on January 20, 1969, each found a stack of memoranda. On top was a four-page paper headed NSDM 1—National Security Decision Memorandum One—and signed by Nixon. They were informed that the President was reorganizing the National Security Council system. The effects of the reorganization were to be critical in many areas of foreign policy, particularly in Cambodia.

The new structure relocated *de facto* and *de jure* power over foreign decision-making. It was the work of Kissinger and Morton Halperin, who had known Kissinger at Harvard and had become a critic of the war working in the Pentagon for Robert McNamara and Clark Clifford, Lyndon Johnson's last Secre-

ary of Defense. On paper, the system gave the President real choice of genuine alternatives for policy-making. But even on paper it conferred exceptional powers on the National Security Adviser. Access to the President was through him; it was he who, in the President's name, informed the bureaucracies what they were to examine; his staff sat through the entire development of the studies, and when these reached the Review Group he could either accept them or reject them, or demand changes in whatever had so far been accomplished. Final papers for the President had his covering memo on top of them. Subsequently, many more NSC committees were created to coordinate different aspects of foreign policy; Kissinger was made their chairman.

Halperin finished the draft of that first memo before Christmas, 1968, and Kissinger gave it, without telling him, to another new aide, Lawrence S. Eagleburger. Eagleburger's reaction was, "Whatever happened to the Secretary of State?" The way in which Kissinger then managed, in very few days, to have the plan accepted by Nixon reflects considerable bureaucratic skill, even at a time when he was still uncertain of his relationship with his employer.

Among the members of the transition team at the Hotel Pierre in New York City was General Andrew Goodpaster, Eisenhower's staff assistant during World War II, and then defense liaison officer and staff secretary in his White House. Nixon had liked him in the Fifties, and in 1968 he asked him to advise on how the NSC should be reformed. Kissinger, who apparently did not relish the prospect of Nixon's hiring such an independent figure as Goodpaster as his military adviser, handed the Halperin memo to the general for his advice. The general had none. Probably unconscious of how useful he was being, he gave the scheme his imprimatur. When Kissinger sent the memo to Nixon he attached a cover note: "The attached memo outlines my ideas for organizing the NSC and my own staff. It is based on extensive conversations with a number of people—particularly General Goodpaster, who agrees with my recommendations. I apologize for its length, but the decisions you make on the issues raised here will have an important effect on how we function in the field of foreign affairs in the years ahead. I thought, therefore, that it would be best for you to have as full a description as possible of what General Goodpaster and I have in mind."

Kissinger devised the National Security Study Memoranda process, but few of the most important decisions that he and Nixon made

were subjected to it. There were no NSSMs to discuss whether Cambodia should be bombed or invaded, whether President Salvador Allende's Chilean government should be subverted, whether Kissinger should conduct secret talks with the North Vietnamese, or to plan his first flight to China. Indeed many of those policies that are most characteristic of the Nixon Administration's record in foreign policy were subjected to no formal debate at all.

"Kissinger never forced an issue; he deferred to Nixon's soliloquies and reminiscences while gently inserting his views and positions."

Building bridges



THE BRIDGE TO THE PRESS served Kissinger best and longest, but more crucial was the one to Nixon. The precise nature of their personal and intellectual collaboration is unclear. Which of them conceived strategy and which tactics, who first suggested the trip to China, who formulated the "Nixon Doctrine" for the defense and self-defense of Asia, who insisted on extensive covert use of the CIA to subvert and destroy foreign politicians they considered hostile to their cause—these questions have not in all cases been answered. The uncertainty lies in part in the ambiguous way in which they have treated each other publicly. The mutual praise of the early years of euphoria gave way after 1974 to a tendency by each to deprecate the other's accomplishments.



SUTER

In January, 1969, Kissinger's access to Nixon was dependent upon H. R. Haldeman and, to a lesser extent, on John Ehrlichman. Each had served Nixon loyally for years, and each regarded Kissinger with the suspicion due a man who had so quickly somersaulted from public contempt for their mentor into a position of privilege. It is a tribute to Kissinger's charm and willingness to adapt himself to their mores that he quickly won their confidence, and was therefore able to spend more and more time with a President whose attitudes and concerns he understood very well.

Nixon hated to be rushed. Any official who came into the Oval Office with the request that the President make a decision, there and then, rarely passed Haldeman again. Kissinger knew that Nixon's enjoyment of foreign policy stemmed in part from the fact that it enabled him to ramble around the world every day of the week. In the first months of 1969 their morning meetings were like seminars in which each saw himself as the teacher. Kissinger never forced an issue; he deferred to Nixon's soliloquies and reminiscences while gently inserting his views and positions.

In front of the President or with Haldeman and Ehrlichman, Kissinger's deference to Nixon was often obsequious. William Safire, a Nixon speechwriter, excused this, because "he was the newcomer to the group, had never called Nixon by his first name or been made to feel needed by a man struggling to come back." The habit endured after the group accepted him. But in the privacy of his own office Kissinger often denigrated the President. He would gossip about Nixon's instability, his loneliness, and his "meatball mind," and he encouraged his aides to listen in on Nixon's rambling phone calls. Some of Kissinger's staff found the President puzzling. The comments that he scribbled on interoffice memoranda were of uneven quality. The authors of *The Final Days* have noted occasions when he wrote, "This man is a goddamn fool" or "Bomb them" on memos, and when he ticked off all three mutually exclusive options offered him.

Kissinger realized that to control the National Security Council he needed the help of a competent manager for the office. The man he took on, Colonel Alexander Haig, later played a large part in determining the conduct of the war in Cambodia. Haig was a West Point man, forty-five years old, had served Douglas MacArthur in Korea, and had done a tour in Vietnam on Search-and-Destroy operations. Most of his career had been in the Army bureaucracy, where he had often been a "horseholder," an aide to a senior official. After

working for both Robert McNamara and Cyrus Vance in the Pentagon he became Deputy Commander of West Point, where he had insisted that the cadets march with their finger cocked at the second knuckle, their thumb pointed straight at the ground, their elbow locked. He was quoted as explaining, "If the can get that hand straight, that elbow stiff then all the rest of it falls into place. Ever directive becomes second nature. It's my way of putting a signature on a unit."

Haig had at first no policy responsibilities on the NSC; but, as industrious as he was efficient, he gradually became indispensable to Kissinger. "Stalin to Henry's Lenin," one aide suggested unkindly. He was one of the few people who were able to withstand the abuse and the complex demands Kissinger would extend; within a few months he had started his rise to a prominent policy position on the staff. But even Haig sometimes came out of Kissinger's office gritting his teeth and clenching his fists.

Occasionally Haig would gossip with other members of the staff about the madness of the two men for whom they all worked, but he bristled at anything he saw as weakness toward the war. His attitude toward Indochina was that of a narrow soldier; he considered Kissinger often too soft on the enemy. Haig believed in his Commander in Chief, right or wrong, and his loyalty to the Army was such that Kissinger used to joke, "I'm going to call the Pentagon to ask them to release you for a day's work on my staff," or "There's no point in your coming, Al, the Army doesn't have anything at stake in this meeting."

Kissinger did not consolidate his control over foreign policy until the invasion of Cambodia. But it became clear through 1969 that much of the new National Security Council structure, which itself greatly favored his own position, was to be cosmetic. It did have important functions. In the first four months of 1969 about fifty-five National Security Study Memoranda were issued, and the bureaucracies became buried in paperwork. At the same time, power was removed elsewhere. After the North Koreans shot down the EC-121 spy plane (an event to which Kissinger, unlike Laird wanted to respond with force), a special crisis committee, the Washington Special Action Group, was set up. Kissinger chaired it. The other NSC groups that he ran included the Verification Panel, which directed arms-control strategy; the Vietnam Special Studies Groups, which monitored the conduct of the war; the Defense Program Review Committee, which oversaw the Pentagon's budget; and the 40 Committee, which was to plan all foreign

covert intelligence activities (such as the successful campaign to destroy Allende).

The art of flattery



LONG AFTER Nixon's taping system was discovered, it was revealed that Kissinger recorded his own telephone calls as a matter of course. Robert Keatley, the *Wall Street Journal's* diplomatic correspondent, obtained the transcripts of one series of calls that Kissinger had made in March, 1976, eighteen months after Nixon resigned from office. They referred to a report that Nixon had just written for President Ford on his recent trip to China, and they serve to illustrate the extraordinary relationship that existed between the former President and his principal adviser.

In one call, Kissinger was talking to Nixon himself and, in another, to the then-Vice-President, Nelson Rockefeller.

"Mr. President," the Secretary began in the first call, "I wanted you to know I have read the report and I find it very fascinating."

"As I said, there is a lot of things that are repetitive," Nixon replied.

"But that too is interesting. The fact there's repetition is interesting," Kissinger said.

"... I'm not sure that maybe some of your other people saw it, but you could see the subtlety of the analysis I was making."

"I thought you were very, very clever."

Nixon recounted what he had told the Chinese about Taiwan.

"I thought you were very, very good on this," Kissinger replied.

Nixon mentioned his discussion on SALT. Kissinger responded, "I thought that was very clever."

A short time later Kissinger was on the telephone to Nelson Rockefeller, for whom he had once worked.

"... I have read the Nixon report on his trip now," Kissinger said to his patron. "He is such an egomaniac. All he wrote was—"

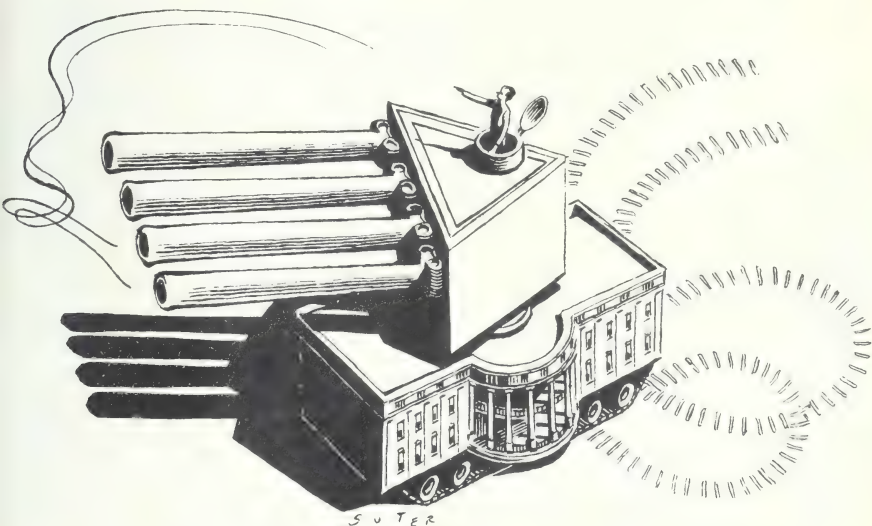
"—his memoirs," Rockefeller interjected.

"Just what he said. Nothing what the Chinese said. Practically nothing. A fascinating account of himself," Kissinger agreed.

"I love it . . .," the Vice-President responded.

Kissinger's remarkable career has frequently been described since he came to general attention in 1969: a Bavarian-Jewish childhood, flight from the Nazis at age fifteen, escape from the Bronx into Army Counterintelligence during World War II, return to Germany to administer a district in Hesse, Gov-

"Kissinger was often contemptuous of individual journalists—he regaled his staff with accounts of their ignorance and their willingness to have information spoon-fed to them. . . ."



ernment School at Harvard, academic success, and control of the Harvard International Seminar, at which young highfliers from around the world debated. Denied tenure at Harvard, he moved to two other citadels of the Establishment, the Council on Foreign Relations and the Rockefeller Brothers Fund. He gained academic respectability with an interesting and revealing work on Metternich and Castlereagh, and unexpected fame with a treatise that rejected the Dulles doctrine of "massive retaliation" in favor of "limited nuclear war." Another book, more work for Rockefeller, a short unhappy stint on McGeorge Bundy's National Security Council, back to Harvard, adviser to Rockefeller in the 1964 Republican campaign, a fourth book, on the Atlantic Alliance, then off with Rockefeller again on the 1968 Presidential campaign—and an invitation from President-elect Richard Nixon to become his National Security Adviser.

Even those whom Kissinger had been most critical of and had sought—at least in his writings—to displace were delighted by his appointment. In Wall Street, in big law firms, in academe, and in the press, his selection was praised, most especially by those who had been apprehensive about Nixon. Did Kissinger's appointment not prove that there was "a new Nixon"? "Excellent . . . very encouraging," Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., said. "I'll sleep better with Henry Kissinger in Washington," Adam Yarmolinsky said. The Establishment was relieved, wrote Henry Brandon, of the *Sunday Times* of London. ("Establishment relief" was what Brandon again praised in 1976, when another outsider, Jimmy Carter, chose Cyrus Vance as Secretary of State.) James Reston, of the *New York Times*, wrote that it was "significant that Kissinger has the respect of most of the foreign-policy experts who have served the last three Presidents."

Behind their backs, Kissinger was often contemptuous of individual journalists—he regaled his staff with accounts of their ignorance and their willingness to have information spoon-fed to them—but to their faces he was delightful, and he had a highly developed way of persuading each one, whatever his views, that he respected him enormously and agreed with him. Few reporters were able to resist the flattery of the discreet murmur, "I wouldn't trust this information with anyone else but . . ."; or the unexpected phone call, "I would like you alone to know that . . ." Each was convinced that he and Kissinger had a special relationship. Joseph Kraft (who was wiretapped by Ehrlichman) said later, "He would always deal with me as though I was responsible and all the rest of the colleagues

in the press were irresponsible." Henry Brandon said: "Henry used to tell me that I was the one correspondent in this town that he doesn't try to manipulate." Kissinger had Brandon wiretapped.

The Madman Theory of War



S NIGHT FELL over Indochina, day of March 18, 1969, was beginning in Washington. In his basement office in the White House, Kissinger was discussing a point of policy with Morton Halperin, the young political scientist who had worked in the Pentagon during the previous Administration and was now Kissinger's assistant for planning.

As the two men were talking, Colonel Haig came into the room and handed Kissinger a paper. As he read it, Halperin noticed, Kissinger smiled. He turned to Halperin and said that the United States had bombed a base in Cambodia and the first bomb-damage assessment showed that the attack had set off many secondary explosions. What did Halperin think of that? Halperin, who knew nothing of "Breakfast"—the code name for the Cambodian bombing—made a noncommittal answer. Kissinger told him that he was placing great trust in him and he must respect the confidence; almost no one else knew about the attack and no one else must know.

In a February 9 cable, General Creighton Abrams, commander of U.S. Forces in Vietnam from 1968 to 1973, had asked for a single attack to destroy COSVN headquarters (North Vietnam's Central Office for South Vietnam). But once the decision had been made in principle that Communist violations of Cambodia's neutrality justified aggressive reciprocal action, it was not difficult to repeat the performance. The first mission had not been discovered by the press, nor had Cambodia protested. Indeed, it would now have been hard for the White House to insist on only one attack: Base Area 353 was, according to Abrams's headquarters, the Military Assistance Command, Vietnam, only one of fifteen Communist sanctuaries.

Over the next fourteen months 3,630 B-52 raids were flown against suspected Communist bases along different areas of Cambodia's border. Breakfast was followed by "Lunch," Lunch by "Snack," Snack by "Dinner," Dinner by "Dessert," Dessert by "Supper," as the program expanded to cover one "sanctuary" after another. Collectively, the operation was known as "Menu."

Many of the B-52s used in Indochina were



ased at Anderson Air Force Base in Guam. Before takeoff, the crews of the B-52s were always briefed on the location of their targets in South Vietnam. On March 18, after Wheeler's "Execute Operation Breakfast" order was received, the pilots and navigators of the planes to be diverted were taken aside by their commanding officer and told to expect the ground controllers in Vietnam to give them the coordinates of new targets—they would be bombing Cambodia.

That evening the heavily laden planes rumbled off the long runway, rose slowly over the Russian tawlers, which almost always seemed to be on station just off the island, and climbed to 30,000 feet for the monotonous five-hour cruise to Indochina. There was little for the six-man crew to do—except watch for storm clouds over the Philippines and refuel in mid-air—until they were above the South China Sea approaching the dark line of the Vietnamese coast.

At this point they entered the war zone and came under control of the ground radar sites in South Vietnam. A ground radar controller gave the navigator the coordinates of the final bomb run. Then the controller watched on his radar screen as the planes, in cells of three, approached the target; as they did so he counted down the bombardiers with the words "Five—four—three—two—one—*hack*."

Twenty times that night the ground controllers, sitting in their air-conditioned "hoochboxes" in South Vietnam, cans of Coke or 7-Up by their elbows, called out *hack*. Sixty long strings of bombs spread through the dark and fell to the earth faster than the speed of sound. Each planeload dropped into an area, or "box," about half a mile wide by two miles long, and as each bomb fell it threw up a fountain of earth, trees, and bodies, until the air above the targets was thick with dust and debris, and the ground itself flashed with explosions and fire. For the first time in the war, so far as is known, forty-eight such boxes were stamped upon neutral Cambodia by the express order of the President.

Because of Nixon's repeated insistence on total secrecy, few senior officials were told about Menu. The Secretary of the Air Force, Dr. Robert J. Seamans, was kept in ignorance; since he is not in the chain of command, this was not illegal, but General Earle G. Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, later said that, if necessary, he would have lied to Seamans and denied that the raids were taking place. The Chief of Staff of the Air Force, General John Ryan, was not informed; nor were the Cambodian desk officers on Abrams's intelligence arm in Saigon, the Office of Stra-

tegic Research and Analysis. None of the Congressional committees, whose duty it is to recommend appropriations and thus enable the Congress to fulfill its constitutional function of authorizing and funding war, was notified that the President had decided to carry war into a third country, whose neutrality the United States professed to respect. Instead, only a few sympathetic members of Congress, who had no constitutional authority to approve this extension of war, were quietly informed.

But if Congress and the public were easily kept in ignorance, the official record-keeping system required more sophisticated treatment. The Pentagon's computers demanded, for purposes of logistics, a complete record of hours flown, fuel expended, ordnance dropped, spare parts procured. In response to Nixon's demands for total and unassailable secrecy, the military devised an ingenious system that the Joint Chiefs liked to describe as "dual reporting."

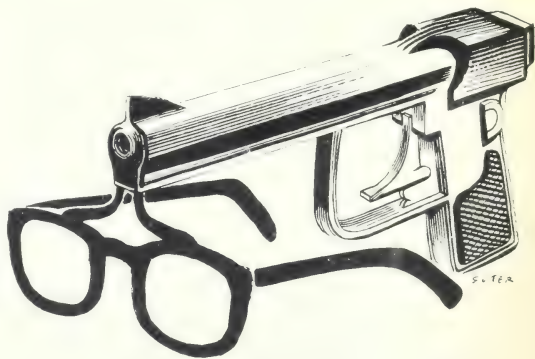
The raids spread the fighting out from the border areas, where it had been contained, and diminished the main claim that Prince Norodon Sihanouk still had to legitimacy—that he had kept his country out of Vietnam's conflict. The "Madman Theory of War" was being put into practice.

"... as each bomb fell it threw up a fountain of earth, trees, and bodies, until the air above the targets was thick with dust and debris, and the ground itself flashed with explosions and fire."

Realpolitik at work



ILLIAM BEECHER, Pentagon correspondent for the *New York Times*, was a diligent reporter. After Nixon's election victory in November, 1968, Beecher asked his contacts in the Department of Defense how they would advise the



William
cross
INGER
TO WAR

new President to extricate American troops from Vietnam. He was told that one possible way of "buying time" would be to bomb the sanctuaries. Beecher noted this hypothesis and by April, 1969, began to suspect that it was being carried out. The Pentagon was reporting its bombing strikes in South Vietnam near the Cambodian border, but he knew that no targets were there. And, despite the special "security precautions," information began to leak almost at once. On March 26, one week after the Breakfast mission, the *New York Times* reported briefly but accurately that Abrams had requested B-52 strikes against the sanctuaries. Ronald Ziegler, the White House press secretary, was quoted as giving a "qualified denial" to the reports. "He said that to his knowledge no request had reached the President's desk." Four years later, this same account was to cause at least a short-lived uproar and spark demands for impeachment, but at the time it had little obvious effect. There was no press follow-up, and no members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the Senate Armed Services Committee, or the Appropriations committees voiced concern. In Key Biscayne, however, where Nixon and Kissinger and their staffs were working on the first of Nixon's major Vietnam speeches, the article provoked reactions that verged on hysteria.

After reading the story with Nixon, Kissinger spent much of his morning on the telephone with FBI director J. Edgar Hoover. According to Hoover's memoranda of the conversations, Kissinger asked him in his first call at 10:35 A.M. to make "a major effort to find out where [the story] came from."

That afternoon in Florida relaxing by the swimming pool with other members of the National Security Council staff, Kissinger invited Halperin to walk with him down the beach. Strolling along the sand, Kissinger told him of the great concern he felt over the Beecher leak. Halperin knew Kissinger well; they had been together at Harvard. He recalls that Kissinger assured him of his personal trust in him but reminded him that there were others in the Nixon Administration who were suspicious of Halperin's New York and Harvard background and the fact that he had worked in McNamara's Pentagon. It was he who was suspected of leaking to Beecher. Halperin replied that he could not have been the source; after all, it was only by chance (and Kissinger's indiscretion) that he knew anything about the bombing. Kissinger apparently agreed that this was so, but said that he was under great pressure from other members of the Administration and the White House.

Kissinger now proposed an ingenious way

of justifying his confidence in Halperin to the others. So that he could not possibly be held responsible for any future leaks, Kissinger suggested that he be taken off the distribution list for highly classified material. Then, when a leak next occurred, he would be above suspicion and also retroactively cleared.

Halperin did not find the arrangement amusing; he had been dealing with classified materials for years and had never been asked to prove his loyalty. But Kissinger was such an old friend and presented his case with such charm and solicitousness, Halperin recalled that he agreed to the proposal.

Kissinger and Hoover talked once more that day. At 5:05 P.M. the FBI director telephoned to report his progress. To judge by Hoover's memo, it was a bizarre conversation.

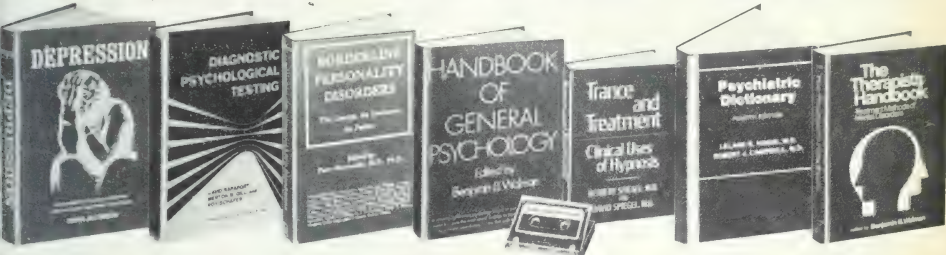
Hoover told Kissinger that Beecher "frequented" the Pentagon press office (hardly a surprising piece of information, in view of the fact that he was a Pentagon correspondent). There were still many pro-Kennedy people in the Pentagon, Hoover remarked, and they all fed Beecher with information on this occasion. But he was convinced that Morton Halperin was the culprit. According to FBI files, Halperin believed the United States had "erred in the Vietnam commitment"; moreover, the Canadian Mounted Police had discovered that he was on the mailing list of a Communist publication, "Problems of Peace and Socialism." Both Halperin and Beecher were members of the "Harvard clique" (as, of course, was Kissinger), and it was clear where the blame must lie. At the end of his memo Hoover noted, in words that resonate down the years, "Dr. Kissinger said he appreciated this very much and he hoped I would follow it up as far as we can take it, and they will destroy whoever did this if we can find him, no matter where he is."

That same afternoon, the FBI placed a wiretap on Halperin's home in Bethesda, a bedroom suburb of Washington. This tap was immediately followed by others. In important, specific detail, these taps infringed the limits of the law. They marked the first of the domestic abuses of power now known as Watergate.*

* After the taps were revealed in 1973, Halperin began a lawsuit against Nixon, Kissinger, Haig, Haldeman, Mitchell, and others for invading his privacy. When a deposition was taken from Kissinger, Halperin was in the room. The lawyers commented on the fact that, although he had professed his "distaste," Kissinger did not apologize to Halperin. The lawyers could not have known that Kissinger had just spoken to Nixon on the telephone. Nixon had referred to Halperin: "He is obviously smart but hung up on this thing. We treated him too well." Kissinger had replied, "Too well. That is the only mistake I made."

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THE WIRETAPS were used as yet another way to isolate Melvin Laird and William Rogers. On May 9, 1969, the day William Beecher broke his story on the secret bombing of Cambodia, Laird was playing golf outside Washington. He was summoned to the telephone; it was Nixon and Kissinger in Key Biscayne. "It was a hell of a go-round," Laird recalls. "They were furious and accused me of leaking the information to prove that secrecy was not important, that Sihanouk didn't care." Laird denied he had done any such thing, but Kissinger did not seem reassured.

Beecher's story was not the first leak to disturb Kissinger and Nixon. On May 10, Kissinger sent Haig over to the FBI with the names of Halperin and three more "suspected leakers." They had been tapped. Two, Helmut Sonnenfeldt and Daniel Davidson, were on the NSC staff. Within weeks Davidson was asked by Haig to leave; his tap had apparently shown that he talked to journalists, but not that he leaked classified information. Davidson was not unduly upset; he, too, was beginning to find Kissinger's methods distasteful.

The third man, Colonel Robert E. Pursley, was an Air Force officer who had worked as a military assistant to Secretaries McNamara, Clark Clifford, and, now, Laird, and he had won the admiration of all three. He was often spoken of as a future chairman of the Joint Chiefs. Laird relied greatly on Pursley and frequently called him at home in the evening to discuss the business of the day. His record suggested that he was highly unlikely to have leaked information. The explanation for tapping him, Laird and Pursley are certain, was to enable Kissinger to know what was in Laird's mind. (Personal animus may also have been involved. Pursley had made his opposition to Menu clear; he had written Laird's periodic questions to the Chiefs; he had been opposed to armed retaliation against North Korea. He and Haig disliked each other.)

The FBI produced transcripts and summaries of the taps, and on May 20, 1969, Kissinger and Haig went over to the office of William C. Sullivan, Hoover's assistant in the FBI, to read them. Sullivan wrote Hoover a memorandum about the meeting that same day; Haig and Kissinger later had "no recollection" of its having taken place. According to Sullivan's memo, "Dr. Kissinger read all the logs. On doing this he said, 'It is clear and I do not have anybody in my office that I can trust except Colonel Haig here.'" Haig submitted two more members of the NSC staff to be tapped. They were Richard Snider and Richard Moose. Moose was the staff secretary

of the NSC. Like Davidson, Moose was already dispirited by the atmosphere in Kissinger's office and was about to go to work for Senator J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. (In that capacity he later undertook several missions to Cambodia and produced pessimistic reports that conflicted with Haig's official enthusiasm and helped turn the Congress against the war. Haig once told Moose that Fulbright was a "traitor.")

Altogether, seventeen people were tapped over a period of eighteen months; they included other members of Kissinger's staff, White House aides, several journalists (some of whom regarded themselves as close confidants of Kissinger), and officials from State and Defense. Apart from Pursley, whose tap was removed and then replaced, probably the most significant was Richard Pedersen, the Counselor at State and one of William Rogers's principal aides. The full story of the wiretap program is still unknown. Neither Kissinger nor Haig was able to remember many of the details after its outline was revealed in 1973.

The record shows that Kissinger participated fully in the process. He was, in Nixon's word, "outraged" by the Beecher story. Anxious to "destroy whoever did this," he met with Hoover at least three times in that period and talked with him by telephone several times. He sent Haig to the FBI with the names of fourteen of the seventeen people to be wiretapped, actually picked some of the names himself (certainly Pursley's), was aware when Haig went over to read the transcripts and went with him at least once, and received thirty-seven summaries of the taps from the FBI. There is no evidence that Kissinger felt any qualms until publicly confronted. In 1969, the taps were useful not only in discovering a good deal about his own staff and Laird's and Rogers's, but also in demonstrating to Nixon, Haldeman, and Ehrlichman that he was one of them. They were important blocks in his bridge to the President and his closest aides. They produced no evidence of leaking; in his memoirs Nixon wrote wistfully, "Unfortunately none of these wiretaps turned up any proof linking anyone in the government to a specific national-security leak."

Night after night through the summer, fall, and winter of 1969 and into the early months of 1970, the eight-engined planes passed west over South Vietnam and on to Cambodia. Peasants were killed—no one knows how many—and Communist logistics were somewhat disrupted. To avoid the attacks, the North Vietnamese and Vietcong pushed their sanctuaries and supply bases (Continued on page 108)

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The electric car: 100 years in the making.

The first road vehicles that traveled by themselves were introduced in the latter part of the 18th century. They were steam-powered, difficult to start and even more difficult to operate. Still, by the mid-1800s, more than 100 American companies were producing steam cars. At the same time, a number of inventors in both Europe and America were exploring a more promising power source: electricity. Frenchman Gaston Plante's development of the storage battery in 1859-'60 made the electric car feasible, and in 1890 William Morrison introduced the first American battery-powered automobile, which was capable of a speed of 14 mph. By the turn of the century, 38 per cent of American cars were powered by electricity. By 1912, the peak year of acceptance, some 30,000 electric cars manufactured by 20 companies were on the road—all of them with an inherent limitation that has persisted to the present: the EVs' restricted range due to the need to recharge the battery.

In search of a better propulsion system, inventors soon turned to the internal combustion engine.

In the ensuing years, ICE vehicles overshadowed EVs. Nonetheless, EVs continued to evolve throughout the gas-powered auto era, the electric golf cart and fork lift truck being notable examples of mass application of electric propulsion.

The energy crisis has spurred new EV efforts by both governmental and private groups throughout the world. In 1973, the Electric Vehicle Council, New York, and the International Union of Producers and Distributors of Electrical Energy, Paris, began

sponsoring an annual International Electric Vehicle Symposium to review the state of progress of electric vehicle technology and to exchange experience and information on the different factors that influence its development.

The following articles are drawn from papers presented at the Fifth International Electric Vehicle Symposium held in Philadelphia in October, 1978, and represent solely the views of the distinguished international participants. The Edison Electric Institute is making the material available in this form because it is dedicated to offering concerned citizens impartial information on the various issues and technological developments affecting the nation's electricity needs, usage and delivery systems.

Readers interested in obtaining further information on any aspect of electric vehicle development are invited to write or call The Edison Electric Institute, 90 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, (212) 573-8700. After June 1979, EEI will be in new consolidated offices at 1111 19th Street, Washington, DC 20036 ●



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Symposium is edited by Rees Behrendt and designed by George Kurten.

Uncle Sam in the driver's seat.

by P.J. Brown, Department of Energy, USA

In September 1976, the United States Congress enacted Public Law 94-413, The Electric and Hybrid Vehicle Research, Development and Demonstration Act of 1976. Congress states in the act that it is clear that the nation's dependence on foreign sources of petroleum must be reduced. Since transportation is the single largest use of petroleum supplies, the introduction of significant numbers of electric and hybrid vehicles into the transportation fleet would reduce the use and dependence on petroleum.

To implement the provisions of the act, the Department of Energy has established an Electric and Hybrid Vehicle Program that has three main thrusts. First, to foster and support research development testing and evaluation of electric and hybrid vehicles systems and their component technology to improve the performance of vehicles on the road. Second, to assess the economic and technical practicability of electric vehicles by undertaking a broadly based, federally supported vehicle demonstration. Finally, to enhance the infant electric and hybrid industry by assisting in financing the commercial production of competitive vehicles.

Congress demonstrated its continued interest in the EHV program with the enactment of Public Law 95-238, The Department of Energy Act of 1978—Civilian Applications. In the provisions of Title VI of this Act, amendments to the original Public Law 94-413 were incorporated to improve the overall program. One of the major amendments concerns the schedule for the acquisition of demonstration vehicles and also increasing the total number of demonstration vehicles from 7,500 to 10,000. It was felt by members of Congress and the DOE that the premature

demonstration of current technology would not permit proper response to market and technology developments. The law was therefore amended to allow flexibility in the timing and in the quantities to be procured.

RESEARCH, DEVELOPMENT, TESTING AND EVALUATION

In order to advance the technology of electric and hybrid vehicles, the Department of Energy is conducting an intensive research development, testing and evaluation program. (A summary of DOE's state-of-the-art assessment accompanies this article.)

Two different near-term electric vehicle designs are being developed, and integrated test vehicles are being fabricated by the General Electric Company and the Garrett Corporation. These vehicles are scheduled for completion and to be ready for test by May 1979. Some of the performance objectives of the two designs are displayed in Table I for the near-term electric vehicle.

TABLE I—NEAR-TERM ELECTRIC VEHICLE OBJECTIVES

Min. Passenger Capacity	4 Adults
Max. Curb Weight	Open
Min. Urban Range-Kilometers (miles)	121 (75)
Max. Initial Cost (1975 dollars)	5,000
Min. Life-Kilometers (miles)	161,000 (100,000)
Max. Life Cycle Cost—1975 \$/km (\$/mile)	0.09 (0.15)
Max. Electric Recharge Energy in Urban Driving—KWh/km (KWh/mile)	0.32 (0.5)
Max. Recharge Time—Hours	6
Safety Features	Meet Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standards
Min. Unserviced Park Duration—Days	7
Min. Ambient Temperature Range—C (F)	-29 to +52 (-20 to +125)
Min. Top Speed—km/hr (mi/hr)	97 (60)
Min. Acceleration—Seconds for 0-48 km/hr (0-30 mph)	9
Min. Merging Time—Seconds for 40-89 km/hr (25-55 mph)	18

Some significant breakthroughs have occurred in these projects, such as the lightweight flywheel design by Garrett and the transistor modules by General Electric.

THE UNITED STATES
ELECTRIC AND HYBRID
VEHICLE PROGRAM IS
UNDER WAY HERE'S WHERE
IT STANDS TODAY.

The DOE is also conducting a program for the development of near-term hybrid vehicles. NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory has been selected by DOE to procure and manage the contracts for the hybrid vehicle program.

In addition to total vehicle design developments, a major effort in battery development for electric and hybrid vehicles is being carried out. Three battery systems have been identified as candidates for R&D effort leading to improvement in the near term: (1) nickel iron (2) nickel zinc and (3) lead acid.

The Argonne National Laboratory (ANL) is the program manager for DOE, and eight subcontractors have been selected for the development efforts: lead/acid—Globe Union, ESB and Eltra; nickel zinc—Yardney, ERC and Gould; nickel iron—Westinghouse and Eagle Picher. These American battery companies are also working with a number of foreign battery companies. Each contract culminates with the delivery in 1980

and 1981 of up to 15 full size EV batteries from pilot development lines. A National Battery Test Laboratory is operational at ANL to evaluate, verify and make test comparisons of cells, modules and

batteries under uniformly applied test conditions.

For the DOE program, NASA's Lewis Research Centers are negotiating contracts covering improved and advanced EHV propulsion system component technology. These improved technology contracts cover: (1) a.c. motor controllers, (2) mechanically commutated d.c. motors, (3) electronically commutated d.c. motors and (4) energy buffer for regenerative braking. Advanced d.c. motor controllers and electric motor development contracts are also being negotiated.

DEMONSTRATIONS

In compliance with Public Law 94-413, the DOE issued performance standards on May 30, 1978, for the first demonstration vehicle acquisition. A summary of the standards for personal use and commercial vehicles is given in Table II.

public utilities or delivery services, or marketing and service operators, who will sell or lease to individuals or small companies. In addition to the private sector site operators, federal, state and local government fleets will participate in the demonstration program. Over 50 cities have indicated an interest in the program.

After the demonstration operators have purchased their vehicles from the manufacturers, the operational phase of the project will begin, and data will be kept on the functioning of the vehicles.

INCENTIVES

Congress incorporated provisions for incentives (such as Loan Guaranties) in Public Law 94-413 to encourage private sector involvement in the program. Under its provisions, private loans up to \$3 million per project may be guaranteed by the federal government. A ceiling of \$60 million has been set

ning grants for firms who lack the funds necessary to prepare and submit proposals.

In addition to the financial incentives, Congress authorized the conduct of studies and research programs on incentives that will encourage greater use of electric and hybrid vehicles. A number of studies have been initiated identifying barriers to the use of EHV's and suggesting corrective incentives.

STUDIES

Section 13 of Public Law 94-413 states that four specific areas are to be studied:

(1) *Institutional Factors* that may bias the transportation system towards vehicles of particular characteristics. A study was conducted by the Transportation Systems Center of the U.S. Department of Transportation, in August, 1977. A continuing effort is being made by TSC to suggest alternative ways of overcoming the barriers of EHV.

(2) *Long-Range Material Demands and Pollution Effects* stemming from the use of electric and hybrid vehicles. This study was completed by General Research Corporation on August 11, 1977.

(3) *Safety Standards and Regulations* for electric and hybrid vehicles are recommended to DOE by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration of the U.S. Department of Transportation.

(4) *Regenerative Braking* system effectiveness and feasibility for electric automobiles. This study is being conducted for DOE by The Lawrence Livermore Laboratory.

In addition, DOE is working cooperatively with the U.S. Department of Agriculture to determine the agricultural uses of electric vehicles.

The ultimate goal of the federal program is to assist in the commercialization of a viable and competitive electric vehicle industry. With an industry capable of producing electric and hybrid vehicles for personal use and commercial vans at competitive life cycle costs, it is possible that as many as 10 million electric and hybrid vehicles will be part of the transportation fleet in the year 2000. This will result in an annual saving of 100 million barrels of oil a year. ●

TABLE II SUMMARY—PERFORMANCE STANDARDS ELECTRIC AND HYBRID VEHICLES

Parameter	Conditions	Personal Use (Note 1)	Commercial (Note 1)
Acceleration	0-50 km/h	15 sec.	15 sec.
Gradeability	@ 25 km/k	10%	10%
Gradeability Limit	for 20 sec.	20%	20%
Forward Speed	for 5 min.	80 km/h	70 km/h
Range (SAE 227a)	EV	50 km—C cycle	50 km—B cycle
	HV	200 km—C cycle	200 km—B cycle
Energy Consumption	EV	*	*
	Hv (Note 2)	1.3 MJ/km (non-elec)	9.8 kJ/km.kg (non-elec)
Battery Recharge Time	from 80% discharge (110 or 220 vac)	10 hours	
Safety		NHTSA Stds. * + others	
Emissions		FED Stds	
Recharge Control		YES	
State-of-Charge Meter		YES	
Odometer		YES	
Heater		Available as Option	
Documentation		YES	

Notes: 1) SAE J227a Test Procedures apply

2) Non-Electrical Consumption must be 75% of total energy consumed

3) Refer to official publication of standards

To implement the EHV Demonstration Project, the Department of Energy will utilize local demonstration site operators who will provide the requisite maintenance and parts supply support as well as furnishing operator or market demonstration vehicles.

The private sector groups will be either fleet operators, such as

for the aggregate amount of guaranties outstanding at any one time. Public Law 95-238 also amended the Loan Guaranties section of the original act by establishing an Electric and Hybrid Vehicle Development Fund in the Treasury of the United States.

Another incentive for small business is the availability of plan-

State-of-the-Art Assessment Update

W.J. Dippold, of the Department of Energy, summarizes the results of 1978 electric vehicle state-of-the-art assessment reports:

It is clear from the data of the various reports that vehicles with current technology in batteries, controllers and motors provide more energy efficiency with four-speed manual transmissions than vehicles without transmissions or those using automatic transmissions. The data show this to be true of both personal and commercial vehicles.

Because of the large variation in motor characteristics, particularly torque, it is difficult to assess the value of a transmission on time to accelerate to moderate speeds. The analysis is equally difficult on gradeability at low speeds above 5 kilometers per hour. The original SOAA report shows that the gradeability limit at two to three kilometers per hour of a current SOA vehicle is measurably improved by a four-speed manual transmission. Without a transmission, it is clearly observable during testing that the battery current demand on starting is much higher. This is particularly true of vehicles that are geared to have top speeds greater than 70 kilometers per hour and that are not equipped with a maximum current

limit controller. The data show the gradeability of vehicles with four-speed transmissions to be better than the gradeability of vehicles without transmissions at vehicle speeds of 50 kilometers per hour and greater.

While these few vehicles provide insufficient data to draw firm conclusions either presently or long-term, the data do indicate that there are some distinct advantages to a four-speed transmission in current technology electric vehicles. The effects on energy efficiency (range improvement), reduction of power demands on the battery at start-up and improvements in gradeability at moving traffic speeds would appear to offset the inconvenience of having to shift while driving. Opportunities are clearly visible for improvements in controller-motor designs to limit the power demands on the battery for routine start-up of a vehicle without a transmission and to improve the torque characteristics (i.e., gradeability) at the higher speed end. Alternatively, transmission design opportunities continue to be visible with the objective of maintaining the apparent advantages of the four-speed transmission but requiring no overt action on the part of the driver to change gears ●

From the paper: Electric Vehicle State-of-the-Art Assessment Update.



The smog fighters are coming.

—by D.L. Harbaugh, Southern California Edison Co., USA

The air pollution of an electric vehicle can be compared to that of a gasoline vehicle in two ways:

(1) total pollutants emitted into the atmosphere due to operation of each type vehicle on a per mile basis; and

(2) the effect of these emissions in terms of ground-level concentration.

The emitted pollutants include not only those from the vehicle but also emission from the power plant (to generate the electricity required to charge the EV battery) and the oil refinery (for manufacture of both the gasoline and power plant fuel oil). The emissions for the electric vehicle are calculated based on an oil-fired generating plant because:

(1) these plants generate the majority of Southern California Edison power in the Los Angeles area; and

(2) it simplifies the problem of power and pollutants mix analysis (i.e., from hydro, nuclear, etc.).

The time frame used for this analysis was 1980 because:

(1) it is sufficiently near-term to use current SCE data; and

(2) a number of the references from which data have been extracted have used 1980 as the study year.

SCE agrees with the original ERDA estimate for EV energy consumption of 0.8 kWhrs mile and this estimate has been used to calculate the total pollutants per mile in the pollution table. This table is a "worst case" example, and it still indicates that, except for SO₂, the electric vehicle will be clearly superior to the gasoline vehicle in terms of emitted pollutants

In addition, the following factors should also be considered in the comparison:

(1) To the extent that further emission reductions are required

and can be made practicable at generating stations, it will further reduce emission levels. While installation and maintenance of control systems at refineries and power plants require a substantial investment, this may ultimately be a more practical solution than the installation and maintenance of millions of miniaturized control systems on the automobile population or disruptive traffic control measures.

(2) In practice, the effectiveness of existing automobile pollution control systems has been shown to deteriorate because of age and inadequate maintenance. In contrast, power plant emission controls are continuously maintained.

(3) Most importantly, because the pollutants are removed from the sites of concentrated local pollution (i.e., downtown freeways) and are instead expelled from high smokestacks, the contribution to the

conditions.

The end effect of electric vehicle use in the Los Angeles Basin will be to reduce the air pollution caused by automobile travel, because:

(1) Electric vehicles introduce significantly less total and individual pollutants on a per mile basis than gasoline-powered vehicles (except for SO₂ emissions, which are only slightly greater on a per mile basis in the worst-case analysis). It should also significantly reduce formation of oxidant, a secondary pollutant.

(2) To the extent that power plant emission reductions are required, and can practicably be made, the comparison is even more favorable for the EV.

(3) To the extent that battery-charging energy is supplied by nuclear hydroelectric and out-of-state coal-fired plants, the comparison is also more favorable for EVs.

(4) Electric vehicles will

TOTAL POLLUTION CONTRIBUTION

Electric Veh	HC	CO	NO ₂	SO ₂	Part.
Vehicle	0	0	0	0	0
Power Plant (a)	128	024	696	.752	080
Refinery (b)	007	002	061	.198	010
Total (c)	135	026	757	950	090
<u>Gasoline Veh</u>					
Vehicle	41(d)	9.00(d)	1.50(d)	0.13(f)	0.12(g)
Power Plant	0	0	0	0	0
Refinery (e)	.99	.001	0.40	0.71	0.10
Total (c)	1.40	9.01	1.90	.84	0.22

breathable ground level pollution is sharply reduced, in most cases by over 99 per cent.

Further, in populated areas that are located directly adjacent to power plant exhaust stacks, pollutant levels within the ground plane of the emission plume should contribute but a small fraction of the concentrations that define air quality standards to protect health and welfare, even under adverse

reduce the automobile contribution to ground-level pollutant concentrations by over 90 per cent, because the EV emission source will be from elevated power plant exhaust stacks.

(5) Shifting the automobile emissions point from the individual tail pipe to a power plant stack offers continual, superior opportunities for control of automotive air pollution emissions.

Making the electric car safe.

—by G. G. Harding, Lucas Batteries Ltd., United Kingdom—

As the development of battery electric vehicles with good road performance leads to greater numbers of such vehicles being operated alongside their conventional counterparts, unless EVs are seen to be at least as safe as ordinary cars, their further adoption could be impeded by the attitudes of potential operators and or legislators.

Because battery-powered vehicles with high performance have only been introduced within the last decade, equal safety standards will need to be achieved in a very short time in comparison with conventional vehicles, which have had 80 years to achieve present levels of safety. To this end, members of the Lucas electric vehicle development team and others associated with them have given serious attention to safety aspects of EV designs.

The Lucas electric vehicle program has now run for over 10 years, and during this time the 65 vehicles that have been built have accumulated over a quarter of a million miles under operational conditions, using lightweight lead-acid batteries. Throughout this development period, it proved very difficult indeed to forecast some of the safety problems, even those that, subsequent to their discovery, appear to have been impossible to overlook. An example of this was the first battery explosion in a Lucas vehicle. The effect of explosions in single cells is well known and produces little damage, but an explosion due to ignition of an explosive gas mixture that has accumulated in the space above the battery as well as in the cells is a very different phenomenon. This occurred during a Sunday night in the very hot summer of 1976 due to an overcharging situation in a garage which had not been approved by Lucas.

The explosion very nearly demolished the vehicle. As a safeguard against another similar incident, all Lucas vehicles were withdrawn from service, and a thorough investigation was begun to determine the factors leading to various situations where explosions can occur and all possible means of averting such conditions.



We examined such factors as the speed of gas dispersion under various conditions and the rate at which gas is generated when regenerative braking is used with a battery near the fully charged state. Tests clearly pointed to the need for very thorough ventilation of the battery compartment. It was therefore necessary to build a charger and associated venting system to meet strict requirements in addition to the current time schedule for charging in the minimum time with minimum overcharge.

In order to prevent a propagated explosion, as opposed to single cell explosions, the gaseous mixture in the battery compartment must be kept below the lower explosive limit (L.E.L.) under all

CONVENTIONAL CARS
HAVE HAD 80 YEARS TO
OVERCOME THEIR
HAZARDS. TO COMPETE,
EVs MUST ENGINEER IN
SAFETY FROM THE START.

operating conditions. The L.E.L. for hydrogen in air is 4% by volume, but it is understood that, once initiated, an explosion can be propagated at levels considerably below this, and Lucas is aiming for a hydrogen level within the battery compartment of one-quarter of the L.E.L. to prevent propagation from one cell to another. To ensure that this limit is not exceeded the system must be designed so that the charger limits the gassing current to a pre-set level, and the battery compartment is adequately ventilated.

Natural ventilation of the battery compartment of the latest Lucas vehicles in service has been maximized by leaving the battery compartment open around the top. The interconnections between individual battery units are sealed to protect them from the effects of moisture and dirt. However, with the battery suspended only a very short distance below the vehicle floor, it has been found that such a system still requires some forced ventilation over the tops of the batteries during charging, and this is achieved by tangential a.c. mains fans.

An explosion can only occur, of course, if there is both an explosive mixture and a suitable ignition source, which may be as small as a low voltage spark. It is therefore essential that the positioning of contactors, d.c. motors or any other spark-producing equipment in or near the battery compartment should be avoided.

HANDLING BATTERY PACKS

In our present van models, the battery is contained in a pannier, which is positioned under the floor of the vehicle. In addition to facilitating the removal and replacement of the battery, by lowering and raising it vertically, such an arrangement has the advan-

tage that the body of the vehicle can be completely sealed from the battery compartment.

The battery pannier, in addition to supporting the weight of the battery, must also protect it from road debris which may be thrown up by the wheels. In addition, an air space is provided around the battery units to avoid overheating during prolonged heavy charge or discharge periods. The use of stainless steel (AISI Type 316) provides the required strength and impact resistance to withstand road usage and also overcomes corrosion problems associated with accidental acid spillage. Panniers made from GRP, using fire retardant resins and metal reinforcement as necessary, and from other plastics, are being investigated, since they offer the additional built-in safety feature of electrical insulation.

SAFE WORKING WITH HIGH VOLTAGE

High performance electric vehicles, by definition, require motors, controllers and batteries that can deliver relatively high levels of power. Mainly for reasons of cost, it is necessary to keep currents as low as possible, and therefore higher system voltages are likely to be required than have generally been used hitherto on battery vehicles. The present Lucas 1-ton payload delivery vehicles use 50 hp (37 kW) traction motors with a nominal system voltage of 216 V. This comparatively high d.c. voltage clearly needs to be treated with respect, and thorough precautions need to be taken to protect personnel from electric shock, whether they are using the vehicle, servicing it or attending to the batteries.

In order to minimize the danger of electric shocks on the vehicle itself, and at the same time reduce the chances of accidental short circuits through insulation failure, the high voltage power system is designed to be totally isolated electrically from the vehicle body, so that accidental contact with a "live" potential will not complete a circuit to earth.

The main battery connections are linked to the controller via double pole isolating contactors, which are normally in the open position

except when the controller is switched on.

The ability to remove the battery complete in its pannier also enables the high voltage connections to the vehicle to be broken automatically by means of a plug and socket without the need for any manual removal of connecting leads within the vehicle.

ELECTRONIC CONTROL SYSTEMS

In an electric vehicle incorporating a thyristor as its main current control element, the motor power is controlled by rapid switching of the motor current by a solid state device. This provides very smooth control of the traction motor and also enables the full performance of the vehicle to be maintained until the battery is almost fully discharged.

In the event of a malfunction, however, the current switch can remain in the "on" position, so that the driver loses control of the motor current. With a series motor, by its very nature this means a high fault torque or motor power, until interrupted by the system fuse. Normally this takes place almost instantaneously, and there is no danger to the vehicle occupants or bystanders, but in certain circumstances the fuse may take some time to blow, resulting in a temporary effect somewhat similar to a throttle sticking on an ICE vehicle. All our latest vehicles are fitted with a cut-out button, designed to enable a driver to isolate the battery from the drive system in an emergency.

FUSES AND CIRCUIT BREAKERS

Fuses are essentially non-ideal circuit elements, taking a finite time to blow, depending on the degree of overload. In a series system, at high vehicle speeds, the fault current is limited by the series motor characteristic, and blowing times can be relatively long. The rating of fuse necessary to protect the vehicle against the consequences of control failure may be lower than that which would otherwise be chosen for the application, leading to a somewhat reduced life. It has also been established that even if a fuse is operated within its rating, the combination of vibration and thermal cycling

experienced in the normal duty cycle of a vehicle will eventually cause the failure of a present generation semiconductor fuse through mechanical fatigue of the fuse elements. Because of these shortcomings, we are investigating the possibility of using a magnetic circuit breaker as the primary circuit protection element.

REGENERATIVE BRAKING

Regenerative braking is fitted to Lucas vehicles for three main reasons: first, to reduce wear of the normal friction braking system, thereby reducing down time and maintenance costs; second, to reduce the extent to which a vehicle's battery is discharged by any given duty cycle, since this may increase battery life; and third, to improve the feel or "driveability" of the vehicle.

The design of the regenerative braking system is such that the first element of regenerative braking comes into operation when the accelerator pedal is released. This roughly equates to "engine braking" in an ICE vehicle. The first movement of the brake pedal brings into operation a higher level of regenerative braking, which at its maximum gives rise to a retardation of the order of 20%g. On the latest vehicles, provided the brake pedal remains depressed, regenerative braking remains in operation until the vehicle is virtually at rest.

From time to time it has been suggested that relatively high levels of regenerative braking can only be applied with safety to front-wheel-drive vehicles, and that on ice-covered roads regenerative braking of the level used on Lucas vehicles applied to the rear wheels only might induce dangerous wheel skids. International braking regulations also specify that the service braking action should be on all wheels and that an increasing pedal movement should be accompanied by an increase in vehicle retardation, and vice versa. The particular features of regenerative braking may not be entirely compatible with these regulatory requirements and may necessitate further discussion.

Lucas has conducted a number of tests in an endeavor to establish whether rear wheel skids

can be induced under adverse conditions by regenerative braking. Although it is not claimed that such testing has been exhaustive, so far it has not been possible to induce rear wheel skids by this means.

PARKING BRAKES

Unlike ICE vehicles, electric vehicles of the type not fitted with an automatic gearbox have no means other than the parking brake for locking the wheels when parked. In hilly terrains, some operators of Lucas vehicles have requested an additional means of locking the wheels. This is because parking brake ratchets are known to fail from time to time. It is desirable to be able to meet this requirement, and we are currently working on alternative solutions.

WATER WADE TESTS

Lucas does not intend ever to be a company that manufactures vehicles. In order to ensure that the complete vehicle into which the Lucas drive system is fitted is completely satisfactory, it is necessary for it to be developed and tested by its manufacturer. Lucas considers itself very fortunate to be working closely with GM's UK subsidiary, Vauxhall Motors, and sharing a joint development program with them. In addition to performance and handling, the program has included shallow water wade tests, which initially showed that water entered the control system housing,

the motor, the main battery connection and the battery compartment itself. Gradually these problems have been overcome, and it is now possible to drive vehicles at 25 mph (40kph) in water 4 inches (100mm) deep without problems even under these very severe conditions.

SILENCE

One of the attributes of electric vehicles frequently alleged by many people to be both an environmental advantage and at the same time also a hazard is their relative silence. It is often suggested that, being silent, they must present additional danger to pedestrians, particularly to old people.

So far we have not experienced this problem in service and believe that this may be partly due to the fact that in cities most vehicles are preceded by a vehicle and also followed by another. It is almost impossible to stand on the sidewalk and pick out which of the three fairly closely spaced vehicles is the quiet electric. The relative silence of the many thousands of electric milk delivery vehicles operating in the UK is not known to have caused any significant safety problems.

HEATING

It is now almost universally accepted that the most appropriate means of heating an electric vehicle is by one of the several

types of proprietary combustion heaters currently available. These are manufactured as either air-or-water-heaters, and alternative types will operate on gasoline, kerosene or bottled gas. Kerosene for heating is safer under crash conditions than gasoline, and to add to the safety, the fuel tank is filled with aluminum mesh and is positioned in a relatively safe situation behind the front axle beam.

DRIVER CONTROLS

A feature included on every Lucas vehicle has been the automatic selection of a "no-drive" situation if the equivalent of the ignition key is turned to the "off" position. This is to ensure that when the driver switches on again movement of the accelerator pedal will not cause the vehicle to move at all, let alone in an unexpected direction. In order to move the vehicle at all after turning the key, the driver must make a positive selection of the direction in which he wishes to move before the accelerator becomes operative. In addition, Lucas vehicles incorporate a speed limiting device whenever reverse is selected, but the device does not limit the torque available.

Lucas believes that there should be free exchange of information on all aspects of safety among companies involved in electric vehicle development, to ensure that these vehicles become as safe as possible as soon as possible. ●



The shape of the future.

The Centennial Electric

THREE PLUG-IN
PROTOTYPES FROM SOME
100 SHOWN AT THE FIFTH
INTERNATIONAL ELECTRIC
VEHICLE SYMPOSIUM.

General Electric Research and
Development Center
P.O. Box 8, Schenectady, N.Y. 12301

Named in honor of General Electric's 100th birthday, this four-passenger, front-wheel drive subcompact was designed to achieve top performance from off-the-shelf components and commercially available battery systems. It was built to GE specifications by Triad Services, Inc., of Dearborn, Michigan, and is powered by 18 six-volt, lead-acid batteries from Globe-Union, Inc.

The vehicle has a range of 75 miles at a constant 40 miles per hour, a cruising speed of 55 mph and a passing speed of up to 60 mph. In stop-and-go urban driving, its range is about 45 miles between charges. It can accelerate from zero to 30 mph in nine seconds.

The Centennial Electric weighs 3,250 pounds, including batteries. It stands 53.3 inches high,

is 160 inches long, 66.1 inches wide and has a wheelbase of 92 inches. Ground clearance is six inches. It has a low center-of-gravity, because 1,225 pounds of batteries are slung on a movable trolley beneath the vehicle and run nearly its full length. It has no grill, because there is no radiator to cool.

To keep the car low to reduce air drag, as well as to permit easier entry and exiting, the back seats face to the rear and are entered through a hatchback-type rear door. Because the front doors open out and forward on hinged links, they can be opened fully even when the car is parked within 14 inches of an obstacle.

Auxiliary equipment includes a gasoline-type heater, AM/FM/CB radio and electric windshield wipers and defrosters. Fans, headlights and other accessories



operate off a standard 12-volt battery, which is connected to an on-board battery charger.

Although the car is not for sale, it was designed to sell for about \$6,000 if 100,000 vehicles were manufactured annually in one plant ●



The Endura

Globe-Union, Inc.
5757 Green Bay Avenue,
P.O. Box 591
Milwaukee, Wis. 53201



This four-passenger test car, designed by the world's largest manufacturer of automotive replacement batteries, had its preliminary performance testing during a harsh Milwaukee winter. After an overnight charge, the Endura was driven on suburban streets at city speeds of 30-35 mph for over 100 miles. It also reached speeds in excess of 60 mph under expressway conditions.

The Endura's power source consists of twenty 12-volt, lead-acid Globe-Union electric vehicle batteries mounted on an aluminum frame and roller sub-assembly tray, with access through the front bumper section.

The rear-wheel drive system is powered by a 20 horsepower, 120-volt series wound motor, 0-5000 rpm with 100 cfm forced air cooling. The motor is integrally

mounted to a planetary transmission, transaxle and differential arrangement. Total gear ratio reduction 4.93:1.

The body is lightweight fiberglass with integral steel roll cage laminated to the interior for strength. A small spoiler on the undercarriage, plexiglass-covered rectangular headlights, recessed wipers and flush-mounted windshield reduce air flow resistance.

The frame is aluminum alloy for maximum weight savings and corrosion resistance. There is independent front and rear suspension.

Specifications: wheelbase, 108 inches; track front, 60 inches, rear, 58.8 inches; length, 184 inches; width, 72 inches; battery weight, 1,300 lbs; total weight, 3,200 lbs.



Copper Electric Town Car

Copper Development
Association Inc.
405 Lexington Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

CDA, the copper and brass industry's advanced market development arm, first introduced its Town Car in 1975. This current model, built by Triad Services to CDA specifications, is the fourth in a series of prototypes, with each representing a technological advance over the previous vehicle.

This advanced Town Car has a range of 120 miles at a cruising speed of 40 mph and a top speed in excess of 55 mph. The hatch-back two-seater weighs 2,972 lbs., including the approximately 1,200 lbs. of its 18 six-volt, lead-acid batteries. The unitized body is constructed of sheet steel external panels with welded box structures and other shapes for reinforcement in keeping with the design requirement that it be adaptable to mass production.



The Copper Electric Town Car has a front wheel drive system, utilizing a specially wound, separately excited electric motor with a matched field control system. It also features regenerative braking, which has resulted in im-

proved range.

Because the doors swing outward far enough to clear the car's body, then travel rearward parallel to the body, easy entry and exiting is possible with just 11 inches of clearance available.●



Test drives



POST OFFICE DELIVERY VANS IN CALIFORNIA

by B. W. Burrows, W. J. Wysor and R. J. Hartman, Gould Inc., USA

The largest electric fleet operation in the U.S. today is that of the U.S. Postal Service. In 1975-76, 362 electric vans having a unique propulsion system were completed and delivered. The vehicles are now in service throughout the United States, with the greatest concentration in California. These electric vans, manufactured by AM General, utilize electric propulsion systems designed and manufactured by Gould specifically for the postal delivery type application. The system design stressed high efficiency, safety, cost effectiveness and satisfaction of the specified performance requirements. The key performance requirements in this specification were:

Range: 32 Km (20 miles) with 300 stop/starts

Top Speed: 53 Km/hr (33MPH)

Acceleration: 0 to 48Km/hr (30 miles/hr) in 20 seconds

Gradeability: 0 to 16Km/hr (10MPH) with 122 m (400 ft)

Battery Life: 4 years

The AM General electric van, designated the DJ5E, is a conver-

sion of the standard gasoline-powered van supplied to the U.S. Postal Service in large quantities. Suspension and brake modifications were made to accommodate the higher weight of the electric version. Final curb weight of the electric version was 1651 Kg (3,632 lbs.).

In selecting a propulsion system approach and designing the system, major attention was given to the following requirements:

- Efficiency—In order to minimize battery size and vehicle operating cost, the maximum propulsion system efficiency available with state-of-the-art components was sought.
- Performance—The vehicle must satisfy the specified acceleration, top speed, and gradeability requirements but should not significantly exceed these requirements if battery energy consumption is to be minimized.
- Safety—The vehicle must be safe to operate and always under the operator's control. Failures should shut down the system. Shock hazard must be eliminated.
- Maintainability and Serviceability—Easy serviceability was considered critical, with particular attention given to easy battery accessibility and serviceability.
- Life—Long service life is required for cost effective operation. The battery is the largest single contributor to operational cost, thus proper battery selection is important.
- Quiet, Smooth Operation—An electric vehicle is expected to be quiet and smooth, thus particular attention was given to this area.

An additional consideration was component availability on a short time schedule with a minimum of tooling. This latter requirement restricted consideration to DC motors, since AC motor controllers could not be available within the allowable time period. Also, only available production transmis-

AROUND THE WORLD, PILOT PROJECTS ARE ASSESSING ELECTRIC VEHICLES. HEREWITH, THREE EXAMPLES.

sions and final drives could be considered. The U.S. Postal specifications preclude the use of a manual transmission and clutch, thus further restricting the consideration to drive systems that were automatic in nature.

The system selected for this application was the direct-coupled, separately-excited DC motor with a thyristor chopper used for armature voltage and field voltage control. This system offered significant efficiency advantages in all cases plus cost and weight advantages in most cases.

The propulsion battery is the heart of any electric vehicle. The key battery characteristics considered for this application were:

- Life—The specification required a minimum life of four years.
- Energy Density—The battery must have sufficient energy available to allow the vehicle to meet the specified vehicle range of 20 miles with 300 stop/starts per the specified postal mission.
- Power Density—The battery's power output must be adequate to allow the vehicle to meet the acceleration requirements.
- Serviceability—The battery configuration should allow easy servicing, i.e., addition of water, cleaning, etc., when installed in the vehicle.

Of course, only lead-acid batteries were available in a practical sense. From the types available, the semi-industrial battery was chosen as the most cost-effective of those that allowed the vehicle performance requirements to be met.

The completed vehicle has been tested against the requirements of the U.S. Postal Service specification on three occasions. Representative achieved performance is:

Range: 45 Km (28 miles) with 300 stop/starts

Cruise Speed: 53-64 Km/hr

Acceleration: 0 to 48 Km/hr
(30 MPH) in 20 seconds

Gradeability: 0 to 26 Km/hr
(16 MPH) on a 10% grade

The vehicle exceeds by a significant margin all of the specification requirements except acceleration. It just met the acceleration requirements.

Driver acceptance of the vehicle has been generally good. The only consistent complaint among drivers has been the slow acceleration.

Fleet operation has not shown any major design deficiencies associated with the propulsion system drive train. Fleet uptime has stayed over 96 per cent with operation generally in the region of 98 per cent. This is most favorable, considering the newness of the propulsion system design and the very limited test time prior to entering the production phase. Field experience has demonstrated, however, that the problems associated with introducing significant quantities of a new electric vehicle into field use should not be minimized. Minor problems can become major if not remedied promptly. Minor defects become serious if they must be corrected in a large number of vehicles. This must be recognized in any new program and appropriate provisions made to correct expeditiously any problems or defects ●



A CAR FLEET IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

by N.S. Wrench and D.F. Porter
The Electricity Council, United Kingdom

The Electricity Council decided in 1966 to undertake a project with a fleet of electric cars to

evaluate the capability of present technology and to quantify the extent of further development necessary. The car is the Enfield 8000, a two-seater saloon, powered by eight traction monobloc batteries and one auxiliary 12V battery. It has a 48V, 6 kW series wound motor, controlled in six stages by voltage switching (12, 24 and 48V) and field weakening at each voltage. There is no regenerative braking. The curb weight of the vehicle is 2,150 lbs (975 kg), and the construction is a steel square tube section chassis with aluminum body panels.

The vehicle is fitted with an on-board dual charger which independently recharges both the 48V and 12V batteries in 8 hours, using a domestic 240V, 13A single phase mains supply.

The maximum speed of the car is 40 mph (64 km/h), and the 0-30 mph (0-48 km/h) acceleration time is 12.5s. Vehicle driving range on a full battery charge is between 24 and 56 miles (39-90 km), depending on driving conditions. The Enfield car meets all current legislative requirements in the UK (no exemptions were sought), including the 30 mph (48 km/h) frontal barrier impact test.

A total of 66 vehicles are participating in a national project organized by the Electricity Council, and they have now been in service for periods of two to three years.

The total fleet mileage is 193,266 miles (310,965 km) (April 1978), which corresponds to an average of only 2,928 miles per car. However, there is a wide diversity in the extent to which the cars have been used. There are a number of reasons for this diversity, mainly associated with the manner in which the project was originally organized. As a result, valuable lessons have been learned.

First, the decision to spread the fleet throughout 14 different Electricity Boards resulted in problems of project management and monitoring. On the other hand, in those areas where cars have been grouped in numbers of, say, four or five, it has been possible to develop local centers of expertise and ensure a regular maintenance program, with a resultant higher level of usage and enthusiasm on the part of the staff. The following con-

clusions can be drawn for those vehicles for which good repair maintenance records exist:

1. **Unscheduled repairs**, which were running at a fairly high level early in the project, have shown a marked fall, in line with the elimination of "teething troubles" with various components, principally the charger and controller.
2. By far the major item of routine maintenance is the topping up of batteries. The provision of a single point manifold topping up system is seen as an essential feature of future battery designs.
3. The normal automotive and body components of the vehicle have proved very reliable, with a very small servicing requirement, other than that arising from accident damage.
4. There have been no problems at all with the mechanical drive chain. The motor has proved 100% reliable, and no motor maintenance has yet been required.
5. The costs of servicing are dominated by the battery replacement cost. Indeed, battery depreciation is the major factor in vehicle running costs.

It is therefore of paramount importance to develop batteries that not only provide the required range and performance but also have a competitive cost per mile over their life. Having concluded the first phase of the project using SLI batteries, we have now embarked upon a major evaluation program of "lightweight" traction batteries as they become available from various parts of the world. The battery evaluation program is still at an early stage; we plan to expand both the number of types and the numbers of each type on trial in order to gain a comprehensive set of data under a variety of operating conditions.

The incidence of charger faults was high in the early stages of the project and was aggravated by poor quality control in the manufacture of the 48V mains transformer. This problem has now been cured by the substitution of good quality transformers, and these replacements are proving fully reliable.

We feel that there is very substantial scope for improvement in on-board vehicle charger design, particularly with a view to reduc-

ing its size and weight. In this context, we are following closely the development of high frequency chargers and hope to evaluate this type of charger in the Enfield car during the next phase of the project.

The Enfield project has, over the last 2-3 years, provided us with very valuable information in two general areas: the organization of a major electric vehicle project and the technical aspects of an electric car that require further development.

There are valuable lessons to be learned in the first context, and it is to be hoped that others contemplating EV development and demonstration projects will take note of our experiences, particularly with regard to the way in which vehicles are geographically distributed. A regrouping of larger numbers of vehicles in a smaller number of locations is planned for the Enfield project, and we expect this to prove highly beneficial in terms of vehicle maintenance, project management and monitoring of results. ●

3.

BUSES IN FRANCE

by M. Moneuse, Electricité de France, France

Electricité de France has been experimenting with electric buses since 1972, utilizing various bus models and operating projects in several different areas.

The most important demonstration of electric buses in France has taken place in Tours. These demonstrations were developed by the local authorities in liaison with the Directors of Electricité de France. They began two years ago in January, 1976, and ended two years later in January, 1978.

A town-center route was spe-

cially created for the tests. A run of about 4.5 miles in a figure-eight shape crossed the central area of the town, where little or no service was offered by existing bus lines. After a three-month trial period, the final route was established, with the following operational conditions: flat fare: 1 Fr., free for subscribers; stops at indicated points; possibility of additional stops upon request (both to get on or off); prolonged stop at the railroad station (the central point at the center of the figure eight); service every weekday afternoon; and service frequency fixed at 10 minutes.

This line was developed to contribute to the municipal efforts by ensuring a shuttle service between car parks and the town center. The large number of people who used this line attested to its usefulness, and it is still in service.

The tests were conducted over a period of 19 months (two full years with a 2½ month interruption each summer). Total mileage was 52,100 miles. Significant statistics include:

- Number of buses in use: 4, later 3 (3.6 on average)
- Average monthly mileage: 760 miles per bus
- Average daily run: 37 miles
- Average number of people per day: 450 passengers per bus
- Energy consumption from mains: 3.6 kWh per mile (charger efficiency 83 to 85%)
- Unavailability of vehicles: 12%. Actual unavailability was much less, taking into account the presence of two reserve buses during the first year.

The Tours experiment confirmed the following points:

- A maximum speed of 28 to 31 mph is sufficient for town-center service.
- Industrial lead-acid batteries are preferable to high performance batteries (they were changed at the beginning of 1977 when the buses were modified). Loss of range is largely offset by better battery reliability. Overheating is less (consequently losses), voltage more stable.
- Partial recharges are possible in Tours at the railroad station without disturbing the operational schedule.

Criticisms made by operating

staff were on maintenance difficulties with mechanical parts (brakes, suspension, steering) where old or unadapted solutions were chosen, and on difficulties in dealing with batteries. Remarks do not bring into question electric traction, which was appreciated by both drivers and passengers, despite a certain amount of noise made by the vehicles at the end of the tests.

The Tours project and other experiments made by the Study and Research Administration of Electricité de France, involving over a million kilometers for light vehicles (1.2 tons) and 102,000 miles for buses, show essentially that lead-acid batteries of approximately 40 Wh/kg are short-lived, which is highly prejudicial to operational costs of vehicles. The amount entered under the heading "battery" is already 20 to 25% of the total cost in the most favorable circumstances, whereas that under "energy" is only 5%.

Future research should be directed towards looking for a compromise between the following three parameters: size of the battery, its energy-to-weight ratio and its cycle life—resulting in lowest possible operational costs.

The environment of a lead battery will also contribute to its proper utilization.

A centralized and very reliable waterfeed system and, for certain uses, a cooling system of batteries are necessary.

The state-of-charge indicator, apart from its useful psychological role, will make it possible to use batteries for operational purposes at an optimal discharge depth. In this respect the average discharge depth ensuring longest battery life (in miles) is not known. This knowledge would make it possible to lower operating costs. It should be noted that very few state-of-charge indicators for use on urban electric vehicles are available.

To resolve these problems, new experiments on vehicles are necessary. Utility vehicles and buses can be built with present technology to provide numerous services in towns. The French Public Administration is convinced of this and is undertaking work at present on vehicles better conceived than those previously tested. ●



**"Man reached the moon, as predicted,
with an electric vehicle. If an electric
vehicle can be got to the moon, surely
it can be put on the road."**

—The Rt. Hon. Lord Ironside
President of the Electric Vehicle Association of Great Britain

LEWIS CARROLL'S LETTERS TO LITTLE GIRLS

Drawings by Maurice Sendak

"One-third of my life seems to go in receiving letters, and the other two-thirds in answering them," Lewis Carroll protested in 1879. And in 1887, he wrote: "Life seems to go in letter-writing, and I'm beginning to think the proper definition of 'Man' is 'an animal that writes letters.'" Indeed, a record shows that Lewis Carroll wrote and received 98,721 letters in the last thirty-seven years of his life. As

a clergyman and Oxford mathematics don, the Reverend Charles L. Dodgson (his real name) was conservative, religious, and serious. But as Lewis Carroll, he created the delightful *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. The whimsy and nonsense of that great classic thread their way through his letters, especially those to young friends.

—Morton N. Cohen

To Mary MacDonald

Christ Church, Oxford

November 14, 1864

My dear Mary,

Once upon a time there was a little girl, and she had a cross old Uncle—his neighbours called him a Curmudgeon (whatever that may mean)—and this little girl had promised to copy out for him a sonnet Mr. Rossetti had written about Shakespeare. Well, and she didn't do it, you know: and the poor old Uncle's nose kept getting longer and longer, and his temper getting shorter and shorter, and post after post went by, and no sonnet came—I leave off here to explain how they sent letters in those days: there were no gates, so the gate-posts weren't obliged to stay in one place—consequence of which, they went wandering all over the country—consequence of which, if you wanted to send a letter anywhere, all you had to do was to fasten it on to a gate-post that was going in the proper direction (only they sometimes changed their minds, which was awkward). This was called "sending a letter by the post." They did things very simply in those days: if you had a lot of money, you just dug a hole under the hedge, and popped it in: then you said you had "put it in the bank," and you felt quite comfortable about it. And the way they travelled was—there were railings all along the side of the road, and they used to get up, and walk along the top, as steadily as they could, till they tumbled off—which they mostly did very soon. This was called "travelling by rail." Now to return to the wicked little girl. The end of her was, that a great black WOLF came, and—I don't like to go on, but nothing was found of her afterwards, except 3 small bones.

I make no remark. It is rather a horrid story.

Your loving friend,

C. L. Dodgson

To a girl named Christie

[?October, 1869]

My dear Christie,

I greatly fear
I'm wanted here,
Which makes it clear
I can't appear
At your "pour rite"—
Would I were freer!
So, with a tear
(At which don't sneer),
I am, my dear,
Your most sincere

C. L. Dodgson

P.S. If you see Ina Watson, please tell her I'm very angry with her. *She'll* know why.



To Gertrudé Chataway
Christ Church, Oxford
December 9, 1875

My dear Gertrude,

This really will *not* do, you know, sending one more kiss every time by post: the parcel gets so heavy that it is quite expensive. When the postman brought in the last letter, he looked quite grave. "Two pounds to pay, sir!" he said. "*Extra weight, sir!*" (I think he cheats a little, by the way. He often makes me pay two *pounds* when I think it should be *pence*.) "Oh, if you please, Mr. Postman!" I said, going down gracefully on one knee (I wish you could see me go down on one knee to a Postman—it's a very pretty sight). "Do excuse me just this once! It's only from a little girl!"

"Only from a little girl!" he growled. "What are little girls made of?" "Sugar and spice," I began to say, "and all that's ni—" but he interrupted me. "No! I don't mean *that*. I mean, what's the good of little girls, when they send such heavy letters?" "Well, they're not *much* good, certainly," I said, rather sadly.

"Mind you don't get any more such letters," he said, "at least, not from that particular little girl. *I know her well, and she's a regular bad one!*" That's not true now, is it? I don't believe he ever saw you, and you're not a bad one, are you? However, I promised him we would send each other *very* few more letters. "Only two thousand four hundred and seventy, or so," I said. "Oh!" he said. "A little number like *that* doesn't signify. What I meant is, you mustn't send *many*." So you see we must keep count now, and when we get to two thousand four hundred and seventy, we mustn't write any more, unless the postman gives us leave.

I sometimes wish I was back on the shore at Sandown; don't you?

Your loving friend,
Lewis Carroll

Why is a pig that has lost its tail like a little girl on the sea-shore? Because it says, "I should like another Tale, please!"

This is an excerpt from The Letters of C. L. Dodgson, edited by Morton N. Cohen and Roger Lancelyn Green, to be published in June by Oxford University Press, New York. The text of the letters is Copyright © The Executors of the C. L. Dodgson Estate 1978. The selection, preface, and notes are Copyright © Morton Norton Cohen and Roger Lancelyn Green 1978.

To Gaynor Simpson
[The Chestnuts, Guildford]
December 27, 1873

My dear Gaynor,

My name is spelt with a "G," that is to say "*Dodgson*." Any one who spells it the same as that wretch (I mean of course the Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons) offends me *deeply*, and *for ever!* It is a thing I *can* forget, but *never can forgive!* If you do it again, I shall call you "*aynor*." Could you live happy with such a name?

As to dancing, my dear, I *never* dance, unless I am allowed to do it *in my own peculiar way*. There is no use trying to describe it: it has to be seen to be believed. The last house I tried it in, the floor broke through. But then it was a poor sort of floor—the beams were only six inches thick, hardly worth calling beams at all: stone arches are much more sensible, when any dancing, *of my peculiar kind*, is to be done. Did you ever see the Rhinoceros, and the Hippopotamus, at the Zoological Gardens, trying to dance a minuet together? It is a touching sight.

Give any message from me to Amy that you think will be most likely to surprise her, and believe me

Your affectionate friend,
Lewis Carroll



To Mary MacDonald

Christ Church, Oxford

March 13, 1869

Well! You are a cool young lady indeed! After keeping me all these weeks waiting for an answer, you quietly write on another subject, just as if nothing had happened! I wrote, or have written (observe, Madam, that I put it in the preterite or past tense: it isn't likely I ever *shall* write again about it) on the 26th of January last, offering you a copy of the German edition of *Alice*. Well, the days rolled on—and the nights too (as nearly as I can remember, one between every two days, or thereabouts), and *no answer* came. And the weeks rolled on, and the months too, and I got older, and thinner, and sadder, and still *NO ANSWER* came. And then my friends said—how white my hair was getting, and that I was all skin and bone, and other pleasant remarks—and—but I won't go on, it is too dreadful to relate, except that, through all these years and years of waiting and anxiety (all of which have elapsed since the 26th of January last—you see, we live so fast at Oxford) still *NO ANSWER* ever came from this granite-hearted young person! And then she calmly writes and says, "Oh, do come and see the race!" And I answer with a groan, "I *do* see the race—the human race—it is a race *full of ingratitude*—and of all that race none is more ungratefuller, more worser—more—" my pen chokes, and I can say no more!

P.S.—I'm afraid I shan't be in town—else I should be glad to come, if only to have the opportunity of saying, "Monster of ingratitude! *Avant!*"



To Mary Crofts

2 Wellington Square, Hastings

April 12, 1873

My dear Mary,

Please thank whoever it was that sent me my boots—and the pen, which I forgot to ask for in my telegram. I will now explain to you how it was I came to leave the boots behind. You see, Ethel came to help me to pack. She is a very useful little body (though, by the bye, she is *most* useful when she does nothing—because, when she does anything, it is generally mischief) and I was very glad to have her help, though it lost me my time, my temper, and my boots. In the first place, there was the confusion of having another person in the room: for instance, I said, "Oh dear! I *must* shave before I go: my beard is nearly down to my feet!" and I made a gallon or so of lather ready, and got out two or three razors—but then, as it happened, we were both running about the room in such a hurry to get things packed, that I couldn't remember which was which—so, by mistake, I shaved *her* instead. I daresay you remarked how beautifully smooth her chin was when she came down to dinner? However, that's not nearly the worst. The worst is now to come, and explains how the boots got left behind. I said, "Now, Ethel, there really isn't a moment to lose! We *must* get things packed! Remember, all the *large* things are to go into the portmanteau, and all the *small* things into the carpet-bag. Now go to work!" Then we began running round and round the room like mad things. The first thing Ethel did was to put the bed into the portmanteau. That was a natural mistake, but I told her it *must* be taken out again, because there are beds enough in the house here—and besides, it didn't belong to me. Then somehow, as we were running round, I took her up, among some other small things, and popped her into the bag, and just at the same moment she took *me* up (as she saw I was a large thing, and didn't notice in her hurry that I was alive) and crammed me into the portmanteau. It was very unfortunate, because we were a long time in getting out again, and that made me quite forget the boots. Now you understand how it was.

Love to the rest.

Your affectionate friend,
C. L. Dodgson

To Edith Jebb

Christ Church, Oxford
February 1, 1870

My poor dear puzzled Child,

I won't write you such a hard letter another time. And can't you really guess what the gentleman meant when he said, "Your head is MT"? Suppose I were to say to you, "Edith my dear! My cup is MT. Will you be so kind as to fill it with T?" Shouldn't you understand what I meant? Read it loud and try again.

Another thing I want to say is, please don't think that I expect long letters from you in return for my letters. I like writing letters to you, but I *don't* like you to take so much trouble in answering them. Next time they leave you alone and you would like a letter, tell me—and I shall be *quite* content if your answer is nothing but this:

"My dear Mr. Dodgson,
I remain
Yours afftely
Edith."

You see even that short note would tell me *something*. I should know that you "remain affectionate," which would be worth hearing, as of course you *might* have written

"I remain
Yours dislikingly."

Next time you see that little girl who sat next to you at tea, just ask her, from me, if she is as disagreeable as ever. I rather want to know.

Ever yours afftely
C. L. Dodgson

To Mary Marshal

Christ Church, Oxford
April 19, 1870

My dear Child,

I took your letter and the book-marker to Mr. Lewis Carroll this morning. He sends you his thanks for the book-marker but he was very unwilling to take it. "I meant the book for a *present*," he said: "I don't want anything in exchange!" However I persuaded him to take it at last. When he saw your letter he said you were too old for the book, and that I must have made a mistake about your age; he thought you might be "*thirty*" not "*thirteen*." "No child of thirteen ever wrote such a hand as that!" he cried. However I told him you certainly were a child, and that you had been to a very good school at the bottom of the sea.

He is writing another book about Alice, telling how she went through the looking-glass into that wonderful house that you see in the looking-glass over the chimney-piece—but I don't know when it will be finished.

He sends you his kind regards, and I send mine to your Grandpapa and Grandmamma. I am glad you got home safe on Wednesday. Mr. Carroll says I ought to have seen you safe to your journey's end, and that *he* would have behaved better if he had been in my place!

Very truly yours,
C. L. Dodgson

To Margaret Mayhew and Ethel Harland

Christ Church, Oxford
March 16, 1896

My dear Margarethel,

It is very nice of you (of course I have to put a *double u* into the pronoun) to invite me; but I'm sorry to say I can't accept invitations now. Six years ago I began refusing *all* invitations: and now, if I were to accept some, and not others, I should offend so many friends that Oxford would be too hot to hold me, and I should have to go and live in Iceland!

Yours affectionately,
C. L. Dodgson

(Of course I have to divide myself in two, when writing to a *double* friend!) □

HARPER'S/MAY 1979



WOMEN IN A ROMAN COURTYARD

"THIEVES?" KATHERINE SAID. "Thieves again?"

"*Ladri! Sì, ladri!*" Lucia cried, brandishing her string shopping bag. Every day Lucia was robbed by thieves. The accusation never varied, and was actually summons. Every day Katherine Cardew eyed it and ran downstairs, hoping for a letter and a check, but prepared to listen to Lucia's ceremonial choler. Lucia was their landlady and therefore powerful. If not properly attended she might lock the hot water faucet or remove a fuse and plunge the house into darkness, or fill the refrigerator with fish. Every day's diatribe had to do with the cost of American instant puddings, on which the landlady's old mother depended for her life. Katherine appreciated the high cost of living in Rome, and she naturally sided with the help, but today she was more anxious for herself. Two weeks, and no word from Daniel. She knew that the postman came at about this hour, ten chimes from the seminary up the stairs. Then she noticed the pocket to Lucia's dress. It contained two letters.

"*Niente lettere?*" she asked, hinting. Lucia continued her harangue. Katherine struggled to understand the connection between Lucia's mother's stomach and the post office strike, which had just begun or just ended. She waited in some suspense. Daniel had been gone for two whole weeks. They had been arrested before, but always made up. Now she felt a vague panic that maybe he'd gone forever, leaving her to manage two small children, one persecuted landlady and her dying mother, and the annihilating heat of a Roman summer. She pointed to Lucia's pocket.

"*Niente lettere?*" she repeated. "From the Signor Cardew?"

"*No. Non c'è niente!*"

Lucia clutched the letters to her bosom. Oh, the sinful films being made in Rome! *Sì!* The work of the American *studenti* and illicit regions in sleeping bags beneath the very porches of the Vatican! The poor Pope. . . . Katherine felt her mind buckle beneath Lucia's sequence. She gave up trying to translate, and hoarded her strength in an effort at patience. She thought she glimpsed Daniel's handwriting, but the ink was an unfamiliar brown. Lucia continued. Oh, but the polluted

Tiber! Katherine nodded.

"*Sì, Signora . . .*"

The Signora Lucia Felici wore a gold wedding ring embedded in a fleshy finger, but there was no mention of the Signor Felici, and Katherine guessed he'd run off years ago. Sometimes she doubted his existence altogether. Who would marry such a woman? Her eyes were small and black; her chin jutted out and its brown mole sprouted long hairs. Anger carved her features, and perhaps her hair. Lucia cut this black mop at whim, with a knife and without a mirror. She was huge, as though with child. Yet despite this maternal bulk she had a curiously virginal quality. She wore floral-patterned wraparound dresses, her heavy legs sheathed in mauve stockings. She could be thirty, forty, fifty.

"*Niente lettere!*" she said with sudden malice. "No letter!"

Lucia despised Daniel, possibly all men. But why was she so mysteriously persecuted? And why, in this country of long siestas, was she always rushing? She thundered up and down the stairs, carrying puddings, a bedpan, soiled linen. She rushed to the factory where she worked by the hour, making artificial flowers. She rushed to and from the market, carrying her string bag of bargains. Now she used the letters as a fan and denounced the summer sun. Katherine's patience vanished. It was no wonder Lucia lived alone and had no visitors. She was a spinster by choice, angry at the whole universe.

"*Niente, niente lettere!*"

Lucia fanned herself vigorously. Katherine felt humiliated, watching. Lucia had the letters and the largess. Lucia could grant privileges or refuse them; her home was not a *pensione*. Tucked away from the main thoroughfare, it squatted sideways in a cul-de-sac at the end of an alley. It was a privilege to rent the two rooms on the second floor, and have the use of the new bathroom with the pink bidet that the children considered their own private fountain.

Lucia pocketed the letters. Katherine's humiliation changed to mutiny. She felt a crazy urge to snatch the letters and make off with them. She could certainly outrun Lucia, but where would she run? Upstairs to her rooms where the children were playing? (Were they

A short story
by Nancy Hallinan

Nancy Hallinan is the author of three novels, of which the most recent is *Night Swimmers* (Harper & Row). Her short stories have appeared in numerous magazines.

all right?) Up another flight to the attic where Lucia's old mother lay ingesting American puddings? (Was she really dying?) Or into the empty parlor on the ground floor, daily vacuumed but never used? (Why the disconnected telephone on the rickety table?) Or into the room occupied by Lucia's other boarder, a musician who slept during the day and played the clarinet at night? (Where, in what sinful spot?) Lucia's closet-sized bedroom was near the stairs that led to the spacious kitchen with its two stoves, two huge sinks, and noisy refrigerator. . . .

"I am expecting a letter!" Katherine shouted suddenly.

"*Silenzio!*"

Katherine obeyed. But why this order? What emergency? The children? Or Lucia's mother? Suddenly the silence was broken. The musician was practicing his clarinet. A scale ran up and down two octaves, softly, like a lullaby. It sang to her intimately. Then she heard an earsplitting blast: his warning to both women to stop shouting and let him sleep.

"What's his name?" Katherine whispered. "We've never met."

Lucia spoke in a hissing whisper, her eyes narrowed. The Signor Cardew was *away*; in his absence it was *sinful* for the Signora Cardew to wish introduction to another man; she, Lucia, would not sanction it in her home. Abruptly she thrust two peaches at Katherine. Mutely, with Irish caution, Katherine accepted them, certain in her soul that Lucia had Daniel's letter in her pocket.

"*Grazie, Signora,*" she whispered.

HATS on, kids!"

Carol and Roo ran to the front gate and hung there like monkeys in blue sunsuits, white hats. Katherine followed, grateful to be out of the house, grateful for her daughters: Carol at six with some newly discovered solemnity and Roo at three, already a rebel. At the end of the alley the tarred highway, blistering and smelling in the noonday sun, boomed with traffic. Here they turned left up the narrow incline that led to the seminary and a small public garden. Turning left again they climbed a steep hill until they reached the cobblestoned market where Lucia shopped and was robbed by thieves. The heat was intense and redolent. Fish stank freshly of the sea; meat hung from hooks, dripping blood, gorged upon by flies; potatoes, heaped high upon pushcarts, smelled of earthy fields; and purple onions hung in ropes. Here, stepping over cobbles that glistened

with fish scales, small puddles of blood, shallow pans of entrails, Katherine spoke her limited Italian. Here, too, she was admired and knew it. Perhaps these vendors were thieves ready to rob her by hidden and practiced methods, and mock her afterward. But they were also Italians with a famous tradition ready to pay homage to her foreign beauty, her long blond hair, her pretty children. Today she bought salad greens that Lucia might share with them. They were both women without men. Shouldn't they be friends, enjoying certain tranquility together?

"Look at the pregnant lady!" Carol cried pointing.

"Roo! Where's Roo?"

They found Roo behind a wooden bucket of flowers. Giddy with relief, Katherine bought a huge bouquet. She felt morally slack, extravagant. Was it the heat? Her long hair clung to her neck; her lips tasted of sweat.

"Does the baby have toys?" Carol asked. "In the lady's tummy."

"No, love. The baby sleeps. All curled up."

"But couldn't the pregnant lady swallow something?"

"Swallow what?"

"One tiny toy. For the baby."

NIGHT MERELY HID the heat in darkness. Katherine sat by the window gazing at the moon-tinted path and the iron gate, which looked like a spider. Why hadn't Daniel written? Was he still angry at her? They'd argued violently about where to go now that he'd finished his dissertation. No more ancient Roman law. Now what? Stay in Italy, borrowing more money from his family? Or return to America, expatriates in need of a job, a small apartment? The wrangling had left Daniel without a plan but cheerful. He'd take a trip? What about Circe's mountain? Katherine had surrendered, exhausted. She had become listless and strangely chaste, haunted by the suspicion that her mother had been right, the marriage all wrong. Well, she'd agreed to Circe's mountain. And the week's separation. She'd stubbed her cigarette out, and vowed to stop smoking. So off he'd gone to Sabaudia, a Mussolini town of no interest, but the point of departure for Monte Circeo, a tiny village garrisoned against civilization and the angry sea. Daniel's adventure! Leaning on the windowsill, Katherine imagined the sea curling and crashing against the mountain's tumbled rocks, eroding ancient caves with a sucking sound. She felt a twinge of wistful-

...ss, maybe self-pity. She imagined herself ere. Oh, to leap upon a rock, stretch her dy taut, and dive into the white water! How riously cold! But tonight's heat returned r to reason, and she relinquished the caves Monte Circeo for more personal adventures: Carol and Roo, Lucia, and this foreign at that drained her of ordinary common use. Why would Lucia hide a letter from Daniel? She heard the front door open and use, and watched the musician, carrying his rinet case, walk down the path. At the gate stopped, as if sensing her presence, then nished down the alley.

Non c'è niente per lei!" Lucia said. "Niente lettere!"

"The post office strike?" Katherine asked. "Or more thieves?"

Italy was full of strikes. Yes, even the cows were on strike. Yet now Lucia's eloquence concerned a much graver governmental failure: the closing of Italy's brothels. Yes, that had been a day of national mourning! Black tape hung from balconies. For it was common knowledge that now no marriage was secure from adultery, no husband free from one scheming trollop who worked in an office, no wife safe from scandal. Men accosted virgins and became diseased overnight. Katherine did not know whether this last tidbit concerning Rome's downfall was the result of Lucia's inflamed imagination or her own faulty translation in their polyglot language. Lucia stopped for breath.

"So the Signor Cardew does not write!" she said spitefully.

"Like the Signor Felici!" Katherine said. And she walked upstairs, leaving Lucia to yell at her old mother or tell the young musician about the closing of brothels and the marriage of priests and other horrors. She felt tall and slim and beautiful, as if some Italian vendor was admiring her. Suddenly she regretted her remark about the Signor Felici. At best it was thoughtless; at worst, wounding. And who was she to forgive her? She felt a punishing headache, and a strange desire to believe, to confess as Lucia did every Sunday and have some mysterious male voice forgive her sins. . . .

KATHERINE PLANNED the next day out of Lucia's domain.

She treated the children to breakfast at the trattoria on the rumbling highway, and took them to the Borghese Gardens. The trip involved three bus rides, but

the gardens blazed with color, and the children played hide-and-seek in the museum. Again Roo disappeared. Finally Katherine found her curled up at the base of an equestrian statue, asleep on the cool marble. After lunch they rested in the seminary garden. Few people came to this small patch of baked earth, oddly lacking in sundial, fountain, or statue. But there were some flower beds, and a stone bench canopied by a huge gnarled tree. In this season the tree was the one flourishing growth; its exposed roots tilted the bench and spread out in lumps and loops beyond its shade, strangling all other vegetation. The children took off to watch an old gardener dig up one of the flower beds. Katherine rested against a root, but she felt nagged by suspicions: that Lucia was hiding Daniel's letter, that Lucia was a little paranoid, crazy, and that's why her rooms were cheap. Yet

"She felt tall and slim and beautiful, as if some Italian vendor was admiring her."



Berno Friedman

who had picked these cheap rooms with the rowdy, persecuted Lucia? Mrs. Cardew, speaking her fractured Italian. Katherine blinked against the sun, and told herself to take one day at a time. Tomorrow was Sunday. Lucia would go to Mass. Katherine looked forward to a day of peace.

Every Sunday a young priest in a black soutane entered Lucia's home and climbed the stairs to the attic to hear the old lady's confession and give her absolution. Katherine closed her eyes. What could an old woman have to confess? Perhaps she wished for death. Or, suffering her daughter's eternal anger, she might wish for Lucia's death. Was it possible, at her advanced age, that certain memories stirred her to covet the body of a man? Katherine felt the heat pull her consciousness into some fine haze that hung above her body and had to do with God. An unbeliever, she looked upon religion as a mystery that worked in odd ways. Certainly it had inspired St. Peter's dome, the Sistine Chapel ceiling, Bernini's sculpture, art all over Rome. And it inspired banality, too, dreadful trinkets and medals sold everywhere. Arbitrarily, it humbled the proud, took money from the poor, made laws and political alliances, and kept the old gardener turning the brown earth for no apparent reason, sustained by the faith that this was God's will. Perhaps it was. Religion did a lot of odd jobs. It built guilt, made sex a sin, dealt with hysteria in the confessional. The whole concept was terrifying. And she thought of the young men preparing for the priesthood, vowed to celibacy in this climate for love. Yet the young seminarians, walking about with their books, looked a lot healthier than Daniel's friends at the Academy, whose sexual exploits left them haunted and listless. A bell tolled five o'clock. As the last chime fell, a tall brown-clad figure strode toward the tree, his heavy soutane girdled by a tasseled cord, a blue notebook under his arm. At the edge of the shade he stopped and smiled at her as if she were too lovely for words, a painting of this perfect afternoon. She smiled back, returning the compliment. Together they prolonged the moment, held it high above the depths of sex until it reached a silent Amen. Then he strode down the hill. Katherine started breathing again, unaware that she had stopped. And now she felt a peculiar sensation, a cramp that was the sudden pull of the forbidden healthy young man hidden in yards of brown cloth. Why shouldn't priests marry?

"Mummy, why does Daniel have a holiday? And we don't?"

"We're having our holiday. Here in Rome."

"I'm hot," Roo whined.

THE CHILDREN SLEPT as though drugged. Yes, this was her holiday from Daniel and marriage. Something of blessing. But had he abandoned her forever? Had something happened to Daniel? Had he taken that high dive from Circe's mountain and crashed on the rock below?

She saw his naked mutilated body being sucked in and out of the caves at each tide. . . my God! What was happening to her? And she wondered whether it was possible to remain sane in this climate that dazed the senses and alerted them without warning, so that she squandered money on flowers and flirted with vendors and smiled wantonly at young priests.

Below her, tones from the clarinet trilled softly like birds strangely awake in the hot night.

Grazie, Signora!"

"Prego. . ."

Their Sabbath decorum was God's job done well. All was forgiven. Huge ripe peaches for the Cardews! Katherine's bouquet of flowers for the Signora Felici's mother! Lucia, wearing pink stockings, sailed off to Mass. Katherine felt a moment's grace, and then envy. Why couldn't *she* sail off to Mass? And she thought of the Chapel of Saint Bartholomew just beyond the seminary. Why not go there today? She would never be able to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, nor receive amnesty for her many sins (sins of thought mostly), but later today she and the children would enter one of God's houses. . .

SHE CLIMBED THE STAIRS to the attic, carrying her bouquet.

"Signora?" she called softly.

The old lady's room was an oven. Drawn shutters filtered the sun's spectrum to a yellowish light in which Katherine saw a heap of quilts, a wizened brown face, two tiny alert eyes. She put the flowers on a table next to a porcelain bowl and pitcher centered on a crocheted doily. A bedpan stood beneath the table, not yet emptied. Katherine, forever deprived of absolution, felt she should empty it. Reason intervened, and a sense of decorum. Presumably she was Lucia's paying guest, not her servant. She glanced at the mound of quilts. Lucia's mother now seemed asleep behind paper-thin eyelids. She suddenly looked dead. Was she dead? And was this asphyxiating heat the climate of old age or a daughter's tyranny? Katherine felt a tomb would be cooler,

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more comfortable. The eyelids flickered briefly, showing a gleam of senile mischief. Oh, a tomb would be cooler!

THEY ENTERED THE CHAPEL, the children subdued. A small table supported a rack of candles. Katherine knelt, but no prayer came. She selected a burning taper, and feeling a humble fervor, lit one candle after another until they were all burning.

"Oh God, where's Roo?"

"I'm cold," Roo said, hopping. "And I want to..."

"Shhhhhhh!"

They sat down on a pew. Katherine shivered, feeling the stone floor through her sandals, and looked about her. A lectern supported an open Bible, and in other dark corners were chalices, statuettes, cloth emblems richly embroidered. High above a flickering oil lamp Christ writhed, glistening with agony on a wooden Cross. Blood dripped in red globules; the beard shone as though drenched with sweat; gold bolts of lightning shot toward the gold frame like fireworks for the glory of raw martyrdom. She heard the chanting from Saint Bartholomew's Church: the priest's incantation, the penitents' answering chorus, and finally the fine thin line of beauty from the boys' choir. She hugged Roo, who was as warm as the outdoors, and glanced down at Carol. She was staring at the Crucifixion, her small face pinched with fear.

"It's only a picture," Katherine whispered. "It isn't real."

"I want to whisper you something," Carol whispered.

"Whisper a little louder."

"Roo's making a tinkle..."

Katherine felt her heart thump strangely, as if it were pumping red paint instead of blood. She lifted Roo to her thigh and ran up the aisle, trying to prevent further desecration of Saint Bartholomew, Jesus, all of Italy. God. She put Roo down on the stone-flagged corridor outside, but Roo had finished.

"Padre!"

Young, striding along in his black soutane, the padre turned a ruddy face to her. She grabbed his clothing, a fistful of black serge behind which was the body of a young man who looked, *Gesù Cristo*, kind and intelligent, and understanding. She tried to find the Italian words to explain the wet pew cushion. He removed her hand gently, and answered in English. Yes, he understood. He also appreciated her attempt at worship. Thirty-two candles! Two candles would have been quite

proper; one, with devout prayer, would not have displeased Our Savior. He smiled at her kindly, and she felt her punishment gather.

ROO HAD a temperature.

At three in the morning Katherine gave her two more aspirin and crept downstairs to make her some weak sweetened tea. She fumbled for the light switch which was synchronized to go off after the few seconds it took to reach the floor below, but she stumbled, and the light went off, and a long sorrowful moan came from somewhere. From Lucia's mother? From Lucia, whose torments would never end? She felt the darkness stir as if gathering uneasy dreams into this moan of loneliness belonging to the whole house.

At last Roo slept. Katherine saw the dawn spill thickly through the shutters like a white soup... and felt a sudden piercing hunger. She crept downstairs again. Fatigued beyond the simple action of finding the light switch, she stumbled into Lucia's kitchen and opened the refrigerator. The food looked sickening: puddings, congealed fish, spaghetti. A sound made her turn, and she saw the young musician. He stood by the stove, wearing dark trousers, a dish towel tucked into his belt as a makeshift apron, his chest naked except for a small crucifix. He smiled, showing white teeth, and gestured with a fork toward a plate of sliced green peppers and a can of American baked beans on the table. Wordlessly she accepted his hospitality. She attended to the stove, the peppers, and he emptied the can of beans into the skillet, and she stirred the mixture, and he opened a bottle of wine and filled two glasses, and she set the table with plates and Lucia's bent forks. Capable of speech, they chose silence. Silence was a treasure like love. Together, in a communion of fatigue and hunger, they possessed the smoky hour between dawn and the milky white morning. Upstairs a pipe groaned. They put the dishes away, and parted like sleepwalkers, without a word.

THE SUN WAS a silver disc lodged solidly in the floating blue sky. Katherine lugged her laundry out into the courtyard, a small enclosure collecting heat behind the thick walls, mottled by stones that looked like the spots of some disease. After her sleepless night she felt dreamy and overpowered, and hung the sheets up in a trance, as if her mind were chloroformed. Death should be as peaceful as this courtyard. Her

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father had died noisily, quoting Descartes. Mom would die one day . . . and so would she. She saw herself enter this courtyard, a dead soul locked in an eternal noon, forever hanging up a wash.

Upstairs the children were quarreling. "Roo did it!" Carol shouted. "All over the bathroom!"

Lucia's bidet was indeed a fountain, flooding its pink basin, spreading gracefully over the mosaic floor, each tile a blue and white replica of Madonna and Child. She struggled with various knobs while the tiles mocked her beneath rippling water, and then kicked savagely at a gleaming handle that looked far too modern for this old house with its nightly moans and groans. The fountain stopped. Katherine mopped up the flood, praying for Lucia's forgiveness. . . .

THE CHILDREN PLAYED in the courtyard. Katherine took down her laundry, already spotted with soot, and brought it indoors. On the kitchen table was a letter addressed to her in Daniel's thick-nibbed crawl. She picked it up, trembling. The envelope had been opened with a knife, and the paper removed and refolded. Katherine scanned the large, undisciplined handwriting. Apparently the Mediterranean was blue. Monte Circeo was built entirely within the pastel-shaded walls of an ancient castle erected centuries ago to protect the mountain from invasion. They were having a great time. Last night he'd eaten sparrows for dinner. The birds were trapped alive and cooked and served whole. The legs crunched between your teeth. This was real Italy, raw life. He'd sent her some quaint sandals. Had they arrived?

She turned the page, hoping that the sound of her own voice would make the words real:

A bunch of us have decided to do our own thing and to hell with guides! We've rented a boat—re-christened THE TIN TUB—and are taking off for Sicily and then who knows where? We'll just keep floating from port to port, sniffing new smells. This is real life, the real Mediterranean. We sunbathe nude. How are you managing? And the womb-fruits? I love you . . .

She put the letter down, feeling outrage and a blurry pain, and saw the slit envelope. It was postmarked Naples, eight days ago, and the ink was brown. How dare Lucia *fan* herself with Daniel's letter and then *pocket* it and open it with a *knife*? And how dare Daniel take off for "who knows where" and float about in something christened THE TIN TUB, "sniffing new

smells" and leave her in Rome with a *ma landlady*? How *dare* he ask if the "quaint sandals" had arrived, and give no return address. And what right had he to taste *raw life* at the expense of some little sparrows? And the "womb-fruits"?

His questions were rhetorical, and so were hers. But she was a literal person suffering private chaos, and she had a few answers. The quaint sandals had not arrived. And how was she managing? This was how. Chaste and faithful she flirted with priests, and possessed of some strange religious mania she had taken the children to Saint Bartholomew's Chapel where Carol had sat in silent terror and Rohad peed on a paw cushion, and where she Katherine, had lit *thirty-two candles* when there would have been quite proper, and one, with devout prayer, would not have displeased Our Savior. She was falling in love with religion. Or maybe priests, because the young priest looked sexy, and maybe this was because their bodies were hidden and they weren't spread eagled naked on beaches. . . . Oh yes, the bidet had flooded. And she was spending precious lire on flowers, candles, and the trattoria. The children were living on spaghetti and peaches, hardly the Spock diet. But no *baby sparrows* either! *Raw life*? She'd not slept for two nights, but she'd had breakfast with a *beautiful* young man.

She returned to Daniel's letter and felt a new wave of rage. So he *loved* her, did he? Well, how? In his TIN TUB? Sunbathing *nude*? Sniffing *new smells*? She clutched the table, a quiet soul fermenting violence. How *dare* he eat sparrows and talk about *raw life*? Oh, he loved her, yes! But did she love him? Suddenly she thought of the cooked sparrows, saw them on a white plate. She mourned them; she wept for them uncontrollably.

Lucia entered the kitchen, armed with a single word.

"Polizia!"

"Sì, sì, Lucia . . ."

Lucia was momentarily silenced. Katherine began folding the sooty wash. Tears dribbled down her face, and she sniffed unashamedly. "Yes, call the police. The bidet overflowed and I'm sorry. But I love my children. I love my children and I love real flowers. And tiny live sparrows. They should not be cooked. And I approve of brothels. I think they should be free. And I think priests should marry. And I admire the young musician. I love him," she added, weeping.

Lucia handed her a piece of paper. It was Daniel's rent check, and it had bounced.

"I spit on the Signor Cardew!" Lucia cried. "Scum Americano."

PRACTICAL CONSERVATION IS WORKING IN THE MID-ATLANTIC STATES.

To many people on the East Coast, the Great American Forest is "somewhere out West." So if you think the Mid-Atlantic States are mostly paved over, you're not alone.

But the fact is that over half of our forests today are east of the Mississippi. Even New Jersey, our most densely populated state, is 40% forested.

Surprisingly, despite the pressures on them, the Mid-Atlantic forests have not only survived, they're thriving, thanks to the innate resilience of Mother Nature and the help of skilled foresters.

DEMAND EXPECTED TO DOUBLE.

And it's a good thing. The government says domestic demand for wood and paper products will double by the year 2020. And other demands on the forest are intensifying.

Yet most commercial forestlands* are far less productive than they could be. So every acre will have to grow even more to meet future needs.

This calls for practical conservation action. And that's what is happening in the Mid-Atlantic.

The forests here provide not only protection for the soil, cover for wildlife, and places to hike and hunt, but also a renewable supply of the thousands of wood products we use every day. All this is possible in a multiple-use forest. And that's the key to the forest industry's effort, here and nationwide, to



The Mid-Atlantic, though the nation's most densely populated region, is still heavily forested.

increase productivity of our commercial forests.

It's based on nature's own cycle: planting seeds or seedlings to augment natural regeneration; thinning young trees to give the best a better chance; adding soil nutrients when needed; and harvesting at optimum size.

RECYCLING IMPORTANT TOO.

Recycling is another way to get more out of our forest resources by using them over again. It's particularly im-

portant in the populous Mid-Atlantic, where there's not only a large supply of recyclable paper, but also markets for it.

So there's progress in the Mid-Atlantic. And in forests all across the country. But we still have a long way to go.

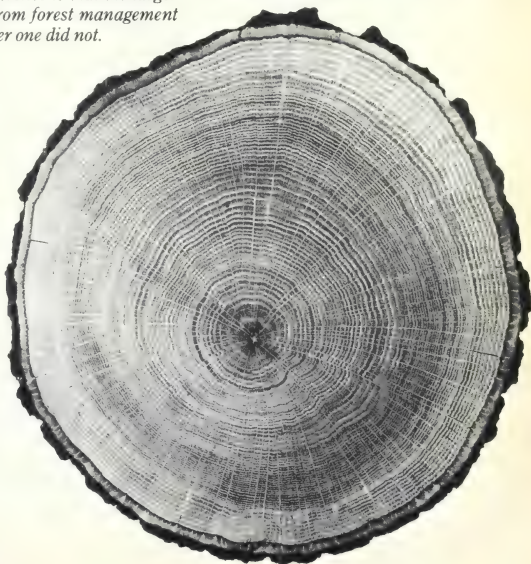
For more information, write American Forest Institute, P.O. Box 873, Springfield, VA 22150.

**Commercial forest is forest capable of, and potentially available for, growing trees for harvest.*



American Forest Institute

These two red oak slices are shown here 42 percent of actual size. Both are the same age. And both grew in Pennsylvania. The difference is that the larger one benefited from forest management while the smaller one did not.



KATHERINE PUT the children to bed. She promised herself a bath and twelve hours of sleep, but she found the hot water faucet locked, the house in darkness, and sleep strangely denied her. In bed her thoughts bent beneath the drudgery of worry and broke into fragments. . . . Yes, I approve of brothels. They free husbands from unwilling wives. They free wives. I am a trapped sparrow. I must cable Mom for money, but will she understand? Yes, only too well! Is Daniel safe in his TIN TUB? And how safe are we without money? Living with a mad landlady who has every right to deny me a bath! What is love? Must it be sex? Chaste, I long to lie with a priest. But Daniel will turn up someday and expect me to obey him in bed. How can I cable Mom? Easily! Just run through the night to the trattoria and send a cable, collect. This marriage is a trap. I am a trapped. . . .

The trattoria was still open. But the telephone operators at this hour were a quixotic lot. Some appeared ignorant of the alphabet; others sang their helpfulness in three languages, like opera stars, and then forgot her with a click. She imagined her mother's pinched frown when she received the cable.

She spent the rest of the night packing. At dawn she crept downstairs, hungry for anything edible, green noodles or overripe peaches. She heard a faint moan. Descending another flight, she heard another moan, then a whimper. At the kitchen door, her breathing quickened. She heard her own heart, her own breathing, and heavier breathing, and suddenly a strangled cry. Two bodies lay struggling on the kitchen floor. Lucia's bulk heaved beneath a tangled robe; her bare legs thrashed like trapped cobras. She was on top of her assailant, but with a sudden movement she lay pinned beneath the body of a naked man. She flung out her arms and a gold crucifix lay on his shoulder. Then her arms encircled his torso, and he rode her. His glistening buttocks rose like moons above the dawn's horizon and plunged into shadow, and rose again. Katherine felt an electric current travel her body, like lightning of some voltage that does not kill but paralyzes. She stood powerless to move. Her mind stood still, insensible. Attuned to disaster, she possessed the conviction that life was catastrophic, that Lucia would be left dead or dying on the kitchen floor, that no woman was safe. She argued with her reason, and it returned. She was not watching rape. She was watching the tidal wave of an orgasm being reached by a passionate woman and her young lover. She took her shocked body upstairs.

LUCIA! My mama sends lire. . . .
"I spit on the Signor Cardew And on the Signor Felici!"
Lucia was the same. She showed no sign of the night's loving no sign of reprieve from her martyrdom. Still robbed and persecuted, she played the angry, unloved woman. Katherine marked the moment in her own life, and saw its dangers. But what dangers? Life had all sorts of possibilities, such as this trinity of souls living sinful ecstasies and receiving weekly absolution. She felt her sanity return, and her humor. And something more: a bit of wisdom that was just around the corner.

"*Molte grazie*," Katherine said, awed.

Lucia's farewell gift was a wicker basket lined with pink tissue paper and filled with peaches huge as grapefruit, plums, and tiny green grapes. This was not all. The fruit was garnished with artificial flowers made of mauve and yellow crepe paper. Katherine took the basket in her arms.

"*Grazie, grazie*."

She knew that the fruit would be surrendered at Customs. But she would keep Lucia's flowers: crepe paper taped to bits of wire in patience and fury and love.

Lucia lowered her voice to a whisper. Yes, she knew about godless men who took off for Naples and other sinful places; she knew about men like the Signor Cardew and the Signor Felici; and she knew about women left to live with their mothers who . . . *si, si!* And she thrust two plums at the children and sent them outdoors to watch for the taxi.

Carol and Roo hung on the gate.

"Poor Lucia," Roo said. "She shouts and shouts."

"It's because she wants toys in her tummy. For her baby. She has that baby there and all that room for toys in her tummy. And no one understands."

"My Mummy understand everything!" Roo said.

The taxi arrived with a great rattle; the luggage was piled inside.

The two women embraced. Lucia yelled directions to the driver, wiping her tears with her gaudy apron. Katherine put on her dark glasses, her disguise behind which she might glimpse the last of real Italy, raw life. And hide her own tears. Yes, she would stay with her mother, but not forever. She'd settle in New York, find a job, get her divorce. Mom lived in Pennsylvania and was a vegetarian. She was a tiny energetic woman who worked as a lab technician, analyzing blood.

"*Arrivederci, Lucia!*"

"*Arrivederci!*"

OTHER THINGS BEING EQUAL

EYES ONLY

by David Suter

A face can be seen as a set of symbols and tested for truth or falseness, much like any other statement. When the face is the President's the statement acquires an expanded meaning. We should examine his face as closely as we do his words, not only for what he means by it, but for what we, who have chosen him to represent us, mean by him.



Charles Darwin noted that when a man is lost in thought "... the eyes are not then fixed on any object ... the lines of vision of the two eyes even often become slightly divergent." Mildly strabismic eyes seem to look constantly to some distant frontier, even when the true point of regard is nearby.



On some faces the inner ends of the eyebrows are easily raised by the corrugator muscles of the brow—the "grief muscles," as the French call them. When this contraction is matched by a deep infolding of the eyelids it becomes difficult to decide whether the dominant message is compassion or craftiness.

What message have we sent the world with the face of Jimmy Carter? The determination in his austere, private eyes is not that of a visionary, a politician, a crook, or a fool, but that of an engineer. Their message is that if we would only tell him what we want him to do, he would figure out how to do it.



Nixon's eyes were often depicted as under great external compression, so that his head was narrowest at the brow; and narrowness of vision characterized his years in office. Nixon's only unblemished undertaking was the overture to China...

... which may explain why he named his successor a man with strikingly Oriental eyes—a useful edge in handling the Russians.

THE MISTRESSES OF SINGER

A fantasy

by Tova Reich

ALL ACROSS Israel, Eastern Europe, and the United States of America, women are coming forward with the claim that they were once the mistresses of Isaac Bashevis Singer, the Nobel Prize winner. These women range in age from their mid-fifties to their early nineties, most are Jewish, although there are some gentiles too, and all of them, if you care to look closely, possess at least one feature—a cynical mouth, a poignant wrist, a melancholy eye—that startles your attention and impels you to consider, Well, maybe. . . . And even the husbands of these women, those who have survived, have been heard to boast: “My Sonia here used to be. . . .” and the reflected glory of the laurel wreath embraces their heads as well, concealing, even for a moment enhancing, the cuckold’s horns.

In Tel Aviv, the home of my Aunt Henny, there is one such woman, now retired, though she still favors long, tinselly-tinkly earrings and she never misses a single rehearsal of the amateur opera company, where she sings in the chorus. Of course, the account of her interesting past comes exclusively from my Aunt Henny, and I mention my source so that you may have all the necessary information to make a judgment about the authenticity of this alleged mistress’s assertion. Aunt Henny reports that her friend refuses to introduce her to Mr. Singer when he visits Israel, and not because she is afraid her claim will be discredited, but because, in Henny’s words, “I’m still quite a good looker and she’s worried that I’ll steal him away.” And I tell you this not in order for you to infer from my aunt’s beauty those very same charms in her niece, but to demonstrate how the aura of a famous man can cast a glimmering beam, first on those who have been certifiably close to him, and then a more fractured light on those who might have touched the fringe of his garment (the mis-

tress), on the friend of the fringe-toucher (my Aunt Henny), and on the kin of the friend (me).

IN AN ALLEY off Krochmalna Street in Warsaw—where the stench of boiled flanken and borscht still accosts the nostrils, where the scrawny cats still chase each other among the ash cans from which the demons and imps peer out and spit at you, especially if you steal a glimpse at your hand mirror—there dwells a ninety-three-year-old woman who is the grande-dame of all the mistresses. Certain experts point to her as the model for Wanda, in *The Slave*. She is a gentile, but after the war she was awarded a medal for sheltering Jews, and there are those who maintain that her kindness to the Chosen People was a habit that was established well before. She will tell you that she met Isaac around the time he was just breaking out of his father’s courtship with a fledgling who had only recently removed his gaberdyne and his yarmulka, and whose hair was already beginning to fall out. He was sorry about his precocious baldness, she will tell you, but she would comfort him: “It makes you look more distinguished. A high forehead is a sign of intelligence.” But Isaac would lament in flawed Polish, “There is a limit even to how intelligent a man wants to be. And besides, what about the girls?” Already then he had spoken about becoming a great writer someday, and this mistress, who was always a shrewd article, who could manage to locate a perfectly fine potato when everyone else was chewing the rotten peel, asked for his old copybooks as a present, just in case. As it turned out, it was a good investment on her part. She will show them to you for a fee, and you will marvel at the *alephs* and *beths*, inscribed by the child’s trembling hand. Between the crumbling pages you will notice a single

Tova Reich’s first novel, *Mara*, was published last year by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

ly red hair. In a retrospective showing, ev-
thing has value.

THE AMERICAN MISTRESSES now get to-
gether at a convention every few years,
usually in Miami, or New York City
on the upper West Side or Brigh-
ton Beach. There are two camps in this society
the senior group that purports to have ben-
efited Mr. Singer when he was still an un-
known, and the younger women, disdained by
the older, who, it is whispered, simply cashed
in on his fame. The leader of the more re-
spected older clique now lives in a condo-
minium on Collins Avenue, but in her prime
worked in a cafeteria on Broadway. She
would pass the hungry artist his dish of rice
sizzling over the counter, their fingers touched,
that's how it all began. The youngest mem-
ber of this club bleaches her hair white, to

give herself age and status. Her story is that
she presented a Yiddish haiku to the already
well-admired writer on *The Forward*, and one
thing led to another. She insists that she was
in no way aware of his worldwide reputation
at the time, but to that the others merely raise
a cold eyebrow in disbelief. On the occasion
of the announcement of the Nobel Prize, the
American mistresses held a celebration in a
Brooklyn hotel. A motion was put on the floor
to accompany the laureate, en masse, to the
ceremony in Stockholm. After a hot debate
this motion was tabled as both practically and
morally unfeasible. The women closed ranks,
and there was a warmth and an absence of
rivalry among them for the first time. They
all recognized their common point of vulner-
ability. When it comes to worldly honors and
acclaim, to shaking the hands of a king and
basking in the royal approval, the mistresses
must defer to the wife. In public it is as it has
always been. The wife gets all the credit. □

**"In public it is
as it has always
been. The wife
gets all the
credit."**

HARPER'S
MAY 1979



IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe

The National Pastime



"Eight hundred thousand a year, a fast-food chain, a deodorant commercial, and a line of thermal underwear, and *you* throw to the wrong *base*!"

GOODNESS INCARNATE

altering Jews in Vichy France

by Terrence Des Pres

HORROR SWELLS around us like an oil spill. Not a day passes without more savagery and harm, and from all the corners, instantly or within hours, the media alert us to what has occurred. Unlike any generation before us—we are wired into history, and this is of immediacy, global in reach, and bound to alter the way we feel about ourselves and the world. Assassinations, bombings, nations spewing blood and civil strife—atrocity becomes a *déjà vu* affair. Political imprisonment, “torture seminars” run by the CIA on methods learned from the Gestapo—it’s everyday stuff. Against the backdrop of the violence and mass with which such ugly information hits us our defenses collapse. Where is reason, progress, any evidence to support our faith in humanity? We stand naked before terrible events that not only shock and horrify us: more and more, they begin to define what we perceive as reality. The shadow deepens, crosses any path we take, stretches into endless night. It covers everything, prophetic and inescapable, the memory of the Holocaust hovers to mock us, the *Schadenfreude* of history.

It is an age of aftermath and we are bound by an infernal logic. We are

maimed in spirit by the brutality and suffering we witness, or we close off care and don’t give a damn, and either way our humanness diminishes. In his account of how he came to write *Lest Innocent Blood Be Shed*,* Philip Hallie, a professor of philosophy at Wesleyan University, expresses our common predicament this way:

The pattern of the strong crushing the weak kept repeating itself and repeating itself, so that when I was not bitterly angry, I was bored at the repetition of the patterns of persecution. When I was not desiring to be cruel with the cruel, I was a monster—like, perhaps, many others around me—who could look upon torture and death without a shudder, and who therefore looked upon life without a belief in its preciousness.

Yes, *mon semblable, mon frère*, he is right. Rage and despair on the one hand, a dead soul in a worthless world on the other. Keeping faith in human worth, insisting upon the efficacy of care, has become extremely difficult. If, for example, the great oil companies can wreck the world economy for their own advantage and no single govern-

* Published by Harper & Row in April. 304 pages, illustrated; \$12.95.

ment can check them; if terrorists can shoot down schoolchildren and still be hailed champions of justice, then the momentum of evil would seem beyond stopping, and life, if life needs decency and hope, is defeated. Again, Hallie:

If only such things were possible, then life was too heavy a burden for me. The lies I would have to tell my children in order to raise them in hope—which children need the way plants need sunlight—would make the burden unbearable.

From where can salvation come? How shall the burden be lifted? By chance, while looking through documents about the Holocaust, Professor Hallie came across a brief article about “a little village in the mountains of southern France.” He began reading with the scholar’s expected “objectivity,” but the utter simplicity of what he read disarmed him:

I saw the two clumsy khaki-colored buses of the Vichy French police pull into the village square. I saw the police captain facing the pastor of the village and warning him that if he did not give up the names of the Jews they had been sheltering

Terrence Des Pres is the author of *The Survivor: An Anatomy of Life in the Death Camps* (Oxford University Press).



Anita Siegel

in the village he and his fellow pastor, as well as the families who had been caring for the Jews, would be arrested. I saw the pastor refuse to give up those people who had been strangers in his village, even at the risk of his own destruction.

Then I saw the only Jew the police could find, sitting in an otherwise empty bus. I saw a thirteen-year-old boy, the son of the pastor, pass a piece of his precious chocolate through the window to the prisoner, while twenty gendarmes who were guarding the lone prisoner watched. And then I saw the villagers passing their little gifts through the window until there were gifts all around him—most of them food in those hungry days during the German occupation of France.

OUT OF WHAT circumstances could this small event have risen? What kind of community would run such immediate risk? For in fact, during the entire period of the Nazi occupation, first under the nervous eye of Vichy, then directly under Gestapo surveillance, the people of Le Chambon—about 700 villagers and 2,000 peasants from outlying farms—had used *themselves* to welcome, hide, and keep from harm more than 2,500 refugees, most of them Jews. Under the leadership of their Protestant pastor, and with financial aid from the American Quakers, the members of this community voted to make of their homes a "city of refuge." They would open their doors to anyone in need, and would organize their small resources for the express purpose of saving as many Jewish children as possible. They would also work with the *Cimade*, an underground organization run entirely by women, to smuggle Jews across the border into Switzerland.

What took place in this remote mountain village was certainly not broadcast to the world; everything was done quietly, covertly, to all appearances as if nothing were happening. It was the kind of event easy to overlook because it needed to be overlooked. Nor was it heroic in the inflated man-against-fate sense of that word; rescue operations were a day-to-day business, crucial decisions were made at the level of the family by ordinary people in

their kitchens. Nor was this the saga of a great leader merely, for although André Trocmé was the spiritual center of the village and a very forceful man, his power rested with the villagers, who permitted him to carry forward plans for their city of refuge. He was committed to nonviolent resistance; the villagers endorsed his view—fortunately, because against the Nazi war machine a stationary group could not use tactics like those of the mobile *Maquis*: that would have meant confrontation and disaster. Resistance to evil, when the odds are so grossly one-sided, means resistance to the policies of evil. If Jews are to be turned in, then no Jews will be turned in. Once these conditions are understood, the thing that makes the story of this village supremely beautiful is simply that it happened. These events took place and therefore demand place in our view of the world. If awareness of history has pushed us to the point of losing faith in ourselves, the case may also be, as Professor Hallie says, that "redemption lies in remembering."

It also lies in simply finding out. Professor Hallie spent three intense years among the people of Le Chambon, talking at great length with them, getting to know them as individuals, as friends, allowing himself to abandon the scholar's detachment so that, to the full depth of his being, he might come to understand "The Story of the Village of Le Chambon and How Goodness Happened There," which is the book's subtitle. And Hallie's reason for writing the book is also ours in reading it. "I needed this understanding," he says, "in order to redeem myself—and possibly others—from the coercion of despair." To know that goodness exists, like the myth of the seven just men on whose existence the existence of the human world depends, is more than knowing merely. In times as brazenly brutal as ours, it is among our deepest needs.

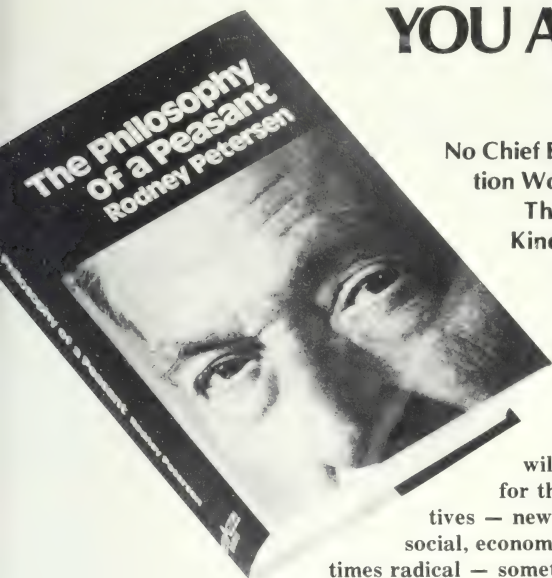
Lost Innocent Blood Be Shed is important not only for the story it tells, but because it does just that, it gives us a story. In *The Poetics* Aristotle insisted that in the telling of a story, character remains subordinate to plot, to what happens, not because fate rules or because we blindly run like rats in a maze, but because only through plot, through a sequence of interlocking actions, does character reveal itself con-

cretely as a force in the world. So novelists still know this. Historians, too, knew it once, although recently it along with sociologists and the breed of literary critics, have given on what human beings actually preferring instead statistics, system data tabulation, and "deep structure" as if in crucial situations (i.e., in the union between event and character) had nothing to do with historical understanding, let alone historical competence.

Professor Hallie, with his strong respect for persons, with his passion "ethics incarnate," has reminded us one of the oldest open secrets in the world: that goodness, like other constituents of human character, does not simply exist, it *happens*, stage by stage, decision by decision, and the best way to understand it—and thereby be blessed and inspired to faith and emulation—is to behold it in action. As once we see that events do not just happen, that they have beginning, middles, endings, we are ready to appreciate doubly the strength of Hallie's book: the "Story of Le Chambon" is a wonderful example of goodness in action, but it is also a mode of analysis and revelation, a way to grasp concretely the ineffable character of human beings committed to decency and care. Without story—specific persons doing specific things—the moral dimension of reality is lost.

AND SO there is André Trocmé, the Huguenot pastor urging his people to be mindful of the crisis upon them, a man of mystical fervor, aggressively loving almost explosive in his rush to save lives. And there is Magda Trocmé, commanding as her husband, wholly absorbed in the daily nourishment of life, disdainful of ethical precepts apart from action, a woman who could never manage to think of herself and her friends as "heroic," but only as human beings doing what, at that time, in that place, needed to be done. André conceived the idea of hiding refugee children in the village, and it was he who went to get help from the Quaker office in Marseilles. But Magda best sums up the spirit of the village itself: "I do not hunt around to find people to help. But I never close my door. . . . And it was she who said, when the

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INTERACTION BOOKS

first Jew abruptly appeared at the door timidly hoping for help, "Naturally, come in, and come in."

Around these central figures a small knot of active organizers gathered, those who ran the schools, those who turned *pensions* and boardinghouses into the "funded houses" that received financial support from outside the village and in which large numbers of Jewish children survived the war (only one of these houses was found and destroyed by the Gestapo). Then came the villagers themselves, each with a home into which one or more refugees came, sometimes to stay, sometimes to wait until accommodations could be arranged elsewhere. And surrounding the village, there were the isolated farms where many Jews found safety and work. Connections were maintained with partisan fighters in the area. Someone (never identified) supplied blank copies of the indispensable identification cards that each refugee needed in order to pass as a villager or at least as not a Jew. And a fast voice (also never identified) would call on the phone to say that a raid was coming, that the Germans were on their way for one of their "sweeps." Goodness would seem to be contagious, for throughout the whole of this operation, even after Le Chambon became known as a "nest of Jews" and the villagers lived in fear of their lives, not one person turned informer.

Individuals got arrested, got killed, but in the main the rescue mission of Le Chambon was successful, and this brings us to one of the central points of Hallie's book. These people did not simply wake up one day in the middle of the war and decide to start saving Jews. They began at the beginning. When the Germans occupied France the villagers would not salute the Vichy flag. When loyal citizens were commanded to ring the bells of their churches to celebrate official events, no bells rang in Le Chambon. And at a time when to preach an ethic of non-violence was forbidden by law and by the Protestant Church itself, Trocmé and his fellow pastor regularly broke this law. The risk was relatively slight in these cases, but that is hardly the point. The village was in small but active revolt long before the first Jew arrived, and when that frightened woman knocked on the Trocmés' door—when the point of no return came—

they were ready to carry out in practice what they had already been doing in spirit.

ONE OF Professor Hallie's most pursued observations has to do with the impact of the Huguenot experience upon the village during the war. We tend to remember the Saint Bartholomew's Day Massacre of 1572 and forget that for most of their four centuries' residence in France the people of Huguenot faith were harassed, discriminated against, and persecuted constantly, often to the point of extreme bloodshed. To them, the "law of the land" had never been worth respecting, and when the Vichy regime started laying down new laws, this was only one more case of law-as-abuse to which this people, this tradition, would respond as of old—with "the resistance of exile." At least in this case, not doctrine merely, not faith passed on untested, but the memory of a people's collective past determines their behavior in crisis, especially when torment and persecution—the need to act and endure—had been the cost of their faith in the first place.

To say that the past counts may sound like a truism, but the example of the Huguenot tradition in Le Chambon leads Professor Hallie to his most valuable insight. He believes (and so do I) that ethical norms tend to arise from, and be clarified by, the experience of victims. Human beings under protracted pressure are best situated to see and feel (not just propound and discuss) what hurts life and damages the spirit. And out of this negative moment a positive morality is born. In this situation, the condition of victimhood has so long persisted that morality and resistance become identical in the struggle to transcend (or simply survive) the fact of always being open to harm. To test this we need only consider that although the ethic of Classical Greece, based on the celebration of strength and magnanimity, is extremely appealing, it could not save its own culture and has not entered the heart of Western morality half so much, or so persuasively, as the combined ethic of the Jews and the early Christians—both of whom, in terms of empire and persecution, were victims.

Nietzsche had great fun with this idea, but he somewhat missed the point.

In *The Genealogy of Morals* he argued that Christian morality arose from the plight of a people who had neither political nor the economic means to defend themselves, and therefore advocated an ethic of peace, equality, and neighborly care. Taking this to be a strategy of *ressentiment*, the envy of the slave for the "noble soul," Nietzsche preferred to celebrate the classical virtues of largess and restraint, the decent usage of wealth and power, on the very mistaken assumption that wealth and power can be managed wisely, without corruption or abuse. The downtrodden of the world know otherwise. The knowledge that the noble soul is self-absorbed, that the wealthy can afford not to care, that restraint and good judgment are forgotten as soon as power feels threatened. Above all, they know that human beings are easy to debasement and easy to kill.

In long possession of these latter truths, the villagers of Le Chambon knew that to be on the side of the victim is to be on the side of life, which is what morality in practice comes down to. They also knew, from centuries of experience, that victims do not have the leisure to act "in due time," but must do what they can "in time," in both meanings of that phrase. With their Huguenot tradition to guide them, the men and women of Le Chambon were ready in advance to put their beliefs into action. Goodness happens when human beings know ahead of time that one day they will be called upon to act. Our humanity remains tragically tied to the inhumanity we oppose and endure. The preciousness of life is a function of death. Goodness is a function of the harm it resists.

Goodness. When was the last time anyone used that word in earnest, without irony, as anything more than a doubtful cliché? *Le Chambon: A Book of Sheds* is one of the rarest of books, the kind that can change the way we live. It is conceived and written on a modest scale, but Philip Hallie knows full well the wisdom of starting small—that is one of the book's themes—and among other large accomplishments he has restored to the word *goodness* its rightful moral beauty. We can begin again to use it with confidence. We can—with the example of Le Chambon to remind us—begin again to believe that decency is possible. □

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IMPETUS AND INVENTION

Poetic tradition and the individual talent

by Hayden Carruth

Who Shall Be the Sun?, by David Wagoner. 144 pages. Indiana University Press, \$9.95.

Under Stars, by Tess Gallagher. 53 pages. Graywolf Press (P.O. Box 142, Port Townsend, Wash. 98368), \$7; paper, \$4.

The Tramp's Cup, by David Ray. 125 pages. Chariton Review Press (c/o Jim Barnes, Northeast Missouri State University, Kirksville, Mo. 63501), \$3.

While Dancing Feet Shatter the Earth, by Keith Wilson. 68 pages. Utah State University Press, \$6.95; paper, \$3.

Killing Floor, by Ai. 49 pages. Houghton Mifflin, \$7.95; paper, \$3.95.

The Bus to Veracruz, by Richard Shelton. 82 pages. University of Pittsburgh Press, \$6.95; paper, \$3.95.

Praise, by Robert Haas. 80 pages. Ecco Press, \$7.95.

The Collected Poems of Muriel Rukeyser. 588 pages. McGraw-Hill, \$17.50.

Hayden Carruth is the poetry editor of Harper's. His most recent collection of poetry is Brothers, I Loved You All, published by Sheep Meadow Press (distributed by Horizon Press).

AS EVERYONE KNOWS, a critic who attends the theater after eating too much *osso buco* or having a fight with his wife will produce an unfavorable review. And as everyone knows also, this is a negligible commonplace; the critic is professional, he will set aside his personal discomforts, the play—the work of art—possesses objective, observable merits or demerits, and this equally is a negligible commonplace. Two of them, and where do they leave us? Are they really “negligible”?

I don't know. All my working life I have been unable to decide whether or not judgment of particular works of art is possible, or even worth attempting; which is why I prefer to call myself not a critic but a reviewer, a journalist. My job is to inform, not to judge. Yet judgment is unavoidable, even if only in the choice of what to review, even if only in the act of writing, putting certain words together instead of others. I take it this is part of the human predicament, the absurdity against which our minds pit themselves in continual failure.

Am I just warming up, or is this

legitimate preamble? For two years more I have been complaining about invasive mediocrity in American poetry, a problem I have connected with the proliferation of writing program workshops, and subsidized publications. Yet now I find myself in the presence of more good poetry than can absorb. Is it all subjective? Do the new pills my doctor has given me induce a change of view? I have the feeling that judgment is less reliable than ever, a caprice of internal mechanisms we are scarcely aware of—of me and for all other so-called critics. Hence I disavow the title not only of critic but of professional as well. Growing older, I shed them. I feel better lighter. My thirty years of experience mean nothing, all that baggage. The one qualification remaining, to which I cling not desperately but in joy, is emptiness—that is to say, receptivity. Any poem of genuine substance, whenever it comes from, garnished with whatever sauce, can regale me.

The following reports are minimal in two senses. First, treble this number of books ought to be noticed; second far more could be written about each



DAVID WAGONER'S *Who Shall Be the Sun?* contains both direct retellings of American Indian legends and his own based on attitudes, understandings, and experiences of the Northwest tribes. Most white literature on these themes is suspect; much is tedious; but Wagoner's poems, I believe, are true, and certainly they are compelling. He is a fine poet to begin with, whose work over the past two decades has probably not been given due, and he is close, I think very close, to Indian sensibility. He knows how to write in his own language, plain, and in his own convention of contemporary American, yet feeling in his work, like the subtitle, has been distinctly learned. Here, it has been *earned*, and the effort that is a power in its own fruition. Here is one stanza, taken from the middle of a song:

*My spirit, when it first came,
Made a hole in my mind,
And I fell down, dreaming
What I must do and be
Through the long fire of my life.*

It is not only the literalness of Indian mysticism but also its true feeling; yet conveyed somehow—to think out how would take years—in words and images that seem not strange to us, that seem in fact closely allied to our own, the world's, experience. In many of his Indian poems, Wagoner reaches at once the form of Indian, and the content of universal, awareness. It is a remarkable achievement.

Tess Gallagher's poems are totally different; personal lyrics, done with a verbal finesse rare to find these days in common American free-form composition. I am tempted to call it feminine. And I do, risking the era's awkward consequences, because there is under all a womanly sensibility in literature, thank heaven, and we can recognize it. Moreover, Gallagher's poems, beyond their delicacy of language, have a delicacy of perception that I, at any rate, associate with women; the capacity to see oneself objectively as another person doing the things one really does, but without the hard philosophical intrusions most men resort to; instead with clear affection and natural concern. If Jane Austen, in creating her characterizations, was often writing about herself, then Tess Gallagher, writing about herself, is often creat-

ing characterizations, i.e., fictions, people existing in words, whom she cannot know, yet whom she regards with wonder and sometimes with Sapphic pathos. Delicacy and light and the feminine strength of a clear view—these are the qualities that give me much pleasure in Gallagher's work and awaken in me much sympathy, a needed response in these tough, flat, boring days.

Toughness and flatness and even sometimes boredom are the verbal qualities of David Ray's poems, chosen deliberately to make bearable the outrage and pain of his poetic vision, which otherwise would bring him down into inarticulateness, as they would reduce us, his readers, to impotent misery. But "making bearable" is another way to say "expressing," or perhaps just "making." Here is Ray's "Scene in Calabria":

*I was concentrating on the child
so I did not hear them.
The child was being born and no
one else
on the hill was making the effort.
Sure, the mother was.
But she was alone, with a midwife
who turned out to be incompetent,
with a midwife who let the baby
die,
with a midwife whom the doctor
lectured
for her stupidity, with a proud,
well-dressed
midwife who carried a big leather
purse and drove an Alfa Romeo,
with a midwife who smiled the
same way
when she came out as she smiled
going in.
She drove the Alfa Romeo
past the boys and the tin cans
and the cindery coke from a
thousand
years of blacksmith shop,
and the toothless boys stood and
stared
and the sooty-feathered chickens
scattered.
In that high room on the hillside
the mother was alive and weeping.
Fra Angelico would not paint this
one.*

Easy? Many people think so, there are so many imitators. But few bring it off. Ray himself misses as often as he hits. But this is his way of writing, as necessary as Picasso's arc lights. No one should begrudge an artist's methods, tied as they are to his temperament, provided he or she can come up with enough successes to justify our admira-

tion. In his new book, *The Tramp's Cup*, David Ray does it.

KEITH WILSON's poems of New Mexico have been appearing, chiefly in small pamphlets, for a decade or longer, and I have read them, watched them, with a particular interest. I love that country, though I'm a Yankee bred and domiciled. Wilson, as Southwestern as I am Vermontish, has reached further and further into the resources of his land and his imagination, until now he is one of the finest regional poets of the desert, its hardship and dreams. *While Dancing Feet Shatter the Earth* is a nearly perfect book, not one poem unworthy of the others or its topic, and a book splendidly titled. "New Mexico is a myth," he writes,

*an ancient
whirlpool
of time where moments stand still
just before
being sucked down to other planes,
other hours.*

Have you stood alone at first dusk in the sage, the dust, under the mountains of Christ's blood? You will know Wilson's "moments." The words are exact, so is the myth, the whirlpool, because time—the torrent in stasis—is what the desert is. Wilson's poems are quiet, held like the moment on the whirlpool's brink of cosmic lust and extinction, held but ready to let go, to dance and die, to shatter. They are magical.

No group of poets in America has evolved more swiftly, variously, and vigorously in recent years than the Afro-Americans. Close as their topical intentions have been, interdependent and united, their poetic intentions have burgeoned so diversely that they can hardly be called a group at all, literally speaking. It is less a burgeoning than an explosion: forms, styles, structures, moods, vocabularies of every kind. Their individual achievements won't be sorted out for years. But certainly the poet who calls herself Ai ("love" in Japanese, which is part of her ancestry) is among the best; this much can be proved already in *Killing Floor*, though it is only her second book and a slim one at that. Many of her poems are in the voices of others, *personae* in the true sense, masks behind which not only she but all of us stand and peer out. This by itself indi-

cate. Ai's literary intelligence. Her passion is the thing that counts, however, and it throbs—the word is just—in rhythm, image, and phrasing. "Madalajara Cemetery" is a personal poem, shorter than most:

*You sort the tin paintings
and lay your favorite in my lap.
Then you stroke my bare feet
as I lean against a tombstone.
It's time to cross the border
and cut your throat with two
knives:
your wife, your son.
I won't try to stop you.
A cow with a mouth at both ends
chews hell going and coming.
I never asked less.
You, me, these withered flowers,
so many hearts tied in a knot,
given and taken away.*

A common enough theme in these times. But remember the title and see how closely the poem is knit together. And then the "cow," its passionate urgency, bringing into the poem, without the least propagandistic trace, our whole present history, civilization in its degeneracy, what I call the awareness of diseased awareness. A remarkable image; a remarkable poem. But Ai does it again and again, and her book is a joyous shock.

Another poet of the desert whom I admire greatly is Richard Shelton, the poet of southern Arizona. Earlier work of his was surrealist, sometimes programmatically so, but his new poems are more direct, without obscurity, without privacy, though the trained surrealist sensibility still lingers. He writes: "When we watch the sun go down/we are impressed with its glory./ When we watch the moon go down/we want to go with it." These are touches, only touches, brushstrokes; but they do more than fill in his poems; they are strokes that draw us back again and again to mysterious meanings, what we know of our ignorance—and this is where our deepest feelings lie. Shelton characteristically presents the desert as it is, rock and wind, mindless objectivity, and then in a touch leaves us there with our, or its, subjective inscrutabilities. These new poems, his best, in *The Bus to Veracruz*, will be irresistible to anyone, I think, and a very important lesson, if they will heed it, to younger poets.

When we open a book at random and read this:

*Ah, love, this is fear. This is fear
and syllables
and the beginnings of beauty. We
have walked the city,
a flayed animal signifying death, a
hybrid god
who sings in the desolation of filth
and money
a song the heart is heavy to receive.
We mourn
otherwise. Otherwise the ranked
monochromes,
the death-teeth of that horizon,
survive us
as we survive pleasure. What a
small hope.
What a fierce small privacy of
consolation.
What a dazzle of petals for the
poor meat...*

we have found a poet who knows, loves, and uses the great tradition, knowing, too, that it is never pedantic, never self-imitative, but always moving its huge chords through the modulations of individual sensibilities. This is the first stanza of a poem by Robert Haas, whose first book won the Yale Younger Poets competition several years ago, and whose new and second book, *Praise*, is a notable advance. My quotation gives only an inkling of what he can do; he writes in many shapes, moods, even styles. Yet everywhere one recognizes this reverence for the power of language, words in their gull-flight of syntax, what we—or our ancestors—used to call eloquence. There are many pleasures in poetry, and for my part, being incorrigibly maverick, I'd lose none of them. One of the greatest is discovering that the language of one's youth, Shakespeare's or Yeats's (and of course it is both), is not dead, has not been refined out of existence. The mainstream does not dry up; it deepens and widens. Think of jazz. Charlie Parker was a revolution, not to say revelation, from whom sprang the line of Rollins, Coltrane, Shepp, whom we would be loath to do without; but long after Parker such men as Ben Webster and Paul Gonsalves were finding impetus and invention in the central evolution of jazz; and today we have Scott Hamilton. Yes, many pleasures. And in this review I have been lucky enough to catch poets who give us a broad sampling of them. I hope readers will take to them all—always acknowledging the prerogatives of taste—and to Robert Haas as much as the others.

MY LAST BOOK is of another kind. *The Collected Poems of Muriel Rukeyser*, a monumental book intended for monumental purpose: to assemble, preserve, and signalize all the published poetry of an important elder writer serves admirably (although it contains many more typographical errors than ought to be allowable). It needs no thorough discussion than I have room for, however, a full-scale retrospective essay, while the important point to make here is that although I have always been able to enjoy Rukeyser's more ambitious poems, many short ones have stayed in my mind for years such poems as "The Drowning You Man," "Asylum Song," "Mortal Girl" and then among more recent on "The Lost Romans," "Ballad of Orange and Grape," and others. I end by quoting the first-named, which is a love song, a trenchant song, at least for those of us who lived through mid-century. Yet finally it is not as much more today, for anyone who will read it with care?

*The drowning young man lifted his
face from the river
to me, exhausted from calling for
help and weeping;
"My love!" I said; but he kissed
me once for ever
and returned to his privacy and
secret keeping.*

*His close face dripped with the
attractive water,
I stared in his eyes and saw there
penalty,
for the city moved in its struggle,
loud about us,
and the salt air blew down; but he
would face the sea.*

*"Afraid, afraid, my love?" But he
will never speak,
looking demands for rest, watching
the wave come up,
too timid to turn, too loving to cry
out,
lying face down in tide, biting his
nervous lip.*

*Take him by shoulder and jaw,
break his look back on us,
O hard to save, be saved, before we
all shall drown!
But he has set his look, plunged his
life deep for peace,
his face in the boiling river, and is
surrendered down.* □

VICTIMS OF YALTA

the fatal repatriation of Russian soldiers

by Andrei Amalrik

IT IS AT ONCE a privilege and a misfortune to be born a Russian. The merging of European and Asian origins created Russian culture, the underlying and continuous connection between them turned the country into a dragon, devouring its own tail. The past sixty years alone, as a result of wars, revolution, and purges, 60 million people perished in Russia; almost every family has lost someone in it, in prison camp, or in exile.

I am now in California, watching an NBC broadcast of a Soviet television series, "The Unknown War." This unknown war, which in many ways decided the outcome of the second world war, left a deep mark on several generations of Russians, including my own. Though in 1941 I was only three years old, I remember well the sirens, the crowd at the entrance to the bomb shelter, the skeletons of burned-out homes, the heated stock cars packed with refugees on snow-covered railroads, the whale-shaped hulks of dirigibles, the ruins after the liberation of cities, the card games children played in vacant streets, the armless and legless cripples on the streets, the people in gas masks, who looked like antediluvian monsters, and, most vividly, the never-ending hunger. I recall how I greedily ate a piece of American canned meat, the first meat in three and a half years.

I do not think, however, that "The Unknown War," which is now being shown to millions of American televi-

sion viewers, presents a truthful picture of the past. Despite some revealing sequences, the film is propagandistic and avoids crucial events of the war. In particular, perhaps the most tragic event was the forced repatriation by the Allies to the Soviet Union of 2.5 million Russians. This subject has long been avoided both in the Soviet Union and in the West; my generation knew nothing about it. I first read about the forced repatriation of Russians in Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago*, and then in Lord Bethell's *Last Secret*, a book on this hidden atrocity made possible by the partial opening of the British archives.

Thus, Count Nikolai Tolstoy's book *The Secret Betrayal, 1944-1947** is not the first about this last and shameful secret of the second world war. But it is the fullest account to date—based on years of interviews with eyewitnesses, and thorough study of the literature and archives, including those opened only in 1976—and it is written with outward English reserve and inner Russian passion.

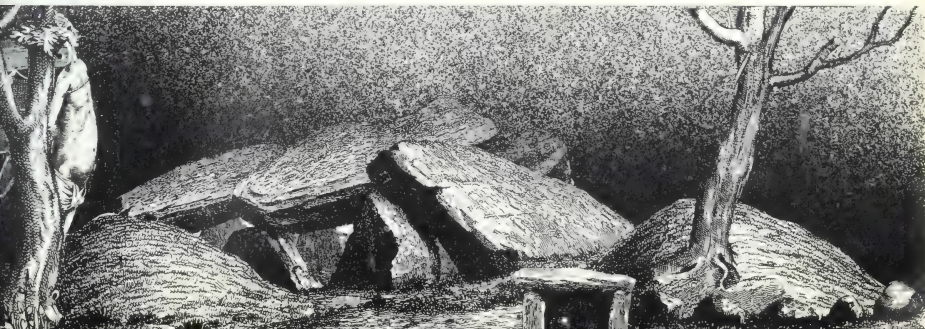
DURING THE FOUR years of war (1941-45), more than 10 million Russians were either captured by the Germans or voluntarily joined their ranks. The number itself is so large that it needs clarification.

* Published by Charles Scribner's Sons last fall.

Before the war, Stalin purged nearly the entire commanding staff of the armed forces and left the army desperately unprepared for military action before the German invasion, naively trusting in the "Friendship Pact" with Hitler. After the 1941 attack, divisions and corps of the demoralized Soviet army fell into the German encirclement. Only isolated troops were able to filter back to Soviet territory. Many simply did not want to fight—collectivization, hunger, and the terror having compelled them to regard the Germans, if not as liberators, then at least as a lesser evil; whole units are known to have crossed over to the German side. Approximately 5.8 million Russian soldiers and officers were taken prisoner by the Germans, chiefly during the first two years of war.

All of them—those who surrendered voluntarily or after hard fighting, those who fell into the encirclement through cowardice or through Stalin's own fault—all were considered traitors by Stalin, for whom the notion of Russian prisoners of war did not exist. He even planned to bomb the POW camps holding Russian soldiers, and refused to ex-

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Hitler's nephew for his own son.

In addition, 2.8 million Russians, including children, were forcibly put to work in German-held territory; to be exact, 70,000 enlisted voluntarily, but after their experience, volunteers could no longer be found. Heinrich Himmler, head of the Nazi SS, called this "working to death." By May of 1945 about a third of them had perished.

Nonetheless, more than a million men voluntarily retreated from places like the Ukraine with the German army to the West. Some feared the revenge of the secret police, the NKVD (predecessor of the KGB), for their collaboration with the Germans. This "collaboration" most often derived from the forced work in German-controlled factories or offices in order to feed their families—just as they had worked under the Bolsheviks. Others considered themselves ideological enemies of Stalin's regime. Ethnic groups—Volga Germans, Cossacks, Kalmyks, sometimes entire villages and whole regions—having no other avenue of escape, picked up and left in advance of the slowly retreating German army.

It may seem strange that so many people withdrew together with the Nazis, an enemy that had established a singularly harsh regime; but obviously they hoped for a somewhat better life. I was shocked to learn that as late as 1940 a portion of the Jews from eastern Poland, which was occupied by Soviet forces, went over into the German zone after several months of Soviet life, although the Germans had already begun the "final solution of the Jewish question."

It is even more startling that about 1 million Russians joined the German army and wore its uniform. Some were not ethnic Russians; for example, units were formed of Caucasians or Cossacks, whom Hitler for some reason did not consider Slavs. Many, after Stalin had abandoned them, enlisted within the German prison camps as their only hope of survival. But many joined voluntarily, in the naive hope of fighting Stalin on the German side for another Russia; among these were a portion of the old Russian emigrants.

The story of the ROA—*Russkaya Osoboditel'naya Armiya*: the Russian Liberation Army—shows the illusion of these defectors. The army was led by Lieutenant-General Andrei Vlasov, who,

captured by the Germans, agreed to collaborate with them. The German military intelligence supported Vlasov, although the Nazis never trusted him, and his "army," formally numbering almost a million, existed only on paper; the Russians, for the German army, served in workers' battalions, in auxiliary units, and in isolated national units. The formation of actual units of the ROA began just prior to the end of the war, and their only military operation was, paradoxically, the liberation of Prague from the Germans. Together with rebelling Czechs, the Vlasovites announced the founding of a "Slavic Federation." The attacking Red Army, however, put an end to these plans. But it is incorrect to represent Vlasov either as a Russian Quisling (he did not sympathize with Nazism) or as a national hero (he became a weapon in the hands of Russia's enemies) or as a scheming politician (there was no chance of outwitting the Germans and founding a Russian government and army that the Germans would be forced to recognize). Until the end, when he was handed over to the Soviets by the Americans and executed in a Moscow prison, Vlasov personified the tragedy of millions of Russians, crushed between two totalitarian dictators.

THE ALLIES first met Russians in German uniform during campaigns in North Africa and Italy, but they became a potential threat after the D-Day landing of troops in France—since their participation in battles on the German side could cost the lives of thousands of Anglo-American troops—and a political problem as they raised the question of what to do when Russians fighting as Germans were taken prisoner.

These Russians, however, surrendered with little resistance: neither those whom the Germans forced to enlist, nor those who joined the Germans to oppose Stalin, considered the Allies their enemies. Even earlier, many Russians had deserted from German units and joined the French partisans. If there was resistance, it stemmed from American "propaganda," which promised everyone who surrendered a speedy return "home to Russia"—the very thing Russians wanted to avoid: some chose suicide over the return to Russia.

The dry language of a British offi-

cial document recounts a typical story of one of these people:

535118 KATCHEN, W.—Soviet (under arrest) Katchen's story is short, starting when he was ten years old. His father was put to death and his mother gaoled by the NKVD; he was taken with her. After a few years in the prison, where they were together with women who had babies as young as a few months with them, his mother died but he was not released in spite of his age. He managed to escape from prison during an air raid (on hearing this, General Ratov said, "Nonsense, people do not escape from NKVD prisons") and found his way to the German lines.

In the end, the Soviet general was right: returned to the Soviet authorities by the British, Katchen did not escape the NKVD prison, and probably was executed.

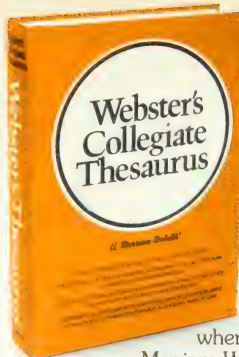
If Stalin did not admit the existence of Soviet POWs, it would seem that he had no basis for demanding their return. When the Allies first broached the subject of POWs early in the war the Soviets rashly declared that there was such "an insignificant number" of prisoners that the question did not deserve attention. Stalin, however, soon realized the threat of millions of former Soviet citizens living beyond his control and demanded their complete and swift return.

British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden and his colleagues, defying the opinion of the military, met these demands even before Stalin announced them; and the Americans, after some hesitation, followed suit. A preliminary agreement was reached in Moscow between Eden and Soviet Foreign Secretary Molotov in October of 1944 at a conference code-named "Tolstoy." The name referred not to Leo Tolstoy, the author of *War and Peace*, and much less to Nikolai Tolstoy, who thirty years later describes the conference in his book, but to another member of this brilliant family—Count Peter Tolstoy. When the Holy Roman Emperor refused to turn the runaway czarevich, Aleksei, over to the Russian authorities, Count Peter Tolstoy succeeded, nevertheless, in luring the young prince back to Russia, where he soon was ordered strangled by his father, Peter the Great.

KVD generals had no need to resort to cunning as had Peter Tolstoy. In contrast to the Roman Emperor, Churchill and Roosevelt accommodated Stalin: the final agreement was reached in February of 1945 at the Yalta Conference. The agreement was formulated that reference to a forced transfer remained oblique. There had even been discussion to the effect that the Soviet authorities would not employ repressive measures against the returned prisoners, but this was no more than rhetorical excess disguising the plain reality.

WHILE THE WAR was going on, the question of POWs involved many thousands of Russians who had fallen into Allied hands, but after the capitulation of Germany, involved millions. Tolstoy describes the tricks that bureaucrats of the Foreign Office undertook to circumvent international law. Obviously, it is necessary to consider all those captured in enemy uniform prisoners of war, and to treat them in accordance with the Geneva Convention; the Germans did this, for example, with the Czechs, citizens of a German protectorate who were captured in English uniform. The British, however, pretended that the Russians were members of the Allied army, whom they were returning to their homeland. This the Soviet authorities insisted on, and they were even concerned that the British treat the POWs well and supply them with warm clothing before their departure. Once in Russian ports, Soviet troops, in full view of the British, stripped the prisoners of this clothing, shouting some and sending others to camps.

From a legal point of view, it is even more debatable whether it was possible to subject "Allies" to forced deportation. And finally, what should be done about the right of political asylum, which is traditional in the West? Prior to the English Cabinet's decision in September of 1944, only two precedents existed: the 1939 pact between Germany and the U.S.S.R. on the exchange of political emigrants, and Germany's commitment after the 1940 pact to deport German emigrants. Apparently, Western democracies found these precedents persuasive. The legal



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Instant words.

easy 269

- ta- **easy** *adj* 1 causing or involving little or no difficulty
< an easy solution >
ion **syn** effortless, facile, light, royal, simple, smooth, untroublesome
troublesome
rel apparent, clear, distinct, evident, manifest, obvious.
ion. **plain**, clear-cut, straightforward, uncomplicated, uncompounded, uninvolved
idiom easy as falling off a log, easy as pie, nothing to it
flort- **con** arduous, difficult, troublesome; abstruse, complex, complicated, intricate, knotty
poise. **ant** hard
ffness. **2 syn** FORBEARING, charitable, clement, indulgent, lenient, merciful, tolerant
tion **rel** compassionate, condoning, excusing, forgiving, pardoning, sympathetic; benign, kindly; lax, moderate, soft; humoring, mollycoddling, pampering, spoiling
rosper- **con** austere, exacting, rigid, severe, stern, strict, stringent
ssuage. **3** easily taken advantage of or imposed upon < he was easy prey to her wiles >
t, slack. **syn** fleeceable, gullible, naive, susceptible, credulous, trusting, untrustworthy, unsuspecting, deceptible, deludable, dupable, exploitable; artless, dewy-eyed, green, simple, unsophisticated
ease vot- **con** critical, cynical, disbelieving, mistrustful, scoffing, skeptical, suspicious, unbelieving
d, further. **4 syn** FAST 7, light, loose, jiggish, unchaste, wanton, whorish
grease the **5 syn** COMFORTABLE 2, comfy, cozy, cushy, easeful, snug, soft
rel secure
con discontented, dissatisfied; miserable, uncomfortable, hard-humored, good-

and moral aspects of the problem were not as clear as that of the Gordian knot. As Tolstoy describes one repa-

*At once a ghastly cacophony of yells burst from all around. With-
out any warning, and with accom-
panying shrieks and curses, the
Americans began to lash with the
bludgeons at each recumbent fig-
ure. "Mak mal!" they
shouted in pidgin German, driving
the bewildered figures out of their
beds, through the doorways and
across to the camp gates. Any-
one slow in scrambling from his
bed was beaten ferociously un-
til he too fled in his underclothes
out into the night. At the gates
stood a row of trucks, their engines
humming, into which the prisoners
were driven by their screaming
guards. . . . Near the Czech fron-
tier, beyond Zuciesel, the train halt-
ed in the dripping stillness of the
Bavarian forest. Blue-capped troops
[of NKVDs] were waiting. . . . The
Americans returned to Plattling
tensely shamefaced. Before their de-
parture from the rendezvous in the
forest, many had seen rows of bod-
ies already hanging from the
branches of nearby trees.*

As the text clearly shows, this was an operation not of SS nor NKVD troops, but of regular American units.

Among the deported were war criminals who should have been punished, and if they had committed crimes on Soviet territory, they should have been turned over to the Soviet authorities. In every civilized state, legal procedures exist for this purpose. But these people were a small minority, and no one was interested in separating the sheep from the wolves. The Allies handed everyone over to Stalin—those captured by the Germans, those who were forced to work, those who took the German uniform, those who refused and died in camp, those who fought the Bolsheviks, and those who fought the Germans in the ranks of the European resistance. They even returned the civilians first, in order to "rid themselves of this unpleasant problem" more quickly. They handed over old men, women, and children; they handed over not only former Soviet citizens, as was stipulated by the Yalta agreement, but even those Russians who had never been Soviet citizens and who had Yugoslavian, French, or Nansen passports. The names of

persons responsible for this remain undisclosed to this day.

The Allies even sent back whole nations, such as the Cossacks, for annihilation. France and other Western countries, even the neutral ones, followed the Anglo-American policy. In all of Europe, torn and demoralized by war, only one state was found that offered asylum to the 462 Russian men, thirty women, and two children, and declined all Soviet entreaties about their deportation. When Nikolai Tolstoy later asked the head of this state how he was able to do this, he answered, "If you talk toughly with the Soviets, they are quite happy. That, after all, is the language they understand." This state was Liechtenstein, with a population of 12,000 people, a police force of eleven, and no army.

Not everyone was sent back to the U.S.S.R. forcibly. Some wanted to return, either not envisioning what awaited them, or preferring to live in their own country, despite repression. Anglo-American refugee and POW camps were open to NKVD officers, who argued something like this: It's all the same, you know—they'll send you back anyway, so wouldn't it be better to come willingly? Then, at least, "the motherland will pardon you." This argument brought results. Apparently, one-fourth of the displaced persons would have returned to the U.S.S.R. if they had been given a free choice. Some wanted to hear what news would come from their returned compatriots, but there was none.

WHY DID the Allies go the way of forced deportation? One argument was that the U.S.S.R. otherwise would have detained the English POWs they freed (23,744 men). But it was much riskier to turn people in German uniforms over to the Soviets while English and American soldiers were still held captive in Germany. Moreover, the return of Russian prisoners continued two years after the last Englishman returned home.

It is clear that it was not the fate of English prisoners that was playing a role here, but the overall Allied policy of appeasing the U.S.S.R. and creating stability in the world. In the opinion of Anthony Eden and his colleagues, the Soviet Union "enthusias-

tically" wished to cooperate with the West, did not present a military threat, and had no plans to establish Communist regimes in East European countries. Thirty-five years have passed since these fateful decisions and profound judgments were made in 1945. pro-Soviet regimes now exist not only in Europe, but in Latin America, Africa, and Asia. The evaluations, however, of such experts as Averell Harriman, George Kennan, and Marshall Shulman are not essentially different from the evaluations of Eden. It seems that Brezhnev, the "Man of Peace," even more attractive to them than "Uncle Joe"; and if Stalin let drop a teardrop while telling Roosevelt about the sufferings of his people, Brezhnev bowed down and cried while listening to Nixon's speech, as Nixon touchingly writes in his memoirs. According to ancient legends, the people of besieged cities would appease dragons with human sacrifices; they then said that the dragon's good appetite was a sign of kind heart.

According to Soviet information, 5 million people were repatriated to the U.S.S.R.: 2.4 million from the West and 2.9 million from the Soviet zone in Europe. A rough estimate is that half were shot or sent to exile in camps, a quarter were sent to a labor army, and the rest were freed or escaped. The "liberated," however, could not settle in cities or receive adequate work. They have been "taken prisoner," "abroad," "on occupied territory" provided a indelible brand. After the war, Stalin began to repress even his most loyal officers: they had seen another world and therefore were dangerous.

In German camps about 3.8 million Russian prisoners perished; another 800,000 Russians died of hunger and beatings at work in Germany. Of those who returned to the U.S.S.R., more than a million were shot and died in camps. Between the millstones of two totalitarian systems, with the modest aid of Western democracies, about a million human beings were crushed. No monuments have been erected to those 6 million; no museums have been built in their memory; no films have been made about them. Not the Soviet Union, nor Germany, nor England, nor the United States—not a single country has taken an interest in redeeming their shades from oblivion.

BIOLOGICAL IMPERATIVE

writing about science for laymen

by Jeffrey Burke

The Eighth Day of Creation, by race Freeland Judson. 720 pages, illustrated. Simon and Schuster, \$15.95.

Conquering Cancer, by Lucien aël; translated from the French by in Pinkham. 217 pages. Random use, \$10.

The Body in Question, by Jonathan ller. 352 pages, illustrated. Random use, \$15.95.

Living with a Stranger: A Discourse on the Human Body, by hn Collis Stewart. 203 pages. Brazil, \$8.95.

The Medusa and the Snail: More tes of a Biology Watcher, by wis Thomas. 192 pages. Viking, .95.

*And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine . . .
—“She Was a Phantom of
Delight,”
William Wordsworth*

*We are dumb.
—“Medical Lessons from History,”
Lewis Thomas*

SCIENCE—from the Latin *scire*, “to know,” inflected into *scientia*, “knowledge”—is a well-traveled word that has, for most its journey to the present, shared annotations with *art*. During the Middle Ages a good education consisted of training in the “seven liberal sciences,” the equivalent term for the “seven liberal arts.” Four of the seven (arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy—the *quadrivium*) were said to aid in the acquisition of knowledge; the remaining three (grammar, rhetoric, and logic—the *trivium*) led the way to eloquence. The idea then was to know and tell well. With the Renaissance came Leonardo da Vinci, in

whom art and science maintained a restive symmetry. Eventually, what he had joined, usage—or perspective—put asunder, as in this example under the *Oxford English Dictionary’s* entry for *science*: “The medical profession was an art, in the worst sense of the word, before it became a science, and long after it pretended to be a science was little better than a craft” (attributed to Robert Southey, 1834). A lexical caste system had entered the picture. Thenceforth, the two words were rarely seen in the same company, except occasionally among the hyperboles of sportswriters. And nowadays, according to a Harris poll published last year, 89 percent of those people given a list of twenty factors from which to choose the one that made the United States great in the past chose scientific research. Art was not among the options.

As much as the two words have come to be worlds apart, they meet up again in the pages of these five books, each of which, while regarding some aspect of the phenomenal scientific progress of the past thirty years, establishes that there is an art to writing about science. Defining that art requires only a quick glance back to the Middle Ages, when the “sciences” imparted knowledge and eloquence.

Horace Freeland Judson finds that combination in the scientists themselves:

[Some] scientists possess an unexpected facility in talking about their work to a layman: their explanations opened up a view of the processes of living things that has a coherence, sweep, and clarity of detail I had hardly imagined, and an intellectual daring that even vicariously seems wonderfully bracing.

The quote is a descriptive microcosm of *The Eighth Day of Creation*, a comprehensive history of the research in molecular biology since the work in the late Forties that led to the discovery of the structure of DNA. Judson’s task is as awesome as the title implies, and he takes no shortcuts, makes no glosses on actuality. There are few grand moments of insight or intuition, the bulb above the head jolting into illumination; the more prevalent image is of backs bent in dogged, long-houred, painstaking pursuit of minute unknowns. Judson interviews and profiles most of the major researchers, particularly those involved in what a Nobel Prize later certified to be a dramatic discovery. He supplies excellent background, clarifying the present with the past: five terse pages trace research on blood from 1673 to the moment when hemoglobin first caught the eye of Max Perutz, who spent two decades decoding its structure and earning the Nobel Prize he was awarded in 1962. Anyone with even the vaguest interest in science could not read this book without satisfaction.

In truth, though, unless that interest is accompanied by a considerable understanding of science and a durable concentration span, the book will be hard going. Judson consumed a decade taking interviews in what he describes as “an intermittent seminar that has taught me enough so that I could also read with some understanding the research papers that report the several chief discoveries of the past three decades.” He must expect his readers to possess a similar “enough,” because his descriptions of experiments, molecular structures, of all the technical nuts and

Jeffrey Burke writes the “In Print” column in monthly alternation with Frances Tatiaferro.

make few concessions to the generally educated layman. It would seem to be a case of the *quadrivium* overwhelming the *trivium*, with the latter still acquitting itself well.

LUCIEN ISRAËL's purpose in *Conquering Cancer* is poignantly twofold: to report on the advances made in cancer therapies over the past decade and to expose "the intolerable discrepancy between the way in which cancer patients are treated today and the way in which they could be treated." As a pulmonary specialist, he saw how doctors in the mid-Sixties abandoned patients when surgery—the favored treatment—proved impossible, particularly with lung metastases, outgrowths from malignant sites in the breast, bone, colon, and elsewhere. He began to invade the domains of other specialists in order to educate himself in alternative treatments and approaches—chemotherapy, immunotherapy, radiotherapy, epidemiology, the study of cell kinetics. He also realized the value of trying a combination of strategies where one by itself failed—self-evident to him, but outlandish to the majority in his field: he estimates that no more than 15 percent of all cancer patients are given the benefit of this procedure.

Israël, unlike Judson, would undermine his purpose if he did not keep his explanations accessible. But he does so, forcing the reader to share his frustration and anger in the face of the stubbornness, scorn, skepticism, and ignorance of many of his colleagues. His eloquence consists of common sense, hope, and self-protective irony:

I know of no other area of medicine in which there is so great a gap between the theoretical possibilities of available treatment and daily practice.... In the field of cancer, where we have less to lose than in many others, we make only the most timid advances.

Judson and Israël deal in man's vast and recent acquisition of knowledge about "the processes of living things." To explain how man arrived at this eminence, Jonathan Miller surveys in tandem the history of medicine and the principles of modern physiology. He suggests that in the evolution of self-awareness one of the most difficult truths to accept was that man does not

control his physical self, that his body goes on without him, so to speak. Understanding came only with an ability to perceive bodily functions in terms of analogy and metaphor, by comparison with, among other things, the products of technology. A striking example of this process is the discovery of the heart's pumplike aspect not long after the pump itself came into wide use. The historical and ongoing accretion of such analogies underlies Miller's explanation of physiology. *The Body in Question* is an elegant textbook written in impeccable prose with an eye on both essential and allusive detail, and liberally illustrated by nearly as many works of art as scientific diagrams and photographs. For those who find the modern view of the body too mechanical it is a compact education with a moral. Miller puts it thus:

One of the most effective ways of restoring and preserving man's humanity is by acknowledging the extent to which he is a material mechanism.... I have also tried to show how life maintains, defends, repairs and renews itself in a universe where there is a natural tendency to return to a state of uniform inertia and disorder.

Despite the soothing human voice behind those words, Miller seems cold beside the cozziness John Collis Stewart manifests in his "Discourse on the Human Body." Stewart starts out with an admission of guilt—"During many years now I have deplored my ignorance concerning the body"—and proceeds to atone by furnishing a hypothetical figure standing in a field with all it needs to become a human being, to possess a body. The discussion, under such chapter headings as "We Nourish Ourselves," "We Have Senses," "We Sleep," is general without being superficial, giving enough facts—distilled from a bibliography of seventy-odd books—to impart a working knowledge of physiology, but taking equal if not greater pleasure in digressions, literary allusions, and philosophical ruminations. The longest among the last is his peroration in favor of creative evolution and against materialism—more complementary than contradictory of Miller as a kind of poetics of physiology. Stewart has lectured in English literature at Cambridge and London universities, and he writes a sleek, self-confident prose, in which the

occasional echo from the academic may be cloying to an American ear. Yet, when the prevalent alternatives of disco music and canned laughter, such as an ear should be assuaged by the various delights of Stewart's exoteric instruction.

INFORMALITY is one of Lewis Thomas's most likable qualities. There are several dozen others, but it is his casual tone—that of the thoughtful mind apparently wandering, yet always to a certain purpose—that makes him unique among writers on science. He is also a master of the subtle lapidary genre of the brief essay. *The Medusa and the Snail* follows seamlessly from his first collection, *The Lives of a Cell*, with no falling-off in the clarity of his writing and insight on such subjects as cloning, Montaigne and the premedial curriculum. If he has an overview, if there is any governing principle for either collection, it is the pleasure of knowledge, the value of inquiry, and the necessity of skepticism—in short, a belief in science. What sets this collection apart from the first is the larger number of essays on non-scientific matters, some of them almost playful, and the solemn note on which the final essay, "Medical Lessons from History," closes. After summarizing this century's progress in medicine and noting the optimism engendered by it, Thomas arrives at this point:

These ought to be the best of times for the human mind, but it is not so.... I cannot begin to guess at all the causes of our cultural sadness, but I can think of one thing that is wrong with us and eats away at us: we do not know enough about ourselves.

Alas! Was Judson's "enough" insufficient? Was Israël merely plugging for grants? Did not Miller instruct and Stewart atone? What is the answer, Dr. Thomas?

We need science, more and better science, not for its technology, not for leisure, not even for health and longevity, but for the hope of wisdom which our kind of culture must acquire for its survival.

If that is so, if we are dumb, eloquence and knowledge may be just what the doctor ordered. □

INVITATION TO A HANGING

ncounter with Islamic justice

by Simon Winchester

OR SOME WEEKS last spring, those of us who traveled across from our homes in India to visit Pakistan with any regularity began to grumble at the way it law—the harsh discipline of Islamic system—was nibbling at our lives. It was, in particular, all those fragile bridges of social solidarity that linked the ordinary middle-class Pakistani with the ordinary Western reporter.

At the bar in Flashman's Hotel in Rawalpindi, for example, was changed night into something frightful as a "Permit Room," and no more, so the government informed through the columns of the *Pakistan Times*, could Muslims be entertained there. They could henceforth have no Murree beer—even though it was a marvelous home-brewed product had made its Rawalpindi brew famous from the Khyber to the mandel Coast—and no Lahore. Further, they could not gamble, play the horses, nor enter nightclubs (the latter presenting only a minor problem for those living in Lahore, Rawalpindi, or Peshawar, as there were no clubs there to begin with). Since they could do none of these things, then, it appeared, neither work, and the entertaining that one could do in order to win the necessary confidences from the men of power in the country became furtive and furtive, and then, as the liquor ran out, furtive and dry.

As things considered, visits to Pakistan were beginning to seem like a necessary an occasional penance, and for those of us who found it necessary to spend a few weeks covering a court case or a riot or a tribal rebellion in Baluchistan or the North-West Frontier were heartily grateful for the slightest opportunity eventually permitted us to get back to India.

The sight of a magnificent Indian army officer at the Wagah border crossing, slaking his thirst with a glass of Rosy Pelican beer, was somehow symbolic of the fundamental difference in the approaches of Islam and Hinduism (or Sikhism, to be strictly accurate). Islam, it was obvious, dictated absolute discipline; Hinduism and Sikhism were ministered to by a pantheon of fairly easygoing gods, devoted to an unorganized and comparatively pleasant sort of life.

Suddenly Lahore and Amritsar—the sister cities across the Sutlej River, the former in Pakistani Punjab, the latter the Sikh Holy City in Indian Punjab—were as different as other sister cities across the world: Belfast and Dublin, San Francisco and Oakland, Edinburgh and Glasgow—sisters that, despite outward similarities, were profoundly different in atmosphere and appealed to different tastes. Getting to Dublin after a month in Belfast was, I always felt, like paying a brief visit to heaven; it was much the same getting back to Amritsar after a week in Lahore—even though Lahore, in British times, had been called "the Paris of the East."

BUT, OF COURSE, there was much more to it than that, and if I stress atmospherics and the alcoholic obsessions of the journalist, it is only to convey the impression that Islam created during the first moments of its Pakistani revival—because it was most certainly a revival. Islam may have been the condition of Pakistan's birth, the very basis for the 1947 division of the South Asian subcontinent along lines artificially described by a British civil servant to satisfy the cravings of the dying Muhammad Ali Jinnah, the founder of modern Pakistan. The four prov-

inces—the Sind, Punjab, the Frontier, and Baluchistan—may have been peppered with mosques and littered with pages from the Koran; nonetheless, for the first two and a half decades of its existence, Pakistan was never properly marinated in Islam. This was no Saudi Arabia, with whippings and amputations staged every other Friday; there were far fewer rules, it seemed, than even in good old tolerant India. You could import things from the outside world, for example (something you could never do in India), and so a middle-class Pakistani could keep a fleet of Mercedes, a cellar full of Bordeaux wines, and a couple of nags along with his pathological dislike of India and his veneration of the long-departed Jinnah. Somehow that was all right. After all, Jinnah always looked like a Westerner. You never saw him wearing the shalwar-pajama devout Muslims were supposed to wear. If Pakistan took its Muslim devotions informally, it was in no small measure because of the lamentable public-relations job Jinnah did for his religion.

For the first two decades or so, the army, in the persons of those benevolent Pathans, Ayub Khan and Yahya Khan, ran the show; schooled in British manners and principles, these men paid only lip service to Islam—partly, one suspects, because its practices, were so alien to the officers' mess. Then came Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and the division of the country, an episode as inevitable as it was tragic. With Bhutto also came further modernization. This graduate of Oxford and Berkeley was hardly the man to embrace archaic principles of desert revivalism; rather, he would convert his people to demo-

Simon Winchester is a British journalist and was for two years Asia correspondent based in New Delhi for The Guardian and The Economist. He is currently chief American correspondent for the Daily Mail of London.

alism. Islam was for the peasantry, democracy for the elite, socialism for the nation. And for a time this

But with "democracy" came corruption, and, as in Iran and in other rebellious Islamic nations still unborn, the coiled spring of Muhammad began to unwind. After Bhutto transparently rigged the election of March, 1977, opposition forces—a disparate bunch of nine parties, allied only by their contempt for Bhutto and their greed for power for themselves—began to agitate. Rioting in the streets of Karachi, Lahore, Multan, Peshawar; shootings by the police; declarations of martial law—it was a classic example of skilled goading by a disgruntled populace, resulting in stern repression by the government and equally inevitable anguished expressions of horror by the more reasonable forces in the body politic. These more reasonable forces included the mosque—and, little by little, the opposition to Bhutto coalesced into a mullah-directed, easily comprehensible, and well-organized popular front. Without knowing it, Bhutto, the arch-secularist, confronted the very force that had created Pakistan: Islam. It was a confrontation that Bhutto, despite his rearguard espousal of his forgotten religion—he banned nightclubs, boozing, and gambling, and so miffed the visiting press—was bound to lose.

Not that his loss of power paralleled that of the Shah of Shahs on his southwestern flank. Pakistan's army—Chinese- and American-equipped, largely Punjabi, and desperately afraid of further cracks in the shaky structure of its artificially created home state—decided that neither the mullahs nor Bhutto had the ability to preserve it. So, rather than turn the streets over to the rabble, by now degenerating into squabbling factions each spying power within their grasp, the generals decided to take over themselves. To ensure a lengthy stay in power, the officers swore undying fealty to Islam—something that the younger generals among them, like the coup's leader, General Muhammad Zia ul-Haq, did not find too difficult. He, after all, was only the inheritor of the British military tradition, not a man spoon-fed with it at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. Had the coup taken place a decade before, when the senior military officers

were familiar with the wenches of Camberley and the fleshpots of Piccadilly, the attitude of the Pakistan army toward the mullahs might have been considerably different.

Army rule in contemporary Pakistan was, and still is, an intimidating illustration of the enthusiasm that results when a poacher turns gamekeeper. General Zia, egged on by his fellow officers, did his best to thwart all of Bhutto's attempts to stage a political comeback; and, egged on by the mosque, he engaged in a spirited return to *nizam-i-mustafa*, the best and the brightest interpretation of Shariat law, so strict as to make dear old Rawalpindi take on the grimly austere atmosphere of Riyadh—a city to which General Zia began to make increasingly frequent pilgrimages.

MY OWN ATTITUDE to the strictures of Islamic discipline is ambivalent, but it is an ambivalence that was positively formed by an event a year ago in Lahore that stunned, horrified, and puzzled those of us who witnessed it. General Zia, who by last spring was flogging miscreants in public, arresting journalists who spoke against him, and banning any kind of open opposition to his rule, made a conscious decision to curry favor with the mullahs and the mob by doing something that had not been seen in Pakistan since the late tyrannies of the British—hanging a trio of convicted criminals in public.

The three men, menials in restaurants and hotels in Lahore, had kidnapped, sodomized, and eventually strangled a twelve-year-old boy—a boy who was, inconveniently for his murderers, the scion of one of the renowned "twenty-two families" of the Pakistan aristocracy. The press expressed its delight when the three were convicted and sentenced to be hanged; and there was scarcely a ripple of disagreement when General Zia announced that the men would be executed in public, outside the old Lahore jail, according to Shariat law. The press office of the Punjab government provided transport to the gallows for any reporters who wished to go along: about 100 Pakistanis went, and three of us from the West.

Perhaps a quarter of a million men

had gathered to watch. (Women of Pakistan rarely attend public spectacles.) They swirled like human tide in the streets and lanes; shinned up lampposts and onto nearby office buildings; they stood on brothers' shoulders and on cars, the tops of buses. Hundreds of riot police, looking like samurai in their Japanese-made plastic shields and helmets, kept them at bay at the best vantage point, a fence beside a long dais that fronted the twenty-foot-high prison walls. At the corner of the stone walls—a British remnant in fast-changing city—a triple gallows had been erected. A large wooden platform was built high enough for the men to see, and surmounted by white posts and a cross member from which dangled three new ropes, and on the end of each a large noose.

Behind the gallows sat the invited dignitaries and officials—perhaps 200—arranged on rows of folding chairs divided by a central aisle, as in an airplane. The criminals would not face them, however: it was to the mob, to whom this event was being staged, that the three men would give the final glance. The dignitaries seemed to understand this, and chatted in a bored way, as if irked by having to act as official witnesses.

Ten minutes later than expected and with the mob outside raising an angry susurrus of impatience, police Land Rover drew up behind the gallows. Officers jumped from the front, banged open the rear door, and led the three men out—dressed in black shalwar-pajamas, their feet shackled, their hands tied securely behind the backs. They were marched, roughly through the center aisle between the invited witnesses, and it was then that my eye and that of the youngest of the three due to hang made firm and quite unforgettable contact.

I was probably the only non-Pakistani in sight, and the young man—I was eighteen, I learned later—must have thought I could somehow help him in the final seconds of his life. His eyes were red-rimmed with crying, but were too dry to produce more tears. His lips were bone-dry and chapped, and they moved soundlessly as he tried to say something to me. It looked like "please . . ." but then he was hustled past. He kept looking back as he was pushed up the stairs, but his head

pped swiftly forward as the buzz excitement rose from the huge crowd ahead of him, which now saw three men, as silhouettes, brought to the gallows platform itself.

The killing was an event of stark simplicity, even mercy. The army officers on the gallows fastened a black cloth over the head of each man, tying it loosely under the chin. A man placed the heavy ropes around their necks, pausing to adjust the coil on one so that it would not slip. Then the guards stepped back, the crowd hushed, and in one quick motion the traps opened and each man fell. There was no struggle, no sound—nothing. Three bodies dipped, landed, and swung against the sandbags around the base of the platform. They must have died at once, some instantly preserved in their passing.

It was the reaction of the crowd that prompted my ambivalence to the severity of this most strict aspect of Shariah law. There was no cheering, wild huzzah, no hysterical rush for the mosque to bestow thanks on Allah. Instead there was a huge, collective sigh of relief. And as I talked to men on the edges of the crowd they all said the same: it was right, it needed to be, it was just. And then they went home, or about their appointed tasks, leaving the hangmen to cut down the gallows, hand them over to the doctors for certification, and then bury them, in unconsecrated ground. "They have been forgiven now," one mullah said. "They have atoned for their sins, and will live on in peace."

EVERYTHING that my Western upbringing has taught me should have caused me to recoil from the notion of hanging, and especially hanging in public. But the lack of gleeful public reaction did prompt me to think that I was applying a liberal Western judgment to a properly non-Western event. Something the foreign press does all too often, I realize—and that the strictures of Shariah law do have some local meaning that makes my outrage pointless and hypocritical. And there can be no doubt that the hangings in Lahore had a quick and salutary effect on capital crime in Pakistan—in much the same way that the amputation of hands in Saudi Arabia as punishment

for theft means that anyone can leave his car unlocked on any bazaar street and not worry for an instant that anything might be missing on his return.

"You in the West have an understandably hostile attitude to Islamic revival," an old mullah told me one day a while after the hangings. "You see it as a backward step, a process of uncivilizing a country, of brutalizing it with a code of conduct that is applicable only to a primitive desert people."

"We look upon it as a divinely directed form of socialism. We create in an Islamic society a system in which there is no need to steal or kill—respect for the rights of property and life are born out of the equality that Islam dictates. To be sure, the punishments for failing to respect the tenets are there, but they are not often used. They are not necessary. You in the West focus on them because they sound so barbarous. But what you do not focus on is that Islam is an ideal non-Communist social system for the poor masses. You'll find it is only the liberal middle classes who complain."

And generally speaking, in the new Pakistan of General Zia this is true. The bourgeoisie of Lahore and Karachi, who have seen their whiskey supplies dwindle, their Mercedes driving curtailed, and their clubs shut down, find in General Zia an incompetent puritan who is dragging Pakistan back into the twelfth century; the working men and, it is said, the working women find in him a strong spokesman for their strapping nation, a bulwark against the corruption and graft that seem to go with Pakistani democracy—or did during its brief flings under Yahya Khan and Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. Moreover, they see General Zia as a friend of the mullahs and the maulanas. They cannot appreciate, having to read and listen to a controlled press and broadcasting network, that Bhutto was the victim of a fixed trial conducted by terrified or obsequious judges. They cannot see the small injustice when it is ranged against the grander concept of an honestly led, territorially secure Pakistan. Thus, for the time being, they give their support to General Zia—albeit that the generals may yet dictate that General Zia, once the dirty work of disposing of Bhutto is done,

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THIS EGO IN THE WILDERNESS

by Geof Hewitt

howls "here!" and "hear!"
2 worlds of wildness
in the woods, these words
heard hardly Ego Erro Ergo Sum

ZIMMER'S LAST GIG

by Paul Zimmer

Listening to hard bop,
I stayed up all night
Just like good times.
I broke the old waxes
After I'd played them:
Out of Nowhere, Mohawk,
Star Eyes, Salt Peanuts,
Confirmation, one-by-one;
Bird, Bean, Bud, Brute, Pres,
All dead, all dead anyway,
As clay around my feet.

Years ago I wanted to
Take Wanda to Birdland,
Certain that the music
Would make her desire me,
That after a few sets
She would give in to
Rhythm and sophistication.
Then we could slip off
Into the wee hours with
Gin, chase, and maryjane,
Check into a downtown pad,
Do some fancy jitterbugging
Between the lilywhites.

But Wanda was no quail.
Bud could have passed
Out over the keys,
Bird could have shot
Up right on stage,
Wanda would have missed
The legends. The band
Could have riffed
All night right by
Her ear, she never
Would have bounced.

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be persuaded to step down or aside.

To understand Pakistan today you have to appreciate something of the paranoia, the jealousy, and the negativism that went into its creation more than thirty years ago, and the insecurity its people feel today. It was with little pride, after all, that the birth of Pakistan was greeted: rather, it was with relief that Jinnah had got his way, and the awful strife that would have attended the peoples of the Indus and Ganges valleys had there been no partition was somehow minimized. That sense of relief rather than pride still pervades the average Pakistani sensible enough to perceive the historical facts of his country's creation, and the paranoia inherent in that creation also still obtains, at times in baffling ways.

Some friends of mine who teach in Lahore, for example, take parties of Muslim schoolchildren up to the Wagah border crossing on holiday weekends. They approach as far as they are permitted—a rusty chain stretched across a checkpoint about 200 yards from the line of actual control. If the children sharpen their eyes and peer through the heat haze, they can see the customs officials, the health inspectors, the police of their own country, and then, beside the iron gate that marks the border, two uniformed Sutlej Rangers, the elite Pakistani border guards. Two feet or so farther on, beyond the thick white line painted on the road, will be two Sikh officers of the Indian Border Patrol Force—men in turbans, with long, uncut beards strung up under their chins with military-issue hairnets. "Those," the teachers will whisper to the children, "are Hindus, the only ones you're likely to see, so take a close look." And the children peer and squint, and finally one child will comment on how "normal" these Hindus look, without horns or spiked tails. It may sound astonishing to those of us educated in the West, but Muslim children in Pakistan still believe the Hindus to be an implacable foe, a curious mixture of mandrake and devil bent on destroying Islam, polluting the wells, and ravaging Pakistani motherhood. Small wonder the official attitude toward Delhi in Islamabad is still complicated and vague, with any firm suggestions of improving relations coming, still, only from the Indian side.

And it is not just on the eastern bor-

der that Pakistan has reason to be insecure. On the west, over the Khyber Pass, is an Afghanistan now a virtual satellite of Moscow, teeming with Pashtun and Baluchi tribals who are long to carve a separate state for themselves out of the rude sandstone mountains. To the southwest is an increasingly unstable Iran, with help undoubtedly being given there to men who would attack the integrity of Pakistani state. And to the north, China, now linked by a splendid road through the Karakoram Range, meaning that Peking is three road-weeks away from Karachi—brooding and, certainly, an ally today but impossible to count on as a firm friend.

Who, indeed, can Pakistan now turn to for succor? The United States might play global power politics with Pakistan, helping to balance the region against the Soviet zones of influence in India, Afghanistan, and, perhaps, Iran. But General Zia knows that is no true form of friendship than that emanating these days from Peking, which, basically, is doing the same thing for the same reasons. The only allies Pakistan has, it seems to General Zia, are the true bastions of Islam—the Saudis, the Iraqis, the PLO. The West may regret the passage of Pakistan into what we haughtily call the backwaters of Islam, but it has come about at least in part because we, through our insouciance and our ignorance, have driven her there.

Islam, we are all beginning to realize only now, is the coming political force in the Third World—a religion, a sense of discipline that dominates a third of the world's people from the African Atlantic coast to the Java Sea. We have to reckon with it precisely as we have to reckon with the other global ideologies, and to do so involve understanding, sympathy, and at least attempts at genuine friendship. That is why, despite our sanctimonious tendency to gag at the quite apparent derogation of some human freedoms in Pakistan, we should try to appreciate matters from their point of view. In short, we should not judge Pakistan and General Zia too harshly: they have the future of an unhappy nation at stake, and would welcome our constructive criticism, rather than continued sniping at their lack of human rights. □

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

lections on equality

by Earl Shorris

AFTER I CAME HOME, having heard in the darkened examining room that the loss of sight in my right eye was not temporary, I stood near the living room windows, looking through dark glasses at the afternoon light. There was not much to tell my wife: a list of examinations yet to be made, names of doctors, a diagnosis to be conceded, a cause to be ascertained. I ordered for a cup of tea and for the lid of an early Mozart piano concerto. God has never spoken to me, and I am no longer a young man. Since I choose to be mute, unfathomable, I must understand my soul without words: the test is not of faith but of facts. Was the loss not greater to me than it would have been to one of the boys shouting as they played ball in the street below, their voices louder than Mozart could be? Why me? Why not one of them? For one who fancied himself an egalitarian it would have been easier to have been tested by plagues.

Shorris is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.

An eye for an eye; the problem has been on my mind. I am anxious to have at the eye of God. Every Huichol Indian can make an Eye of God. Perhaps your daughter made an Eye of God in her third-grade crafts class.

The embolus, barely visible to the intruding eye, settled in the superior retinal artery. The chances of such an occurrence in a man of my age and general good health are extremely low, considering the number of spurts of blood that are injected into the average arterial system per hour and the extent of the system.

Mr. Jefferson's great statement of the human condition—that all men are created equal—is formidable but not clear. By contrast, the limits placed upon the existence of a similar condition by Plato and Aristotle leave one in awe of their wisdom. The number of millionaires in political office in America indicates that we have finally caught on to the Greek idea of politics as the domain of men of leisure. Perhaps the American poor and working

classes are beginning to exercise properly the rights and duties of citizenship.

According to the young Karl Marx, money is corrupting, debasing; it leads men into alienation. And as everyone knows, poverty is ennobling, suffering being good for one's character. Can the good fortune of those who by luck or by birth have arrived at desperate poverty create expectations for a better life in those who are unfortunate enough to have been born rich?

To be a person of high culture means that one has the manners of Norman Mailer, the taste of Beverly Sills, the capacity for friendship of Rousseau, the generosity of Hemingway, the personal warmth of T.S. Eliot, the kindness of Robert Frost, the politics of Martin Heidegger, the emotional stability of Ezra Pound, the loyalty of Truman Capote, the modesty of Vladimir Horowitz, the brotherly love of Louis-Ferdinand Céline, the discretion of Oscar Wilde, the paternal instincts of Eugene O'Neill, the self-discipline of



George Gardner

Malcolm Lowry, the fidelity of Niccolò Paganini, the forbearance of Sylvia Plath, the good humor of Beethoven, the gentleness of Artaud, the uxoriousness of Shakespeare, the optimism of Schopenhauer, the morality of Gore Vidal, the sociability of Samuel Beckett, and the courage of Immanuel Kant.

Mick Jagger and A. J. Ayer are equals in the eyes of an English queen.

Even if our noses were congruent in all three dimensions, the history of your nose would distinguish it from mine.

Having conceded in the world of modern thinking that equality is, in reality, impossible, we recognize it by its absence. One does not equal two, nor does two equal one. Black children learn this logic at the age of five or six. Jewish children learn somewhat later. Catholics may or may not learn. Hispanic children are taught by television.

A believer in distributive justice, I went out into the world to write an article about the unfairness and inadequacy of the California welfare system. It was many years ago, during Ronald Reagan's first term. In the week before Christmas I interviewed many people. One was a young black woman who lived in a barren apartment with her eight-year-old daughter. The woman was pretty and well-spoken. She loved her child, she treasured books, she had bad luck. Her December 15 welfare check had been sent direct to her landlord. She had only fifteen dollars for the last two weeks of the month.

The child listened while her mother and I spoke. The child cradled a book in her arm, as if it were a doll. She wore a pink dress and Alice-in-Wonderland shoes and socks. Her face was so open I could read her dreams.

It was cold and very dry in the barren apartment. By Christmas, the fifteen dollars would be spent. I took out my wallet and gave the woman all the money that was in it.

"I have a boyfriend," she said.

"What cause have I given you to think so ill of me?"

"You aren't much of a reporter."

We are equal before the law, although that does not explain the graduated income tax to the rich or tax shelters to the poor.

In compliance with *Brown v. Board of Education*, your children and his are bused to school. Your children go to the South Bronx and his get off the bus at Groton.

If you steal by padding your expense account and I steal by picking your pocket clean of your ill-gotten gains, which of us may expect to go to prison?

The difference between contingency and accident is that the last man on earth can still die in an accident.

In health and accident insurance the loss of one eye in an accident generally entitles one to payment of one-half the principal sum.

Equality of opportunity has become the popular legalistic interpretation, the Jeffersonian notion of moral sense having been abandoned by lawyers in favor of objectivity. Lawyers lack a true appreciation of history, enabling them to construct systems that bear no responsibility for results. It is useful to remember that the purpose of the law is to conserve, no society ever having consciously enacted the law of its own destruction.

A technician took photographs of the inside of my eye while the doctor injected fluorescent dye into my bloodstream. I had signed a form permitting the angiogram.

The photographer made a joke about the dye: Be careful if you go swimming today. One little drop, you know what I mean, and you'll turn the whole pool yellow-green.

I asked him how long it would take for the dye to travel from my right arm to my right eye.

Seven seconds, he said. He was not interested in my question. He concentrated on his work.

So fast?

Some people it takes fifteen seconds. Why?

People are different.

To protest one's belief in the equality of man is, according to Karl Marx, mere cant, ineffectual liberal nonsense: and it not only puts one outside the forces of history, but may also be indicative of one's failure either to understand or to accept the inevitability of the success of progressive forces.

If men are not equal, how can we know other men's minds? The argu-

ment of the grimace denoting presumes equality, otherwise the sensible may be deceptive: the infantile smile results from gas pains.

The East German novelist was charming, urisform; he executed with brilliance that part of the artist's work which is to appear in the world as an artist. I think he thought I was a Marxist because I had bought my summer coat from Sears Roebuck. He lived in a charming house in a charming suburb beside a charming river. And it was lovely that summer in East Berlin.

Officially, the novelist did not exist. He had written a novel in which ordinary workers put down a rebellion in an East German factory. Officially the rebellion had been put down by the intelligentsia, whose destiny it was, officially, to lead the revolution.

The novelist carried a pistol and sedition ate in restaurants. Ordinary people were not permitted to live in the charming suburb beside the charming river. There was a gas station in the suburb. The novelist and many of his neighbors actually owned automobiles.

Only by distinguishing between personal property and private property can one hope to achieve communism, he said sincerely.

Political philosophy is a poor substitute for a good life. What did Marx think when his daughters stood at the entrance to the miserable house of flat in which he and his family lived in London and said to the creditors "Mister Marx ain't home"?

In his last letter, written on June 24, 1826, Thomas Jefferson said: "All eyes are opened, or opening, to the rights of man. The general spread of the light of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth, that the mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few bootied and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately, by the grace of God. These are grounds of hope. . . ."

What Jefferson failed to note in accepting slavery, a flaw perhaps based in his study of the Greeks, was that creatures less than human can only obey; but any human slave in other circumstances could give orders to the one who previously was his master.

In the role of gods—intelligent, objective, empirical—we make men into things, mocking the possibility of

ality, putting existence before essence. First place is retained by the gods, because no man can be equal to judge.

Without the arrogance of the student, one might consider the essence of man, his humanness, as prior to his existence.

The human essence is no abstraction inherent in each single individual." Marx said in his condemnation of Feuerbach. But what if Feuerbach is right?

If the essence of man is prior to his existence, then the world is relative to man. It does not mean that "man is the measure of all things" if he looks outward at the world, only that each man is entitled to beginner's luck.

Scar tissue, one doctor said. Sometimes nerve tissue can regenerate, another doctor said. I entertain hope as to which of them is the fool.

It is a long time since Moses. We have been abandoned to our own intelligence: messianic thinkers deal in politics now.

What this world needs is a leader who equates virtue with equality, a leader who calls for a reign of virtue. Like Robespierre.

Perhaps I will suddenly find Milton in cadences, Joycean wit, and a Homeric sense of the epic.

The doctor did not laugh.

Had this happened in my brain instead of my eye, I would not have noticed.

Yes, he said, such things happen frequently in the brain. In autopsies of dead people we often see evidence.

Unclear lines on a page or a ball speeding through a cloud, an eye for an eye; who would suffer more? The writer or the ballplayer in the street?

Why me? I ask, standing at the window, without Mozart, my silence still violated by the voices of the street. They are not equal to me, then chance is unfair, the order of things is immoral, men are not responsible for injustice, we are free to say that the sum of two and two is five, distinctions between right and wrong are nothing more than caprice, kings can be our masters, and the deserving poor deserve poverty. □

THIRTY CHILDBIRTHS

by Millen Brand

In James Street

I started to have attacks of kidney gravel,
human penalty
for emerging from inanimate matter—pain.
The pain of one daylong attack of gravel
has been compared to the suffering
of childbirth. I must have had
thirty attacks. I thought of suicide.
One time an attack lasted three days
and in my male parturition
I screamed like a woman.
Hospitalized in Jersey City,
I had a doctor
who without anaesthesia pushed a tube
up my penis, and this scalding insertion
let me be flushed with liquid and the liquid
washed out the gravel, or I peed it out.
No birth, but still
a delivery
giving me back to life.

YES, WE CAN STAND ALL THESE NOBEL PRIZES, COMETS, UNIVERSES, EPICS, THEY KEEP COMING OUR WAY

by John Tagliabue

Receiving this grant from
the earth I became a millionaire:
I whiffed the air.

Receiving this grant from
time I made a rime,
we joined the Event;

knowing we had the magic ring,
eventually with "idleness in love"
and Oberon we heard every one

and every thing sing; the body
of the golden dancer called the
First Day keeps pouring it out,

light, more light, all seasons,
all music; eventually with Shakespeare
Dreaming and all named and unnamed poets

moment by moment we were
granted all this
verbal eternity.

CLEVELAND WITHOUT TEARS

Remembering the Mistake on the Lake

by Ann Bayer

FOR JANET FLANNER, Paris was yesterday; for me, yesterday was Cleveland. I was seventeen when I moved from Cleveland to New York, and I prefer to think of Cleveland not as a city that defaulted on \$15.5 million worth of bank loans but as the *mise-en-scène* of my girlhood. Lately Cleveland has had an ordeal: budget deficits, proposed layoffs, the indictments of the president and seven members of the city council for taking kickbacks, the arrests of the president of the school board for mooning and of Mayor Kucinich's brother for attempted bank robbery, and the rift between the mayor and the city's bankers, politicians, and business leaders. Some 15,000 Clevelanders are going around in "Default's Not Mine, I Only Live Here" T-shirts, and "Have Another Laugh on Cleveland Blues" is the city's hit song. But much as I regret all that's been happening to my beleaguered hometown, at least I can now catch glimpses of it nearly every evening on my color TV.

Until its fiscal crisis came along, I saw Cleveland only through my black-and-white photographs. Their blackness and whiteness give them a pene-

trating quality, as if, like X rays, they reveal the very marrow of things. Every time I look at them, I think of the opening line of L. P. Hartley's novel, *The Go-Between*: "The past is a foreign country: they do things differently there." The country of the photographs is a shadowy never-never land of gray sky and gray trees and gray grass and gray people. My mother's dark red lipstick appears black; my father's pale blue eyes are bleached nearly white. In some of the photos the figures are blurred, as though the people in them were not people at all but only memories of people.

TABLEAUX RECUR. Here is my eight-year-old self, flanked by my grandmother and grandfather, in front of our Cleveland house. And here we are in an identical pose, only I am eleven. My grandparents have long since died, but the house still stands; time is a kind of neutron bomb, vaporizing people while leaving property more or less intact.

As the photos show, I underwent dramatic physical changes in Cleve-

land; I grew hair and sprouted teeth, gained a hundred pounds and quadrupled my height. I also knew both agony and ecstasy within its city limits. As a teenager I frequently conducted my telephone conversations in whispers: "Wally? About what happened behind the Cleveland Telephone Company yesterday, I want you to know I don't have any regrets." "Neither do I. Now listen, Ann, if you meet me at sundown in front of the East Ohio Gas and Electric building?" "Yes, Wally, yes, a thousand times yes."

And yet the camera never caught me in the act of living my life; I see instead to be taking a sort of autobiographical coffee break, standing around in the front yard, sitting on public benches, leaning against doorjams. Even so, I sometimes think that was real only when I was that black-and-white child living in Cleveland, and what I am now is nothing but a Kodachrome enlargement of my actual self. More and more I feel like Emily Brontë's Catherine Earnshaw, who dreamed the angels flung her out of heaven onto the heath and she awoke sobbing for joy. The difference is that I would sob for joy if I awoke to find myself not in Wuthering Heights but in Cleveland Heights.

FOR YEARS I have worked to put some emotional distance between Cleveland and me. It was after all, merely the place where latitude 41°30' north meets longitude 81°41' west, as I learned from an astrologer who looked it up in his ephemeris. But what happened to



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e transcends geography. Last summer I went to Rand McNally here in New York and bought a map of Cleveland. ("Cleveland? El Snorro," said a customer who overheard me talking to the clerk.) Back at my apartment I laid out the map and tried to perceive my hometown as nothing more than a tangle of intersecting lines. Instead I felt a rush of happiness, as if I were beholding the landscape of the city, the metropolis of my soul. My passion I have for Cleveland is shared by my immediate family, one of whom still lives there. My father was the last to leave. A decade ago and his Cleveland-born second wife and their four Cleveland-born children moved to Massachusetts. I wrote to my sixteen-year-old daughter recently asking what she remembered about Cleveland. This, in its entirety, was her reply: "I have only one recollection of the city of my birth, and that is of the water cooler down the hallway in Daddy's office. It was a huge glass one, and when you pressed the button it let the stream of water shoot into a paper cup, it made a deep gurgling sound." I found my sister's comments appointing but not unexpected; my transplanted Clevelanders retain only the most mundane impressions. Though the city bills itself as "The Most Livable Location in the Nation," even its residents are more apt to refer to it as "The Mistake on the Lake." Once I came upon a written reference to Cleveland as "two Hobokens back-to-back."

Of all the Cleveland photos I have of myself, the most revealing is probably one that appeared in a 1958 high-school yearbook. Our yearbook always had a visual theme, and that year the theme happened to be the cartoons of Charles Addams. Spiders and bats ornamented the margins, and each group portrait was supposed to have an Addamsesque figure in it. I was chosen to that honor out of a class of sixty reformed juniors. In the photo I am in the last row wearing my school blouse back-to-front and facing away from the camera. The idea was to look like a person whose head is on backward, but the effect is much less ghoul than intended. Still, I think this posterior view of me exactly typifies who I was then and am today: a reluctant adult, backing into the future. □

HARPER'S/MAY 1979

CROCUS

by Joan Murray

You are wrong about the crocus,
the bulbs closed tight beneath the still
unbreathing snow. You can't rouse them
to bring back that Easter garden
of violet deaths and golden resurrections
slipped from our childhood eyes.
Even if your yearning could find
that Sunday morning faith, long ago uprooted
with our cellophane grass and paper flowers,
how could its faded heat sink down
through frozen earth to stir the crocus
and raise it back to life?
Yet you say the crocus will be first.

But this morning I passed the East Gate
near Delevan and Main where early sun
dredges snow in Forest Lawn,
and I saw that the first to rise
are as low and gray as weathered bone:
the rows of stone. Slowly they melt back
to sight, not blooming, not singing,
but tuned to the reappearing sun
like impassive faces on Easter Island,
patient for some promised resurrection.
Flowers they are of rare old names.
Call them simply forget-me-nots
and see they are flowers of revelation.
Each year they are the first to rise.

15, RUE DU SOMMERARD

by DeWitt Beall

Short bridges of the Seine, corridor the sun's
at the end of, setting

I will think back
where the metal of the sun is smelted blood-orange—
drainage ditch of day the light exits by
and you there beside me, crying your eyes out:

Surrounded by eyes, our speech in ruins,
in the trees of our brains old carrion-eaters
grow raucous
as they jockey for the heart of that frail thing
between us.

(Continued from page 48) deeper into the country. The area that they usurped and the area that the B-52s bombarded seemed as the year passed. The war

"Go for the big play"

EVER SINCE 1970, Nixon and his associates have claimed that the invasion of Cambodia at the end of April was a great success. This assessment has been widely accepted. It is not accurate. The invasion not only was disastrous for Cambodia but also had serious long-term effects on Vietnamization and on the nature of the Nixon Administration itself. The way in which it was conducted broke rules of good policy-making, ignored vital intelligence, and disregarded political realities. Congress, to which the Constitution assigns the power to declare war—in order, as Lincoln put it, that "no man should hold the power of bringing this oppression upon us"—was totally ignored. So was almost everyone else.

The main policy-making body now was the Washington Special Action Group, but Laird's representative, Warren Nutter, was forbidden to attend some of its crucial meetings. "Only Kissinger and Nixon really knew what was going on," one member of Kissinger's staff says. This is a little exaggerated; Nixon was also taking advice from Attorney General John Mitchell and from his friend Bebe Rebozo.

General Westmoreland, in his memoirs, asserts that Kissinger pressed for the invasion. Certainly he did not exercise the independence of his office; once it was clear that Nixon was interested more in the views of John Mitchell and Bebe Rebozo than in those of Rogers or Laird, he made little protest. As a result, Kissinger's stakes in the invasion were high, and Nixon made this clear in a number of ways. One evening the President called to discuss the plans. As usual, Kissinger had one of his staff on the extension to take notes for history; this time it was William Watts. Nixon seemed drunk and said, "Wait a minute—Bebe has something to say to you." Rebozo came onto the line: "The President wants you to know if this doesn't work, Henry, it's your ass." "Ain't that right, Bebe?" slurred Nixon. There was some

truth in this. By declining to try to argue the President out of invading Cambodia, Kissinger was pitting himself against both Rogers and Laird, and was committing his future influence to at least the appearance of success.

In Saigon, Abrams drew up a plan for a combined American-South Vietnamese assault on Base Areas 352-353—"Operation Shoemaker." Because of the hastiness of the request and the demands for secrecy, the general was not able to make very detailed preparations. The intelligence officers on the Cambodian Desk, ignorant of the proposal, could not be asked for an assessment. No one counted the number of bridges on the roads into Cambodia, and two days before the invasion the Operational Staff did not know the length of the frontier between Cambodia and South Vietnam. Aerial intelligence on North Vietnamese troops movements inside Cambodia was far from accurate. Neither Mike Rives, of the U.S. embassy in Cambodia, nor Lon Nol was allowed to know of the plan, so no coordination with the Cambodians could be arranged.

In the last few days before the launching of Operation Shoemaker, a series of tense meetings was held in the White House. On the morning of April twenty-seventh, Nixon met with Laird and Rogers. Only then did it become clear to them that he was on the verge of committing U.S. troops to Cambodia, with the approval of Abrams.

Nixon made his final decision to send in American troops next morning, the twenty-eighth. He subsequently explained to Nelson Rockefeller, "I sat right here with two Cabinet officers and my National Security Adviser, and I asked what we needed to do. The recommendation of the Department of Defense was the most pusillanimous little nit-picker I ever saw. 'Just bite off the Parrot's Beak.' I said you are going to have a hell of an uproar at home if you bite off the Beak. If you are going to take the heat, go for all the marbles. . . . I have made some bad decisions, but a good one was this: When you bite the bullet, bite it hard—go for the big play."

It was Kissinger, Presidential Assistant H. R. Haldeman, and Attorney General John Mitchell—not the Secretaries of State and Defense—whom he informed first. Not one Congress-

sional committee knew anything about it. Indeed, the day before, at a closed hearing, Rogers had given the Senate Foreign Relations Committee no hint that any such action was contemplated. The Senators, however, had explicitly warned him that the Senate was opposed to substantial aid to Lon Nol.

Only now did Kissinger ask his staff to begin to consider all the implications of the use of American troops. William Watts was chosen to coordinate the NSC staff work on the invasion, but he went to Kissinger's office to tell him he objected to the policy and could not work on it. Kissinger replied, "Your views represent the cowardice of the Eastern Establishment." This, on top of the strain of recent weeks, was too much for Watts. He strode toward Kissinger, who retreated behind his desk. Watts stalked out to write a letter of resignation. In the White House Situation Room he was confronted by Alexander Haig, who, by contrast, was delighted by Nixon's decision. Haig barked at Watts that he could not resign. "You've just had an order from your Commander in Chief." "Fuck you, Al," Watts said, "I just did."

For Haig, to refuse any order was unthinkable, and he was disgusted when two more of the staff, Roger Morris and Tony Lake, wrote a joint letter of resignation. They handed the letter to Haig, but, fearful of driving Kissinger into one of his rages at this difficult time, they suggested it be delivered after the invasion had begun.

Even the ordinary White House staff was somewhat alarmed. Kissinger was asked at a meeting whether the invasion did not expand the war. "Look," he replied, "we're not interested in Cambodia. We're only interested in its not being used as a base." The wider justification he cited dealt with superpower relations. "We're trying to shock the Soviets into calling a conference," he said, "and we can't do this by appearing weak." William Safire asked if it did not breach the Nixon Doctrine, and Kissinger replied, "We wrote the goddam doctrine, we can change it." At the end of the meeting Haig stood up and shouted, "The basic substance of all this is that we have to be tough." That was indeed a point. Another, as Kissinger instructed his staff, was that "We are all the President's men."

OSVN—North Vietnam's headquarters in the South—was never discovered. The American troops plowed past its supposed site in the Fish Hook, the northern region of Cambodia, and through plantations and villages beyond. Commanders were astonished by the lack of opposition as their tanks smashed jagged swaths through the rice fields and as landing zones for helicopters were blasted clear. Communist troops were hardly to be seen.

The small town of Snuol became the target of scores of Cambodian towns to be destroyed by the war. Until the second squadron of the 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment arrived at its outposts on May 3, about 2,000 people lived quietly there, tapping rubber in the trees around. When the cavalry came under fire, their commander, Lieutenant Colonel Grail Brookshire, ordered his tank crews to fire their main guns straight into the town and led in an air strike to discourage further resistance. After twenty-four hours of bombardment, Brookshire judged Snuol safe for his men, and the tanks moved into the center. Only seven deaths could be seen, four of them Cambodian civilians. A small girl lay in the ruins of shops. When Brookshire was asked why the town had not been destroyed, he replied, "We had no choice. We had to take it. This was a blow to North Vietnamese activity."

As they drove past shattered shops, soldiers leaped off their tanks to kick down doors that still stood, and they looted the town. Brookshire later recalled the event, laughingly describing himself as "The Butcher of Snuol." But he admonished a reporter, "You guys did my men systematically looted the town. My God, my men couldn't do anything that was systematic."

The destruction of Snuol was repeated in Mimot, a much larger plantation town, the village of Sre Khtum, and dozens of villages and hamlets. The annual monsoon rains turned the red clay to clinging mud, but American and South Vietnamese troops advanced, firing and burning whatever might be of use to a returning enemy, capturing caches of rice, ammunition, and arms. Leaving the residents, Vietnamese and Cambodian, before them. The Americans found it almost impossible to separate friend from foe, and the South Vietnamese made no effort to do so.

They plunged into Cambodia raping, looting, and burning in retaliation for the murder of Vietnamese in Cambodia the month before. Their behavior persuaded many of those Vietnamese who still lived there that it would not be wise of them to stay, and during the first two weeks of the invasion about 50,000 of them fled, to sit listlessly under tents in the overcrowded refugee camps of South Vietnam. "We cannot possibly accommodate them," said South Vietnam's Minister for Refugees. Soon the numbers had doubled. The pattern of the next five years in Cambodian history could be detected in the weeks that followed the invasion. Relationships and attitudes that, if not destructive in themselves, were very destructive in combination were formed almost at once.*

Kissinger's fullest statement on Cambodia was given to Theo Sommer, the editor of the respected West German paper *Die Zeit*, in the summer of 1976. Tales of Khmer Rouge atrocities were already widespread. The interview bears careful reading.

Sommer asked Kissinger whether he had pangs of conscience at night about Vietnam or Cambodia. "What is there to have pangs of conscience at night about with Vietnam?" Kissinger replied. "We found 550,000 American troops in Vietnam and we ended the war without betraying those who in reliance on us had fought the Communists. And to remove 550,000 troops under combat conditions is not an easy matter."

He also said, "Now, with respect to Cambodia, it is another curious bit of mythology. People usually refer to the bombing of Cambodia as if it had been unprovoked, secretive U.S. action. The fact is that we were bombing North Vietnamese troops that had invaded Cambodia, that were killing many Americans from these sanctuaries, and we were doing it with the acquiescence of the Cambodian government, which never once protested against it, and which, indeed, encouraged us to do it. I may have a lack of imagination, but I fail to see the moral issue involved and why Cambodian neutrality should

apply to only one country. Why is it moral for the North Vietnamese to have 50,000 to 100,000 troops in Cambodia, why should we let them kill Americans from that territory, and why, when the government concerned never once protested, and indeed told us that if we bombed unpopulated areas that they would not notice, why in all these conditions is there a moral issue? And, finally, I think it is fair to say that in the six years of the war, not ten percent of the people had been killed in Cambodia than had been killed in one year of Communist rule."



STATESMEN must be judged by the consequences of their actions. Whatever Nixon and Kissinger intended for Cambodia, their efforts created catastrophe.

No one could have foreseen the consequences at home and abroad of their decision to override the American Constitution and wage war in a neutral country. But constitutions are devised and laws are written to protect and guard against human frailty. For the highest officers in the land to abuse them is tyranny and encourages tyranny. There were achievements during the Nixon-Kissinger years. But just as their relations with each other and with their associates were often scarred by falsehoods, so were many of their relations with the rest of the world. Together they pursued ends that frequently had a tenuous link with reality, using means that were not merely disproportionate but counterproductive and untrue to those values they were meant to defend. Neither man demonstrated much faith in those values.

In Cambodia, the imperatives of a small and vulnerable people were consciously sacrificed to the interests of strategic design. For this reason alone the design was flawed—sacrifice the parts and what becomes of the whole? The country was used to practice ill-conceived theories on, to fortify a concept of American credibility that could in fact only be harmed by such actions. Neither the United States nor its friends nor those who are caught in its embrace are well served when its leaders act, as Nixon and Kissinger acted, without care. Cambodia was not a mistake; it was a crime. The world is diminished by the experience. □

* According to a "black paper" released by the deposed Pol Pot government, North Vietnamese troops in Mimot retreated westward into Cambodia prior to the joint American and South Vietnamese invasion. —Ed.

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Solution to the April Puzzle

Notes for "April Fool"

Just to be contrary, the definition contained in each clue was an antonym, rather than a synonym, of the solution.

Across: 1. attach(e); 6. b-itter(anagram); 11. bravo, two meanings; 12. un(rob)e; 13. race, two meanings; 15. literal, anagram; 16. agoraphobic; 18. se(XL)es; 20. T'd-ied; 21. pries-t; 22. nimble, hidden; 24. OC(cu)rS; 28. RIP-E; 29. annu(al); 30. in-land; 31. ac(M)e; 32. overdid, hidden; 34. pere, homonym; 35. skin-deep, anagram; 36. Swanson, G(loria); 37. SO(t)S. **Down:** 1. abraded, anagram; 2. tragedienne, anagram; 3. averse, anagram; 4. co(ward-lines)s; 5. he-LPs; 7. into-XL-cating(anagram); 8. treble, anagram; 9. t(O)ries; 10. rel(inqu)ish; 14. coo-LP; 17. Her(O)e's; 19. strum-pet; 23. b-ave; 25. uncle(ar); 26. S(ara)-Lee-p-S; 27. Flor(ID)a; 30. 1-MPs; 31. a-DDS; 33. d.in.

PUZZLE

FREE ASSOCIATION

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions:

The diagram contains nine unclued horizontal lights. Each succeeding one relates in some way to the one preceding it. The solver who correctly deciphers these relationships will end up with more than he started with. Four of these entries are two-word phrases.

Clue answers include six proper names. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 111.

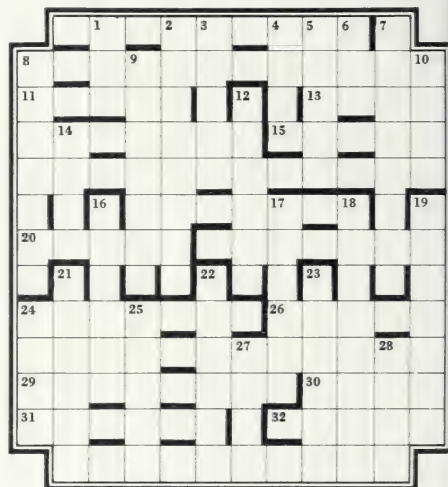
CLUES

ACROSS

11. One indefinite amount in the mind only (5)
13. Whirl wind (4)
15. The Greek brother goes back into Zeta Alpha (5)
20. One taken in by ref's decision turned purple (5)
26. Thomas Black pole-vaults (5)
29. Puritans converted Russian mystic (8)
30. Consistent level (4)
31. Falling back, head off in pass (6)
32. Type I disorder: orthodoxy (5)

DOWN

1. Peeper's sound right at sea (3)
2. Relatives support some contemporary music (4,4)
3. Drew ruled composition (5)
4. Move quickly—would be excellent with bangtail! (4)
5. He played Robin—and Joel Cairo in comeback? (5)
6. Utter rank eggs (3)
7. I bounced crazily in a frozen condition (8)
8. Small wind crossing subtropic Colorado (7)
9. Mistress takes in rotter from pavement (7)
10. Secret group seen in Auckland (4)
12. Laud no bum in dump (6)



14. Dance with one Indian (4)
16. Gifts from Florida tax people (6)
17. Salamander that's torn it badly (6)
18. He chatters mere Army nonsense (8)
19. Trip Cody's not starting until approval comes up (7)
21. Firebomb North American tree (6)
22. Lodging place sounds unfriendly (6)
23. Kind of knife takes time to make neckwear (3,3)
24. Uncommon infrared component (4)
25. Snappy pinup with peachy skin (5)
27. His lot ends off in Hawaiian city (4)
28. Tracks undersized animals if circling north (4)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Free Association, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by May 14. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription

to Harper's. The solution will be printed in the June issue. Winners' names will be printed in the July issue. Winners of the March puzzle, "March Winds," are Richard Baxter, Rock Tavern, New York; Jim Finley, Dallas, Texas; and James Tracy, Missoula, Montana.



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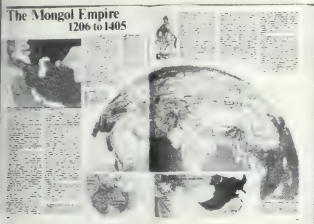
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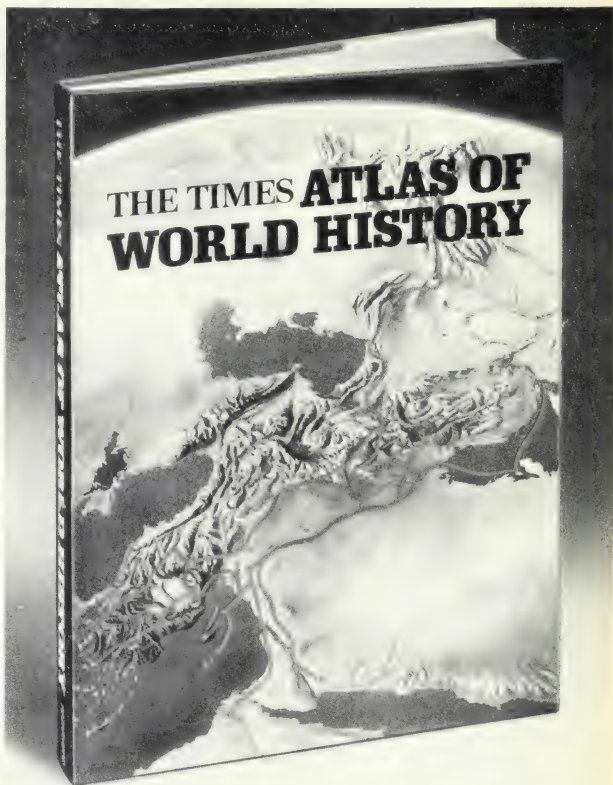
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A March, 1979 sampling of public opinion, conducted for Union Carbide by Roger Seasonwein Associates, Inc., shows that most Americans feel U.S. industry isn't conserving energy: 53% say industry is using more energy per unit of production than at the time of the 1973 oil boycott. And 29% say industry is using "the same amount."

But a majority see no rise in home use of electricity.

When asked about their own efforts to conserve energy, 52% say they are using about the same amount of electricity at home as in 1973. And 44% feel they are using about the same amount of gasoline, heating oil and natural gas.

What has happened in energy conservation?

Facts to support the belief that individuals are using less or the same amount of gasoline and fuels are hard to come by—since government figures often combine household and commercial use. But the facts do show that the residential and commercial share of the total U.S. energy consumption has gotten *larger* since 1973. And the industrial share has gotten *smaller*.

- According to Edison Electric Institute, average home use of electricity is up almost 10% since the 1973 embargo.
- Since 1973, the U.S. Department of Energy reports, industry has reduced its share of U.S. energy consumption from 39.1% to 35.4%.

What do we gain from conservation?

While many may have ignored initial appeals for energy conservation, inflation and an unstable world have given conservation a very real urgency. Conservation won't make energy less costly in a time of inflation. But it will keep America's energy bills more affordable.

In short, energy conservation is now an economic necessity. Given the real and rising costs of energy, Americans can't afford not to conserve.

What government is doing about energy.

President Carter has submitted to Congress standby conservation plans for gasoline rationing and restrictions on weekend gasoline sales, building temperatures and display lighting.

For the longer term, the White House, Congress and DOE are examining ways both to induce conservation and to provide additional energy supplies—a task complicated by the need to find solutions that are realistic, economically sound—and acceptable to the American people.

What approaches to conservation do Americans favor?

Americans give majority acceptance to two ways to achieve energy conservation: 68% go along with voluntary programs and 62% with conservation laws, short of rationing. A 40% minority accept rationing. And 32% say "raising the price of energy" has a role to play.

The next step.

Perhaps the biggest boost to conservation will come when our policies are based on realistic energy pricing. Once we no longer try to isolate ourselves from the real costs of energy, we won't be tempted to use more than we really need. Each of us will have an incentive to cut waste because we know energy's true costs.

The reality of rising prices: Much of the oil we use comes from abroad—and at skyrocketing prices. The oil we use at home is kept at artificially low prices by federal regulations. And inflation and our desire for a cleaner environment make new domestic energy resources increasingly costly to develop.

Price is "the one most persuasive factor": Acknowledging the role of prices in fostering energy conservation, President Carter recently described rising prices as "the most persuasive factor" in constraining waste.

A hesitation to apply price remedies: The problem with higher energy prices is that none of us like to pay them—and some of us can't afford to. And our elected representatives understandably hesitate to apply price remedies to energy bills. But given current

energy realities, pricing energy resources at their actual costs may be a conservation tool we can't afford to ignore.

New support for price incentives? The March study shows a low 32% of Americans now accept higher prices as an energy conservation measure. But others might also give their support if convinced that phased-in higher prices honestly reflect costs: don't provide windfall profits; and are fairly apportioned among all groups of the consuming public.

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- | | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------|---|
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| <i>Henry Fairlie</i> | 78 | I. PRETENDERS TO POWER
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| <i>Hugh Kenner</i> | 83 | II. THE TRAFFIC IN WORDS
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| <i>Bryan F. Griffin</i> | 90 | III. LITERARY VOGUES
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| <i>Nicholas von Hoffman</i> | 21 | INFLATION'S WINNERS
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| <i>Peter Brimelow</i> | 30 | HAPLESS CANADA
The French get the attention, but the English have the power. It is odd that the rulers so rarely prevail. |
| <i>Tom Bethell</i> | 37 | THE GAS PRICE FIXERS
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| <i>Cullen Murphy</i> | 45 | ALL THE POPE'S MEN
The Aquinas project was begun under Pope Leo XIII, 100 years ago; another 100 years may see it finished. |

- | | | |
|---|-----------|---|
| <i>Ronald Jager</i> | 67 | FOOTNOTES
Walking made simple. |
| <i>James Stevenson and Donald Barthelme</i> | 75 | WILLIE AND WADE
Summer in the city. |

ARTS AND LETTERS

- | | | |
|---------------------------|-----------|--|
| | | POETRY |
| <i>David Huddle</i> | 34 | WHAT PIG CLEMONS
TOLD MY MOTHER and
BILL SPRAKER'S STORE,
OR THE DAY GERONIMO
COULDN'T FIND THE
SCOOP |
| | | BOOKS |
| <i>Frances Taliaferro</i> | 94 | IN PRINT
Lives in the present perfect. |

DEPARTMENTS

- | | | |
|----------------------------|------------|---|
| | 4 | LETTERS |
| | 5 | MacNelly |
| <i>David Suter</i> | 65 | OTHER THINGS
BEING EQUAL |
| <i>Tom Wolfe</i> | 99 | IN OUR TIME |
| <i>David Sanford</i> | 100 | THE FOURTH
ESTATE
Medicine shows. |
| <i>Robert H. Zieger</i> | 102 | AMERICAN
MISCELLANY
Whiffleball. |
| <i>E. R. Galli and</i> | 108 | PUZZLE |
| <i>Richard Maltby, Jr.</i> | | Light Switches. |

Volume 41, Number 1
January 1988
\$4.00 (U.S.)
\$5.00 (Canada)

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Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company,
Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, a division of
the Minneapolis Star-Tribune Company, Inc. John
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Donald R. Dwight, Vice President; Charles W. Aranson,
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LETTERS

The executioner's warrant

No one can argue with Walter Berns's observation that certain horrible crimes—defined, with a certain arbitrariness, by the legislatures and the courts—inspire the kind of anger that calls out for revenge ["For Capital Punishment," April]. Mr. Berns elevates this anger to the level of moral law, asserting that revenge *must* be taken if human dignity and the "moral community" of our society are to be maintained and respected.

The utter contradiction in Mr. Berns's approach is most apparent in his reference to the Biblical admonition "Thou shalt not kill" as the basis for his claim to morality. I would quote, in reply, a slogan that appears on a button: "Why do we kill people who kill people to show that killing people is wrong?"

L. M. JENDRZEJCZYK
Nyack, N.Y.

It is difficult to argue with the theory of Walter Berns's eloquent article. But problems arise in attempts to translate the theory from the magazine pages into the real world. With all the injustices inherent in its application, how can responsible people support the death penalty in practice?

Drugging a poor, ignorant, probably black wretch into the gas chamber is hardly the "awe-inspiring" event that Mr. Berns's theory requires.

SYLVAN GOLLIN
Claremont, Calif.

Walter Berns's argument is a singular piece of unreason.

In the first place, it seems fairly obvious that the principal purpose of criminal penalties is to remove the criminal from society, to control him, rather than "to pay him back." To equate the action of the law with retribution and the expression of public

anger is a sure invitation to demagoguery.

Since, as Mr. Berns says, "society needs men who care for one another, it certainly does not need men who get 'pleasure arising from the expectation of inflicting revenge on someone who is thought to deserve it.'" The mere fact that someone is "thought to deserve it does not guarantee that he does indeed deserve it. And this by itself should be enough to persuade a reasonable person that capital punishment is unwarranted. The death penalty is irrevocable; it seems more reasonable that the criminal who deserves death should spend the rest of his life in prison than that even one innocent person should die to satisfy the public anger.

As for the use of such words and phrases as "stuff from which heroes are made," "majesty," "dramatic poetry," "veneration," and "reverentia fear," Mr. Berns sounds uncomfortably close to the romantic apologists for terrorism.

Finally, the facetious alternative solution to "the crime problem" in terms of giving up crime deterrence in favor of only compensating the victim is a ludicrous straw man.

BJARNE G. NILSEN
Marietta, Ohio

If a government has a rightful authority to send young, innocent men into battle to be maimed or slaughtered to protect the country and its citizens, why hasn't the government the same authority to execute convicted murderers and terrorists for the identical reason of protecting the citizens?

Let's reinstate the death penalty.

GERALDINE TROTT
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Berns confuses his own moral sense with Shakespeare's imaginative one. If *Macbeth* is a gloss on the awesomeness of the commandment "Thou

shalt not kill," so is every other Elizabethan tragedy. Such a reading does little to establish grounds for the judgment that the play is "wonderful," other than to say it conforms with a received moral idea. If we wish to be reminded of "the majesty of the moral order that is embodied in our law," we can find it straightforwardly demonstrated in morality plays of all kinds in all ages. But no great tragedy in my age—Shakespearean or otherwise—makes as simple an equation between moral order and law as Mr. Berns suggests.

The issue of capital punishment may not hinge at all on whether Shakespeare's or Camus's is the more telling account of murder: it may well depend on how badly we wish to make our complex assents (Newman's phrase) to the value of human consciousness simple ones to the value of human law. *Macbeth* is the tragedy of a fallen nature, not the celebration of an avenging one.

STEPHEN BLUESTONE
Department of English
Mercer University
Macon, Ga.

WALTER BERNs REPLIES:

The answer to Mr. Jendrzeczyk's question is that we kill people who kill people to show that killing people is wrong for the same reason that we fine people who steal from people to show that stealing is wrong. That could probably be put on a button as well, but it would have to be a large one. The point is, a legal execution is not murder, just as a legally imposed fine is not theft.

Mr. Gollin speaks for many Americans when he offers us the example of "a poor, ignorant, probably black wretch [being dragged] into the gas chamber." In a typical year, more than half the persons arrested for murder in the United States are indeed black; but so are more than half of the victims. A country that does not severely punish its black murderers thereby indicates that it does not regard murder to be a grave offense when it is committed in the black community. I imagine the black community thinks otherwise.

Mr. Nilsen, who denies the proper place of retribution and punishment, will not be able to explain why we pun-

ish murderers more severely than, say, shoplifters. If the purpose of punishment were simply to "remove the criminal from society," he would have to advocate that shoplifters be given longer prison sentences than murderers, since shoplifters are much more likely to repeat their crimes. As to the possibility of executing an innocent person; even Hugo Adam Bedau, the most vigorous American opponent of the death penalty, eschews this argument. He calls it "false sentimentality" and says that the "record fails to disclose that such cases occur." I refuse to apologize for using such words as veneration. Finally, I have news for Mr. Nilsen: many a jurisdiction offers compensation to the victims of crime; that may be "ludicrous," but it is not a "straw man" of my creation.

I would certainly agree with Mr. Bluestone that *Macbeth*, for example, does not simply equate "moral order and law"; were it otherwise, were it a simple morality play, Lincoln, who understood the passions that moved men like Macbeth, could not have thought the play "wonderful." To suggest, however, that *Macbeth* "is the



ly of a fallen nature" is almost as unimpeachable as to say (as I did) that it is the "celebration of a dying one." I confess my inability to understand that complex sentence about Newman's "complex assents."

A critical difference

Tom Buckley's "review" of *The Deer Hunter* ["Hollywood's War," April] isn't film criticism; it's a no-holds-barred bombast against Cimino—not the filmmaker, it seems, but the person. I can't remember a review in which the critic, in a single sentence, managed to accuse the filmmaker of ignorance, perversity, and megalomania.

Buckley's review cares less about the film and more about Cimino's personal failings, real or imagined. Buckley first establishes that Cimino is a liar—without ever talking to Cimino himself. Once Cimino's honesty has been thoroughly discredited, the work of reducing *The Deer Hunter* to a figment of the filmmaker's warped psyche is child's play. Buckley seems to embark on that task with glee.

I first became wary of the review when I read, "He was not sent to Vietnam, he [Cimino] said, *with a touch of regret* . . ." (italics added). This was taken not from a conversation between Buckley and Cimino, but from an article written by Leticia Kent for the *New York Times*. Can a reader detect, from a simple quote, the tone of the person being interviewed? I wondered. So I dug up the article and discovered, to my surprise, that Cimino had not been quoted at all! Leticia Kent had written simply: "Mr. Cimino joined the Army about the time of the Tet offensive in 1968, and was assigned as a medic to a Green Beret unit training in Texas, but was never sent to Vietnam." If there is a tone of childish remorse in that statement, I fail to see it.

PETER OLIVER
New York, N.Y.

TOM BUCKLEY REPLIES:

Miss Kent tape-recorded her interview with Cimino. She kindly permitted me to listen to it. Her quotations were accurate and, more important, fair throughout. I said that Cimino mentioned not going to Viet-

nam with a touch of regret because that's the way it sounded to me.

Planning's reach and grasp

In his bitter polemic, "Looking for the Left" [April], the indefatigable Dr. Lekachman once again mourns our thralldom to monopolists and foreigners: "We stumble toward planning because matters march so poorly in its absence and we are haunted by the sense that events are out of control."

While stumbling is assuredly the way in which planning (in the national sense) is most likely approached and executed, Dr. Lekachman can scarcely be granted the contention that it is absent. The tropically fertile minds of functionaries and hyperthyroid legislators have thus far treated us to such wonderful national exercises in planning as price regulations that guarantee gluts (wheat) or trans-consumer subsidization (milk), energy plans that create intrastate flare-offs of gas while Ohio factories shut down, medical care reimbursement schemes that insure the unskilled worker against the threat of becoming skilled, and on unto surfeit. But if we so badly botch the things that would appear to be under our control, how may we expect that cartelizing the nation into a monopoly vendor of priorities and resources will improve matters?

"The world is an anarchy," Dr. Lekachman laments: untidy, crying out for the cool glance and steady hand of the planner. But plans are made and meshed by the millions every day as the instantaneous assessment of risk and flux: homeowners revile the Saudis and ante up for insulation; corporations wince under utility bills and launch into electric co-generation; I myself have suicidally mocked the market power of General Motors to buy a small car. The land is awash in plans.

The issue, of course, is whether planning is best carried out on the spot by those affected, or by a cabal of Galbraithian clones weighing our destinies and dispensing computerized coercion. I fully agree with Dr. Lekachman when he says, "What is badly missing from the inchoate debate is a reasonable alternative on the Left." 'Twas ever, and of necessity, so.

CLARK T. IRWIN, JR.
Portland, Maine

ROBERT LEKACHMAN REPLIES:

I fear that Mr. Irwin's eloquent comments miss the point I was making. We drift into efforts at coherent national planning for the simple and sufficient reason that fragmentary attempts by government, corporation, and individuals to cope rationally with their affairs demonstrably are not working. I wish that I believed that a "cabal of Galbraithian clones" would run the show. But, as I noted in my article, planning when it arrives in our land will almost surely be administered by agents of large corporations in the interests of their clients. This is not the least of the reasons for the gloom that pervaded my remarks.

Going places

Having recently returned from nine months of travel in Asia, I disagree with Paul Fussell's assertions that "travel is now impossible" ["The Stationary Tourist," April]. Unable to find passenger boats or make hotel reservations, Mr. Fussell bemoans the demise of real travel. He must have overlooked the many freighters providing quite comfortable passenger service that ply the waters of the Pacific and stop at many of the islands. For example, sailings are scheduled once a week between Singapore and Borneo. The problem of hotel reservations need not be inhibiting either. My husband and I rarely made advance booking on our trip, and we never had difficulty finding a place to stay. Mr. Fussell also neglected to consider the possibility of seeking out the many places untouched by the hotel industry, a venture that would help him avoid those travel agencies he seems to resent.

While the days of crumpled linen suits and gin pahits sipped under creeping ceiling fans are over, the excitement and adventure of travel are still to be found; all one needs is an inquiring spirit.

DEBORAH CRAMER
Gloucester, Mass.

ERRATUM

In the May issue's "In Print" the middle and last names of the author of *Living with a Stranger* were inverted. The correct name is John Stewart Collis.

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A JUGGERNAUT OF WORDS

In the empty theater of ideas

by Lewis H. Lapham

AS AN EDITOR subject to the mails, I have the chance every morning at ten o'clock to confront the spectacle of my own *raison d'être*. I am sure that the same opportunity presents itself to people in other professions, but in a magazine office the encounter takes place with a degree of punctilio. On any given day I am sure sit down at my desk in the company of at least five periodicals (three of them on political affairs, the others treating of environmental matters and weapons systems), two books as yet unpublished (one of them about the du Pont family, the other about molecular biology), a newsletter sent by a gloomy political economist in Washington, a public-opinion poll describing the national attitudes toward lesbians and the presidents of oil companies, three reports from charitable foundations (about the meager levels of federal money for the arts), and at least twelve manuscripts, solicited and unsolicited, whose authors in their accompanying letters assure me disclose, among other items of interest, the secrets of Chappaquiddick, the Republican party, and the universe. Although I count myself a reasonably well-educated man, I cannot hope to make sense of so many different arts and languages. I look at this juggernaut of words, and I wish I knew of a dictionary in which I might look up the necessary translations—of economics into physics and back again into politics—or where I could find the literary synonyms for the equations of chemistry.

If I had lived in Paris in the thirteenth century, or in London in the eighteenth century, I might have been able to find a sage who could have provided me a coherent vision of the

world in which I happened to be resident. Walking with the students of Aquinas across the river from Notre Dame, or with the members of the Royal Society of which Isaac Newton was president, I could have listened to them resolve the dissonances between appearance and reality in the harmonies of the age. Although proved wrong by subsequent discoveries (by Copernicus's observations and Einstein's theories), for the time being, and within the gravitational fields that held together the particles of science and philosophy, they could have explained the laws of motion and the origins of light.

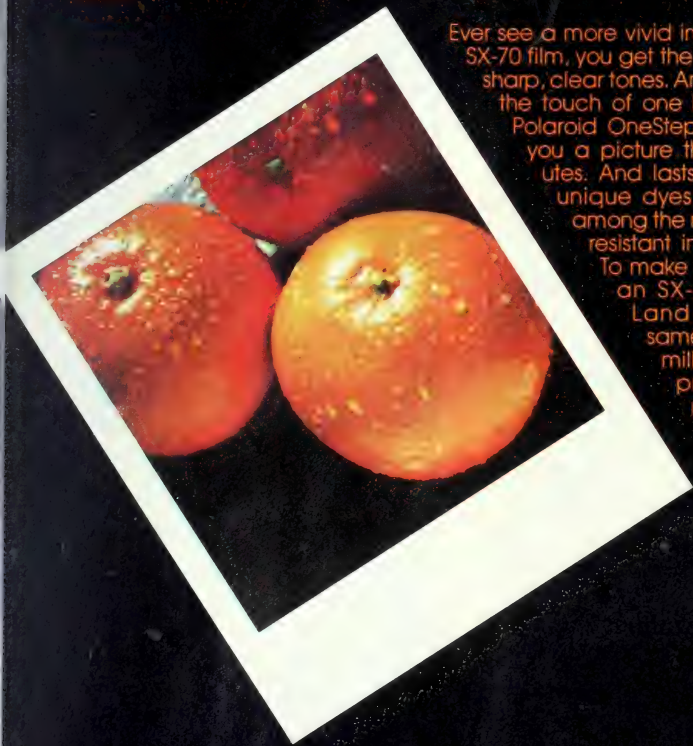
But in the city of New York in the year 1979, close by the media installations of a society that likes to think of itself as the wonder of Western civilization, with whom can I walk along the embankments of the Hudson or the Harlem rivers and expect to hear anything but the dreary recitation of an aesthetic or political grievance? Who can draw a sufficiently large and imaginative paradigm from the systems of relation seen by Darwin, Einstein, and Freud? Who can make me perceive that nature is not static or immutable, that every particle of matter (whether contained in the girders of a bridge or the circulation of the blood) takes part in the ceaseless round of birth and death? Who can make me see that not only the surface but also the substance of things consists of restless movement, that everything collides and dances with everything else, and that I can define myself as a sequence of coordinates plotted as infinitesimal moments on the graph of space and time? Who can make me see these things and then organize them in the form of art, government, and moral-

ity? What modern novelist understands the scale of nature as a landscape in which all organic being (presumably the human sexual expressions as well as the wings of butterflies) fits together in dependent equilibrium?

ABOUT THE COURAGE and exuberant energies of the society at large I have not the slightest doubt. The country possesses so many genies of technology that even the government's swarm of clerks cannot keep accurate records of all the people following the tracks of electrons, experimenting with the properties of hydrogen, observing the mutations of cells. The nation's research vessels voyage in the reaches of deep space, sending back photographs and radio transmissions from the other side of Mars; its scientists make their bows every year in the Nobel Prize lists, and its armories tinker with weapons of teleological magnitude. The United States counts among its citizens people who have been as expensively educated as any people in the history of the world. The available statistics suggest that they make reckless use of the nation's museums and libraries, pursuing lines of inquiry of which the authorities undoubtedly would disapprove.

Occasionally I have the chance to spend an afternoon in a research laboratory, and although I seldom understand the whole of the supporting lecture, I form an impression of people intensely excited by their journey toward the horizons of the human mind. I sense something of the same adventurous spirit among the free-lancing lawyers in both the public and the private service who, over the

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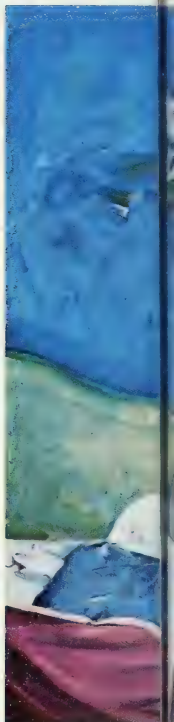
Vance Kirkland (Colorado), *Invasion of Mysteries*
Near Scorpio 1977, No. 2 Collection the artist



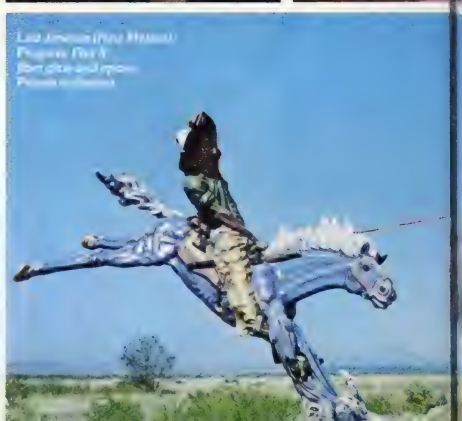
William Wiley (California), *Muse from a Lil Creep Village*, watercolor
Collection the artist

[illegible]

*John Shaw (Utah),
2x6 #1, mixed media
Collection the artist.*



Last American (Pete) Heaton
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e big picture.

Dauss (Anzola), Blue Room. Collection the artist.



Photo credit: Courtesy of the artists

You're looking at some works which art historians, needing mental pigeonholes as much as the rest of us, refer to as "regional art." They are by contemporary American artists who happen to reside somewhere west of "The Great Divide." They're part of the "First Western States Biennial Exhibition."

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That's one reason we sponsored this exhibition and why we hope you can see it at one of the museums on the dates listed below. In our work, as in yours, we need constantly to freshen our vision with the visions of all Americans. And to remind ourselves that individual imagination, individual creativity and individual innovativeness are all readily available in every place where creative people work. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of these things is not patronage. It's a business and human necessity.

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years, have shifted the health and politics in the United States almost as carelessly as moving pieces on a chessboard at a desk in Washington. I am a professional assistant who is rewriting a tax or labor law that will transform the lives

of as many as 40 million people, and I am reminded of the high-energy physicist who flings together atomic elements in the hope of achieving temperatures of 40 million degrees. Or again, in the company of tax accountants and arbitrageurs, I cannot help but be impressed by the rigor of the conceptual imagination that goes into the making of stock swindles and bank frauds, by the almost polyphonic combinations required to merge corporations, and by the capacity for abstraction that can make visible the transposition of money through five currencies and seven tiers of taxation.

Why then does so little of this creative force show up in the poor and timid stuff sold in such stupefying volume under the label of contemporary American literature? The trade and university presses produce more than 40,000 titles a year, and yet, judging by the shoddiness of the merchandise, the curiosity and judgment of the literate audience continue to decline. I don't know how else to account for the superstitious confusion that fell like a sorcerer's cloak over the accident at Three Mile Island. In all the clamor of frightened voices, of politicians summoning press conferences and newspaper correspondents filing communiqués from Armageddon, the consensus of alarmed opinion could agree upon nothing except that a beast had been let loose upon the earth. Comparable levels of superstition befuddle the public conversation on almost all subjects complicated enough to admit of ambiguity and a second opinion. In a country that declares itself educated, how is it possible that for ten years the Hooker Chemical Company in northern New York could poison the water of the Love Canal without thinking it worth the trouble or the expense to inform the people living in the neighborhood that their children stood the chance of being born deformed? Why did nobody inquire about the drainage, or, if they did inquire, why couldn't they do so in the language of science rather than

in the rhetoric of politics? Just as the mind and body of a child can be deformed by ignorance and greed, so also the mind of the country can be destroyed by the numbing effect of a literature shaped not by an inquiring intelligence but by the worship of money.

Traveling to Washington several months ago with a literary and theatrical agent who had left Germany in the 1930s and who had known both Brecht and Mann, I asked him why no American author in the past thirty years had written a major novel or play.

"Everybody is still in the Weimar Republic," he said; "if there is such a thing as an avant-garde in this country, it is in the art of crime."

EVERY MONTH, *Harper's* magazine receives as many as 400 books of all weights and pretensions, some of them in the form of bound copies, others in manuscript or galley proof, still others introduced by a press agent's smile or tied up in ribbons of praise from the author's literary friends and patrons. They collect in tumultuous heaps on the floors, crowd into the corridors, jostle for a place on the shelves. I cannot pass among them without a feeling of depression. So many volumes on so many subjects, so many theories, reflections, reports, judgments, asides, maps, metaphors, commentaries, parodies, fine phrases and narrative transitions, so much expense of labor and imagination. But to what end? What beast do the publishers have in view? Given the difficulty of writing well, I can safely assume that all but a few of the books published in a given year conform to the specifications of flattery, gossip, and romance. Unedited and inert, written to a publisher's length for a publisher's reasons, the books either succeed as a juggler's act that briefly astonishes the vaudeville audience, or they fall into the hands of the Grub Street pallbearers, who arrive at the end of every month with shopping carts and carry off the defeated host to the second-hand markets or the book-jobbers' breaking yards.

As the book business comes to resemble journalism, so also do the publishers come to resemble the editors of

Sunday newspaper supplements. They hope to catch the falling stars of popular or academic fashion, and they seldom have the time or the inclination to sustain their interest in a property that takes much longer than a few months to write, publish, and send to a reprint house. The more careful an author's thought and the more complex his argument, the smaller the chance of big-time success. Not enough people will understand what he's trying to say. If this year's fashion has it that the United States has fallen into moral disrepair, then the publisher can hawk the bad news until the fashion changes, whereupon, next year, the year after, they can bring out the revisionist news that the United States is really a very nice place, much befouled by ungrateful intellectuals and in need of the restorative elixirs of another war. If managed correctly, book announcements can sell 50,000 copies in hardcover and 500,000 copies in paperback.

I can guess well enough the motives of the authors and the publishers in making a market for their goods, but the question remains as to why people buy the stuff. Any diatribe against the venality of the publishing business must collapse under its own ponderous moralisms unless it takes into account the problem of audience. If I can imagine a New York publisher chagrined and penitent, confessing the sins of greed, I also can imagine the publisher saying that even if he published a decent book there would be nobody to read it. Who would believe the advertising campaign?

If the social critics have told us anything in the past twenty years, they have told us that the nucleus of American culture, of a society held in common, has dissolved into fragments. There no longer exists a theater of ideas in which artists or philosophers can perform the acts of the intellectual or moral imagination. In nineteenth-century England Charles Darwin could expect *On the Origin of Species* to be read by Charles Dickens as well as by Disraeli and the vicar in the shires who collected flies and water beetles. Dickens and Disraeli and the vicar could assume that Mr. Darwin might chance to read their own observations. But in the United States in 1979 what novelist can expect his work to be read by a biochemist,

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"As often as not these days I run across people who wonder why Harper's publishes so many criticisms of American art, government, and education. Not that they object to these criticisms, but they worry about the magazine's hope for the future. Why must the magazine dwell so much on the imperfection of man and the failure of his grand designs? Might it not be possible to cast a more cheerful light among the ruins?

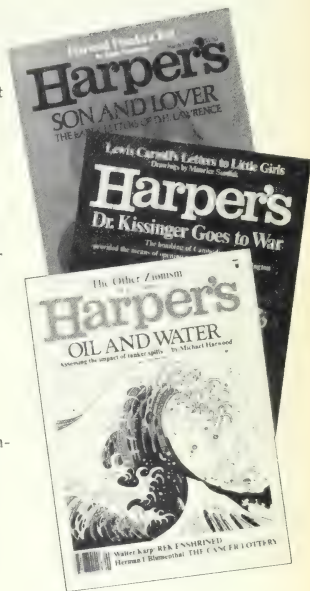
I should remind the reader that I am by trade an optimist. As an editor I have no choice but to believe in man's capacity to learn from his failures. It seems to me that a magazine such as Harper's has an obligation to publish as many arguments on as many sides of a given question as there are people willing to declare themselves.

The argument going on in the country cannot be seen as the customary opposition between liberal and conservative, Left and Right, Democrat and Republican. It has to do instead with the division between people who would continue the American experiment and those who think the experiment has gone far enough.

The fearful majority needs to be opposed by an articulate and courageous minority, by people who live for others, and not the opinion of others, who believe that they can forge their energy and their intelligence into the shapes of their own destiny and their own future. I admire the courage of such people whenever I have the good fortune to meet them, but I have particular regard for those among them who choose to write magazine articles. I count it a victory to find writers who speak in plain words and who report what they have seen and heard and thought rather than what they have been told. "

Lewis H. Lapham

Lewis H. Lapham
Editor



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... candidate, or a director of corporations; what physicist can work to be noticed, much less in the New York literature. To an editor the abundance of ideas raises questions about the lines of reasoning that can be taken for granted among his prospective subscribers. What allusions, serious or otherwise, will be accepted as safe or intelligible? Who can be counted upon to recognize irony?

The loss of a theater of ideas shifts the weight of money against the playfulness of mind. The authors and publishers can choose between the two audiences. Either they appeal to the guild of literary professionals in the universities and the literary trades, or they can set up their carnival tents and booths on any heath or mall to which they think they can attract a crowd. The first of these audiences believes what it reads in the newspapers and bears an unhappy resemblance to a cocktail party given on a lawn in Bridgehampton for a visiting professor of creative writing. Although it accounts for no more than 5 percent of the sales in the book markets, this professional audience manufactures 95 percent of the literary reputations. Few of the habitués take the trouble to read the books they talk about, and so they substitute questions of style for matters of substance. In an age of marvelous discovery on the marches of human understanding (along the frontiers of biology, physics, linguistics, psychology, aerodynamics, et cetera) the literary professionals find it more convenient and amusing to write about themselves. People can say anything they want to say as long as they make it clear, either by their tone of voice or by means of a discreet aside, that they don't quite mean it. The voracious chic of this milieu reduces all art and all science to an afternoon headline or a few minutes of gossip on the way uptown in a cab.

ALTHOUGH I have spent the better part of twenty years in and around the New York literary bazaar, I have come across only a small number of people who can talk about any particular book at convincing length. Yes, they have read the reviews in the gazettes

(usually with feelings of envy and spite), and yes, they can quote the price at which an author's reputation was trading last week on the literary exchanges, but of the book itself, of what the author actually said or didn't say, they have nothing more than a polite impression. They assimilate books in order to have an opinion, but they do not enjoy the act of reading, which, as every critic knows, interrupts the perfect contemplation of oneself. When writing reviews the critics tend to award their most fulsome praise to those writers whom they least fear—to the brilliant young novelist in the provinces who quite obviously will never write a second novel, to the reliably mediocre historian who can be counted upon for a vote in next year's prize committees, to the feminist poet who will think that she has been praised for her craft and sullen art.

Outside the circle of the literary salons I have noticed a comparable lack of interest in the book itself. A majority of people apparently buy books because they think they already know what's in them. They have seen the author on a television talk show, or they have come across his name in a gossip column, and so, once having bought his book, they have no reason to read it. The book furnishes a room, and after a decent interval the man who owns it comes to imagine that he knows the author well enough to drop his name in a conversation about God or capitalism.

The American is an enterprising fellow who will take elaborate precautions against the embarrassment of being left alone with his thoughts. Rather than sit and look idly at the sky he will run twelve miles in the rain; on weekends in the country he arranges as many picnics and sporting events as might be necessary to prevent him from being surprised by an uninvited silence. Perhaps the publishers do him a service. By printing so many books of so little worth they raise up a parapet of words that protects the buyer from the onslaughts of consciousness. I suspect that quite a large number of people buy books because they think of them as amulets and charms. To the extent that they feel threatened by the world (by government, hydrogen bombs, terrorists in airports, et cetera), they seek to make

it trivial. The publishers oblige them with the political romances of Theodore White and Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and with the long letters from summer camp written by such gifted and salacious youths as John Updike and Philip Roth. The books enjoy the fluttering acclaim of the literary authorities, and their shallowness has a soothing effect on the buyer, suggesting in their flattering and rapid way that the world, as Joseph Alsop once remarked, consists of no more than 200 people (presumably resident and nonresident members of the Cosmos Club in Washington) who administer the laws of gravity.

It is a commonplace to say that the fault is to be found in the times, that the triumphs of democracy and modernism have necessarily brought about the debasement of art and the failure of education. This seems to me a poor argument. The times, like all other times, can be said to be the best of times and the worst of times. The play of ideas is never easy, seldom popular, and always regarded with suspicion by the established order. In the literary bazaar the pride of place customarily falls to knaves and fools, as witness Balzac's description of the milieu in the Paris of the 1830s or George Gissing's account of the same milieu in London of the 1880s.

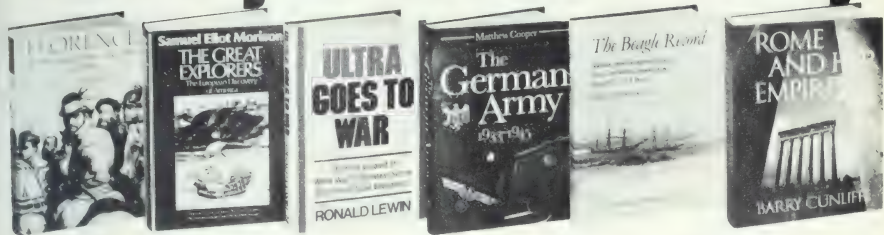
No law of nature holds that a society must come forward with works of the literary imagination. Through long periods of its history the world has gotten along very well indeed without writers of enduring consequence. The Byzantine empire lasted for nearly 1,000 years, content with its genius for bureaucracy, dress design, church liturgy, and political assassination. Nor did the Hellenistic world have much use for poets and dramatists. It was a civilization that made great improvements in mathematics, technology, and the architecture of country houses.

But if it is no disgrace for any country at any particular time in its history to fail to write a literature, it is also a matter of some interest in a country that possesses the power to poison the earth and yet possesses neither the desire nor the courage to know itself.

(This is the first of two or three articles on American letters.)

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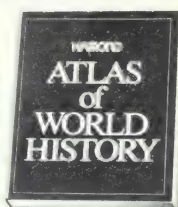
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INFLATION'S WINNERS

If you are in debt, relax

by Nicholas von Hoffman

WHILE the buying power of the money in your savings account evaporates—every dollar in it has lost 27 cents in the past five years—you may want to take heart from certain Mrs. Hepburn, now long in her grave. She would not have been impressed with the repeated assertions of Jimmy Carter and every editorialist in the country that inflation is our common and worst enemy. In 1862 Mrs. Hepburn borrowed \$11,250 in gold and silver U.S. coin from one Henry Griswold. Two years later the lady tried to repay the loan in greenbacks, the paper money the Lincoln Administration was printing in scandalous quantity to pay for the war. Mr. Griswold refused to accept payment because her pulpy legal tender was worth only \$4,500 in gold money. Inflation was no enemy of Mrs. Hepburn; it was a good friend, for, in effect, it had chopped her debt in

half. Henry Griswold didn't see it that way. He sued, and the Supreme Court, in a case famous in the history of American legal economics, ruled that if Mrs. Hepburn had borrowed gold, she would have to repay gold. It was the last time a court decision would go against those benefiting from inflation. A few years later the Court reversed itself: henceforth, if the government had decided to go off on a monetary jag and let more buying power out of the dollar, lenders would have to accept repayment of their loans in debased currency.

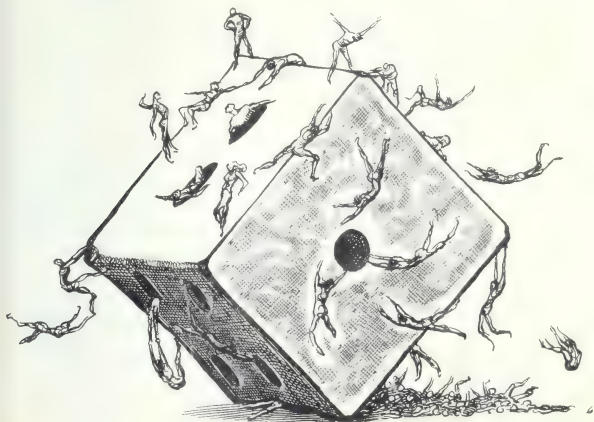
Hepburn v. Griswold should remind us that inflation has its winners, too, often politically powerful winners. And that fact might account for the faint-heartedness of official attacks on the

Nicholas von Hoffman writes a syndicated column on politics, and is the author of Make-Believe Presidents: Illusions of Power from McKinley to Carter, published last fall by Pantheon.

problem of the diminishing dollar. One of the largest categories of winners is home buyers who took out a mortgage more than three years ago. The losers, of course, are the people with savings in thrift associations and the banks that lent the money. As Marshall Kaplan of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board puts it, "In the typical portfolio [total loans] of the savings and loan associations, the typical mortgage has an interest rate of 8 to 8½ percent. That coincides roughly with the rate of inflation. The lender is making no money in terms of real dollars. The borrower is getting a free ride. The borrower is essentially not paying any interest in terms of real dollars." The millions who hold these low mortgages are in effect paying no interest, but they can deduct it from their income tax as though they were. What is more, inflation is also wiping out part of the principal they owe on their loan.

People selling houses can be winners, too. In the past decade, the median price of a house has more than doubled, outstripping the pace of inflation generally. On the other hand, the owners of stocks and bonds have been big losers. That has been especially disappointing to stockholders, who for years thought it a truism that stocks were the best hedge against inflation. In fact, securities have done so poorly that many a stockholder would have done better by his money had he put it in a savings and loan association.

As it happens, there are a lot more homeowners than there are stockholders, so the winners far outnumber the losers. And some of the biggest winners are people most often cited as big losers—older persons on Social Security. Social Security does not just



Steve Brodner

keep pace with inflation; it stays somewhat ahead of it. Indeed, the income of people more than sixty-five years of age went up 76 percent between 1970 and 1976, while the cost of living rose only 51 percent. Older persons supplementing their Social Security with private pension plans discovered that the latter payments alone didn't keep pace, but when the two income sources are taken together, it turns out older people haven't suffered a decline in their standard of living, as it is measured in buying power. Thus a big bloc of citizens, who vote in large numbers, have little incentive, based on their experience in the '70s, to get worked up over what for them is the nonproblem of inflation.

After a decade of inflation averaging about 7 percent, most American wage earners are making, in real dollars, about what they were in 1970. They're breaking even. Of course, some occupations have done much better than others. For instance, construction workers, a highly organized group whose services have been much in demand, have more than held their own, while increasingly unpopular and politically weakened groups like municipal employees have lagged behind. Even the jobless enjoy a significant measure of automatic protection from inflation. Thirty-five states have cost-of-living escalator clauses in their unemployment compensation formulas.

Not all the winners at this game collect in money. Politicians, as Milton Friedman has pointed out, also are winners. Inflation allows the government to carry on large and expanded activities without collecting additional taxes. The debt arising from the government expenditures that taxes won't pay for is covered by creating fresh new dollars at the Federal Reserve Board. It's that debt or deficit that drives conservatives and a large part of the public up the wall, although deficits aren't necessarily inflationary, something Herbert Hoover found out when he rolled up one of imposing proportions in 1932. (Hoover's deficit represented some 59 percent of the federal budget that year, as opposed to Carter's 1978 deficit of about \$44 billion, or 9 percent of total federal outlays. Hoover got deflation and Carter got inflation, the difference being that under Hoover the total number of extant dollars had been growing cata-

strophically smaller while the total number under Carter has been getting larger and larger.)

THE BIGGEST LOSERS in the game have been rich people who got caught by an inflationary decade with their money in assets that have taken a beating—stocks, bonds, and other sorts of long-term loans like mortgages. So why, then, is there an almost universal call to end the erosion of the dollar and build an economy reminiscent of the Fifties, when the money depreciation figure danced delicately and harmlessly around 2 percent? Part of the furor arises from a mass media whose owners and managers are much more friendly with the creditor than with the debtor class. They fill the air with cries of alarm. The abhorrence of inflation is by no means confined to creditors. Millions of winners in the inflation game—and people who are at least breaking even—make loud noises, too. Unlike the losers, they aren't stirred up enough by inflation to take political action, but they accept the notion that a well-run government doesn't debase its currency.

The reason for this anomaly may be that a lot of inflation's winners don't realize how well off they are. They go to the supermarket each week and are aware that grocery prices are rising. They are less aware that, with the pay raises they've been getting, the mortgage payments for which they once budgeted a third or a quarter of their income are costing them only a sixth or even an eighth of their earnings. In the days of a steady dollar, pay raises were fewer and smaller because they represented an increase in real spending power.

Inflation is not liked, even by people who may profit from it. It adds an uncertainty to a social and economic life that most Americans don't want to see change rapidly or unpredictably. If our inflations were so engineered that everyone knew money would lose, say, 9 percent of its value every twelve months, people could plan for it, take the fact into account, and act accordingly. We blame inflation for robbing us of our peace of mind, and that sense of uncertainty is amplified by a press that reports as high drama the small month-to-month statistical

changes. Moreover, uncertain rates of inflation complicate the working lives of business people; calculating future costs and prices is very tricky.

Under the circumstances, it's a brave public figure who'll stand up and say a good word for inflation, as the working person's friend. A few labor-union presidents mumble they're sorry they can't live with the President's wage-price guidelines as they go behind hotel-room conference doors to negotiate big raises that will keep the members abreast of corporate profits and some economists say they worry over the recessionary dangers of reducing inflation too fast. But you can find many avowed inflationists who will say they like things as they are. Deflationists are willing to hint publicly that they have no objection to throwing millions of people out of work if it will help their side. Not long ago the *Wall Street Journal* reported that if business executives "had to choose between continued rapid expansion and a recession, a surprising number say they'd pick a recession. These businessmen understand that ending inflation will take money out of some pockets and put it in others they know, even if homeowners don't that it will mean paying interest on the mortgage again.

THE PROS AND CONS of inflationary policies have led to disagreements and, sometimes, violent struggles since colonial days; cheap money, or in those days its absence, was at issue in the first armed insurrection against the newly freed and united thirteen states, Shays' Rebellion in Massachusetts in 1786. The farmers in the western part of the state couldn't get enough gold and silver coin—specie, it was called—to pay their taxes and were demanding some kind of paper money.

At various times, various groups have tied their self-interest to cheap or dear money; the farmers of Andrew Jackson's South and West at first were opposed to paper money; they were hard-dollar men who would later switch sides completely. What's so extraordinary about 1979 is the absence of an avowed pro-inflationist political group. The word once had sufficient respectability that, in 1874, Congress could pass a law called "the Inflation

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...one of all the generations of Americans seem to find no benefit in devaluing the dollar. ...icans, a balanced federal ... become not so much the ... of political economy ... religious goal. And yet fed ... surpluses have caused no ... ternation. In 1836, the Jackson Administration was so disturbed that the government was collecting more than it was spending that it pushed a bill through Congress authorizing the surplus to be lent to the states. But before all the money could be distributed, a financial panic erupted and the plan had to be abandoned. So much for the notion that a solvent, debt-free government guarantees a prosperous nation.

In the 1880s the government's income was exceeding its expenses by monumental sums. The Civil War debt was fast vanishing, and a horrified President Cleveland denounced the surplus in terms we now hear regularly used to describe the deficit. He called it an "indefensible extortion, and a culpable betrayal of American fairness and justice. This wrong inflicted upon those who bear the burden of national taxation, like other wrongs, multiplies a brood of evil consequences. The public treasury, which should only exist as a conduit conveying the people's tribute to its legitimate objects of expenditures, becomes a hoarding-place for money needlessly withdrawn from trade and the people's use, thus crippling our national energies, suspending our country's development, preventing investment in productive enterprise, threatening financial disturbance, and inviting schemes of public plunder."

These salubrious economic conditions, as we might judge them, far from leading to an era of prosperity, were followed by terrible industrial violence, appalling agricultural hardship, one of the nation's bitterest recessions, and the meanest political battle since Andrew Jackson stopped the effete Easterners in control of the Second Bank of the United States from issuing paper money. This time it was the Easterners who'd become the hard-money, gold-standard men, while the farmers of the South and West had become cheap-money inflationists marching behind the Great Commoner, William Jennings Bryan, who wanted to increase the money supply. Condi-

tions were exactly the reverse of today's. Creditors had it all over borrowers as prices dropped in the post-Civil War decades, until by 1888 farmers were paying off their mortgages with dollars whose purchasing power had doubled in twenty years.

Then the years between 1897 and 1914 saw the largest peacetime inflation in American history until our own, but the reason wasn't government action. They struck gold in South Africa, Colorado, and Alaska. Even without resort to printing paper money, the supply of currency rose so steeply that prices went up 50 percent, producing a different set of winners and losers—although in that period times were so good nobody was crying.

Some modern economists (though none of the Milton Friedman stamp) desert the traditional American view that inflation is caused by printing too many dollars. They blame it on everything from unusually severe winter storms to the price of imported commodities—sometimes copper and bauxite, but just now oil. In recent months we have been told that importing so much oil causes an adverse balance of payments, and that this is weakening the purchasing power of the dollar as expressed in yen, Deutsche marks, and Swiss francs. Balance-of-payments totals, plus or minus, are very much like a budget deficit or surplus. In themselves they don't mean much. The figures are a little hard to reconstruct, but it appears to me that from the time of the American Revolution until 1914, the United States never enjoyed a favorable balance of payments, and that span of time covers a lot of prosperous years as well as some very bad ones. Like deficits, it's the extent to which a negative balance of payments tempts the government to print money to pay the debt that can be inflationary and a matter of concern to players of the money game.

WHETHER constitutionally mandated balanced budgets would produce zero inflation is questionable.

Right now there are many pressures on the government other than the modest Carter-era deficits to encourage excessively enthusiastic greenback production—so many, in fact, that the fight seems next to hopeless. Some rea-

sonable people propose striking a balance between winners and losers even as inflation continues to munch at the silken threads of our dollar bills.

The palliative is called indexing. Much of the economy would be indexed or put on a cost-of-living escalator, so that when prices go up, so would salaries and much of everything else. Twenty-one states already have legislation, for instance, permitting variable-rate mortgages; as inflation drives up interest rates, one's mortgage interest payments go up accordingly. In that way the long-term lender, inflation's biggest loser, gets protection. Contracts of various kinds, even Social Security already are indexed, and there's no reason a lot more things can't be.

Even so, it is impossible to work out a system of *universal* inflation protection via indexing. Some people invariably will get more help than others. The struggle over who would get indexation protection would undoubtedly leave the politically powerless with a very short dollar.

Those who can protect themselves or even profit from inflation are those who are first to grab the greenback as they come off the government printing presses. New bucks, like pre-Steinern chorus girls, only begin to lose their value after they've been around for a while, when the injection of new money has worked its way through the economy and bid the price level up because more dollars are chasing the same amount of merchandise.

As it happens, those who get first crack at the new money are borrowers of large sums of money and firms in such a dominant industry position that they can administer prices and can therefore raise them in anticipation of more inflation rather than in reaction to it. Put another way, since inflation is a backdoor tax hike engineered by national legislators who would rather depreciate money than raise the withholding bite, the same interests and groups that can slide around and avoid paying real taxes will find ways to avoid the covert taxation brought about by inflation. Under any system and any set of policies there will be winners and losers, but in a democracy with decent respect for social justice you don't decide who they will be by operating a blackjack game in which the house always wins.

Why?

Forced deposit laws or "bottle bills" were rejected decisively by voters in each of the three places where they appeared in November 1978 referenda—further evidence that they are losing support among both the public and elected officials.

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HAPLESS CANADA

The Anglophones are their own worst enemy

by Peter Brimelow

ANYONE who has resisted childhood geography lessons by contemplating the globe in the kind of creative but extracurricular reverie schoolteachers abhor will have noticed how the two opposed continents of Eurasia and North America reach for each other, arms outstretched, like boxers squaring off across the North Pole. Appropriately, the Alaskan left hook threatens the swelled chest of the Soviet Union from the Bering Straits to the Norwegian frontier. But the fragmented part of the landmass that is Canada hangs back in confusion, as if already split into pieces by a previous blow.

Canada's geographic contour is in fact a fair symbol of the country's strategic significance and mental state. Canada is divided. Foreign attention is mostly attracted by the French-speaking nation emerging with glacial inexorability in Quebec after some 200 years of relatively benign subjugation. Equally remarkable, however, is the fact that the current Canadian state contains another nation virtually lost to history, occupying four-fifths of its territory and accounting for three-quarters of its population, which the official bilingual jargon calls "Anglophones." They are the English Canadians, who have performed the feat of subjugating themselves.

English Canada has a long history. It figured, for example, in a little-celebrated but archetypal confrontation between the Old and the New Worlds at the beginning of World War I. When, in April, 1915, the Germans opened the second battle of Ypres with the first-ever poison-gas attack, some

French colonial units fled, leaving the Canadian Expeditionary Force on their right threatened with encirclement. Among other steps, the Canadians sent back to his unit Sir Oswald Mosley, an observer from the British Royal Flying Corps, who was afterwards to be a minister in one of the first Labour governments and subsequently leader of the British Union of Fascists, but who was then innocuously becoming a war hero. More than fifty years after the battle, Mosley wrote:

From a small rise in the ground in the first stage of my return journey I looked back to see what was happening. It was an unforgettable spectacle. As dusk descended there appeared to our left the blue-grey masses of the Germans advancing behind their lifting curtain of fire, as steadily as if they had been on the parade ground at Potsdam. At that point it appeared there was nothing to stop them.

Only Soviet directors like Eisenstein, Mosley comments, seem able to recreate on film the attack of the Prussian Guards with officers in front drawing on their white gloves. Turning, Mosley saw the Guards' antithesis:

It was the Canadian reserves moving up to occupy the empty section of the line. They were an astonishing spectacle to a regular soldier, for they were advancing apparently without any discipline at all under a fire so intense that by our standards any advance would have been impossible except by the finest troops under the most rigorous discipline. They were laughing and talking and walking along in any formation, while the heavy shells we called Jack Johnsons . . . were crashing among them. . . . Very soon after I passed through them—as

we afterwards learned—they went right into the advancing Germans and that event very rare in war occurred, a bayonet fight in which both sides stood firm.

The Canadians at Ypres, all volunteers, did not share their descendant chronic doubts about national identity. Canada was a distinct but integral part of the wider Imperial nation whose flag it flew. It had already proved it by defending the British Crown on the Nile, during the attempt to rescue General Gordon at Khartoum in 1885 and in South Africa during the Boer War. And World War I was to cost Canada, then a nation of some 5 million, 60,000 dead—more casualties than the United States sustained in Vietnam.

THE RETREAT of Britain's empire in this century has left English Canada beached and abandoned, and confused about its identity and purpose. And the problem is exacerbated by a curious act of lobotomy that English Canada is performing on itself in an attempt to minimize conflict with the French in Quebec. In 1977, for example, the government of Ontario promulgated guidelines for high-school history that make it possible for students to graduate ignorant of the world wars or the British parliamentary system that has shaped Canada's government. Instead, students traverse "content areas" such as "Original Peoples," "Social Reform," and a few nineteenth-century revolutionary twinges dear to the hearts of Canadian socialists.

In explanatory notes the govern-

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ment's education specialists observed that the revised curriculum would "develop an understanding of the Canadian identity and societal goals," just is the year spent on "Canada's multicultural heritage" would "develop increasing empathy and positive attitudes towards members of cultural groups other than one's own." Or, as the federal government said last year in a document published in support of its nugatory constitutional reform proposals, "Let us forget once and for all about the Plains of Abraham"—the battle that in 1759 broke the power of France in North America, marooning Quebec's French settlers in a British sea. This is like rallying Americans with the cry "Forget the Alamo!"

Canada suppresses its past because it is, inconveniently, the story of the crowbeating or brushing-aside of Quebec by a self-absorbed but creative English-speaking majority intent on building a transcontinental, even transatlantic, state. The two nations—French and English—have always feuded within the bosom of the Canadian state. Recently, however, the majority has switched to appeasement. For example, high tariffs are protecting obsolescent Quebec industries such as textiles, yielding higher prices for everyone else. Symbolically, the Maple Leaf has been substituted for the Union Jack, and the monarchy stealthily downgraded. All memory of the British connection and the world wars, which French Canada bitterly opposed, is to be excised.

The architect and chief beneficiary of this policy has been the federal Liberal party, currently led by Pierre Trudeau. Since 1896, when they decisively displaced the Conservatives, who had confederated the separate provinces, the Liberals have held power for all but twenty-one years by mediating between the two "founding races" like a circus stunt man riding two horses at once. So complete has been their triumph that the Conservatives have adopted the prefix "Progressive" and with little dispute have accepted the Liberals' propaganda. Massive personnel interchanges between the ruling party and the civil service, combined with the political entrenchment of a bilingualism only they can fully satisfy, have enabled the Liberals to establish virtually a genteel one-party state, like the Social Democrats in Sweden. And

as in Sweden, because of accumulated years in power, even an election defeat would not significantly reverse the momentum of the state.

In the predominantly French-speaking province of Quebec, the Liberals' foothold is secured by patronage and by the frequent waving of a bloody shirt at English Canada's alleged xenophobia and bigotry—accusations that have the same magical properties as the charge of "racism" does in U.S. politics. (It is the Canadians of Eastern European origin who are most critical of French ambitions.) In English Canada, the Liberals have built an unlikely coalition of big business, progressives, religious and ethnic minorities, and journalistic and bureaucratic camp followers—a venal alliance that constitutes Canada's ruling class.

The act, however, is getting trickier. Liberal policy in Quebec relies increasingly on the bribery of the budget. The province receives disproportionate shares of federal subsidies—for example, to industry and publishing. As a result, English Canada, particularly beyond Ontario, has become steadily intolerant of federal solutions for all problems. In both societies the presence of the federal government has created a dependent Establishment alien to its constituents, who periodically rebel, as in Quebec in 1976 with the election of a separatist-minded government. But for English Canada also, the secession of Quebec would precipitate a revolution by eviscerating its governing party. And the official culture of English Canada, an artificial compromise between what is useful to its leaders and the inchoate promptings of the nation's mid-brain, bears responsibility for the self-destructive impulses that are now the rule rather than the exception in Canadian politics.

THE NATIONALISM of the English Canadian majority—not to be confused with the separatist claims of the French—is ersatz. It is essentially a protection racket by which an upper-income alliance of oligopolists, managers, academics, bureaucrats, and journalists, mostly living in southern Ontario, batten on an economy based largely on the natural resources of other provinces. Some of these people in 1970 formed the seminal Committee for an

Independent Canada, a group of intellectual minutemen who wanted to defend the country against the encroaching greed of American corporations. Nationalism, according to them, had nothing to do with a celebration of the past. On the other hand, it did have a lot to do with "economic sovereignty," a tenuous concept in a trading world. This period has seen an increase in the numbers and powers of civil servants involved in Canadian commerce that also indulges the socialistic inclinations of many nationalists. But there has not been extensive prohibition and repurchase of foreign investment in Canada. Instead, nationalist legislation has focused on areas like publishing and banking, two industries especially sensitive to foreign competition. By mandating Canadian content in radio and television programming, government has effectively subsidized the communicating class, and by grants to cultural activities through government agencies like the Canada Council it has achieved a state penetration of art—and artists—rarely found outside the socialist bloc. But there is a big difference between this and genuine nationalism such as that practiced in Japan. Look, for instance, at Canada's immigration policy. During a period of loudly proclaimed concern about national identity, the country was not only receiving up to 100,000 immigrants a year, it welcomed heterogeneous cultures and races and announced that nonassimilation ("multiculturalism") was an official goal. The Japanese would never hear of such a thing.

Nationalist ideologues have claimed that Canada's economic culture has characteristically produced "public enterprise"—state-owned transportation systems such as Air Canada and power utilities such as Ontario Hydro—rather than the rapacious capitalism of the United States. This shows little knowledge of American economic history. But there is a distinct Canadian tendency to substitute cartels for the free play of market forces that can also be observed in politics and the arts as well as in business. Perhaps this is common to all small communities. In politics, the tendency is rooted in homegrown gluttons of privilege like the "Family Compact" and the "Château Clique," small groups of established families by and for whom Ontario and Quebec were run directly

American Revolution. Nowadays, Canada has nearly made the Compact an institution between and interests making up its class. Like all cartels, this produces greater profits for the monopolists at the expense of the general wel-

Finance is a case in point. Canada is dominated by a few disproportionately large nationwide banks. Each is careful not to proposition the others' exclusive corporate clients. By contrast, U.S. banks cannot branch out nationwide, rarely capture clients totally, and are constantly scrabbling for business. This is why Canadian executives are inclined to think of business, particularly takeovers involving the half-dozen large pools of capital and their attendant bankers, in terms reminiscent of diplomacy in China in the era of the warring states. For example, the takeover struggle for the historic Hudson's Bay Company was widely seen as a clash between the company's bank, the Toronto-based Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, and a client of the Royal Bank of Canada in Montreal. In classical economic theory, cartels disintegrate without government support. Canadian nationalism has provided the perfect excuse for official intervention, keeping out foreign banks and funding professional patriots, and thus restricting the range of services and options available to all citizens. It stunts their perspective to the point where few remember the international entrepreneurs of an earlier epoch.

Canadians regard the brawling game of ice hockey as their national sport. But the old Scottish recreation of curling says more about their collective character. Played by both sexes and all ages in every community across Canada, curling involves sliding a polished granite puck down an ice rink so that it stops within a circle marked at the end. But if you can't manage that, it's just as good to stop everyone else. You can knock opponents out of the circle, or obstruct their access to it. The game is ruthless.

Similarly, many of the triumphs of modern Canadian politics have been negative. Prickly Canadian particularism played a decisive role in sabotaging British attempts to unite the empire, for reasons that had more to do with the egos of the politicians concerned than with principle. Canada led

the United Nations condemnation of the Anglo-French Suez expedition of 1956. Again, grand strategy was probably secondary to Prime Minister Lester Pearson's ambitions for a starring role, and his performance won him a Nobel Prize. Obstruction is only one of the objects of the game. This relates to another characteristic—befitting an increasingly bureaucratized people—of English Canada's official culture: insecurity about status and territory. The unkindest cut in Canadian politics is the accusation that one Canadian is trying to make another a "second-class citizen" by somehow detracting from his rights and privileges. Publicists and politicians are constantly worrying that Canada is becoming a second-class nation, what they always call "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water"—exporting primary products and neglecting prestigious manufacturing industries. But in a country where fresh water and forest products are abundant, the reproach is self-defeating.

DESPITE officially sponsored nationalism, Canadians are influenced by American culture and economic power to a degree they themselves do not realize. On a superficial level, literally dozens of Toronto haunts echo New York: Yorkville, Sutton Place, Maxwell's Plum. In instinctive emulation of Washington fashion, Canadian bureaucrats have affirmative-action agencies—with powers uninhibited by any Bakke-type constitutional quibbles—ready and waiting for a sufficient minority population to exploit. Canadian journalists are still congratulating themselves on dubbing Joe Clark, the Progressive Conservatives' colorless leader, "Joe Who?" after he unexpectedly won the party leadership race in 1976. Spiro Agnew, for whom the joke was invented, might never have existed.

Even nationalist victories illustrate the derivative aspects of Canadian culture, as well as a lack of political and economic savvy. The symbolic goal of converting the monthly *Maclean's* magazine into a weekly was recently accomplished, with much help from the Canadian government, which disallowed the tax deductibility of advertising in U.S. magazines. The purpose was to eliminate *Time Canada*, a special

edition of *Time* with Canadian editorial content. The effect has been to reduce *Maclean's*, which had been a genuine Canadian institution with unmatched circulation in the nation's small towns, into a poorly financed imitation of the American news magazines as they were in their 1950s golden age, when *Maclean's* editors were young. Ironically, it is now vainly competing for urban readers with *Time*, which—having fired its Canadian staff, increased its price, and decreased its advertising rates—has better demographics and is making more money than ever. Such is the clubbiness of Canadian oligarchs that *Maclean's* first cover as a weekly was withdrawn for being too critical of Prime Minister Trudeau, to whom, appropriately, it was to be ceremonially presented.

But this secret U.S. fixation isn't really funny. The obsessive emulation of every aspect of U.S. economy, rather than the specialization suitable to a moderate-sized population living on top of vast, exploitable resources, has saddled Canada with state-directed programs and ailing industries to match any collection of Third World steel mills. Even more disturbing, as unexpected as a sharp bite from Canada's heraldic beaver, is the sour note in Canadian life of unquestioned authoritarianism. The hundreds of innocent persons arrested without trial, when the 1970 terrorist kidnappings raised the deadly specter of Quebec secession before Liberal eyes, were quickly forgotten, except in Quebec. Canadian legal procedures favor the prosecution much more than those of the United States. The inheritance of British defence has combined with the government's zeal for administrative efficiency.

SINCE THE collapse of the British connection, English Canada has been ruled by an artificial elite, who have tried to rewrite its history and laws in their own interests. But events are conspiring to shatter the carapace of the official culture they favor. Not only is the Liberal party's power base of Quebec threatening to decamp, but the oil-rich western provinces are increasingly restless at tariff and resource policies designed to benefit eastern Canada. And the floundering national economy, deeply in debt abroad and with a dramatically de-

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T' PIG CLEMONS TOLD MY MOTHER

She saw him
hunkered down
by the store
over at Porter's Crossroads.
His mouth was gaped open
like it usually was,
and he was staring out
into space with one arm
kind of gangled out
in front of him
like maybe he wanted
a ride but maybe he didn't.
So she stopped the car
—he'd gone to school
with my brother—
and Pig climbed in,

looking gloomy
but polite nevertheless.
My mother,
ever the bright one,
ever the cheerful,
asked him,
"Raymond, where are you going?"
and Pig,
he looked out the window,
away from her,
and told her,
"Aw, Miss Frances,
I'm going to Wytheville
to get drunk,
and God, don't I
dread it."

BILL SPRAKER'S STORE, OR THE DAY
GERONIMO COULDN'T FIND THE SCOOP

It took some courage just
to walk in there where
it smelled like last year's
potatoes in the cellar,
no windows and only one
45-watt light bulb,
and Bill'd run you out fast
if you didn't say what you wanted
and pay for it right away.
And after that movie showed
up at the Fries Drive-In,
they started calling Bill
Geronimo because he'd killed
Frenchie Paris one night
with a 20-gauge shotgun,
got acquitted on self-defense

(even though Frenchie
didn't have but one arm),
came home nervous,
with his red hair getting kinkier
and his paleface wife
and daughters getting fatter
and sleepier by the minute,
and Bill had to stop
selling ice cream after they started
spreading that lie around town,
about how Geronimo
couldn't find the scoop one day
and so spit tobacco juice on his hand,
reached in and got a gob
and served up the cone
anyway.

—David Huddle

preciated currency, is bringing out of the catacombs, where they had been driven by the nationalist reign of terror, a surprising number of Canadian economists and officials who favor economic integration with the United States.

Economic integration is currently discreetly discussed in terms of a negotiated "deal" with the United States leading ultimately to continental free trade. But more apocalyptic scenarios have Quebec's independence followed by English-speaking provinces directly applying to join the United States—the western provinces because they would do better, the Maritimes because they could not do worse. This is not such a radical shift as it might seem. Under the nationalist mask, despite all the efforts of the nationalist elite, English Canadians are an American people. Their values are in essence those of the United States.

In fact, it is because they are Americans that the self-abnegation of English Canada is understandable. Encouraging with federal aid in the name of "multiculturalism" the tendency of immigrants to resist assimilation is paralleled by the sudden acquiescence south of the border, to bilingual education and the sprouting of Spanish speaking enclaves. In the hour of its material triumph, the American-accented culture of the English-speaking world has been stricken by profound internal doubts.

It is otherwise hard to tell what English Canadians would be like without their French connection. They would be deeply regionalistic, and probably socially progressive, if not quite as socialistic as an independent Quebec promises to be. Anglophones would be unimaginatively enterprising only modestly humorous, and rather reserved, although tolerant and peaceful. Their emergence at this late date would disconcert observers with a need for the sort of reassessment W. B. Yeats made of his fellow Dubliners after Easter, 1916:

*I have met them at close of day
Coming with vivid faces
From counter and desk among grey
Eighteenth-century houses . . .*

Or, in this more northern climate, from snowmobiles, hockey games, and burgeoning high-rise apartment blocks. □

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9 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, May '78.

Dad always enjoyed your letters.
He'll especially enjoy these on Father's Day.



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THE GAS PRICE FIXERS

Washington designed, built, and ran an energy crisis

by Tom Bethell

FROM TIME TO TIME, American politicians assume the responsibilities of businessmen by adjudicating the price at which this or that commodity shall be sold. We can be grateful that this does not happen more often. When politicians decide to wrest control of the market, they are inclined to discover in themselves great funds of virtue and compassion, in consequence of which they decide to set a "fair" price, a "just" price, which usually turns out to be a low price. This is because the consumers of a given commodity will always heavily outnumber the producers of it, while all alike have one vote. The resulting low price tends to discourage the producers, who may well go to a new line of business—preferably one that has been overlooked by the politicians. A shortage of the original commodity results. The foregoing is a brief history of natural-gas production in the United States in the last quarter-century. Some may notice that the same description equally applies to apartments in cities where rent control has been enacted; it applies also to numerous other commodities in various centuries and countries. Robert Huettinger and Eamonn Butler, in their recent book *Forty Centuries of Wage and Price Controls*, demonstrate that time and again price controls have led to shortage. In the United States this began with the American Revolution, when a food shortage at Valley

Forge was brought about by regulated prices that had, according to the historian Albert Bolles, "precisely the opposite effect to that intended, for prices were increased rather than diminished by the adoption of the measure."

At first sight an arid topic, no doubt of interest only to legal specialists and fine-print readers, natural-gas pricing turns out upon examination to be among the most ideological issues of our time; the subject (according to one estimate) of the most protracted and heated Congressional debate since World War II (the voting on this issue alone constitutes a fairly accurate litmus test of the ideological composition of Congress); its history offering an unrivaled glimpse of the way good legislative intentions can turn into a nearly insoluble bureaucratic muddle. It is the regulatory case history *par excellence*.

Production and pricing

NATURAL GAS—methane, in its most common form—is an efficient, high-Btu (British thermal unit) fuel, used in industrial boilers and, to a lesser extent, for domestic consumption (space heating and cooking). It is similar to, but not to be confused with, old-fashioned low-energy coal gas (used to light streetlamps in Sher-

Tom Bethell is a Washington editor of Harper's.

lock Holmes's London). On a Btu-equivalent basis, natural gas accounts for about 30 percent of U.S. energy use, and is distributed through 200,000 miles of pipelines, representing assets of \$26 billion. It is by far the most desirable source of energy from the point of view of environmental cleanliness. For this reason, the deregulation of natural-gas prices has been supported by the Sierra Club and other environmental groups, on the theory that higher prices would force conservation of the fuel. About 20 trillion cubic feet (Tcf) of natural gas is consumed annually in the United States.

In discussing price, the unit normally used is 1,000 cubic feet (Mcf), an amount of gas with the same energy as one-sixth of a barrel of oil. Thus, the energy in a barrel of oil selling for \$12 could be replaced at the same cost by natural gas if the gas were sold for \$2 per Mcf. The question of natural gas "reserves" will be taken up later, but suffice it to say that according to almost all estimates, it is now believed that there is more natural gas still underground than anyone imagined a few years ago. According to the Pitts Energy Group (of independent producers) in Dallas, "vast supplies" of natural gas remain to be produced (the word *produced* in gas industry parlance means "taken out of the ground"). The Pitts study reports that "over 20 years of low prices have left 98 percent of prospective sediments untouched by drilling." Writing in a recent issue of *The Public Interest*, Rep. David Stockman of Michigan noted that 97 percent of the natural-gas resource base "has yet to be disturbed by a production well bore."

Natural gas was first discovered in conjunction with oil-well drilling after the first world war, primarily in Texas, Oklahoma, and Kansas; but it did not become an important source of energy until after World War II. In the early years it was simply "flared off" at the wellhead, because without pipelines and a system of distribution, there was no way the gas could be used. Toward the end of the 1930s, however, such a distribution system was under

construction, and in 1938 Congress passed the Natural Gas Act, which brought interstate pipelines under the control of the Federal Power Commission (FPC). Since consumers obviously could not easily switch to a different utility company, the FPC was empowered to regulate pipeline and utility prices. But the *wellhead* price—the price of the gas coming out of the ground—was not regulated.

This changed in 1954, with the *Phillips Petroleum Co. v. Wisconsin* case, a landmark decision embedded in the consciousness of oil and gasmen everywhere. Phillips Petroleum wanted to raise the price of natural gas to 3 cents per Mcf—up from 3 cents (an almost unbelievably low price, showing how Americans easily became accustomed to the idea of energy as a practically free commodity). The city of Milwaukee objected to this increase, however, and appealed to the FPC. The commission ruled that it could not control wellhead prices, but this decision was appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court, which reversed the finding and ruled that the FPC did indeed have the authority to control the wellhead price.

Almost immediately, there was a move in Congress to amend the Natural Gas Act specifically to exempt the gas producers—that is, those who were out in the field drilling for oil and gas—from price regulation. The desire for an amendment, called the Harris-Fulbright bill, was duly passed in Congress in 1956. Then came another development that the gas industry looked back on with a good deal of wistfulness. President Eisenhower vetoed the bill. The problem was that the Republican Senator from South Dakota, Francis Case, told the Senate that he had been offered a \$2,500 campaign contribution by a representative of the Superior Oil Company of Texas—payable on the understanding that he would vote for the bill.

Eisenhower liked the idea of natural-gas deregulation, he emphasized, but he nevertheless vetoed it, pointing out as he did so that "a body of evidence has accumulated indicating that private persons, apparently representing only a very small segment of a great and vital industry, have been seeking to further their own interest by highly questionable activities."

In the next twenty-two years, attempt after attempt would be made to deregulate natural-gas prices, in almost every Congress. But never again would the measure pass both House

In Senate debate of the Harris-Fulbright bill, Sen. Thomas C. Hennings of Missouri who opposed deregulation along with thirty-seven others, including Sen. John F. Kennedy, pointed out that "the greatest enemy withi

Natural-Gas Prices: Inter- and Intrastate Market

INTERSTATE PRICE: AVERAGE OF TOTAL RANGE (in which gas sold at old contract prices is "rolled in" with new, more expensive gas)		INTRASTATE: TEXAS (approximate price paid for new gas)
1960	14.0¢	\$.10
1965	16.0	.14
1970	18.0	.20
1972	19.8	.60
1974	26.7	1.50
1976	41.6	2.10
1978	63.9	1.90

the country of a truly competitive free enterprise is the creeping, and hidden, and camouflaged monopolist who, year in and out, has sought to fix prices. . . . That is what the real regulators, within the big oil companies, of the pending measure aim to do. . . ."

There was a double irony here, and indeed there still is, because much of the same "big oil monopolist" rhetoric is heard today, and the fact has never ceased being a part of public reality ever since oil companies came into existence. The irony was that to avoid an alleged monopoly, that of "big oil," the Senator urged refuge in a true monopoly, that of government pricing.

The other irony, and it is a sad one, is that natural-gas production never was anything remotely resembling a monopoly, nor is it today (even if it is true—as it is—that the largest natural-gas producers are also oil companies). It is important to clarify this because the image that we all semiconsciously tend to wear when the words "natural gas" are uttered is the cartoon image of . . . the hand on the valve. A pipeline is heading off into the distance, a cactus beside it, perhaps, or a sand dune, and in the foreground there is a big heel valve, and standing nearby there is a large Texan smoking a cigar (or more likely, these days, an Arab wearing a burnoose)—with his hand on the valve. And you understand that he is shutting it off. Then he will wait for the price to go up. (Similar fantasies have long been entertained about shipping magnates ordering their freighters to wait offshore for a month or two.)

Now, as far as the Arab countries are concerned, where monarchs with medieval power in the whole show, the hand-on-the-wheel image undoubtedly has a good deal of truth to it. But for Texas—or Louisiana, which is now the most important natural gas-producing state—the image of the single pipeline with the strategically placed valve is utterly wrong. It could be more accurate to think of the pipeline systems in the Gulf-states area as resembling the diagram of the New York subway system metastasized a hundredfold: shut one valve off and there are still a thousand alternative ways the gas can flow to its destination.

IT IS INSTRUCTIVE that no one knows exactly how many natural-gas producers there are in the United States—there are so many of them. It is estimated that in the 1950s, however, before the wellhead price was effectively regulated, there were 20,000 independent producers. With price regulation, this number dropped to about 10,000 in the

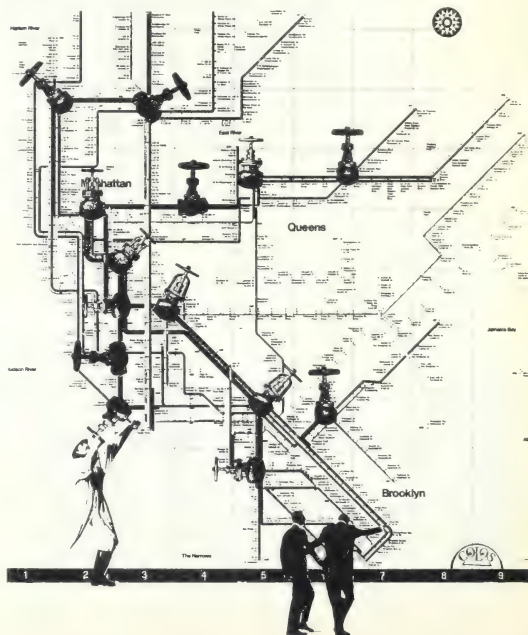
early 1970s; today the number is up again, to perhaps 12,000 independents (defined as companies that produce less than 10 billion cubic feet annually).

The industry is highly competitive, with an entry cost that is low compared with that of many industries—\$4 or \$5 million, according to David Foster, president of the Natural Gas Supply Association in Washington, D.C. "All you need," he said, "is enough capital to buy a lease, hire a geologist, a rig, and a drilling crew." By 1960, there were 5,600 producers selling gas to the interstate pipeline system. The twenty-two largest sellers in 1961 sold 55 percent of interstate gas, which is a lower level of concentration than is found in the average manufacturing industry. Sales by the largest producer have never exceeded 9.2 percent of the market (achieved by the Humble Oil Company in 1971).

Despite these facts, the Federal Power Commission (following orders from the Supreme Court) set about the task of regulating the wellhead price of gas, and was so successful that the price of new gas contracts actually was somewhat lower in 1968 than it had been in 1960. The inevitable result of rigid price controls was soon felt.

By September, 1968, Robert B. Helms noted, in a booklet entitled *Natural Gas Regulation: An Evaluation of FPC Price Controls*, that

"... natural-gas production never was anything remotely resembling a monopoly, nor is it today. . . ."



the commission was slowly becoming aware of a looming shortage of natural gas. In fact, 1968 was the first year the American Gas Association reserve data showed annual consumption to be larger than additions to reserves. . . . By 1971 the FPC had gone to great lengths to document the shortage situation brought about by declining exploratory drilling and growing demand.

But there was another element to the story, and it is what has made natural gas a favorite topic for students of government regulation. As long as the gas did not leave the state in which it came out of the ground, it was not subject to price controls. This was called intrastate gas: produced, for example, in Morgan City, Louisiana, and sold in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Thus, by the late 1960s a dual market had developed: a market for gas that crossed state lines (regulated); and a free market for gas that did not. Until the mid-Sixties, the interstate price of gas was about 2 cents per Mcf higher than the intrastate price (16 cents and 14 cents per Mcf respectively). This ensured that new gas discoveries were constantly committed to the interstate market—i.e., were “signed up” for delivery to the big consuming areas of the Northeast. The critically important changeover occurred in about 1970, when, because of growing demand in the producer states (especially the movement of many petrochemical companies to Texas and Louisiana), the free-market price of gas (by then about 20 cents) moved above the regulated price (18 cents). At that point, new gas was rarely committed to the interstate market. It was kept in its home state whenever possible. That was really the beginning of the “energy crisis.”

This dual market is of particular interest because it has in addition had the unintended

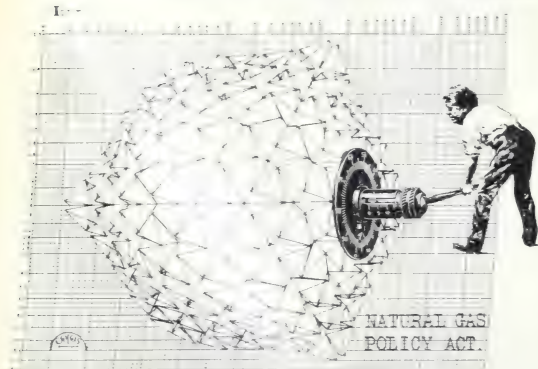
effect of creating a “controlled experiment” in the realm of government regulation. The effect of price regulation in the interstate market could be compared with the behavior in a free market in the same commodity.

The dual market

THE THREATENING energy crisis of the early 1970s was hastened along because many of the long-term contracts that interstate pipeline companies had signed with the gas producers in the 1950s were beginning to expire as the '70s progressed. The dual market meant that the pipeline companies began to encounter considerable difficulty in buying new gas to replace the old—not because it wasn't there to be had but because the gas producers did not want to sell it to the interstate pipelines at a low price when they could sell it within the state at a high price. By 1974, for example, the disparity between the two markets was equivalent to a factor of four: 26 cents per Mcf interstate; more than \$1 in the free market. Less gas began to flow through the interstate pipelines, therefore, and shortages developed. Demand for the fuel nevertheless remained high because of its artificially low price.

In the realm of natural gas, then, this dual market and its inevitable economic effect simply became the “energy crisis.” That was all there was to it. But this was rarely understood because whenever someone began to suggest that the energy crisis was not “real”—as if a way it was not if it was merely the product of government folly—then many people would interpret this to mean that the crisis was unreal in the sense that the gas producers were “withholding” the fuel from markets. This was perfectly true, of course, but not in quite the way that the skeptics imagined. But before examining these two senses of “withholding,” it is important to realize that there was another cause of the energy crisis as it affected natural gas: the quadrupling of prices in 1973 by OPEC.

Many people have failed to understand the psychological effect of this, because they have imagined that whatever oil and natural gas is still underground in this country is no doubt “owned” by some half-dozen huge oil companies. (People are inclined to believe this because when they say “fill 'er up” at the gas station, they are likely to be dealing with Exxon or Texaco or any one of a small handful of large companies.) But, in fact, oil and natural gas “in place” are owned by a combination of landowners and those who own minerals



rights to these lands. Many of these rights are leased leases owned by "big oil." But many are not. It is estimated that as many as 1.2 million Americans are "royalty owners" of oil and gas: people who own the geologically appropriate land or have leased such land about one-third of these royalty owners are in Texas).

The effect of the OPEC price increase was on these landowners and leaseholders—often lawyers or otherwise fairly wealthy people who are not in desperate need of ready cash—to mentally join OPEC. They knew that their oil and gas, even though still under the ground, was now "worth" the new high price.

There was, however, a strong incentive for them to keep it under the ground, because the government in its wisdom was telling them that they could sell it only for a fraction of what they perceived its true value to be. (They received correctly, too, in view of the subsequent failure to produce "alternative energy" below OPEC prices; this is another way of saying that OPEC's price increase itself is not, as some seem to think, "excessive.")

This outlook—mentally joining OPEC—applied to oil as well as gas, of course, because oil's price had been frozen domestically in the wage-price controls imposed by President Nixon in 1971, and these price controls are still in effect at the time of the OPEC price increase. Precisely because of this price freeze, it then became politically difficult to remove the domestic price controls on oil, which remain in effect to this day—President Ford, having refused to avail himself of an opportunity to remove them in 1975 (perhaps the most serious economic error of his Presidency). President Carter has now promised to decontrol oil over the next two years. He also wants to tax away much of the "windfall profits," on the peculiar theory that Americans will feel better about paying more for oil if the money goes to the government rather than to oil companies.

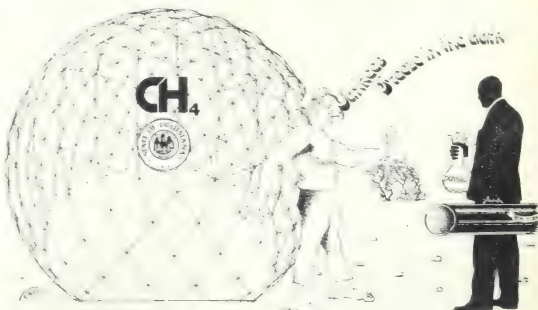
Government policy has therefore skewed the oil market in favor of foreign rather than domestic production (there are additional, complex reasons for this), but government policy even more seriously skewed natural-gas production in favor of the free rather than the regulated market. Leaseholders and landowners who wanted to sell their wares were quite happy to do so—as long as the pipeline to which the well was connected did not cross state line. For example, in 1973 Gov. Edwin Edwards announced that a large natural-gas field had been discovered in Plaquemines Parish, in southern Louisiana. It contained enough gas to fill all of New Orleans's energy needs

for fifty years. The problem was that the only pipeline anywhere near the field went heading straight off to Washington and New York. The governor announced that the field would not, therefore, be developed until it could be reached by an intrastate pipeline. Why send the gas to the very people who were ordering that it be sold at a fraction of its value?

The South had lost the other war between the states, but this skirmish they were determined not to lose. Since the most important producing states were in the South, government policy had indeed created new hostilities. The way many residents of Texas, Oklahoma, and Louisiana saw it—and not just oilmen in those states but almost anyone who read the newspapers—the people up there in New York and Washington and Boston were reluctant to look for oil and gas themselves, especially offshore, because to do so might spoil their view or pollute the beach or make the air dusty. "Thanks, but no thanks," the northerners were perceived as saying to the South. "You go on drilling up your bayous or swamps or whatever it is you have down there, and go on sending us the stuff at one-eighth of its true value!"

One might interpolate here the basic point that the energy crisis has often not been understood because people find it hard to believe that quite ordinary economic incentives (sometimes disparaged as "lemonade-stand economics") apply on the large scale of the natural-gas industry just as much, and in precisely the same way, as on the small scale of the individual. The problem has been that a number of quite influential people—Congressmen, for example—believe this *ought not* to be the case, even if in fact it is. Pro-regulation liberals in Washington—people who may in some instances have arrived in the capital during the Kennedy Administration, bought a house there in 1961, and since seen the value of that house increase by a factor of eight—would perfectly

"The effect of the OPEC price increase was for these landowners and leaseholders... to mentally join OPEC."



well understand that a "housing shortage" would result if President Carter, taking pity on newcomers, were somehow to decree that no house in the capital could be sold above a certain (low) price. Houses would not be sold, and a "housing crisis" would ensue. In the same way—just the same way—there was an energy crisis. With energy, however, the advocate of regulation is inclined to say that things ought to be different. Perhaps he is right, but in reality they are not different. Nor will they be until the day comes when the government passes laws *compelling* landowners to extract their natural gas, *compelling* them to sell it on the interstate market, and so on. Perhaps, then, the problem has been that some lawmakers have not fully appreciated how much the economic system depends on—and is at the mercy of—voluntary behavior.

As a result, bumper stickers began appearing in the South recommending that Yankees should be allowed to "Freeze in the Dark." Congressmen, "consumer advocates," and a new breed of "energy activists" from the big consuming regions of the Northeast then began retaliating with accusations that natural gas was being "withheld" from the market. Perpetual confusion has surrounded this point, since there are two senses in which "withholding" can occur. To their own detriment, the oil and gas companies have not done a satisfactory job of explaining the difference between the two.

"1001 years of natural gas"

THE CONFUSION arises because the companies have denied (truthfully, as far as anyone has been able to show) that any *illegal* withholding of gas resulted—that is to say, "shutting in" wells that were already delivering gas under contract.

Natural-Gas Reserves and Consumption

YEAR	PROVED RESERVES TCF	CONSUMPTION TCF	YEARS' SUPPLY
1967	292.9	18.2	15.9
1968	287.3	19.6	14.8
1969	275.1	21.0	13.3
1970	290.7	22.0	13.2
1971	278.8	22.5	12.6
1972	266.1	22.7	11.8
1973	249.9	22.5	11.0
1974	237.1	21.4	11.1
1975	228.2	19.2	11.6
1976	216.0	20.2	11.1
1977	208.9	19.6	10.7

SOURCE: American Gas Association "Gas Facts"

But there was another sense in which of course withholding occurred, in which newly discovered gas was committed to the intrastate market (as nearly all new gas was) or simply was never taken out of the ground at all. Gas industry spokesmen call this "economic withholding," and it has been widely practiced ever since the disparity between the two prices opened up in the early 1970s.

The moral here seems to be that as long as government has only a tenuous or partial grip over an industry (as was the case, of course with the FPC's control over the natural-gas industry) the result is likely to be chaotic. Better to have a complete grip (which in this case would involve the power to order people to take oil and gas out of the ground), or no grip at all (which would have entailed deregulation of the wellhead price).

The deregulation "option" was continually resisted, however, by many Congressmen and consumerists, who had by this time become falsely persuaded that we were "running out" of natural gas (in which case rationing, not the free market, became the moral imperative).

To many people, the conclusion that we were running out of fossil fuel has always seemed reasonable, because it is based on a premise that is self-evident although misleading. Natural gas is "finite" and "nonrenewable" (as the argument runs), therefore we are running out of it. No one seems to have pointed out what a coincidence it was that we should find ourselves to be "running out" of natural gas just at the time when a large gap opened up between the regulated and the free-market price.

Again, the industry did not help its own cause here by casually releasing figures dealing with "natural-gas reserves"—figures that the industry understood, but that journalists, many of them grappling with "energy" for the first time, did not. Typical of many such cases was a cover story in *Newsweek* in January, 1974, complete with photographs, headlined: *U.S. FUEL RESERVES: HOW LONG WILL THEY LAST?* Superimposed on a picture of a natural-gas pipeline was the figure: ELEVEN YEARS. (In the main text, the reader was admonished that "with but 6 percent of the world's population, the U.S. guzzles 33 percent of the globe's energy.") The reader was not told what the word *reserves* meant, however. The problem with it is that it suggests to the unwary a known quantity, arrived at after every conceivable subterranean cavity has been recognized, measured, and its contents quantified.

There are three categories of reserves—"proved," "probable," and "possible"—an

e figures that we hear whenever the energy crisis is discussed are proved reserves: very conservative figures that describe a *working inventory* of natural gas in wells that have *already been drilled*. As the cost of drilling a well is now more than a quarter of a million dollars, on average, and as with any given acre there is only a one-in-ten chance of finding gas, it does not come as a surprise to learn that the vast majority of potential gas-bearing sediments have not been drilled at all. The misleading nature of the figure given in *Newsweek* (and in many other journals at that time) becomes apparent when one considers that now, six years later, U.S. proved reserves amount not to a 5-year supply but to a 10.74-year supply.

The point is that, as with any other commodity, producers and sellers do not need to keep more than a certain amount of "inventory" on hand. It is not economical to do so. Reserve figures therefore tell us not so much about what is underground so much as about what projected future demand will be; this results in the producers' drilling only enough to have a sufficient supply "in reserve," just as O&P managers must decide how large a supply of Yuban or Maxwell House they shall have "in reserve." When all of this is taken into account, and especially when the incentive provided by market prices is included, the *Wall Street Journal's* 1977 estimate of "1001 years of natural gas" seems closer to the mark.

The Congressional debate

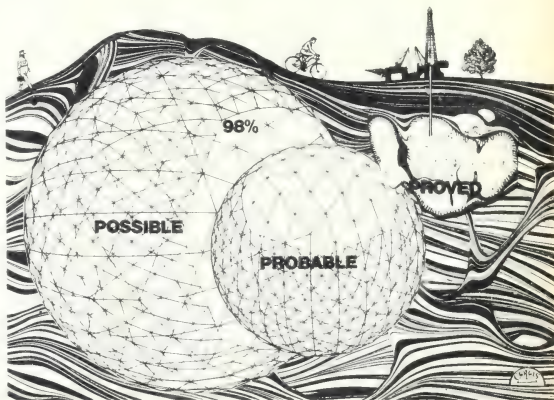
THIS, THEN, was the situation when the Carter Administration came to Washington: a lot of natural gas available—at a price—in the producing states; growing scarcity in the consuming states. In 1976 Carter had made a campaign promise to deregulate natural gas, but in retrospect it seems clear that he just said that because he was in Oklahoma that day. Most probably he didn't understand the issue at all—the world of oil independents, roughnecks, and wildcatters being about as remote from his safe little squared-away, government-regulated, government-subsidized world of peanut storage as it is possible to imagine. And to the extent that Carter might have understood the oil and gas industry he would have thoroughly disapproved of it as a manifestation of entrepreneurial recklessness very much akin to gambling: fortunes made or lost at the turn of a drill—a fundamentally immoral world, not at all like the safely incremental climate of civil servitude (5 per-

cent per annum increase for everyone) in which he had spent his entire life. Not surprising, then, that he soon perceived the energy crisis to be the moral equivalent of war. He smote the oil companies hip and thigh, denounced the special interests, and vowed to veto anything resembling a deregulation bill that might come out of Congress.

He brandished a National Energy Plan, in which the intention was to do away with the dual natural-gas market by extending price controls to the intrastate market. Professor Edward Mitchell, a frequently consulted expert on energy matters, has called this a "shortage policy." Carter, of course, was by this time surrounded by advisers for whom shortages were a dream come true: *nice* shortages. (Now you see why this is such an ideological issue!) With shortages, people could be exhorted to make sacrifices; taxes could be imposed to encourage conservation; and then these taxes could be repaid to the needy or the worthy—people who insulated their houses, for example. At any rate, the Carter team would have a lot of tax money to redistribute, by way of favors. In short, energy could be made into another income redistribution program.

There were, it was true, one or two clouds on the horizon, such as the director of the U.S. Geological Survey, Dr. Vincent McElvay, who did a naughty thing, giving a speech in Boston in which he said that domestic natural-gas reserves were huge ("about ten times the energy value of all [previous] oil, gas, and coal reserves of the United States combined"). He was fired shortly after that (they implied he was too old), as was Dr. Christian Knudsen, the author of a study re-

"In 1976 Carter had made a campaign promise to deregulate natural gas, but in retrospect it seems clear that he just said that because he was in Oklahoma that day."



leased by the Energy Research and Development Administration concluding that at \$2.25 per Mcf the nation would be "awash" with natural gas.

The only problems remaining were to get Congress to approve the taxes, and to pass a bill extending price controls to the intrastate market. Sen. Russell Long put a stop to the taxes after the House had gone a long way toward approving Carter's plan: the nation will remain permanently in the Louisiana's Senator's debt for this achievement—a rare instance in which Congressional seniority was actually put to good purpose.

As for the extension of price controls, this turned out to be difficult, too. The price in the intrastate market had by now risen to about \$2 per Mcf, and at this price more and more drilling and more drilling rigs were being set up—in fact there weren't enough rigs to go around—and more and more gas was being found. More states were becoming "producer" states, too—not just in the South. Several Western states were finding a lot of gas: Montana, Colorado, and Wyoming, for example. Thus, political support for deregulation was inevitably growing with time.

Nevertheless, the House of Representatives took Speaker Thomas P. ("Tip") O'Neill's advice and passed the natural-gas bill as the Administration had proposed it. The Senate went in the opposite direction, however, despite tremendously delaying tactics by Sens. James Abourezk of South Dakota and Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio, who kept the Senate up all night at one point, so fearful were they that a deregulation bill would pass. But pass it did. Thus, the House-Senate conference committee would have to reconcile two bills that wholly opposed each other: one removing price controls, the other extending them nationwide.

Meanwhile, there was an interesting development in Texas. By the end of 1977, the high intrastate price had produced so much new gas that the price "turned around" and started to drop well below the \$2 mark. The market system was working exactly as it was supposed to, in other words, but this had its alarming aspect, as Congress by this time was debating a compromise bill that would unify the two markets at a regulated price of \$1.75 (as of April 20, 1977, the price would be adjusted for inflation so that by 1979, when such a bill would become law, the price would run to approximately \$2 per Mcf). If, however, the free market price fell much below this, there would be a danger that Congress would perceive it was now setting the regulated price too high: a "floor" price, in other words, rather than

a "ceiling" price. There would inevitably be a move by the liberals in Congress to lower the legislated price below the new intrastate level. (Indeed, there was such a move.)

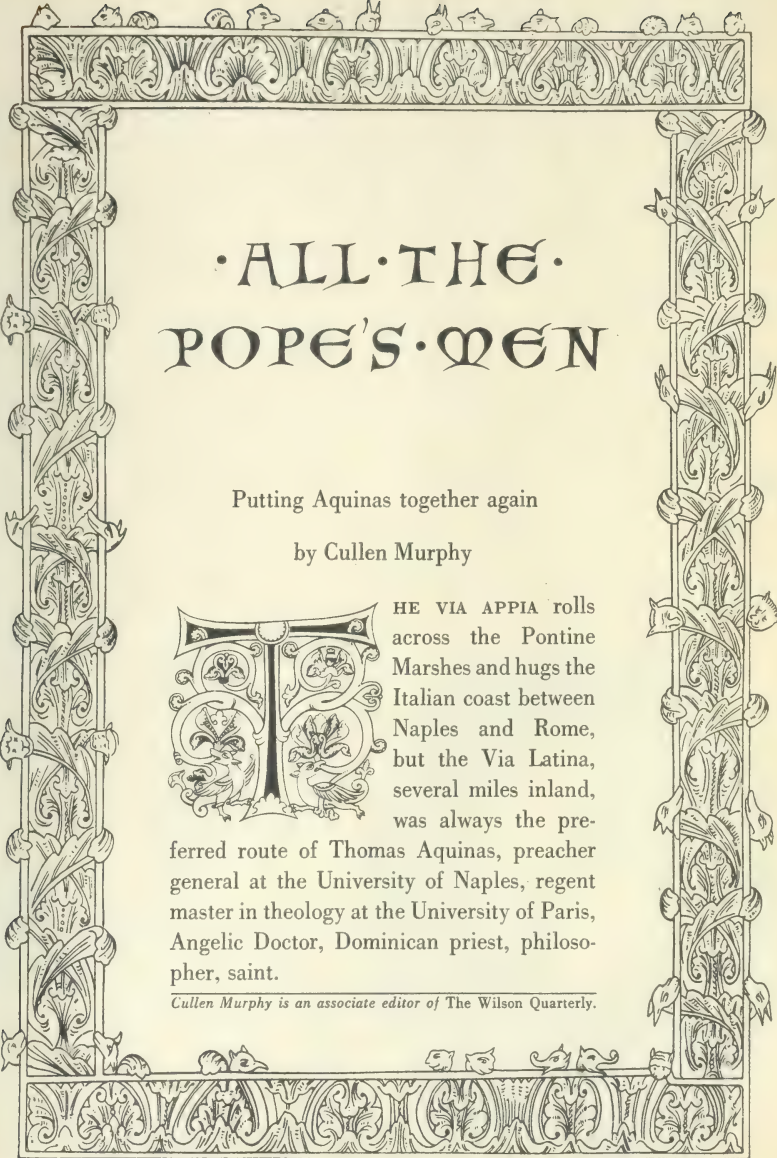
The Texas Railroad Commission, which has authority over oil and gas production rates in the state, came to the rescue at this crucial hour, putting into effect a "conservation" measure limiting output of gas, thus shoring up the price. (The rationale for this, as natural-gas industry spokesmen never tire of explaining, is that for obscure geological reasons more gas can in the long run be extracted from a well if it is taken out of the ground slowly.)

Be that as it may, the intrastate price held steady at about \$1.95, and the Congressional debate continued undisturbed by distant price fluctuations. A coalition of centrists led by Sen. Henry Jackson of Washington supported the new Natural Gas Policy Act which was in turn opposed by an unusual alliance of conservatives from the producing states (who didn't want the government interfering with their—comparatively—free markets), and those on the ideological Left such as Senators Metzenbaum and Edward F. Kennedy (who thought the proposed new regulated price was too high).

Consumer versus producer

THE TRANSCRIPT of the natural-gas debate in the 95th Congress covers hundreds of pages of the *Congressional Record*. But one frequently heard argument deserves to be rescued from the archives and examined before it is entirely lost from view. This is the claim by those who opposed deregulation—and Senator Kennedy was typical in this respect—that they were looking out for the interests of "consumers" by preventing the price from climbing.

The significant point is that when a consumer in Massachusetts, for example, buys natural gas, only 20 percent of his bill pays for gas; the rest helps to pay for the pipeline that brought the gas almost 2,000 miles to his home. Thus, an increase in the wellhead price of gas adds only a small fraction to domestic gas bills. But—because the pipeline must be amortized anyway—if gas supplies are interrupted or reduced, as they were in the 1970s (because of the diversion of new supplies to the intrastate market), then the consumer's bill will rise considerably because the constant pipeline costs must be "loaded" onto a diminished number of customers. Therefore, regulated (Continued on page 104)



·ALL·THE· POPE'S·MEN·

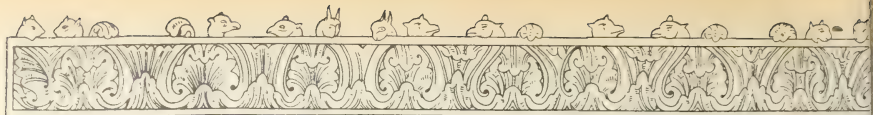
Putting Aquinas together again

by Cullen Murphy



HE VIA APPIA rolls across the Pontine Marshes and hugs the Italian coast between Naples and Rome, but the Via Latina, several miles inland, was always the preferred route of Thomas Aquinas, preacher general at the University of Naples, regent master in theology at the University of Paris, Angelic Doctor, Dominican priest, philosopher, saint.

Cullen Murphy is an associate editor of The Wilson Quarterly.



He was born in 1225 at the castle of Roccasecca, which guards the Via Latina near Aquino. While traveling along the road forty-nine years later, he struck his head against an overhanging branch and suffered the subdural hematoma to which, latter-day physicians surmise, he presently succumbed. The Church mourned the loss of her philosopher, struck down in his prime. Yet when death took Thomas on that March morning in 1274, he was in fact broken, physically and mentally. He had written nothing in three months, and, when pressed by Reginald of Piperno, his scribe and friend, explained darkly that "after what I have seen" everything he had published "seemed as straw."

Thomas entered religious life at the age of five, groomed by his parents to become (like his uncle) abbot of the Benedictine abbey at Monte Cassino, a position of considerable power. Thomas shunned the prospect, foiling his parents' plans by joining the Dominicans, an impoverished, mobile, and studious order of priests founded by Dominic de Guzman in 1216. The rule of the order was strict. Thomas was obliged to walk wherever he went, be it to Rome or Paris, Lyons or Cologne. This may account for his complexion, which contemporaries compared to "ripe wheat." He was a hulking, gentle, tongue-tied man, nicknamed the "Dumb Ox" by his Dominican brothers. Albert the Great, Thomas's

teacher, was of another opinion. Someday, he predicted, his pupil's bellowing would "resound throughout the earth."

Saint Thomas today enjoys exalted status as the Roman Catholic Church's foremost theologian and philosopher. (His is the only proper name to be found in the Code of Canon Law.) In times of intellectual crisis, the Church routinely rests her weight on Thomistic philosophy, as she did during the Counter-Reformation and, three centuries later during the Modernist Controversy. In the *Summa Theologiae* and the *Summa Contra Gentiles*, Thomas himself took on the doctrinal threat from Greek science and philosophy (lately reintroduced into the West by the Arabs) and in the process systematized Christian theology in Aristotelian fashion. The first of these works was written for "beginners," the second for "unbelievers," which perhaps accounts for the attractiveness of Saint Thomas to thinkers in the centuries since, who have always found him reasonable and somehow modern, whatever "modern" has happened to mean.

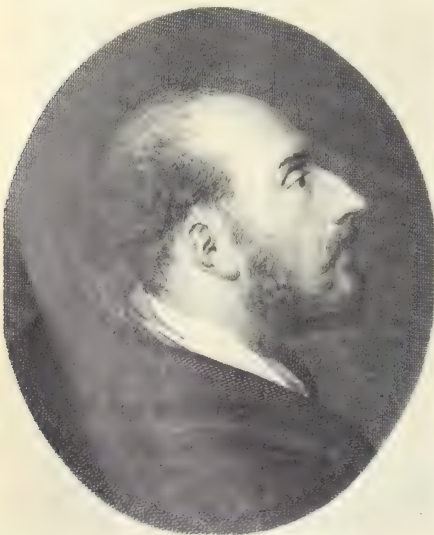
Suffering the saint gladly

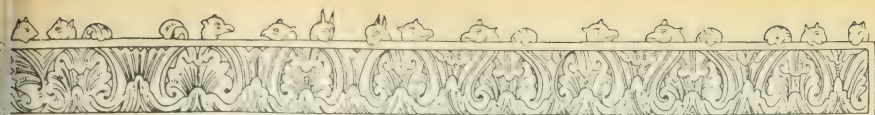


HERE IS A congenial stretch of the Via Latina thirteen miles southeast of Rome that Thomas Aquinas knew especially well, where the road slices through catacombs and into the Alban Hills. The water was good and nearby were family friends, at the Molara

Castle. Thomas stopped at the castle one day with Reginald of Piperno, who was dying of tertian fever. The doctors had given up hope. That night Thomas placed some relics of Saint Agnes on his friend's chest, and Reginald recovered at once. According to an eyewitness, the household celebrated with "special solemnity and a good dinner."

The incident accounts for one of a paltry three miracles Thomas is reputed to have performed during his lifetime. (He later cured a woman "afflicted with a flow of blood," and, several days before his death, changed some sardines, which he disliked into herrings.) The "devil's advocate," whose official task it was to oppose Thomas's canonization as a saint, deemed these insufficient signs of sanctity





ope John XXII disagreed, generously allowing, in 1321, that Thomas had performed as many miracles as he had resolved philosophical questions. Since the *Summa Theologiae* alone contains 512 questions, 669 articles, and some 10,000 objections with replies, Thomas's elevation to sainthood was approved forthwith.

Barring a miracle we don't know about, Thomas could not have been familiar with the present friars' house in the village of Grottaferrata, several hundred yards from the Molara Castle and the Via Latina. There, at the command of the pope and under the banner of the Leonine Commission, Dominican priests are toiling to bring forth, in the original medieval Latin, the first critical edition of Thomas's three great theological syntheses, nine disputations, twenty-seven commentaries, five poems, six treatises, five expert opinions, sixteen letters, and seven sermons. The project was begun under Pope Leo XIII, 100 years ago; another 100 years may see it finished.

The Leonine editors take a special interest in Aquinas because, as Dominican priests, they are worn to reverence his person and defend his writings. With their colleagues in Rome, Washington, Rouvain, and Ottawa, the scholars at Grottaferrata have spent every day for thirty years poring over thousands of medieval manuscripts from places such as Erfurt, Parma, Prague, and Zwettl. They have been given, by successive popes, the freedom of the Vatican Library—the rarest of privileges—and have been known to take Aquinas's 700-year-old handwritten drafts home on the bus—rather like getting leave to borrow a Van Dyck or two from the Hermitage.

Unfortunately, since few of these original drafts, or "autographs," have survived, reconstructing a

single book as Thomas presumably wrote it can take up to fifteen years. Often the editors are reduced to working from sloppy, error-filled copies, or even more corrupt copies of copies, generations removed from the philosopher, the theory being that since everything in the Middle Ages had to be copied by hand from something else, some link back to Aquinas must exist somewhere. Elaborate family trees of each manuscript are constructed, revised, and discarded. "At times," says Grottaferrata's prior, Fr. Louis Bataillon, "one feels like Inspector Maigret."

Every friar has a specialty. Fr. René Gauthier, the librarian, is casually known to his brothers at Grottaferrata as "Aristotle." He works from early morning until late at night, and his sharply chiseled features discourage idle conversation. He can tell at a glance if Aquinas is using the twelfth-century *Anonyma* translation of Aristotle's Greek *Metaphysics* or Michael Scot's thirteenth-century version.

Other Dominicans relish the minutiae of ink, and can judge in seconds whether a manuscript has been written with sour gall or Aleppo gall, with green or blue vitriol, with the lees of wine, black amber, sugar, or fish-glue. Fr. Jordan Peters, a Dutch Dominican, is one of those who can discern the difference. "French and Italian inks," he explains one day, "are blacker than English and German, and Spanish is the darkest of all." A handy maxim.

Father Peters works out of a cluttered, parchment-laden office at the University of Saint Thomas Aquinas (or "Angelicum") in Rome, a prestigious Dominican school whose alumni include Pope John Paul II. His feel for a text is subtle and exact. He eyes the format of the page; deftly probes the shapes of the letters, then glances at the method of abbreviation. The verdict: "English, late thirteenth century.





When Englishmen put strokes above letters to make abbreviations, the strokes were usually connected with the final flourish of the last letter they had written." He points to the manuscript. "See, like

abw

A Frenchman would have lifted his pen."

The twenty-two friars who make up the commission receive no pay for their work: All have taken a vow of perpetual poverty, along with vows of chastity and obedience. The Dominican order provides every friar with a small stipend for each priest, and the money is held in common. "If I want a box of cigars," explains Fr. Peter Gils, a Leonine editor who works out of Louvain, Belgium, "I go to the *syndicus*, the priest who handles our cash. There is rarely any problem." The friars live a monastic life of prayer, contemplation, and arduous scholarship little different from the life Aquinas lived. They lack only the luxury of living to see their work completed.



IT IS NOT as if they have never known, or wanted, another life. Fr. Louis Bataillon, sixty-five, was trained as a lawyer. He helped manage a Breton fishing port before becoming a Dominican. Fr. Bertrand Guyot, fifty-nine, who lives with Bataillon at Grottaferata, was trained originally as a mathematician — "*Mathématiques pures, pures, pures*," he insists.

Fr. Joseph Cos, fifty-seven, came to the job after seventeen years as a missionary teaching Latin and Greek in the Congo. While he was on leave in Belgium, rebel tribesmen slaughtered his companions and colleagues. He volunteered for the commission. Fr. Hyacinthe Dondaine, eighty-six, a mathematician and friend of theologian Jacques Maritain, didn't even join the Dominican order until he was thirty-five. And Fr. William Wallace, sixty, the current (and first American) president of the Leonine Commission, was originally an engineer; he supervised the aerial mine-laying effort that cut off Japan from Korea and Manchuria during World War II.

So far the Leonine editors have published thirty-two elegant, red-and-black, leather-bound folio volumes of the works of Saint Thomas—some 14,000

pages in all. In addition to a meticulously reconstructed text, each volume is densely glossed with Latin footnotes. Until recently, the lengthy explanatory prefaces were also written in Latin—in fine wrought Latin, if Fr. René Gauthier's is any indication.

There are about thirty volumes to go. But the commission has been plagued by bad luck from the start. The combination of wars, maddlesome postiffs, and lack of money is a historic combination for disaster. At times the work of the commission has slowed to a trickle; occasionally it has stopped altogether. Today, the Leonine editors may be facing the greatest crisis yet, as the thirteenth century squares off for a final bout with the twentieth.

Simply put, they are running out of talent, and out of time. Recruits to the Dominican order are down sharply, part of a general trend throughout the Roman Catholic Church. Moreover, Latin, once the Church's lingua franca, has been dropped from every seminary in every nation on the globe, a consequence of Vatican II reforms. Yet a knowledge of Latin—specifically, of medieval Latin, medieval handwriting, and medieval abbreviation—is the *sine qua non* of membership on the Leonine Commission. "We would train our successors," Peter Gils says, "if there were anyone to train."

Morale on the commission somehow remains high: a sense of humor as ironclad a prerequisite as fluency in Latin. Often the latter gives rise to the former. (At the commission's Washington branch precious manuscripts are stored in a stout safe. The combination: *Verte ad sinistram quater usque a sexaginta septem, ad dextram . . .*) But the handwriting is on the wall. Of the twenty-two Leonine editors, fifteen are over fifty-five years of age, nine are over sixty, and two—Fr. Hyacinthe Dondaine and his brother, Antoine—are into their eighties. There is no one under forty. Of the priests still in their prime, two are seriously ill. Fr. Maxi del Pozo, the American section's expert on Aristotle, has twice had operations for brain tumors. And Fr. Jo Cos, an authority on the Naples manuscript of the *Metaphysics*, recently suffered a crippling stroke that left his right arm, his writing arm, paralyzed.

In his recent report to the Master General of the Dominican order in Rome, Fr. William Wallace noted that while most of the remaining volumes of the Leonine edition have either been started or assigned, "there is doubt that the work can be maintained." Father Wallace's report, composed in Latin down to the financial statement of *accepti et expensis*, is not a happy document.

Sales of Leonine volumes, mostly to university

libraries, are steady but slow. Last year the commission sold two sets of Aquinas's *Summa Contra Gentiles*, bringing the total number sold since 1965 to almost 100. From the commission's point of view, the *Contra Gentiles* has been a successful volume, at revenues (each book costs \$50) hardly cover the \$1 million the editors have spent in the past fifteen years. Hiring laymen to help with the work is out of the question. (Several laymen—like medievalist James T. Reilly and paleographers Carlo Rassi and Bernardo Bazán—donate their time to the commission.)

Fr. Peter Gils, in Louvain, believes that "fifteen well-trained scholars working every day for fifty years might just be able to finish the job." But in old, clinical terms, the Leonine Commission may not have fifty years or even thirty, and in twenty years it may not have fifteen men.

The last scholastics



FIRST LEARNED of the Leonine Commission from Fr. Avery Dulles, a Jesuit theologian who teaches at Catholic University in Washington, D.C. I laughed when he told me that the commission had already spent two of Aquinas's lifetimes trying to edit what the saint had managed to write in twenty-two years. "It was the common view," wrote Bartholomew of Capua, "that [Thomas] had wasted scarcely a moment of his time." What would Bartholomew have thought of the Leonine Commission?

I drove out to Catholic University shortly afterward for lunch with Fr. William Wallace, who in 1976 had succeeded the late (and by all accounts remarkable) Fr. Pierre de Costenson as president, *pro praeses*, of the commission. Father Wallace is an active, youthful-looking gray-haired scholar, a specialist in sixteenth-century science, and author of, among other books, *The Scientific Methodology of Theodor of Freiburg and Galileo's Early Notebooks*. He is also an immensely popular teacher, as comfortable with colleagues at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton as he is teaching philosophy of science to a class of 100 nurses. It is not hard to understand why Charles Sweeney, on the eve of his mission over Nagasaki, sought out Father Wallace for a late-night conversation on

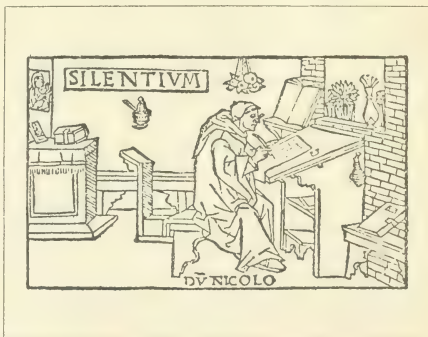
the ethics of the atom bomb. (Both men were serving with the 313th Bomb Wing.)

Father Wallace is somehow worldly, urbane, a man of affairs, even when resplendent, with dangling black rosary, in the long white robes of his order. He displays a quiet, energetic confidence that would have brought him to the top in any profession, a characteristic shared with every member of the Leonine Commission.

He lives with eighty other Dominicans at the Dominican House of Studies, a vaguely Flemish-Gothic building inflicted on the Catholic University campus earlier this century. When blueprints of the house were sent to Rome for approval, Church authorities promptly wired back: "*Sintnz angeli?*"—"Are they angels?" (The architects had apparently left out the bathrooms.) Most amenities are available now, including a secular food service, there being an even greater shortage of nuns who will cook than of priests to be fed in the updated Catholic Church.

After noon prayers, the Dominican friars gather for lunch in a long, spare refectory, its windows opening onto a columned cloister.

"What most people want to know," Father Wallace says, "is why the work is taking us so long. That's also what the pope wanted to know. Our first three volumes were published soon after Pope Leo established the commission in 1879. That wasn't fast enough. Leo was a Thomist, one of the leaders of the neo-Thomist revival of the late nineteenth century. What he really wanted was a *new* edition of the complete works, not a good edition. He wanted it yesterday, for the seminaries. And he wanted the *Summa Theologiae* first. The Leonine editors were under a gun."



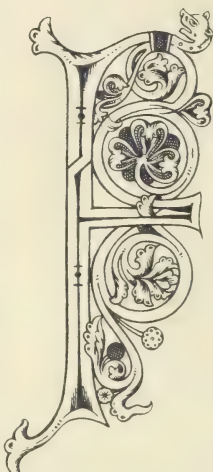
When Leo's intentions became clear, the Dominicans severed financial ties with the pope. That left them in semi-autonomous penury. Since then, with the exception of some modest crumbs from the pope's table—\$10,000 from Paul VI in 1966, for example—the Dominicans have financed the venture by themselves. Thanks to the order's vow of poverty, the labor is free, but printing costs are high, in part because French linotype operators in Limoges, setting pages in Latin, can't tell when they've made a mistake. There is never enough money. Hence the limp in the commission's gait.

"Then there is the matter of standards," Father Wallace says. "We had to invent our own. Nothing like the Leonine edition has ever been done before. How can you tell what Thomas's text really was? We have only a handful of his handwritten drafts, but an embarrassment of corrupt copies, thousands of them, spanning two centuries. How do you grope your way back? And where are all the manuscripts in the first place? Library science and ancient documents do not get along. I was in the Biblioteca Nacional in Madrid in 1967 when they found Leonardo's 'lost' notebooks. They weren't lost. They were just on the wrong shelf for hundreds of years."

Fr. William Conlan, a wry, bespectacled Dominican, is sharing our table. He joined the Leonine Commission ten years ago and now spends his time "collating": comparing manuscripts, plotting every difference and discrepancy, every changed abbreviation, every jot and tittle of variance, trying to determine the provenance of each, to deduce the father from its spawn. Where was the manuscript transcribed? Was it copied from an original draft by Aquinas? Dictated? Copied from another copy?

The work spins off on tangents. "We have to know how the publishing industry worked in Paris," Father Conlan explains. "After all, that was how Saint Thomas's books got around. We have to know what copies of what books he was using. We're working here on his commentary on Aristotle's *Metaphysics*. Thomas used three different translations of the book at different times. Maybe four. It's a nightmare."

Sorting things out is complicated by the fact that few medieval scribes, scholars, or painters ever signed their work. Of the four-score surviving manuscripts of the *Metaphysics*, for example, only one is signed (by John of Frankenstein). The Leonine editors regard scribe John's signature as a breach of taste. They themselves cherish virtual anonymity. The names of a Leonine volume's editors are mentioned only once, if at all, in the preface, in 6-point type.



FROM THE PERSPECTIVE of 1979 it is hard to gauge the immensity of the Leonine Commission's task. But consider a "worst case" scenario beginning, say, in 1256. Young Thomas is teaching at the University of Paris. He rises before dawn every morning to prepare the lectures he will turn into books. He is living at the Convent of Saint Jacques on the Left Bank where Latin is so prevalent that, despite ten years in Paris, he never learns French.

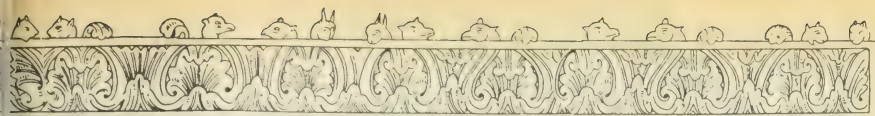
It is a crowded university, overrunning the Latin Quarter with its ninety buildings and its great

ray of Irrefragable and Invincible Doctors. The noise from the narrow street filters in through the windows where Thomas is lecturing on the *Sentences* of Peter Lombard. In 1256, the university is seething with anti-Dominican sentiment, and the archers of King Louis IX—Saint Louis—stand guard atop the roof of Saint Jacques to quell disturbances.

Has Thomas written out his remarks on Lombard? Probably. If he has, they are scribbled in fast, sprawling hand that resembles pigeon track in sand. (He had never been taught calligraphy. Even in the thirteenth century it was known as the *littera illegibilis*, and Thomas's closest associate including trusty Reginald of Piperno, had nearly as much trouble reading it as modern scholars do.) (Today, only the Leonine Commission's Frs. Peter Gils and Joe Cos can read Aquinas's hand with accuracy and ease.)

After class, Thomas amends and revises his lecture, then gives it to one of his secretaries to make a fair copy. If the Leonine editors are lucky, Aquinas's handwritten draft will survive for 700 years, enabling them to go right to the Ox's mouth to establish the restored text.

Usually, the editors are not lucky. In the case of the commentary on Lombard, scarcely one-fourth exists in autograph. So they must work instead from the secretary's copy, or from copies of his copy.



Thomas's secretaries are diligent men, but, after all, they are only men. They strain to read his writing. If the penmanship is especially atrocious, Thomas may fall back on reading his own writing loud. The solution is fraught with its own problems: the secretary misses words continually, his ar plays tricks on him, he misunderstands the meaning of a sentence, he skips a sentence.

When the dictation or copying is over, Thomas examines the transcript. Of course, he is a busy man. He is hard at work on *Being and Essence* and half-dozen other works. It is Lent and he must prepare for the fortnightly *quodlibetal* ("what-you-will") discussions—off-the-cuff debates where he is the target. The atmosphere at the university is tense, and Thomas is a nervous man. Perhaps he doesn't give the editing the time it deserves. His citations are not quite exact. Even when they are, the text he is using may be faulty.

Assume that Thomas, despite the inevitable errors, approves a version of his lecture to be "published." A clean copy, or *exemplar*, is made and deposited with the university *stationarii*—"vulgarily called booksellers," according to one early document. The *exemplar* is divided into *peciae*, loose sections of eight pages each. The *peciae* are then rented out individually to students for copying. In the days before printing, there was no other way for textbooks to be circulated.

Now the trouble begins.

Let us say that Odo, a young Flemish student, wants to make a copy of Aquinas's commentaries on Lombard. By 1286, nineteen of Thomas's works were available in the university bookstore. The commentaries on Lombard, in 215 *peciae*, rented for 10 soldi.*

Odo goes to the stationer and rents, for a week, the first *pecia*. Since his family has made a killing in textiles, and his father is grudgingly generous, Odo needn't do the transcribing himself. Instead, he engages one of the poorer students to do it for him, a common practice.

The student is from Thuringia or some such place, and his Latin isn't very good. He is also

getting paid by the page, and so works as fast as he can. He mistakes how much he can fit onto the parchment. His writing gets smaller and smaller as he nears the bottom of the page, and he begins abbreviating madly, making up contractions if he must. Where he cannot read a word he leaves a blank. By chance he copies out, say, *jude* on line 3, and when he turns back to the manuscript his eye falls on *jude* on line 7, and he accidentally picks up from there. The nib of his quill pen deteriorates, but he'll be damned before he cuts himself a new one. He finishes the work and goes back to Odo for his pittance.

Odo, meanwhile, has gone to the stationer to get a second *pecia* to be copied. The stationer has two copies of the commentaries on Lombard—it is the most widely used book on campus—and instead of giving Odo *pecia* 2 of copy A, he gives him *pecia* 2 of copy B. The stationer doesn't care. He is bored and surly. Besides, both copies are theoretically identical.

In fact, of course, each is riddled with its own distinctive errors. And so our impoverished undergraduate copies out *pecia* 2 of copy B and then perhaps *pecia* 3 of copy A, and so on through the entire work, splicing the two versions together. (This is precisely what happened to the fifty-three *peciae* of Aquinas's commentary on the *Metaphysics*, and the Dominicans at Catholic University have yet to sort it out.)

Twenty years go by. Odo's nephew (or perhaps his "nephew") is now at the university, and because manuscripts are precious things, the two copies of the commentaries on Lombard in the stationer's office are the same ones his uncle had used. When young Odo rents it, it has suffered thirty years of wear and tear. Well-minded know-it-alls have "corrected" the original. From careless handling, whole words and sentences have disappeared. The margins, as in any second-hand text, are filled with little prayers, jokes, drawings, and graffiti.

Odo, like his uncle, hires an indigent student who also makes a slipshod transcription of what is now an even more corrupt text. Most likely he will transfer the offhand marginal quips—"here I stopped," "damn the stationer"—onto his own copy, thinking them part of the text. Or he may be too bleary-eyed to care.

This goes on until the end of the fifteenth century, when the first printed editions of Saint Thomas's writings appear. At this point there exist about 45,000 manuscripts of his two-dozen major works. They are scattered throughout Europe, for each scholar has returned home—to Valencia, Leip-

* A *soldus* (= sou = shilling) was composed of twelve *denarii* (or pence), but its actual value in modern currency is impossible to fix from contemporary documents. Relative values are also elusive. In 1281, the Latin Quarter house of Nicholas, the image-maker, was assessed at 50 soldi—presumably the amount of his tax. Without knowing the tax rate, this isn't very helpful. In 1274, the salary of the janitor at the college of the Sorbonne was fixed at 12 soldi. However, no time span was specified. The fine for missing vespers was 2 denarii. By all accounts, books in the Middle Ages were expensive.



zig, York, wherever—with his “twenty bokes clad in blak or reed,” like Chaucer’s Oxford clerk. The genealogy is tangled, the quality bad. Still, all can trace their chromosomes directly back to Thomas.

Unfortunately, with the advent of printing, manuscripts become less valuable. Monasteries, now stocked with printed books, throw out their manuscripts or sell them off as scrap. Butchers use parchment to wrap up pork chops. Publishers use it to make bindings. (“Scratch the cover of a sixteenth-century book,” Fr. Jordan Peters says, “and you will find a fourteenth-century manuscript.”) Wars, floods, and fires take their toll. Aristocrats hoard great collections, then die; the heirs call in an auctioneer to supervise the diaspora. Some manuscripts simply crumble into dust.*

Now it is 1979. Perhaps 10 percent of the original stock of manuscripts has survived, some only as fragments. The task of the Leonine Commission is to reverse the process, to follow the clues back through time, to explore the tributaries in search of the source. Doing this for Aquinas’s commentary on the *Metaphysics* has already taken the American section of the commission twelve years.

Paleographical secrets



IN THE BARE, whitewashed editorial offices at Catholic University, Fr. William Conlan and another Dominican, Fr. Kenneth Harkins, spend their days hunched over a row of expensive microfilm readers. On the screen: scores of scribbled manuscripts from the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. Magnifying glasses, red translucent rulers, and a century of accumulated experience suffice to pry loose their secrets.

teenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. Magnifying glasses, red translucent rulers, and a century of accumulated experience suffice to pry loose their secrets.

*Thomas himself fared little better. “Although Thomas had come to the end of his journey,” says biographer J. A. Weisheipl of the saint’s death, “his body had not.” Reginald of Piperno made off with the saint’s right thumb shortly before the funeral in 1274; Thomas’s sister Theodora got the rest of the hand, and, at some point before 1319, the flesh was boiled off the body so that the bones could be hidden “in a small place.” Currently, two rival skulls compete for veneration. “I think they are both authentic,” Fr. Peter Gils says. “He needed two of them.”

The few shelves nearby sag with all 32 Leonine volumes published to date, along with select reference books: collections of Jerome and Augustine; nineteenth-century monographs on paleography

(“Never confuse $X=\text{tenth}$ with $X=\text{Christ}$,” one of them warns, cryptically); and several copies of Fr. Antoine Dondaine’s masterpiece, *Les Secrétaires de St. Thomas*, where Father Dondaine not only argues that Thomas had a permanent staff of scribes, but also identifies each of them by his handwriting—hand E, hand Q, hand A, and so on.

Methodical, silent, and intense, Father Harkins sits engrossed at his microfilm reader, dwarfed by its metal cowl, steadfastly deciphering a crude, gothic hand. (He does not suffer interruptions gladly.) There are seventy-four extant manuscripts of the commentary on the *Metaphysics*, nineteen fragments. (No autograph by Saint Thomas of this work exists.) Each must be checked against the others, line by line. Computers are useless. From 1949 to 1973, the IBM Corporation lent facilities and expertise in the compilation of the thirty-one-volume *Index Thomisticus*, a mammoth tabulation of precisely where and when Aquinas used what terms. (For example, he used the word *vis* and its inflections 2,540 times.) But a computer cannot make judgment calls, cannot determine whether

malit is an abbreviation for *malum*, or whether the ink has bled and it is really *modum*. Is it “evil” or “method”? Could make a difference.

From time to time, Father Harkins pauses to consult his copy of *Capelli*, the indispensable dictionary of Latin abbreviations. The first contractions were introduced in 63 B.C. by Tiro, a slave of Cicero; the number swelled with the high cost of parchment in the Middle Ages. Many of them, such as *§*, *¶*, and *℥*, verge on the hieroglyphic.

The examination of a single manuscript page takes Father Harkins up to a day.

Editing the *Metaphysics* was probably a bad choice as the American section’s maiden effort. On three occasions, friar paladins from one of the European sections—themselves hard at work on the *Questions on Evil* and other books—have made the transatlantic crossing to help out. With the illness of Fathers Cos and del Pozo, the most experienced priests on the team, Father Wallace spends much of his time just shuffling the lineup.

“It’s like being the Yankee manager at mid-season,” he says.

In his role as manager, Father Wallace has decided to scout out Grottaferrata and Rome, to untangle the commission’s complicated staffing and

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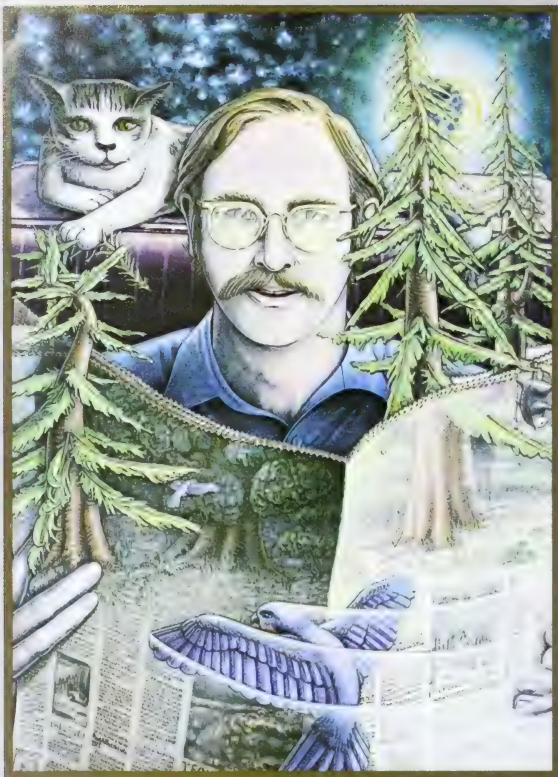
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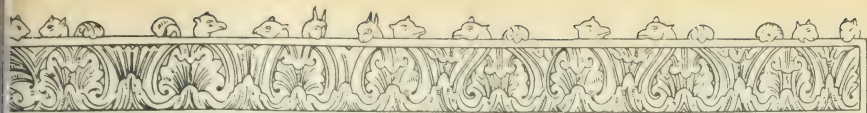
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A history of the commission

THERE HAVE BEEN five distinct stages in the life of the Leonine Commission. The first, or papal, period begins on August 4, 1879, when Pope Leo XIII, Servant of the Servants of God, affixed a red seal to the encyclical *Aeterni Patris*. The letter commended to the faith-

ful the study of Aquinas, paving the way for creation of the Leonine Commission several months later. The Dominicans had been lobbying the pope for a decade, spurred on by envy of the Franciscans, who, in 1870, had been awarded their own papally backed commission to produce the complete works of Saint Bonaventure.

The first few Aquinas volumes were painstakingly new, though not up to modern standards. In 1886, the pope ordered the commission to drop everything and begin rapid publication of the *Summa Theologiae*, the most brilliant synthesis of Christian thought ever produced. Instead of meticulous textual analysis, however, the pope instructed the editors simply to "correct" one of the standard printed editions of the work against several manuscripts in the Vatican Library. The Leonine editors were livid—the *Summa* deserved better—but helpless; the first four volumes of the work were rushed to print in six years, an achievement in speed unequalled by scholarship. (The four volumes must have been completely redone.) Fed up, the Dominicans decided to go it alone. That was in 1892.

Now begins the "classical" period under three legendary editors: Frs. Peter Paul Mackey, James Lyttleton, and Constant Suermont. They meted out the work neatly. Father Mackey, an eccentric Englishman, dealt solely with Saint Thomas's handwritten autographs. Father Suermont, a careful, patient Dutchman, did all the collations—that is, established the text in cases where no autograph existed. And Father Lyttleton, an Irishman born in the shadow of Tipperary's Rock of Cashel, hunted down Thomas's sources.

It was a prodigious little group. Between 1892 and World War I, they produced eight volumes, in-

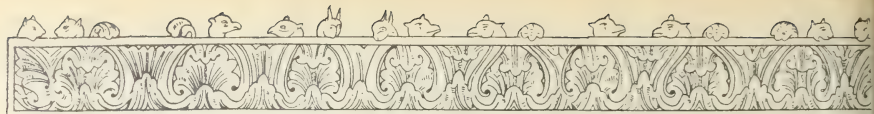
cluding five good volumes of the *Summa Theologiae* and three volumes of the *Summa Contra Gentiles*, in many respects Thomas's most "modern" work because it rests primarily on logic, not Scripture, and is addressed to Muslims and Jews, not Christians. The *Contra Gentiles*, expertly edited and glossed, was a sensation in the small Edwardian world of medieval letters.

Unfortunately, Fathers Mackey, Lyttleton, and Suermont didn't train any successors, resulting in what Leonine editors call simply the "period of misery." It lasted roughly from World War I (when work was disrupted entirely) through the end of World War II, and was presided over by Fr. Clement Suermont, nephew of Constant. Essentially, Suermont II worked alone, making do with reluctant draftees and the friars on sabbatical.

He did finish up the *Contra Gentiles*, thanks to octogenarian Fr. Peter Paul Mackey, who obligingly survived until the work was done. Suermont II then wanted to start work on something else, but now there was no one who could read Saint Thomas's handwriting. He decided instead to compile an index of all Leonine volumes published to date. For twenty years he did little else. "It was a stupid, stupid thing," says Fr. Peter Gils, who recounts Leonine Commission history with a masochistic rancor. (It appears to be his only vice.)

After World War II the Dominicans elected a new Master General, Fr. Emanuel Suarez. (The Dominicans have always had free elections. That and a federal system of monasteries have led to speculation that the thirteenth-century Dominican Constitution may have been used by the Founding Fathers as a model in 1787. Admittedly, more Dominicans than historians support this view.) Suarez summoned a half-dozen young Dominican friars to the Leonine Commission. A year later, at the order's general chapter—the Dominican Congress—Suarez obtained budget authority for expansion. Two sections were created, one in Canada, the other at the Convent of the Saulchoir, in Etioilles, near Paris.

By the early 1950s, the so-called French period was underway. Fathers Bataillon, Guyot, Gauthier, and Contenson were all at the Saulchoir. Fr. Hyacinthe Dondaine, "*le petit frère*," was teaching there. For the first time in its history, the commission was up to fighting strength. Under the leadership of Fr. Hyacinthe Dondaine, then of Fr. Pierre de Contenson, the project flourished. Father Dondaine, a first-rate scholar, gave the editors a true sense of method and purpose. Contenson, who took over in 1964, was a crack administrator. The son of a French general, Father Contenson pushed the



Leonine Commission to produce eleven volumes in as many years, each volume as close to perfection as works of man can be.

With Father Contenson's death in 1976, the commission embarked on a fifth, as yet untitled, period. Epochs do not always end abruptly, however, and in a way the French period lingers on at Grottaferrata, now home to the remarkably cohesive group of Dominicans who first came together at the Saulchoir—Fathers Bataillon, Guyot, Gauthier, and the Dondaines. Grottaferrata is the critical core of the Leonine Commission, if not its official center. It is the font of expertise, the reliquary of experience.

As Fr. William Wallace puts it, "It is where all the nuts are gathered in one place."



R. BERTRAND GUYOT careens with his passengers out of Rome airport, hunched up, in black beret, over the wheel of an old Renault. He is adept on the horn, quick across the dividing line. Yet he is convivial, swiveling his neck while going around mountain curves. "Ah, oui, oui, ui-i!"

he will say with excitement, turning his eyes back to the road just in time to avoid a nun walking up the hill. For a Frenchman he is not a bad Roman.

Fr. Louis Bataillon sits beside him, unperturbed. Fathers Guyot and Bataillon have been a team for a quarter of a century, the one short, robust, the technician, the other tall, deceptively ascetic, the organizer. At the dawn of the French period, the two of them scoured Europe for manuscripts, micro-filming page after page. Was there rumor of a cache in Fritzler? The pair would take off, Father Guyot at the wheel. In eight trips they studied 7,000 manuscripts in 400 libraries.

We climb into the Alban Hills, a volcanic rim, six miles wide, southeast of Rome. Inside the rim are the pocks of smaller peaks and craters. The friars' house at Grottaferrata, astride a pock, has a clear view down to Rome and the Mediterranean. To the south, the turrets of Castel Gandolfo, the pope's summer palace built over Domitian's villa, can be seen when the wind bends the cypress. To the west, the tower of Saint Niles, the eleventh-century church whose frescoes Stendahl so enjoyed, rises above the olive trees.

Cicero's villa and the ruined town of Tusculum crown hills to the east. (The citizens of Rome destroyed the town, stone by stone, in A.D. 1191. Paved and polished, an old Roman road climbs to the summit still, and the earth to either side yields nuggets of marble to the plow.

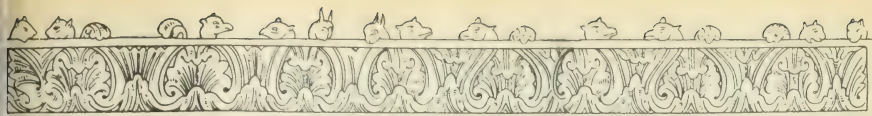
Around the friars' house is a cluster of medieval farmhouses and a sixteenth-century villa, whose giant wine cellars sheltered Resistance forces during the war. (It now houses the three nuns who cook and clean for the friars.) The house is shared by both Dominican and Franciscan priests—an unlikely combination. The two orders have been rivals for 750 years. Both are mendicant orders, both set up shop at the University of Paris in the early thirteenth century, and both soon rose to intellectual prominence. In the thirteenth century, competition for priests was so keen that several popes had to intervene to curb recruiting abuses. In subsequent years, the orders traded charges of heresy; both sides suffered casualties, including Thomas himself, briefly and posthumously, in 1277. Historians of the period remain partisan. As the neo-Thomist philosopher Etienne Gilson has noted, "The list of Thomistic propositions involved [in the 1277 condemnation] is longer or shorter according as it is compiled by a Franciscan or by a Dominican."

Technically the Grottaferrata priory belongs to the Franciscans, and, like the Dominicans, the Franciscans here are scholars. Some are editing the *Archivum Franciscanum Historicum*, some the writings of Peter Lombard and Alexander of Hales. They fled here in 1966, after the Arno spilled its banks and ravaged Quaracchi, their old priory and press outside Florence. Among the casualties: the library and hundreds of freshly printed volumes of the works of Saint Bonaventure.

At Grottaferrata, the library is on the ground floor, but atop Mount Saint Anthony, 1,230 feet above sea level. "There is no danger of flooding," Fr. Louis Bataillon points out.

The thirteen Franciscans were joined by seven Dominicans soon after they settled in. This was Fr. Pierre de Contenson's idea, and he was diplomat enough to pull it off. (In addition to heading the Leonine Commission, Father Contenson was an aide to Cardinal Willebrands and the Vatican's liaison with the Jewish community.) Grottaferrata today is a thriving monastic settlement, one of the few communal experiments of the 1960s that has survived.

Even aesthetically Contenson's experiment has worked well. The Franciscans dress in dark brown robes, with stiff, pointed cowls, sandals, and white knotted cords around their waists. The Dominicans



dress similarly but in wool of purest white, with two long strips of cloth, called the scapular, falling in front and back from the shoulders.

In the refectory, with its rough wooden chairs and tables, the friars stand facing each other before meals. At vespers, they take opposite sides of the small chapel and chant alternate Latin verses. There is a special give-and-take between the two groups, a natural balance. At Benediction, for example, Father Contenti, the Franciscan prior, performs the privileged, sacred duty of holding the consecrated host, the body of Christ, aloft before his brothers. But the hymn that is sung, the "*Tantum Ergo*," was written by a Dominican—Friar Thomas Aquinas. At Grottaferrata, Saint Thomas is outnumbered but never far away.

The friars are usually up before dawn, well before the shrill crowing of farmyard cocks pierces the heavy wooden shutters. Mass is celebrated at sunrise. Then comes breakfast: raw eggs, fresh cheese, cappuccino, homemade bread. The friars eat quickly. Most of them have long been accustomed to having a psalm read aloud during meals; spoons must be put down with the last "Amen." After breakfast, they adjourn to their rooms to work.

They are called together again at noon, for dinner and Latin prayers. It is a fine medieval meal: fresh lamb, spiced, roasted onions, and cabbage, served up by Father Contenti. (As paterfamilias, he doles out all food and prayer, and signals the beginning and end of each meal with a little bell. On Sundays he passes out fresh napkins.) On the table is local mineral water as well as red and white wines, the latter from Frascati, the wine-growing town founded by the villagers who fled Tusculum in 1191. After coffee the priests wander in the gardens or relax with *L'Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican paper.

Following a siesta it is back to work. In the late afternoon there is a period of silence before the haunting ritual of vespers at dusk. (Aquinas was once hurrying down a hallway, late for vespers, when a statue of the Virgin Mary in a niche suddenly spoke to him. "You're late," she reprimanded. "Shh," he shot back, "it's the hour of silence.") After vespers, a light supper, and then, for some, more work, for others, a bit of recreation or quiet prayer.

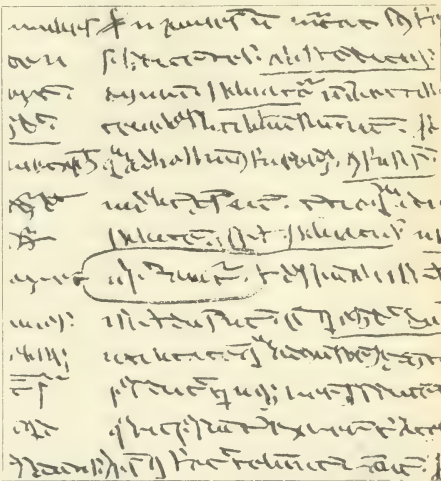
There is a sense of purpose and contentment at Grottaferrata that I have rarely seen before. At night, an unearthly calm settles over the priory; surfleet and worry are strangers here, and an old gatekeeper bars disorder and trivia from the grounds. I ask Fr. Louis Bataillon if he would be my Virgil the next day.

"So you think this is Hell?" he laughs.

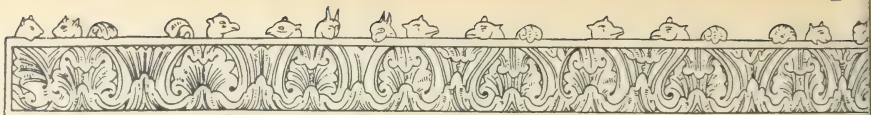


THE FRIARS' HOUSE is built around a cloister where scalloped remnants of Roman columns hold up marble bench seats and red clay flower-pots. Because the complex is built into the summit of Mount Saint Anthony, there are in fact two "ground" floors. The chapel is on the lower of these, its windows overlooking the cloister on one side, the valley on the other. I serve Father Bataillon's morning mass, rain and wind beating against the stained glass, and then, after a breakfast of raw eggs and prosciutto, we ascend to the other ground floor in a small, caged elevator.

The French Dominican editors are masters of technique, and at Grottaferrata everything is at their disposal. A duplex library, riveted with spiral staircases, is stocked with anything a good medievalist could desire. Incunabula, books printed with movable type before 1501, squat side by side with



An example of Saint Thomas Aquinas's difficult and peculiar handwriting. Scholars misread the circled word for 700 years, until Father Gils of the Leonine Commission detected the error. Saint Thomas's abbreviation for "unless he should sin" was misread as "where thus it is sung." Both readings make sense in context. (See text, page 64.)



modern paperbacks. In wire cases along the walls handwritten manuscripts are kept under lock and key.

The heart of the scholarly effort is the *Sala Edizioni*. The room is filled with microfilm cabinets, ten units high, twenty units across, containing microfilms of the manuscripts collected by Fathers Guyot and Bataillon in the early 1950s—some 4,500 in all.

"The most beautiful manuscripts are generally the least useful," Father Bataillon explains as he pulls out a lavishly illuminated presentation copy. "Here is one done for the Duke of Urbino in the late fifteenth century. Although there were printed books at the time, he didn't believe in them. And here is one made for Pope John XXII—the pope who canonized Saint Thomas. He was old, so there are no abbreviations and the writing is big. Useless for our purposes, of course."

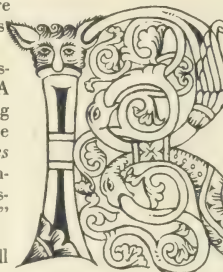
Everything is arranged according to the monasteries or libraries where they can be found, from A to Z. Fathers Guyot and Bataillon are now helping Fr. Hugues Shooner, a Canadian associate, compile Volume III ("Montserrat to Zwettl") of the *Codices Manuscripti Operum Thomae de Aquino*, an extensive catalogue of all the manuscripts in their possession. (Volume I runs from "Admont to Fulda," Volume II from "Gdansk to Montreal.")

"It is impossible to say where manuscripts will be found," Father Bataillon says. "We think we have 90 to 95 percent of all extant Aquinas manuscripts, but of course, by definition, there is no way of telling. We are sure only that we do not have all of them." Many languish in the Soviet Union. Others have been arbitrarily divided into several parts, then disseminated as gifts to, say, Oxford, Vienna, Bologna, and Naples. It takes years to track down the sections.

"All of these microfilms," Father Bataillon says, pointing to a separate file cabinet, "are of manuscripts listed in libraries as pertaining to one thing, but also containing a portion of something else—specifically, a book by Aquinas." They have been discovered more or less by accident, much as if a browser, in an open-air stall in Lagos, were to stumble across a lost Fitzgerald short story stitched inside a Penguin edition of *Bleak House*. Manuscripts are always being found. Urban renewal has turned up whole libraries hidden by the French Revolution.

In an adjoining room is Father Guyot's microfilm camera—he has his own darkroom downstairs—a modern photocopying machine, and portable and cabinet-sized ultraviolet readers for recovering the texts of soiled, erased, or "corrected" manuscripts.*

An ornate safe nearby shelters handwritten manuscripts, the commission's guinea pigs. Father Bataillon pulls out a small piece of scribbled parchment one inch square. His expression is pained. "Here is a piece of Saint Thomas's handwriting," he says evenly. "Someone in the fourteenth or fifteenth century cut up many of his original manuscripts into little pieces like this as keepsakes for the devout. Typically, most of them are lost." Only about 10 percent of what Thomas is known to have written in his own hand has come down to us, to the infinite distress of the Leonine Commission.

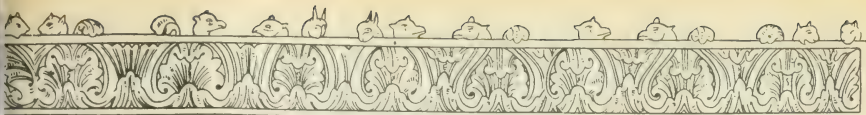


RECONSTRUCTING the presumed original text is never easy. If an autograph of Saint Thomas exists, and if Fr. Peter Gils in Louvain can make sense of it, the job still consumes a decade. Generally there is only a fragment of an autograph or, more likely, none at all. At this point the editors must fall back on collation

The first ingredient is a working "base" text that serves, like the vanishing point in drawing, as an arbitrary reference point to bring the various elements into perspective. Usually the editors take a standard printed Latin edition of the work—the *Marietti* edition, say—and check it against four or five extant manuscripts, merging and purging where warranted.

This base text is then typed at the top of large, two-by-three-foot pieces of graph paper, one line per sheet. Notations for each surviving manuscript of the work under study run down the left-hand margin. Thus, *Wr*² would be the second manuscript in Wrocław, Poland, the John of Frankenstein transcription; *O*⁵ would be the fifth manuscript at Oxford.

*The use of ultraviolet light in manuscript work was pioneered by Raphael Kögel, a German monk with a fondness for palimpsests—manuscripts where the original writing has been clumsily scraped off to allow the parchment to be reused. (Plato once called Dionysius a palimpsest because his tyrannical nature showed through.) The value of ultraviolet light was definitively demonstrated in 1925, with the successful restoration in Paris of obliterated passages of the *Song of Roland*. It is now a standard Leonine tool.



The editor begins, for example, with W^2 , checks word for word, line by line, against the base text, and records all variations. He finishes several months later and begins on O^2 . Soon he has something that looks like this:

Base Text:	<i>Hic ponit</i>	<i>flagellationis</i>
W^2 :	" "	<i>flagelli</i>
O^2 :	" "	<i>flagelli</i>

Of course, the list may be 100 or more manuscripts long, and this phrase merely one of tens of thousands.

Collating is relatively unskilled labor, requiring chiefly a sophisticated knowledge of gothic Latin and the boredom threshold of a toll collector. Interrelating the results and arranging manuscripts into the *stemma*, or family tree, requires a much defter and.

There are always clues—often too many clues, as Inspector Maigret would say. By the time collation has been finished, several thousand variants will have been identified, each manuscript differing from the others by as much as 10 percent. After several years of close analysis, the patterns and relationships will begin to emerge.

Take the case of Aquinas's first book, the commentary on Isaiah. Only a quarter of the work exists in autograph; call it A^* . Beyond A^* , eighteen manuscripts are extant. Most of them bear a colophon, or inscription at the end stating that they derive from an original transcription of A^* made by the Jacobinus of Asti, a secretary to Saint Thomas and the man Father Dondaine identifies as hand A. Naturally, the Jacobinus manuscript itself is lost, but let us hold its place and call it a .

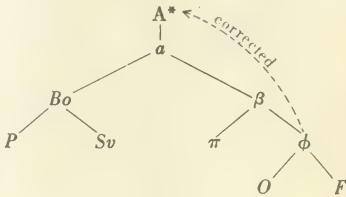
Some thirteen of the manuscripts have clearly been copied from a single manuscript at the University of Paris stationer's office. (They have *pecia* markings, common pagination, and the folios begin and end with the same words.) The exemplar, labeled π , is also missing, but it can be roughly reconstructed from the consensus of its progeny. Since the progeny contain the Jacobinus colophon, it itself must have borne it. It is thus a child or randchild of a .

The five remaining manuscripts, non-university in origin, are from Bologna, Seville, Paris, Oxford, and Florence. Seville and Florence were copied from Bologna—the evidence leaves no doubt—and Bologna (Bo) bears the Jacobinus colophon. π and O are therefore collateral descendants of a .

Oxford (O) and Florence (F) are unique. Both display the colophon, and so are also descendants of a . However, when compared with the surviving por-

tion of the autograph, A^* , they are found to contain 100 correct readings where no other manuscript has them. This means that O and F , though based on a , have been corrected against A^* . Since there are no correction marks on either manuscript, one surmises that it was actually a common parent, ϕ , now missing, that was corrected against the autograph. (Because much of the autograph is lost, this means that O and F can be relied on to fill in some gaps.)

It turns out that ϕ and π , when reconstructed, manifest hundreds of common variants not found in the Bologna branch of the family, sign of yet another shared parent, β , missing, of course. β is the final link with a . The reconstructed *stemma* thus becomes:



Every work of Aquinas tells a different story. In the *Isaiah*, this *stemma* happens to hold only for the second half of the book. In the *Metaphysics*, conflicting *stemmata* weave like DNA through every page. In the *Contra Errores Graecorum*, the mess begins with Thomas himself, who is unwittingly using hundreds of quotes and citations from a forgery.

Once the *stemma* is established it is possible to reject most of the extant manuscripts as too corrupt, too derivative, or too distant, leaving a handful (Bo , π , and F , for example) that together will be used to correct the base text. The corrected text represents the closest possible approximation to Thomas's original. Restoration is finished.

Not so the work of the Leonine editors. They must still compose a long preface to the work, spelling out their method, carefully weighing all the evidence, re-creating, step by step, the eddies of their reasoning. In short, the preface, which frequently runs to more than 100 folio pages, complete with photographic plates, family trees, and fetching monographs on paleography, must justify the entire volume.

Footnotes must also be added, listing all possible alternate readings of the text. Thus, where the edi-

tors believe a proper reading to be *Balthasar*, they will nevertheless note that *Bo* reads *baldasar* and *F* reads *balcaall*.

The final and most specialized step is to sniff out Saint Thomas's probable sources. That job always falls to Frs. Jordan Peters and Albert Kenzeler, a two-man team headquartered in Rome. Fr. Jordan Peters is Dutch, but Frs. Albert Kenzeler and Robvald Gallet, who is editing the *De Potentia*, are Belgian, part of a large Flemish contingent (including Father Cos in Washington and Frs. Peter Gils and Etienne Deronne in Louvain) on the Leonine Commission. Because they have chosen not to work at Grottaferrata, they are lodged at the Angelicum, a three-acre complex of churches, chapels, cloisters, cells, and lush vegetable gardens rising in terraces above the ruins of Trajan's Forum. Bernini's statue of Mary Magdalen touching the Christ hides inside the main church, which is open to the Leonine Commission but not to the public, like much else in Rome.

Most of the Angelicum was built in the sixteenth century. The lower levels, where broken columns pierce the floor, go back further. And no doubt there is older masonry beneath that. Rome is a baffling city. Recently, contractors pouring a foundation found they had greatly underestimated the amount of concrete required. They doubled the amount, but still there wasn't enough. Finally they discovered that the concrete was seeping into an uncharted catacomb.

Both Fathers Kenzeler and Peters are chain smokers, a reflection on their task. "Aquinas's sources are a real problem," Father Kenzeler says, puffing. "He cites Scripture all the time, of course. He cites the Church fathers, Jerome, Augustine, and so on. But he was not in the habit, to put it mildly, of giving chapter and verse. He is more likely to say something like, 'As Simplicius says somewhere.'"

"Or," Father Peters interrupts, "he will simply say, 'as is noted in divine law.' Does he mean Scripture, or canon law, or the decretals, or what?" One citation from Augustine took two years to find. Sometimes the sources are so protean that not even Aquinas's contemporaries really knew what they were doing. One of Aristotle's books, for example, had survived down to the Middle Ages only in Latin. Medieval scholars labored for years to translate it back into Greek. Decades later, translators vied to be the first to render it into Latin.

It takes people with a spelunker's sense of direction to tease out the facts. "I have a nose for *les sources*," Father Kenzeler shrugs.

Despite a deep respect for the friars at Grottaferrata, the Flemings prefer not to share quarters with the French. The two nations have always had their differences. In 1297, King Philip was obliged to put the Flemish students at Paris under his personal protection. And only last year, animosity between French- and Flemish-speaking Belgians toppled the country's government.

None of the Flemish editors, of course, admits to any feeling of personal discomfort; yet when out of earshot each is willing to impute uneasiness to the others. "We are not in Grottaferrata," Father Kenzeler says, "because our resources are here in Rome. Of course, Fr. Peter Gils is in Louvain because he prefers not to live with the French." Father Gils is equally frank. "Kenzeler and Gallet? I think they are tired of the French, no matter what they tell me. Me? I am simply too old to move."

Such feelings run just deep enough to keep the living arrangements separate. That done, the friars maintain a high level of mutual respect, cooperation, even friendship.

"It's astounding," Father Guyot will say of Father Kenzeler's nose for *les sources*. "I don't know how he does it." And everyone is quick to praise Fr. Peter Gils. "But of course you must go to Louvain," one will say. Or: "I could explain, but Peter Gils is the real expert." Or simply: "Gils has just finished his preface to the *Questions on Evil*. We need someone to pick it up."

Laboring at Latin unshod



NOR ROOM in Louvain, at the Paters Dominicaner house, overlooks tiled gabled homes of the kind depicted in shopwindow Christmas displays on Fifth Avenue. Two streets away, the delicate clock tower of the town's great library rises above the rooftops. The Germans reduced it to rubble during World War I; it was lovingly rebuilt. It was bombed again during World War II; burghers still argue over whether Allied or German planes were responsible. Once more it was rebuilt.

The Dominican house, in the middle of the quaint lace-curtained red-light district, is the only osten-



tiously modern building in town. When the old monastery and grounds fell into decay a decade ago, the fathers decided to sell off most of the property and erect for themselves a vertical, modular structure of a kind the Japanese might admire. From the inside, fortunately, the building itself cannot be seen, and the roof provides a splendid view of what remains in many respects a medieval city.

Louvain also boasts the largest brewery in Europe (Stella Artois) and is the beer-drinking capital of the greatest beer-drinking nation on the continent. At the Dominican house, which appears to be one of the few monasteries in Belgium that does not market its own beer nationally, large bottles of local beer dominate the tables at mealtime, amid platters laid high with Belgian sausage and boiled potatoes.

The Dominican fathers rely on the tremendous sources of one of the oldest university towns in Europe. (Aquinas dedicated an Aristotelian commentary to the provost of Louvain.) The university is a center for Catholic priests who intend to follow an academic career; those hoping to rise in the hierarchy, the Vatican bureaucracy, generally study in Rome. In the eyes of the Romans, Louvain is a dangerous place. It is said that Louvain was working toward Vatican II while Rome was working on the Council of Trent.

Fr. Peter Gils entered the Dominican order in 1930 after a rigorous stint with the Jesuits. His training was in Latin, Greek, and mathematics, and he is a consummate pianist. "I have a very logical mind," he admits. He also had no intention of joining the Leonine Commission. He had his eye more on pastoral work, on preaching. "I did not enter the order to produce texts," Father Gils explains. "I always thought the Dominicans were for people. My superiors always thought they were for texts." His superiors ordered him to work on the Leonine project, however, and Father Gils took his vow of obedience—"my obedience" he calls it—seriously.

He took his Leonine work seriously, too. Living in the Saulchoir in the early days of the French period, he was appalled that no one on the commission since Fr. Peter Paul Mackey's death in 1935 had been able to read Saint Thomas's handwriting. "How could such a team of editors publish?" he asks, incredulous. So, during vacations and after vespers he began to work on Thomas's autographs.

"You learn handwriting by reading it," he explains, "by reading, reading, reading, and making transcriptions yourself, by exploring *la physiologie du geste*, by trying to enter into the handwriting of the man.

"It is hard. Most of us cannot recognize our own handwriting from a few years back. Father Bataillon cannot read what he wrote yesterday. I spent eight years before I could do it properly. I read all of Aquinas's autographs, and I copied out the way he made every word. I determined the meaning of his 'wordforms' in ambiguous cases by figuring out that, in certain other contexts, that form could mean only one thing. I put every word on an index card."





Father Gils is methodical, capable, opinionated. "Aquinas was a distracted man," he says. "He would not have been a good man to run the Leonine Commission. He makes so many little mistakes.

"Let me give you an example. In medieval dictionaries, it was customary to divide everything into opposites, good/bad, Christ/Satan, and so on. Aquinas makes little Freudian slips all over the place. He writes things like: 'All bad things come into the world through the sin of Christ.' He writes *priori* when he means *posteriori*. Sometimes he catches the little mistakes and misses the big ones. Sometimes he 'corrects' a mistake and makes it worse. But sometimes he really warms my heart. My favorite is:

~~fragilitas~~
~~sed debilitas, sexus feminei~~

In fact, he never finished writing *debilitas*; he wrote *debili-*, then crossed it out. *Fragilitas* is so much more appropriate for women, don't you think? *Fragilitas* is like a flower, *debilitas* is like a cripple."

The trouble with Aquinas is not so much his absentmindedness as his handwriting. By all accounts it is the most difficult hand of the thirteenth century. "When Samarin taught paleography at the Ecole des Chartes," a medievalist and old friend wrote to me recently, "he was reputed always to give one page of the Master as part of the final exam. I find the story hard to believe, since few would have passed."

Gothic handwriting, unlike cursive handwriting, is written as a series of unconnected strokes. Thus, *dei*, the word for "of God," was written as , five strokes. But Aquinas was a fast thinker; his writing trailed behind his thoughts. So he developed a kind of shorthand gothic. He wrote *dei* as  where the second stroke of the *d* is also the first stroke of the *e*, and the second stroke of the *e* leads into the stroke of the *i*. Similarly, Thomas reduced the normal gothic *g* from  to . (The Aquinas *g* has long been a specialty of Gils.)

The problem of penmanship, bad enough when



dealing only with letters, becomes even more trying when words are involved. "In the *Isaiah*," Father Gils points out, "there is a place where Aquinas has written *u s canit*, and every man-

uscript that we have—every one—interprets this as *u s canit*, which is the abbreviation for *ubi sic canitur*, 'where thus it is sung.' In fact, the whole thing

should really be read *n pcavit*, the abbreviation for *nisi peccaverit*, 'unless he should sin.'

"What happened? First of all, everyone mistook the *n* for a *u*, and then the *v* for an *n*, which happens even now. Typically, Thomas also misplaced the superscript *r*, making *verit-* into *-itur*. The *r* should have been over the *v*. But no. For Thomas, the movement from right to left is repugnant. He wouldn't go back that extra millimeter to put the superscript in the right place.

"Strangely, no one for 700 years thought twice about the error, because both readings make sense in context." He sits back, self-satisfied, and lights up a small cigar. "I was very pleased when I discovered this," he says.

The extent to which Father Gils has internalized Aquinas is extraordinary. He can write Thomas's hand as easily as his own. He can look at a manuscript and set the scene seven centuries ago. "Here is a draft of Saint Thomas. A secretary has been reading it over, and is having trouble, not surprisingly. See the check marks in the margin? These are places where the secretary—Dondaine identifies him as hand E, by the way—cannot read the writing, so he marks his place and saves his questions for Thomas. When Thomas explains, the secretary writes out the text in the margin.

"But wait. There is a second set of marks here. The secretary has inserted some entirely new words into the text. He is not just rewriting illegible words. What can this mean but that the secretary is reading back the text to Saint Thomas, and Thomas is making some editorial changes?"

It is late afternoon now, nearly time for the period of silence. I ask Father Gils what he thinks of Saint Thomas as a man, not as an exercise. He puffs slowly on his cigar.

"I love Saint Thomas," he says. "I know him through his handwriting. He didn't like writing,

and he didn't like the method of argument he was forced to use—to use quotations from Scripture to make his case. Quotations are not proofs, and I knew it, and you know it, and I know it.

"Aquinas wanted to write another way, the way he wrote in the *Summa Contra Gentiles*. This is the work he loved the most. How do I know? Because he worked on it for eight years. I see the book lying open on his desk all the time. I see him sitting down to it at his leisure, reading it, rereading it, correcting it lovingly over many years. This is not a book of quotations. There are almost none. It is a masterpiece of pure reason.

"But I love Saint Thomas most because he did not take himself seriously. Something extraordinary happened to Thomas. It was on December 6, 1273. It is said that he had a vision during mass. Some call it a nervous breakdown. Perhaps it is simply what happens to every man when he nears fifty. Of course, Thomas was nervous to begin with, nervous and impatient. Just look at his writing! But he had only one obsession: God himself.

"What happened on December 6? I think Thomas realized that nothing he had written had ever—could ever—penetrate the mystery of God. He never worked again. Several of his books end abruptly. And he died three months later.

"I love Saint Thomas especially because he stopped writing."

It has started to snow, and a light dusting covers the rooftops. The lighted clock tower of the library strikes 5:00 P.M.

"So when you see Father Wallace," Father Gils says, "you can tell him I am not a Thomist."

He smiles briefly.

"Or put it this way: Tell him I am as much a Thomist as Brother Thomas."

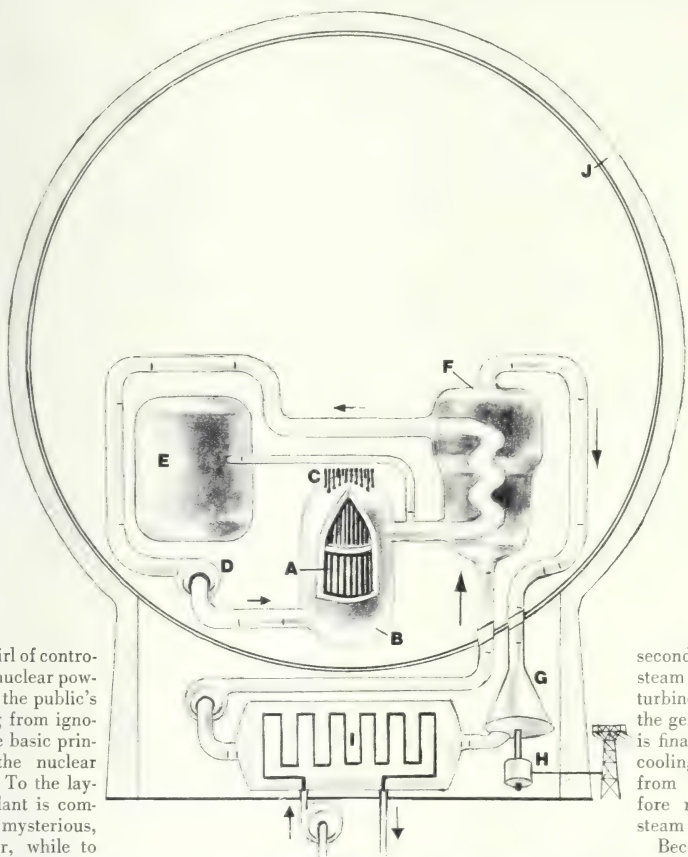
Flying back to the United States, I open up a book of limericks Fr. Peter Gils has given me ("Most of them are risqué," he had warned. Somewhere over the Atlantic I chance upon this

*A crusty old monk was thought odd,
For he labored at Latin unshod.
When his friends asked him "Why?"
He proclaimed with a cry,
"For the honor and glory of God!"*

OTHER THINGS BEING EQUAL

by David Suter

A FIRESIDE CHAT



In the swirl of controversy over nuclear power, many of the public's ears spring from ignorance of the basic principles of the nuclear plant itself. To the layman, the plant is complicated, mysterious, and sinister, while to the engineer it is a model of painstaking industrial design. We have tried to show here, in schematic terms, how a typical plant works and why the chance of a mishap is vanishingly small.

In a pressurized water reactor, fuel rods (A) in the core (B) heat water through a fission reaction moderated by raising or lowering control rods (C). A pump (D) forces the heated water (kept by the pressurizer (E) from boiling) through a steam generator (F), where its heat transfers to and boils water in a

secondary circuit. This steam passes through a turbine (G), turning the generator (H), and is finally condensed by cooling water pumped from outside (I) before returning to the steam generator.

Because the core cooling and power production occur in discrete water circuits, even in a "maximum credible accident" radioactivity would remain within the steel containment structure (J). We think the chance of *that* leaking is nearly infinitesimal, about once in 10^4 reactor-years of operation, or roughly the same as, say, the likelihood that a feature-length movie describing a reactor accident should open in New York just as a similar accident actually happens in a neighboring state.

THE IRA D. and MIRIAM G. WALLACH AWARDS

\$20,000

In Recognition of Writing in Support of AN ABOLITIONIST MOVEMENT AGAINST WAR

In the early part of the Eighteenth Century human slavery was an institution so well established, so widespread, and considered to be so in the nature of things that it was perceived by most people to be inevitable and immutable.

Nonetheless, over the next hundred years a small number of individuals and groups spoke out; they did not equivocate. They raised the consciousness of others who pressed their governments to end the slave trade and later the institution itself.

In our time, responsible individuals throughout the globe have come to recognize that technological developments have made it imperative to abolish organized warfare as an accepted human institution.

We are aware of the tenacious hold the war system has on world political, economic and cultural institutions. It is for that reason the Wallach Awards competition has been organized. It is a call for fresh thinking and bold writing to question the validity of the war system and to stir the public conscience and imagination. Our purpose is to bring about a new climate of informed public opinion which will stimulate national governments to dismantle the present war system and create instead a global society in which conflicts are resolved without the threat or use of military force.

THE AWARDS

The Institute for World Order will present Wallach Awards of \$10,000, \$3,000 and two of \$1,000 each to authors of the published articles which, in the judges' opinion, best demonstrate the advantages of an enduring peace system to all nations and groups of people including, for example, individuals from the business community and organized labor, science, religion, agriculture and the arts.

The Institute will also present five Wallach Awards of \$1,000 each to the college or university students whose essays, even if unpublished, best meet the above criteria.

To qualify, writers must abide by the Entry Guidelines which may be obtained from the Wallach Awards Committee, The Institute for World Order, 777 United Nations Plaza, New York, NY 10017. (212) 575-5840 or 575-0055.

FOOTNOTES

the end of walking

by Ronald Jager

OURS IS AN AGE of escalation. Take, for example, walking. Only yesterday, it seems, going for a walk was as simple and natural as breathing; was the most elementary form of recreation known to man, for thousands of years a pastime beyond improvement: pure, changeless, satisfying. But into this blameless tradition crept a tiny flaw. Going for a walk got to be known in elegant circles as "taking one's constitutional," insinuating the notion that strolling might be done for reasons of health. Thus the insidious idea spread around that it was good for you, and ruin set in rapidly. From the premise that walking was good for the body the conclusion was drawn, with pristine American logic, that more of it, at a faster pace, would be better.

Perhaps no slur on the reputation of walking was intended, but nevertheless things promptly speeded up, and soon itinerants were to be seen jogging all across the landscape. Many of us were scarcely adjusted to the age of jogging when we observed that, like the joggers were running. Clearly, escalation was afoot. We may now have to concede that walking has been paid a compliment that it will not survive, that it will succumb soon to these other forms of progress and be as obsolete as dueling. There is no surer way to destroy walking than by running.

Though I am not reactionary as a matter of principle, I do usually find it congenial to be on the side of slowing things down—not so much because progress is always a vice as because regress is usually a virtue. At any rate, having been walking for most of my life I do not intend to discard it lightly for the faster sports just because that is the national mood of the moment. It is not my mood. My mood is precisely suited to walking and to all of its rich variants: sauntering, strolling, ambling, rambling, roving, roaming, wandering, tramping, and trudging; on weekends I also go in for a bit of shuffling, wending, and prowling, as well as a certain amount of meandering and perambulating on holidays. All these forms of benign vagrancy, and quite a few others I've casually worked out over the years, derive from primary human impulses; all are arbitrary, pointless, and as deeply fulfilling as daydreaming or contemplating beauty. In short, they are invaluable.

Ronald Jager is the author of The Development of Bertrand Russell's Philosophy, for which he was awarded the Matchette Prize by the American Philosophical Association. He is coauthor, with his wife, Grace, of Portrait of a Hill Town: A History of Washington, New Hampshire.

RUNNING, ALAS, is the metaphor of our age, appropriate to rivers, automobiles, and politicians, but manifestly unnatural for human beings. Can we imagine, say, Wordsworth running through the Lake District? Or Aristotle jogging through the Athenian Groves of Academe?



Did any poet or sage ever take a pensive sprint? When you stop to think (easier said than done if you are running) you realize that it was by walking that the giants composed and distilled their thoughts, by walking that our civilization was built.

But the complexifiers of our time, not content to leave things in their natural order, have recently adorned running—a pedestrian curiosity at best—with an elaborate mystique. Part of the mystique derives—heaven help us—from the *philosophy* of running, which is now rampant, infesting even what used to be called serious journalism. Indeed, the Age of Running had scarcely dawned when it began to perpetuate formidable theoretical constructions on every side: the philosophy of running now oozes from magazines and books and has complicated itself into a psychology, an economics, a biology, a sociology, and even a primitive metaphysics. The walk, meanwhile, has gotten along for millennia without any supporting theory at all.

The challenge is obvious: Walking needs a philosophy of its very own—needs, that is, a system of testimonies, surveys, explanations, speculations, instructions, authorities, cautions, statistics, and conclusions that will unsimplify the affair to the point where its mysteriousness will slowly rival that of running. The task is to find a perspective from which to see the familiar thing in an unfamiliar light, and so keep walking, as it were, from dropping to a mere footnote in the pages of history.

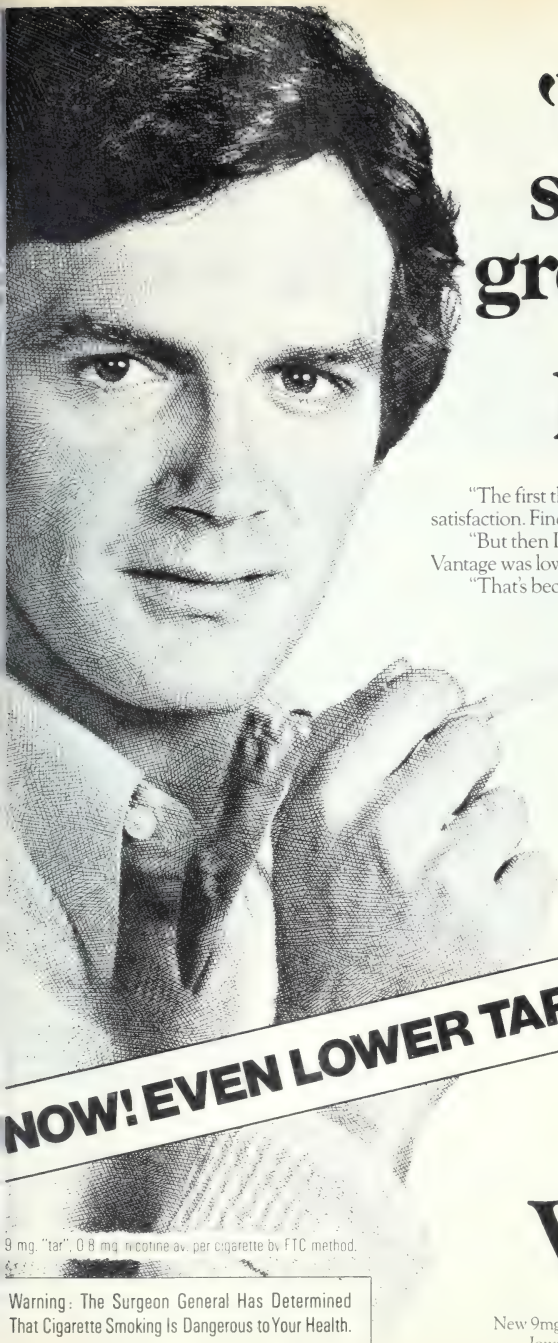
AS A FIRST STEP in this direction, I have myself set out to write a series of books on the philosophy of walking. I present here a brief synopsis of several chapters of the series' first volume, which is devoted to strolling. Books on saun-

tering, ambling, wending, and so on will follow later, in the footsteps, so to speak, of the first.

The book begins with a brief, digressive introduction on technique, which poses the important question, What is walking? and answers by quoting *Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary*: to walk is to adopt "the gait of a biped in which the feet are lifted alternately with one foot not clear of the ground before the other touches." It's a start there. If you study these instructions carefully and practice faithfully—and resist the temptation to improvise—the whole thing can become habitual. The most serious and common defect in technique is *lifting the back foot too soon*. Another serious mistake is *putting the front foot down too soon*. Study the instructions again! Those who do not early correct either one of these increasingly widespread faults are liable to lapse into the other as well, making it all the more difficult to assume the proper gait of a biped. Indeed, it is part of the general breakdown of things that people with these faulty walking techniques—people once decently concealed on race tracks and in sports arenas—now blatantly exhibit in public areas, even on sidewalks.

After the introduction I move into the heavy stuff. The first chapter, titled "The Metaphysics of Strolling," elicits by analysis the simple concept of strolling from the more ambiguous concept of walking—or, as the book prefers to call it, *walking überhaupt*. The thesis here is that there is a difference between going somewhere by walking, which is a matter of transportation, and going for a walk, which is a matter of recreation. Only the latter is the true stroll, always undertaken solely for its own sake. The for-its-own-sakeness of the stroll-walk immediately opens the door to the metaphysical question: What is





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Peter Accetta

Peter Accetta
New York City, New York

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King Carl XVI Gustaf of Sweden—
on the right in these photos—presents
the 1978 Nobel Prize in Physics to
Bell Laboratories scientists Robert
Wilson (top photo) and Arno Penzias.

What does the Nobel Prize have to do with your telephone?

The two scientists on the opposite page are receiving the highest honor a scientist can earn—the Nobel Prize. They are the sixth and seventh laureates who did their prize-winning research at Bell Telephone laboratories. These scientists shared a common goal—the search for new knowledge to further advance the art of telecommunications.

Clinton Davisson shared the Nobel Prize in 1937 for demonstrating the wave nature of matter. In 1956, John Bardeen, Walter Brattain and William Shockley were honored for their invention of the transistor. Philip Anderson's theoretical work on amorphous materials (such as glass) and on magnetism led to a Nobel Prize in 1977. And in 1978, Arno Penzias and Robert Wilson received the Prize for detecting the faint radiation from the "big bang" explosion that gave birth to the universe some 18 billion years ago.

The search for knowledge

These scientists and their colleagues at Bell Labs, given the freedom to explore, have proved

time and again the value of investment in research—not only for telecommunications but for society in general. The transistor, for example, revolutionized communications and brought into being entire new industries—indeed, a new industrial society—based on solid-state electronics.

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The innovation process

Research done at Bell Labs in the past is the basis for the products and services the Bell System offers its customers today, just as the research going on now is the foundation for tomorrow's telecommunications.

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This technical integration is the foundation for true innovation. One idea feeds another. A basic scientific discovery can make possible entire new technologies and products for telecommunications, and a concept for a new product or system can stimulate the research to find even more new knowledge. That interaction, that teamwork, has been extremely productive: Bell Labs people have received 18,645 patents between our founding in 1925 and the end of 1978.

Sometimes, the search for knowledge may lead to a Nobel Prize. Often, it benefits all of society. And always, its ultimate aim is better service for Bell System customers.

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the ontological status of a stroll's destination? The answer is: It does not exist. Hence the essence of going for a stroll-walk lies in the fact that you are going nowhere. Vagrancy is the touchstone. For example, walking to town would not be going for a walk, it would be going to town. But if on a walk you happened to turn up in town, you might still honorably claim to have been just out on a stroll so long as happening into town was more the upshot than the intention; for though stroll-walks have no destinations, they may have upshots, outcomes, or even general drifts. The drift of a stroll, unlike a destination, is receptive to passing whims, caprice, sudden impulses, deviations, serendipity, distractions, diversions; one or more favorable outcomes of the walk may lurk in any of these byways. Also, though such a walk may have reverse, tangents, and digressions without number, it will never have a real detour, for a stroll has no goal.

The next chapter of the book addresses the semantics of our topic. The basic question faced here is this: Is there a difference between *going for a walk* (or stroll) and *taking a walk* (or stroll)? Offhand one imagines that there must be, in general, a difference between going for something and taking it. Yet we constantly use the two expressions—"go for a walk," "take a walk"—interchangeably. Is this linguistic slovenliness?

Let us suppose that there is a walk in the offing and we are dithering over whether to *take it* or *go for it*. Not a very solemn quandary, you say, not your regular to-be-or-not-to-be existential choice. But this chapter proves otherwise, demonstrating that the expression "go for a walk" was the *Ursprache* of our elitist forefathers. The need for such an idea was so widespread, what with people of that day walking so much, that the expression "take a walk" ambled into the lan-

guage alongside "go for a walk," for the use especially of peasants. This shows, by the way, that walking was originally not a class practice: It ranged across castes, from princes to paupers, from goers to takers. It was not, as it is now, reserved for the indolent the shapeless, the infirm, or for apartment dwellers who own dogs.

The axiology of strolling is the concern of the penultimate chapter of the book. It includes sections on gear, cost-benefit analysis, spiritual by-products, and similar paraphernalia. Walking, I explain, can be learned even by the hardened runner, provided that I who runs can also read. It might, however require altering the priority of one's concern from the body to the soul—that at least is the suggestion of the section that poses the question: Why take a walk? and elaborates on the answer: Because it's there.

Near the end of this section is a discussion on alternative ways—such as skipping—to consume energy by human self-propulsion. Skipping is shown to be a kind of stutter-walking, and this is what gives it the appearance of jogging on one foot at a time. For exercise and exhibitionism it is at least the equal of running, and thus probably has a healthy future, but it is not nearly so good for the soul as the old-fashioned stroll.

The final section of the book takes up homiletics; the gist is contained in the last paragraph: "Take along on your stroll a like-minded companion, or perhaps only a few vital thoughts to rub together to fire your own imagination. Keep your fancy free. Be content while the world runs that you are enacting again an immemorial ritual perfected over the ages, time out of mind, by generations of wayfarers, vagabonds, pilgrims, wanderers, and itinerants from every walk of life."

HARPER'S
JUNE 1979



14 factors that could affect the performance of your next prescription.

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To know you're getting a drug of assured quality at an acceptable price, ask your doctor and your pharmacist. These professionals know drugs. And they know

drug companies from long experience.

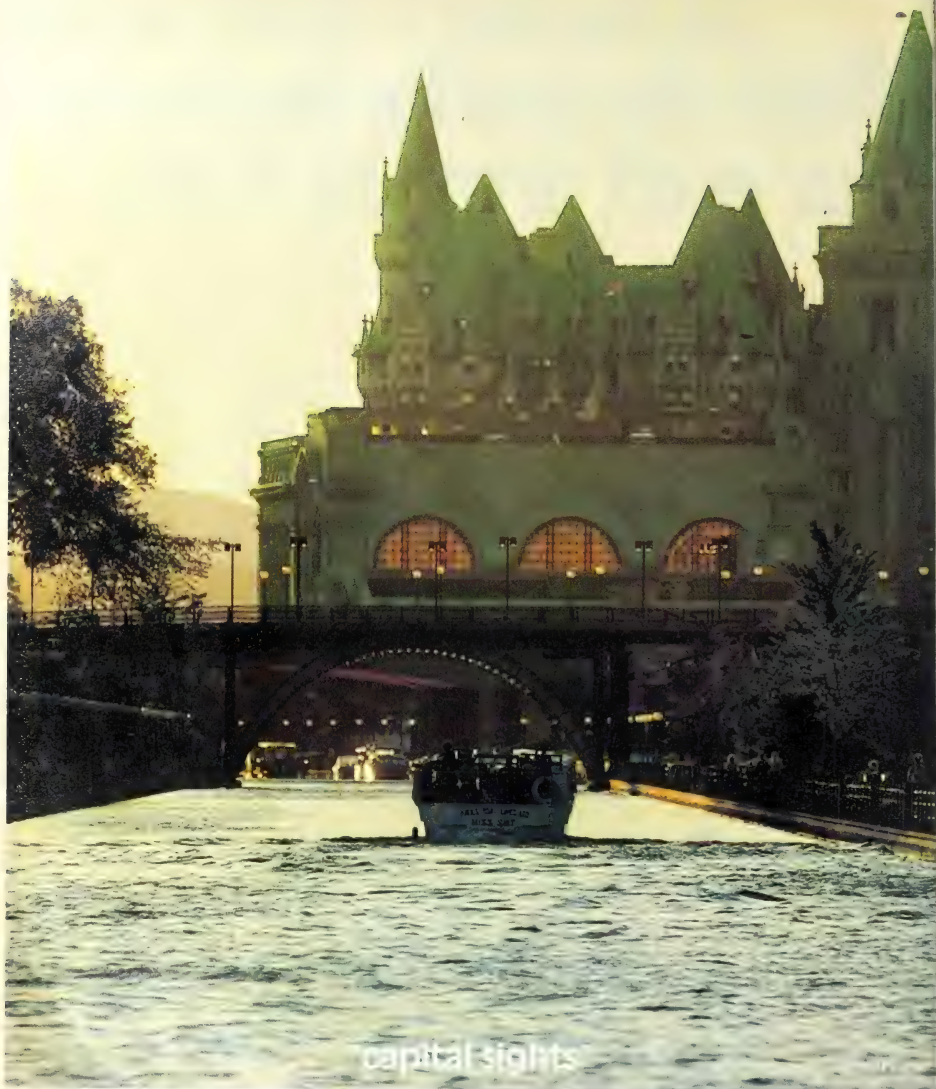
They know that established firms—those with proven quality assurance programs—produce consistently reliable medicines. Such products sometimes cost a little more. But in drug therapy as in drug manufacturing, a saving at the expense of quality could be the worst kind of economy.

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Illustrated by James Stevenson
Written by Donald Barthelme

Willie & Wade



Well we all had our Willie & Wade records 'cept this one guy who was called Spare Some Change? 'cause that's all he ever said and you don't have no Willie & Wade records if the best you can do is Spare Some Change?

So we all took our Willie & Wade records down to the Willie & Wade Park and played all the great and sad Willie & Wade songs on portable players for the beasts of the city, the jumpy black squirrels and burnt-looking dogs and filthy, sick pigeons.

SAT. N. N.
IN RECORDS
WILLIE
- AND -
WADE

James Stevenson is a writer and an artist. Donald Barthelme's most recent book is Great Days, a collection of short fiction (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).



And I thought probably one day Willie or Wade would show up in person at the Willie & Wade Park to check things out, see who was there and what record this person was playing and what record that person was playing.

And probably Willie (or Wade) would just ease around checking things out, saying "Howdy" to this one and that one, and he'd see the crazy black guy in Army clothes who stands in the Willie & Wade Park and every ten minutes screams like a chicken, and Willie (or Wade) would just say to that guy, "How ya doin' good buddy?" and smile, 'cause strange things don't bother Willie, or Wade, one bit.

And I thought I'd probably go up to Willie then, if it was Willie, and tell him 'bout my friend that died, and how I felt about it at the time, and how I feel about it now. And Willie would say, "I know."





And I would maybe ask him did he remember Galveston, and did he ever when he was a kid play in the old concrete forts along the sea wall with the giant cannon in them that the government didn't want any more, and he'd say, "Sure I did." And I'd say, "You ever work the Blue Jay in San Antone?" and he'd say, "Sure I have."

And I'd say, "Willie, don't them microphones scare you, the ones with the little fuzzy sweaters on them?" And he'd say to me, "They scare me bad, potner, but I don't let on."

And then he (one or the other, Willie or Wade) would say, "Take care, good buddy," and leave the Willie & Wade Park in his black limousine that the driver of had been waiting patiently in all this time, and I would never see him again, but continue to treasure, my life long, his great contributions.



BOUND TO SELL

I. PRETENDERS TO POWER

The pen is not the sword

by Henry Fairlie

THE JOURNALISTS are now the true Kings and Clergy," said Teufelsdröckh in *Sartor Resartus* a century and a half ago; "henceforth Historians, unless they are fools, must write not of Bourbon Dynasties, and Tudors and Hapsburgs," but of whatever "Able Editor, or Combination of Editors, gains the world's ear." David Halberstam has now followed this prescription of Carlyle with an awful literalness. In his latest offering to the public, a scripture of no fewer than 736 pages, he brings forward a few of the proprietors and managers, editors and reporters, of both the press and television news, and he enthrones them as *The Powers That Be*.^{*} He is unable to justify his thesis—we are a long way from the origin of the phrase in Romans 13:1:

^{*}Published last month by Alfred A. Knopf, \$15.

"The powers that be are ordained of God"—but the book has an interest in itself. The character of this piece of merchandise is representative of much else that is now peddled.

Let us turn its pages. Padding has hitherto been only a device of writers, but Mr. Halberstam here elevates it into a high art. Since you would not otherwise believe me, I must quote until you are besotted. The examples that follow are hilarious, but we must realize that they point not just to the carelessness of his writing, but to an inescapable flaw in his very concept.

On page 25, William Paley is a "sensualist and hedonist"; on page 492, "Paley so hedonistic, so sensual." On page 30 at line 2, "He would always

Henry Fairlie is a British journalist who lives in America. His most recent book is The Seven Deadly Sins Today (New Republic Books).

have it his way"; and then at line "He had things his way." On page he is "something of a ladies' man, a man-about-town, there always seen to be a beautiful woman on his arm on page 32, he is "very much a man about-town . . . and he was seen with only the best-looking women." (Still his arm, we are left to presume. Where else is he meant to carry them? Shoulder-high into all those restaurants. On page 123, he begins "seeing people a little richer, a little more social"; page 420, he is seeing the "very rich, very social." (That shows you how a career can advance.) On page 1 he had been seeing less of those "who might have challenged him"; by page 420, he was in a world with "no one in it who challenged him." On page 123 again, he "liked and wanted to get the best of everything"; on page 126 at line 20, he "wanted above



...have the best in everything"; then at line 38, "he always wanted best." These are not just idle repetitions of phrases, but reflections of the fact that Halberstam has so few points to make, in fact so little of a story to

ut let us proceed. On page 40, Ed row "opened the doors of the En- country estates for his boss," am Paley; on page 44, "suddenly loors [in Britain] were open"; on e 123, "The best of British society open to Ed Murrow, . . . the ulti- credit card for Paley in England." e must say that if the man had all e beautiful women on his arm, the lish country houses would have opened to him by their drooling ers.) On page 46 at line 6, Henry e is "a big man," and at line 10, s "a big man himself"; and later age 46, he is "large on the land- oe." (How one envies Mr. Halber- 's gift for the unexpected image phrase.) On page 55, Luce has "al- t a hick curiosity"; on page 57, he part sophisticate [and] part hick," age 267 at line 40, Buff Chandler always driving and pushing"; and line 44, she "pushed Norman to n beyond his parochial orbit and a larger world"; on page 272 at 8, "She was always driving him, hing him to get outside the world n which he had come"; and at line "she constantly pushed him into as where he normally might nt ventured." On page 286, Otis nder is "tall, handsome, muscu- "; on page 290, he is "very hand- e, tall, powerfully built." On page at line 25, he has a "drive for ex- cence"; on page 290 at line 2, he is ring deeply about excellence"; on ge 291, there is "always that drive excellence"; on page 294, he is mitted to excellence." We are en no real illustrations of what is ant by excellence, except that he red deeply about image," and as a t-putter "built himself up to 220 nds of pure muscle."

On page 158, Philip Graham is "ir- erent, almost blasphemous"; on page 9, he is "irrelevant before it was fash- ionable"; on page 162, he has a "hap- irreverence"; on page 166, he has i irrelevant style." On page 160, he is e wheeler-dealer"; on page 188, he 'a wheeler-dealer"; and on page 224, is a "prototypical wheeler-dealer,"

which seems to settle it. On page 158, he "walked into a room and took it over"; on page 205, "Phil always seemed to take over a room when he entered." On page 309, "Little Rock triggered his first major breakdown"; on page 310, "It was Little Rock that touched off the first of these major cycles" of energy and depression. On page 205, James Reston, as the Washington bureau chief of the *New York Times*, "owned that town"; on page 206, "The Times owned the town"; on page 220, he "had a lock on Wash- ington." Again we are not talking only of these phrases in themselves, as may be seen by quoting the two following pas- sages in full, for in them the repetition is as bold as it could be:

[Reston's] larger global views were shaped mostly by Lippmann; but he profoundly affected the thinking of other working reporters. . . . In truth, it was a ripple effect: Lippmann affected Reston and Reston in turn affected the top print people, who affected the broadcast people. [page 223]

Lippmann affected Reston profoundly, and not just Reston, but in turn *The Times* and other print Washington bureaus, and not just the print Washington bureaus, but the reporters who worked for CBS and NBC. [The lunches of Reston with Lippmann] could reach out like small ripples. [page 318]

On page 523, Benjamin Bradlee is to Katharine Graham "charming and made her laugh"; on page 535, she herself says, "he makes me laugh"; on page 585, "He could always charm her and make her laugh." (Why did she not just appoint a clown? Perhaps Mr. Halberstam is saying that she did.) On page 585 at line 28, "only Bradlee remained and survived"; and at line 39, "He was the one who survived." On page 243, Walter Cronkite is "the ultimately durable man"; on page 413, he has "durability, . . . the sheer durability." . . . We must stop. Enough is enough. What we have been examining is not merely the work of a lazy writer, or at least of one who has become lazy, but of a writer who finds that he has no subject, not as he has chosen to explore it, in the behavior of a few jackanapes, as he makes them appear, in the no more than four corporations—CBS and Time Incorporated, the *Washington Post* and the *Los Angeles Times*—that he describes at length.

The need for the padding was dictated at the conception of the book; nothing in Mr. Halberstam's execution then rendered it unnecessary.

MR. HALBERSTAM has not written a book. He and his publishers have manufactured a commodity: to be sold between two covers—which makes it seem to be a book—as shoes are sold in shoe boxes. On every page one can feel the calculation by them both, not of an audience to whose discrimination they might appeal, but of a market in which they hope to sell. Other publishers and other authors are doing the same, and we can extend to Mr. Halberstam in good faith his only excuse. He is not alone. He is representative of what is now endemic. But he asks us to take him very seriously and, if we oblige him by doing so, he cannot blame us if his work falls short of that standard. As a species of literary fraud the kind of book that *The Powers That Be* represents is not as base but is almost as brazen as that of Clifford Irving's on Howard Hughes.

As the critic William McPherson said not long ago after attending one of the publishers' book fairs, we will soon reach the stage when only a handful of monster best-sellers will be published each year, each of them groomed for the market as the market has simultaneously been prepared for them. The arts by which one of these products can be dressed up as a book, and sold like any other vendible, succeed often enough for them to change the very idea of a book. (A New York publisher once said to me of one of the large publishing corporations with whose attitudes I was growing restless, "I suppose we must grant that they are successful, but they simply do not know that what they are publishing are books.") This new ware of Mr. Halberstam's bears all the marks of any book that is to be hyped—in the advertised first printing of 100,000 copies, and the dutiful way in which the Book-of-the-Month Club is on parade;—and in the way that the book has been conceived and put together but left unwritten. As the quotations above demonstrate, it has also been left unedited.

A senior editor at any publisher will explain the economics of it with an unblushing candor. The higher that an

now goes in the hierarchy of the writer, the less he talks to his readers like an editor and the more like a drooping his old and adopted vocabulary with not a turn of air. But we can stay too long in the economics, which can be simply translated as greed, and so begin to accept this context as paramount. The fact is that the writer still has his own choices in deciding what a book should be like. The real corruption is never just a simple one of pecuniary motive, but a willingness to alter the relationship between the author and the reader. If the object is to move books onto and off the shelves of the booksellers as quickly as possible, rather than that the books should stay on the shelves for the interested reader to find a few months or even weeks later, then the writer will begin to imagine only what the mass of readers will take, rather than what he or she has to say in that particular book. Books must be written to a formula, and what once was successful the author must repeat, in form and substance.

IF WE CONSIDER *The Powers That Be* against the backdrop of *The Best and the Brightest* (another book written by Mr. Halberstam and published in 1972), we can see what has happened to Mr. Halberstam with his connivance. Before the art of padding the book, there is that of choosing the subject. It must not make too heavy demands on either the writer or the reader. Reading is now regarded as a way of "mellowing out," and the writer is encouraged to "lay back" as he composes, so that he will stay on the same "wavelength" as his reader. The subject should therefore be one that can be glibly elaborated in some kind of unstrenuous narrative, by a series of episodes of only a few pages each, so that the reader is moved on before noticing that little of import or even real interest has been said. All that the book needs are commercials to relieve the few minutes of attention that are asked.

The subject should then be one that has been worked already. This saves the writer from having to think on his own account, and saves the reader from the disturbance of coping with the unfamiliar. When the war in Vietnam was all but over, it had become

the conventional wisdom that those in authority had been mistaken men, so all that was necessary was to gather elaborate descriptions of a few of them into one volume, and at once there was something like a book.

Most people now are persuaded that the presumptuousness of the press and television reflect real power and influence, so again all that is needed is to bring together a handful of well-known figures to represent the media, and retell their stories with the addition of a few new tidbits of the higher and sometimes also the lower gossip. Mr. Halberstam's current thesis amounts to this: the power of the press and television have increased; television news has outstripped print; and both print and television journalism are in the hands of conglomerates. It takes 736 pages to demonstrate what everyone knows, what is even then only the very beginning of the subject, and to add to it not one insight or revelation.

But in the choice of a subject, complexity must be sacrificed to facility. If Mr. Halberstam had determined to examine the impact of the press and television in general on the nation as a whole, and not been satisfied to give a most-favored-corporation treatment to the four he has chosen, he would have come up with a very different story and unfortunately not with the same title to tickle his fancy or that of his readers. It would have been important and even enthralling if he had studied the ignominious role that the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* has played in the life of that city in recent years, or the relations between the Chicago newspapers and television and Richard Daley—both of them stories that are particularly interesting in view of all that has happened in those cities—but instead the market asks that he rehash the wondrous feats and derring-do of the *Washington Post*, which we all know like catechism. So once again we are given the stories of Henry Luce and Theodore White, of Philip Graham and Kay Graham and Donald Graham, of William Paley and Ed Murrow, of Norman Chandler and Buff Chandler and Otis Chandler; and the episodes by which we are to measure their power and influence are as familiar, the making and unmaking of Presidents, the reporting of the war in Vietnam, the publication of the Pentagon Papers,

and of course the ecstasy of Watergate. There is nothing here to vex reader or the writer.

The subject must be capable of being personalized. Facts and figures to be kept to the minimum; there must be absolutely no theoretical structure to support the thesis; only the brief glances are allowed to the historical background; and any serious reflections that run longer than three or four consecutive sentences are prohibited. There must be people; these must be well known, fabled if not fabulous. This is the journalism of *People* with a hifalutin gloss; Mr. Halberstam's objectives to describe people come from its slender vocabulary. William Paley is "tough and shrewd"; Ed Murrow was "ungodly handsome," which in a way is a relief, since to Mr. Halberstam he was ungodly in nothing else. Henry Luce was "rich and powerful." Theodore White has "a wonderful sweet-ugly grin," which is even more arch than *People* might risk; Phil Graham was "charming and seducing, brilliant and restless"; Kay Graham has a "subtle inner grace"; Ben Bradlee has a "rough-handsome face"; Hedy Donovan was "tall and husky" and "his looks were rugged"—all of which might have come from the movie magazines. This is not writing, because it is not looking. Mr. Halberstam is a shallow observer of human nature and, not least, of its physiognomy that he sees before him. Unseeing, unpenetrating, unreflective. He seems incapable of describing a face, let alone a soul or mind. He is inside none of his subjects. It is almost as if he is afraid of the look, which may be why so many of his epithets are coupled. If Luce was "part sophisticate, part hick," Bradlee is "part ultimate cosmopolite, part street tough." Like "sweet-ugly" and "rough-handsome," these are ways of avoiding the truth, of having to see and describe it. They also enable him to remain sycophantic to his characters even when he appears to summon the courage to criticize them.

BUT WE MUST here be ready to enter the realm of metaphysics, for there is no earthly explanation of the next phenomenon. The publishing corporations have discovered in recent years what would never have occurred to our own people

minds, that in an age in which r and fewer people are capable reading, the way to sell them a book make it as long as possible, and course to price it proportionately both in hardcover and paperback. purchasers will "lay back" with "good read," and a "good read" sighed by its mass. (One might al- say, its inertial mass.) This is apparent in the fiction on the shelves in supermarkets and at airports. tempting fate but, alas, not the ers if a novel is not stretched to more than 600 pages. What is more, novels are read. If you cannot serve from a young bartender, he ably has 1,100 pages of paper- fiction below the counter. If this is the way to sell fiction to the mass et, why not use the same tech- e to sell nonfiction, especially as about current affairs, to which masses are today more than a lit- resistant? John Toland's life of Hitler—a trivial book in every not least in its banal treatment of —would not have sold if it had 350 pages. Any publisher in the world would have asked Arthur M. esinger, Jr., to cut down his life of Robert Kennedy, but today it is pre- y its avoidpous weight that makes candidate for the mass market. It fact no accident that the padding *he Powers That Be* was not edited of it. The length is the bait.

does not matter how many pages vel like *Trinity* may be stretched ll, since it is produced as and pres- to be no more than a "good ," and so does as little harm as a good while keeping the masses off streets. But if people wallow in *The ers That Be*—which was the sen- on it produced in me as I tried to it as a book should be read—and ve that they are being told any- g of significance about the press television, the damage is incal- ble and long-lasting. For if Mr. Halberstam with such an appearance roughness were in fact telling it it is—if the effective power in the try were arbitrarily wielded by a few private individuals—then the ble can only grow yet more uncom- prehend and contemptuous of the hods of politics and those who en- e in it. If it were true that "over- at one correspondent with one cam- nan could become as important as

ten or fifteen or twenty Senators," then people will cease to understand and trust and use the process of politics and the politicians who are experienced in it. But then it is so much more titillat- ing to read, as it is more easy to write, about the self-advertised celebrities of the media, than about fifty Senators.

What is more, before these celebri- ties of the masses, Mr. Halberstam is craven. In much the same way, when he criticized "the best and the bright- est," he did not criticize John F. Ken- nedy, who had brought them to Wash- ington. The idol was immune. The Wal- ter Cronkite whom he now presents is the Walter Cronkite whom all America reveres and loves. There is no exam- ination of what he does to the news, to any conception of its nature and how we should place it. I am not a great admirer of Oriana Fallaci's in- terviewing, but at least in her inter- view with Cronkite, which appeared in *Look* of November 17, 1970, under the title "What Does Walter Cronkite Really Think?" she extracted from him this revealing comment about himself: "I think of myself as a true liberal. And in my mind, a true liberal is some- one who is not bound by doctrines, or committed to a point of view in ad- vance. He is one who examines each issue on its merits, and makes his decision on that basis. . . . *I am opposed to evil, and this is just about the end of my opposition*" (my italics). If there were one quotation, from or about even one of his celebrities, as devastating as that, Mr. Halberstam's pages would be less vacant.

But there is not. The reader must not be made anxious. His mind has been stuffed for years with news about news celebrities, and now Mr. Halber- stam will play it all back to him, and the reader is soothed to know that what he thought he had thought for himself is thought also by this famous author. The length of the work is essential to this charade, for the publishers have made another discovery, quite as amaz- ing as the first. The way in which a writer can best conceal that he has lit- tle to say is not, as the innocent might conjecture, to write a short book or a monograph, but to use every artifice to make the book spill on to the seven- hundredth page. Our minds grow so clogged by the words that we cease to ask if they contain any substance or meaning or significance.

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R. HALBERSTAM's book is about power: in fact it is about success, but success is horribly in his mind. It is the "success" of Paley and the "success" of Luce that intrigue and of course the similar success of the Grahams with their newspaper and the Chandlers with theirs, a success that in all cases seems only to mean that they have been able to sell their wares. This achievement is worthy, but has little to do with power. It is characteristic that he should describe James Reston's place in Washington by saying that he "owned" the city. I saw what he then owned, and a nice house it was. In the same vein, the Chandlers "were special, they were the Chandlers." (On the same page, fifteen lines later, for padding is inexhaustible by nature, "They are Chandlers.") I take his word that they are, and that they do not use the name of Chandler to conceal the fact that they are Butchers, or merely out of whimsy. But it is a bit much then to be told that the Chandlers "invented" Southern California. This leaves out rather a lot of people both before and since their arrival, who have done at least as much of the inventing, and their names may be found in what is still the classic work on California by Josiah Royce.

But this is Mr. Halberstam's way. "Kyle Palmer was the Republican Party" in California. I ask you, use your common sense: Was he? If it were so, why do the Kyle Palmers have to spend so much time running around, fixing up things? The point about any political machine is that its boss has to give constant and close attention to it. Richard Daley did not make the mistake of thinking that he *owned* or that he *was* Cook County. But Mr. Halberstam must simplify the nature of power, in order to exaggerate the role of his celebrities and demonstrate the influence of the press and television. Henry Luce "helped invent Wendell Wilkie"; but others were more important and there earlier. "Perhaps... the *Times* did swing enough weight to give the state—if not the election—to Nixon"; but even he qualifies the claim with that "perhaps" as if a fact is at last tugging at him. Philip Graham was a king-maker; but whom did he make king, since his protégé, Lyndon Johnson, reached the throne by accident? But if

the press and television can make, they can also show their muscle by unmaking. "If Jack Kennedy has been the first... President made by television, then Lyndon Johnson was probably the first to be brought down by television, or at least in part by television." Again the qualifications: "probably... at least in part." Even Mr. Halberstam seems to know that he is pushing his case. As for Watergate, Richard Nixon, of course, having been made—perhaps—by the *Los Angeles Times*, was then pulled down—at least in part—by the *Washington Post*. A man who thinks and writes like this is shirking all obligation to complexity, but these qualifications, too, are the part of padding a subject with very little substance to it.

Mr. Halberstam is not held back for long; it is a great event in our societies that he is elucidating. In 1952, "the coming of modern manipulative arts to modern politics"; in 1960, "the day that changed politics," with the Kennedy-Nixon debates; in 1972, "the new electronic forum—the only one with much immediate meaning to most Americans." (The *only* one?) There is always a "new journalistic order" or "the beginning of a new era." Henry Luce was "as influential as the Secretary of State," Walter Cronkite went one better, since "his influence, if not his power, rivaled that of Presidents." Luce is again introduced as the "most powerful conservative publisher in America"—which seems a bit hard on Citizen Hearst—while later we find that Otto Fuerbringer of *Time* was "perhaps the most influential conservative of his generation in journalism." And beyond all this are the intrepid reporters, taking their stand for sweetness and light. "Frank McCulloch was a legend in Vietnam"; Morley Safer was "a legendary figure among correspondents." and Mr. Halberstam is of course there by proxy. There were also soldiers fighting, as well as journalists reporting, but whom do they have to make legends of them? And there is Dan Rather, standing alone at every pass, a model of rectitude to us all.

MR. HALBERSTAM quotes Osborn Elliott, formerly of *Newsweek*, as saying that journalism should be "a first rough draft of history." My memory tells me that Elliott took the words from

someone else, but no matter, for according to Mr. Halberstam, "There is no true description of the profession at best." There is at least one thing wrong with this statement. Anyone who works of history knows how rarely that this "first rough draft" is quoted by historians, and they certainly do not take it as evidence that anything happened or that it happened as newspapers said that it did. If this is the vindication of journalism, it will be condemned by what later transpired. But it is not its business to provide a draft of history, and it always falls on its face if it puts on such airs. Go the helter-skelter way in which it works, and in that there is a genuine skill in the journalist, it tries to get a good story as possible into the past governed by its own sense of occasion and of what is readable. It should be concerned with accuracy, but claim to hold on the Truth. It should never far from Grub Street, the most honorable of its names. It should make pretension to power, since it is the versary of all power. If the per mightier than the sword, it must claim to be the sword, or even resort to it for protection, but be content to scribble with its pen. Its dictionary is its Bill of Rights.

What I find disturbing about the presumptuousness of the press now, which Mr. Halberstam's volume is of a self-serving reflection, is that journalism has become too much fascinated by power, especially by what it thinks is its own power. In its absorption with its own power—and Mr. Halberstam is not oblivious to this—it has elevated the power of the Presidency. The Presidency is simple and glamorous to report, and by reporting it the press basks in its reflection. The two are hand in hand: "Washington, even more than New York, particularly in the early sixties, was where journalistic reputations were defined... Washington was a presidential town and journalists' town." So the power of the press is proved by the making and unmaking of Presidents, and by the politics of crisis in which the Presidency is most visible. There is something that is sinister as well as demented in this. What he is saying is that journalism, fascinated by what it regards as the evidence of its new power, has laid down its pen in impatience, and has become an edge of the sword itself. Even

hacks of Grub Street would never be so forgotten themselves. his merchandise will no doubt re-
e the puffing that journalists give
generously to their peers. They as
after all, need the money. But to
the answer was given by Macaulay
1830, in his savage review of Rob-
Montgomery's poems, acclaimed at
time but now lost to memory:

*The puffing of books is now so
hamefully and so successfully car-*

*ried on that it is the duty of all who
are anxious for the purity of the
national taste, or for the honour of
the literary character, to join in
discountenancing the practice. . . .
We expect some reserve, some de-
cent pride, in our hatter and our
bootmaker. But no artifice by which
notoriety can be obtained is thought
too object for a man of letters. . . .
Extreme poverty may, indeed, in
some degree, be some excuse for
employing these shifts. . . . [But]
it is no excuse for an author that*

*the praises of journalists are pro-
cured by the money or influence of
his publishers, and not by his own.
It is his business to take such pre-
cautions as to prevent others from
doing what must degrade him. . . .
If his objects be really such as he
may own without shame, he will
find that they will, in the long run,
be better attended by suffering the
voice of criticism to be fairly heard.*

Mr. Halberstam must have some inkling
of whether his efforts will endure. □

II. THE TRAFFIC IN WORDS

place for the avant-garde

by Hugh Kenner

Mulligan Stew, by Gilbert Sorrentino.
pages. Grove Press, \$14.95; paper,
95.

ON PAGE ONE, addressed to the
author ("Dear Gil") and signed
"Harry White, Editorial Di-
rector," a letter rejecting the
manuscript from which the book we
holding was printed. Next, reject-
a letters from eleven more editors
o try out other ways of sounding
nest. The way of this first one is
nk and hearty:

*...one of the most remarkably
conceived and executed novels it
has ever been my pleasure to read
in manuscript. . . . However, the*

*sheer cost of doing your book. . . .
To be frank with you, I must show
a profit to the parent company. . . .*

And then:

*Don't misunderstand me: I will not
publish schlock so as to make the
money that might justify doing
MULLIGAN STEW, or books like
it. But I feel that the books on the
Fall list are not only good, but
have definite market appeal. . . .
One . . . is, it seems to me, a nec-
essary addition to "Beatle lore"—
The Compleat Beatle Wardrobe
Book. The other two—The Films
of Roy Rogers and a zany, wonder-
ful novel about life in California,
Screwing in Sausalito, are risky but
have received great word-of-mouth
publicity. . . .*

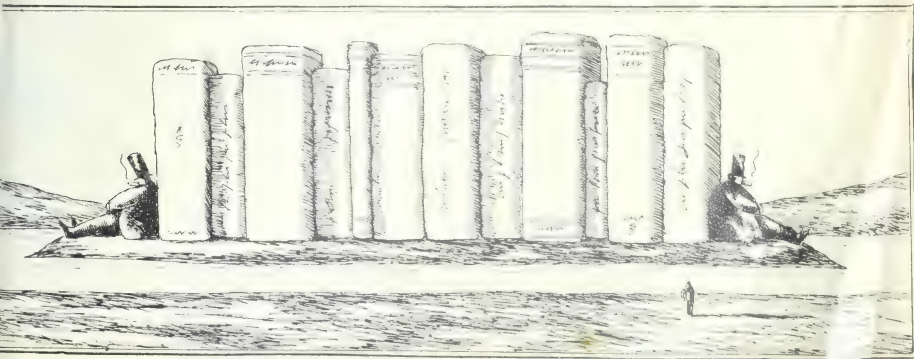
That last clause helps define "good."

In the other letters words are less defin-
able. An editor named Frank Bouvard
(where have we heard that name?*)
is afraid that "the narrative doesn't rise
above its own irony—although one of
our readers, a Sorrentino 'fan,' felt that
the irony hasn't the precision to cope
with the strong narrative." Derrida
couldn't put that better.

Chad Newsome, who had a taste for
the high life back when Henry James
employed him in *The Ambassadors*,
liked "the orgy scene . . . and the de-
scriptions of the girls' costumes in the
nightclub scene," but sure couldn't
figure the whole thing out. He and his
firm were "out to lunch on this one."

Claude Estee ("maybe I'm just 'old

*François Denys Bartholomée Bouvard
was Flaubert's Oliver Hardy. His ventures
into literary criticism were unfortunate.



found it "neither engaging, exhilarating, nor was it full of the zest of life, as novels really are." The novels that compel the reader and Sheldon Corthell's gang imitated the writing just as *writing*,^{*} could not respond to the book as a book." Ah so.

A fistful of such letters, not all of them troubling even to get his name right, may reinforce a novelist's suspicion that most publishers' first readers are chimpanzees, reporting to editorial directors who lie on the floor and hiccup. In less-paranoid moments, like those in which the high spirits of a Gilbert Sorrentino may conceive a *Mulligan Stew*, he may recognize the voices assumed by human beings trying to pretend they aren't serving a venture in mass production, a theme concerning which it behooves us to be less naive than they'd like.

Mankind's first mass-produced item was surely the brick, the second probably the book, the manufacture of which J. Gutenberg had mechanized by 1454. "Mass production" means that expensive make-ready, mystifying to an unschooled observer—What is the man in the apron doing with all those metal cubes?—enables you to turn out with little trouble a large number of identical artifacts, such as Jeeps or Bibles.

Indeed you can produce with intoxicating ease more copies than people can be found to want. Detroit had its Edsel, and in 1716 Oxford University Press overestimated the press run of David Wilkins's edition of the Gospels in Coptic, and were 191 years getting rid of the last copy. That should have taught the industry a lesson.

And though printing's ostensible role was to copy with ease what had formerly been copied by hand, it grew evident almost at once that mankind's existing stock of verbal treasures was too small to feed the new technology. Hence instant treasures: books composed solely because entrepreneurs with a press and some type needed something to print. William Caxton himself in the 1480s was translating French romances with his left hand, for printing with his right.

Such books were long suspect. One wanted not to be caught in their company, and keeping out of print was at one time a real writer's mark of distinction, like saying off the *Donahue* show. John Doe managed to keep his

Songs and Sonnets from printers' hands right up to his death in 1631, and Swift's *Tale of a Tub*^{*} in 1696 regards the interlocked industry of bookselling, printing, and scribbling with the sour suspicion professional literacy would direct toward TV in the 1950s. Who needed all those blurry little pictures, Aldous Huxley used to ask; and, Swift asks in effect, who needs all those millions of penny-a-line words.

But people with a need are finally the principal thing mass production produces: hence in these late days something called The Reading Public, a human subspecies imbued with the line-scanning, page-turning habit, that will go mad if long deprived of lines to scan (POWs would read and reread the labels on packages) and must at all costs not be traumatized by novelty. Much investment rides on The Reading Public's well-being; Argentinian sheep are tended no more carefully. It is ministered to by Sunday Book Pages and by designers of gadgetry to support a book above one's bathtub. Its whims are tabulated weekly by computer-processed sales figures from 1,400 stores. And knowingly pastured, it keeps a solicitous industry so healthy that the likes of RCA and Gulf + Western have come to esteem publishing firms as choice investments.

Publishing firms in turn think up things like *The Compleat Beagle Wardrobe Book* and *The Films of Roy Rogers*. (Come, come, you didn't mistake those for the brainstorm of minor Miltons?) Each publisher works on the scale he can maintain and be maintained by. He knows *how many* books his 1982 list will contain long before he knows what most of them will be. He observes two seasons, spring and fall. Spring culminates in vacations and novels; fall in Christmas and thirty-dollar books you buy for somebody else. He is fertile in commissioning Beagle Wardrobe Books at need. And by a persistent misunderstanding, every publisher is beset with correspondence from people who think his main function is the maintenance of the life of the mind.

James Joyce, prone to such illusions,

^{*}Which he never admitted writing. Nor, for that matter, though his printed works fill a yard-long shelf, did Swift proclaim his connection with a single one. "Lemuel Gulliver" took the blame for the most famous.

pestered publishers for years. It was finally necessary for a couple of his in Paris to rig up an *ad hoc* firm so to issue his *Ulysses* (which may, in all these years, have been the finest best-seller of the century).

Pros like James Michener are unlikely to have such illusions. They tend to see business, which is tending to The Reading Public. And between the line-scanning of Michener and the deluded Joyce stretches a sad half-world peopled with such as "Anthony Lamont." So back to *Mulligan Stew*.

LEAVING PAST the rejection letters we come upon a Reading Report, allegedly commissioned by Grove Press (which did in fact publish *Mulligan*). It is signed "Horace Rosette" and postures accordingly ("A humor so fragile and evanescent that one reads it while almost literally holding one's breath"—imagine raunchy Grove succumbing to that), but it does let us know where we're in for, and should we get lost can turn back to it for guidance.

What we're in for includes slabs of a variously titled novel-in-progress "Anthony Lamont," who keeps rewriting the opening; and also the scribbles, journals, and correspondence the same "Anthony Lamont"; and also the diary kept by one of his characters "Martin Halpin," who fears that writing in a novel by Lamont ("this scribbler, this unbearably pretentious hack") marks a coming-down in the world.

For we are to understand that these are not fictional characters, if like members of a repertory company they work long hours and take pride in doing what they are asked to do, nonetheless have their standards, and Halpin resents having been plucked out of the fold to note "in which I have resided, faceless, for all these years in the world of that gentlemanly Irishman, Mr. Joyce."^{*} "I can't understand how Mr. Joyce allowed him to take me away. Surely, it can't have been for money. Or does Mr. Joyce even *know* that I have gone? Maybe he's dead."

So, in the accents of 1930s fiction

^{*}On page 266 of *Finnegans Wake* is noted that reads in its entirety, "I have heard this word used by Martin Halpin, an old gardener from the Glens of Antrim, who used to do odd jobs for my grandfather, the Rev. B.B. Brophy of Swords." Joyce put Mr. Halpin to no further work.

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BOOKS TO SELL

man speak who'd lain sixty years in a footnote. Mr. dead, since 1941, and property unclaimed; rumormongers about while their employer is dead on something else, Halpin and co-star even stumble upon what aficionados do not recognize as several books that belonged to Leopold Bloom.

Halpin's co-star, Ned Beaumont, has worked for Dashiell Hammett ("An actor—a Hollywood actor—even impersonated me in a movie they made from a book I worked in"). That was in *The Glass Key*, where Beaumont took one of the longer beatings in the history of the genre, and you'd think he'd welcome a job where, introduced as a corpse from the start he's at leisure save during flashbacks. But characters in the Seventies seem an ungrateful lot, and Lamont furthermore is a uniquely repulsive employer. He writes absurd dialogue and keeps changing his mind.

Both Beaumont and Halpin are gaga over madcap Daisy Buchanan, who never seems to remember a previous employer, Scott Fitzgerald. She's still married to Tom, who writes her lovers stiff letters.

The hack Lamont lives a hectic life of his own. He aspires toward cash. He also aspires toward respectable celebrity, defined as inclusion in a course on the experimental novel that a Professor Roche is designing. From the *curriculum vitae* he writes out for Professor Roche we learn that he acquired his perseverance from his illiterate father,

and from my mother [he continues] my love of books and music. My mother read to me from the Bible, Treasure Island, Pilgrim's Progress, Growing Up Straight and Sound, Scales and Feathers, Modern Business English,* and other books in our little library.

My schooling was haphazard.... To this day, long division and fractions are beyond my powers.... In 1942, when I was about fifteen** I won a prize for an essay I wrote in school competition, "What I Can Do To Help The War Effort."

This is the Barefoot school of author's reminiscence. Elsewhere we are offered the Mandarin variety, a clipping of an interview with Lamont's favorite author, Richard McCoy, who lives with his wife in the Hotel Splendide, where the concierge gives satisfaction:

"There are not many left who can read, let alone spell," [McCoy] continues. "This exquisite bijou gets every message perfectly correct—a pleasure to read. R-e-a-d." McCoy himself loves to spell and often amuses himself after writing by doing so for hours. It is suggested that he will spell anything. "Not quite anything," he grins slyly.

Phantasms swarm; one might even

*Probably the shortest list in *Mulligan Stew*. The longest occupies six pages. Connoisseurs of the list, take heed. (*The Book of Lists* sold empty whillion copies.)

**Subtraction also is beyond his powers, since he was born in 1925.

suspect "McCoy" of being Vladimir Nabokov, except that he detests Nabokov. It's at least fairly clear that there are interviews and reminiscences seem somehow to have read before.

As a young man, he wrote with a red-lacquered penholder and fine nib. Later, as he mellowed, he switched to a green penholder, then to an Eversharp fountain pen. Now he uses a Parker Jotter and makes his corrections with the Bic and the Venus. He must use black ink. "There is purity in black," he explains.

The Portrait of the Author as a Successful Man is an unacknowledged subgenre of the Book-Supplements, part that great enterprise of pasturing the Reading Public. *Mulligan Stew* is more easily described as a contour map of those pastures, executed with National Geographic vividness.

BUT WE'RE STILL forgetting Lamont, who stumbles down the hack's *via crucis* loaded with cross upon cross. His sister Sheila has up and married none other than Dermot Trellis, a truly despicable hack whom Sorrentino borrowed for a novel by "Flann O'Brien"—to whom memory, under his real name, Brian O'Nolan, *Mulligan Stew* is dedicated. This fact may prompt a fit readership, though few to refresh its memory. "O'Brien's *At Swim-Two-Birds*, 1938 book that won't stay buried. It was most recently reprinted as a Plunk Books paperback three years ago. Ye



re is a Plume Books. Yes, there is *At Swim-Two-Birds*. Read it.)

n *At Swim-Two-Birds*—and if you me to explain that title I'll drop all se balls: I can't possibly manage other—Dermot Trellis is a character an undergraduate's novel, where he forms as a novelist whose characters are conspiring against him. Sortino's point in ostentatiously lifting whole device—which "O'Brien" dead, maybe, from Unamuno's *Niebla* is in part that Jeeves is more real n Wodehouse, Holmes than Doyle, om, even, than Joyce (you invest rself with reality, therefore, by in-ting).

More than that, characters recur, ler various names, in various books various authors, tokens and touch-nes of permanency. *New* characters, lly new, would drive The Reading ublic to television. Bloom, the most alized" character in all fiction, is a ze cliché.

And the world of fiction? It is a dowy half-world of trees without ts, houses without kitchens, bath-ns without toilets, where forgetful hors equip revolvers with fifty car-ldges, change pen to pencil in mid-der, and force hard-put characters to ove stockings but not shoes. In that rld The Reading Public daydreams hours.

A Joyce or a Flann O'Brien can rend-its landscapes in hologram by laser-urate command of stylistic various-s. Sorrentino, like any American n can think of, is imperfectly ipped with such resources—his pares of silly rhetoric depend more on y ideas than on inappropriate pes—so he tends to rely on sheer rgy. When the band plays fortissimo seven hours people do not no-aphazard key-shiftings.

We're still forgetting Lamont. His ter, we were saying, has married rnot Trellis, and has been drawn by : despicable Trellis (so thinks Lam-nt) into courses of vulgarity, not to r treachery. Is it the hand of Trellis are to discern behind the flagging erest of Professor Roche? That rse in the Experimental Novel, alas, l contain no niche for Anthony mont, his *Baltimore Chop* supplanted Trellis's *Red Swan*.

And was it the conjoined wiles of : sister and Trellis that procured mont's humiliating evening with the

poetess Lorna Flambeaux, whose pal-pitant *Sweet of Love* (twelve X-rated poems, printed entire for our reference) was inconsistent with her vigorous riposte (umbrella, handbag) to his advances?

Was it... But enough of his para-noia. The book-pushing scene is no fit habitation for even so squalid a spirit as Lamont's, and we begin to grasp why, in his novel-in-progress, he has cast Halpin and Beaumont as a publish-ing partnership, and arranged for one to kill the other and not know if he has done it or not. Moral catatonia, not knowing what you're doing or have done, that's his gut verdict on the milieu where they pass time program-ming letters to authors from stock phrases, e.g.,

3. while we felt... we also thought
4. While we thought... we also felt
5. lack of narrative structure
6. undeveloped character of

Catatonia also solicits the avant-garde fictionist he fancies he harbors within him. "Halpin doesn't know whether he killed him or not," he writes in his notebook. "Must be clear that Halpin really doesn't know whether he is lying or not about the murder." Sustaining that empty nescience at novel length will be a *tour de force*, and Lamont's *Guinea Red*, later retitled *Crocodile Tears*, aspires, albeit fumblingly, to membership in the avant-garde, Robbe-Grillet division.

And surely *Mulligan Stew*...? No, surely not *Mulligan Stew*. *Mulligan Stew* (for all that the meter of its title, and more of its minor debris than I thought to keep track of, bespeaks *Finnegans Wake*)—*Mulligan Stew* is a send-up of the avant-garde, which we'd better have a talk about.

THE WRITERS—a few of them per century—who make a permanent difference: we're not talking about them, the Joyces, Eliots, Becketts. And apart from them, avant-garde writing is almost exactly as perishable as is Reading Public writing, from which it differs chiefly in soliciting the approval of a smaller group, ranging in size from a group of one, the writer, up to a group of perhaps 1,100, say five per million of the U.S. population. (I derive this figure from the normal circulation of

literary quarterlies, the typical press runs of small houses like Jargon and Black Sparrow, the confidences of itinerant publisher-editors, and observation of the moss on the north side of trees.)

How many such partially overlapping groups of up to 1,100 there may be is anybody's guess. Their members are mutant members of The Reading Public: discerners whose Book-of-the-Month Club days are behind them. Their cravings are diverse: novelty, a regional ethos, insidership with what's going on out there, simple honesty, just the shock of word on word, or, rarely (and as rarely encountered), genuine autonomous imaginative life. There are writers to provide all these, the best of them differentiated from the Schlock avant-garde by a quality of care about something, be it only typography or vowel sequences.

But the Schlock avant-garde: ah, that: Anthony Lamont's natural home: vain, self-deceiving, as driven as NBC by the winds of fashion: it discerns baleful magic in words like *plastic* and *lostness* and pins its faith on fatuous strategies. "Indianapolis and New York are interchangeable in this novel," writes Lamont of an early work. "The names of streets, parks, restaurants, etc., are identical: I thought to use this technique to get across my feeling that our world has become featureless." Writing-Seminar *Angst*.

Still, we can use any number of avant-gardes, if only to enforce the one point they all agree on, that despite its numbers the great Reading Public is as factitious as they are. More's the pity that sustaining them has become factioned, fragmented, each group left to grow fixed in the illusion that it contains the only 1,100 literates in the Republic.

Time was when much that's now left to small presses could stay beneath commercial tents: as when Alfred Knopf published Wallace Stevens steadily, from *Harmonium* to *Opus Posthumous*, or Horace Liveright used the proceeds of 'things like *Replenishing Jessica* to underwrite Ezra Pound's *Personae*.

But small sales won't do any longer, nor will slow sales, not with conglomerate accountants breathing heavily. They breathe especially hard at the mention of a Backlist, in practice a warehouseful of miscellaneous titles sold copy by copy on special order.

prestige of a firm used to derive from its Backlist. But to the accountant it's as though Ford in Detroit kept on hand, at huge cost, a small stock of

T's and A's to gratify whimsical gias. Get rid of it all! Concentrate on what moves quickly! And avant-garde publishing, the best like the worst, is almost wholly an affair of backlists. Where first novels can be sent now I've no idea.

Hence—to epitomize all this and more—Anthony Lamont struggling to make it both ways, on the big time and on the circuits of esteem, without the talent for either; and going mad

from the strain (and writing better); and all those ghostly Characters complaining that times are not what they were; and Gil Sorrentino in irrepressible spirits confecting his intricate Stew (I've outlined perhaps a quarter of the plot) and filling its interstices with his beloved Lists (for another such virtuoso of the List you'd have to resurrect Joyce): and (in real life, if you follow me) twenty-five publishers—yes, there are still twenty-five publishers—rejecting it.

And (old-fashioned Happy Ending) one publisher—Hurrah!—was mad enough to take it.

Did the other twenty-five per divine its subversive content? No, I think not. I meditate in this connection upon a rejection letter I heard of recently, which wasn't for a subversive book at all. It deserves preservation: the generic rejection letter from the latter days of big-time word-merchandising. "I cannot recall reading," said without irony, "a novel as learned as intelligent, as witty as this, and with so exact a sense of its place in time. However it is not right for. Think long on all that tells you about us." Then go and engrave it on the tomb of Rabelais.

III. LITERARY VOGUES

Getting Cheever while he's hot

by Bryan F. Griffin

THE RESULTS ARE IN, and John Cheever is "the best storyteller living," at least for a day or two. The official ruling was handed down by the novelist John Irving, who ought to know about these things, since he himself is the beaming author of 1978's "book of the year," according to an earlier ruling by a lower court (the *Chicago Sun-Times*). Not that Mr. Irving's is a lonely voice: as a matter of fact, John Cheever's latest collection of old short stories is "not merely the publishing event of the 'season,' but a grand occasion in English literature." That's John Leonard of the *New York Times* speaking, as if we couldn't tell. Mr. Leonard has to yell like that because it's always so

damn noisy at these Grand Occasions of English Lit., what with all the boys and girls trying to get extra credit for making the Most Definitive Statement. All that hemming and hawing over in the corner, for example, is issuing from William McPherson, head book critic at the *Washington Post*; he is maintaining rather desperately that the Cheever collection is "rightly described as a literary event," suggesting that Mr. Leonard's "publishing event" is a shabby thing indeed.

William McPherson won a Pulitzer Prize for Distinguished Criticism in 1977, so we may be sure that he is a

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pretty reliable fellow to have around when it comes to Literary Events. He probably be able to recognize one of his *sleep*, for heaven's sake. Mr. McPherson says that he hesitates to use words like "the best" (he says that doesn't want to put writers into categories, because "writing is rendering" but he uses the words anyway: in time and place, he says, "John Cheever's stories are, simply, the best." Very what the heck. That is to say, why? After all, if the *Newsweek* critic has guts to admit that Cheever was "in the opinion of many of us, the best short-story writer we had in the '50s and '60s" (only J. D. Salinger)—well, can the critic say any less? It's a rough guess, getting up at all hours of the night



if Salinger is pulling ahead of ever yet, and that sort of thing. I don't think there is anything at all the matter with John Cheever, who has been writing pleasant short stories for thirty years or so. But lately he has become, I would say, hot. Cheever is so hot he's recently been named "one of America's major novelists" by the Book-of-the-Month Club, though he's written four novels in the whole course of his career. The latest book of stories is "a literary treat," says the *New York Times*. Hell, "Cheever is our best since Hemingway," says Clifton Fadiman, writing in the *towel*. That tribute isn't nearly good enough for another member of the Book-of-the-Month Club, John K. Hutchens, who no doubt will turn the meeting into an uproar when he insists that Cheever had the impact of Stephen Crane, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Eudora Welles, and Ernest Hemingway. Not all added up together, one assumes (but I'm not too sure). Fortunately, Will Sheed works for the Club, too. It was Sheed's considered judgment that John Cheever's stories had the House of Usher inside them, sort of. Also, "the good God and the Angel of Death in there," he said. Everybody had heard about this for a moment, and then he was restored. When the critics assembled a few months later, they were in the anthology this year's Pulitzer Prize.

ALL THESE people were only trying to be friendly, of course. They'd been reading John Cheever's tales of suburbia in *The New Yorker* for a long time, and they wanted to say some nice things about them, and surely there is no crime (literary or otherwise) in that. We might reprimand these critics for hyperbole, and, perhaps, for a certain literary parochialism, but for little else. What is interesting about all this is its suddenness. John Cheever has not always enjoyed such eminence, you see. His greatness is a fairly recent phenomenon. His stories have been around a long time, but they never caused much of a stir before; if people did refer to them, they referred to them as "those *New Yorker* stories," and let it go at that. Now, the stories did not suddenly become better, or more significant. But they

are basking, these days, in an inherited importance, handed down from Cheever's latest novel, *Falconer*, which received the full treatment not long ago. This is a new and promising oddity, this retroactive profundity; and in order to appreciate its potential properly, it is necessary to go back a few years, to pre-*Falconer* days.

A long time ago, Robert Penn Warren said that Mr. Cheever was about on the level of a "beautifully rewarding experience," which, given the superlatives he might have invoked, is on the order of a C-plus in the American literary competition. For years everybody seemed pretty happy with the Warren ruling; after a while they gave Mr. Cheever one of those National Book Awards, and he seemed pretty happy with that. Anyway, he kept right on writing the stories. They appeared, on the surface, to be somewhat cozy stories. Mostly Cheever wrote about what it feels like to change a fuse in the dark, or to go to the dry cleaner's, or to drink too many martinis, or to spend a night with the neighbor's wife, or to mow the lawn, or to run out of cash. If he had a recurring theme, it was marital infidelity—or, more crudely (and Cheever always enjoyed a touch of crudity), sex in the suburbs. People enjoyed the stories, (a) because they were carefully written, (b) because they were frequently witty, and (c) because they sometimes contained sharp little flashes of insight. The tales had something in common with those of the late Patrick Dennis, or even with those of Edward Streeter; but we respected Cheever's more because they seemed more melancholy—closer to our own experience, perhaps. The gentleman wrote, in other words, for a particular audience, of a certain age, in a certain era, and he wrote well. He also wrote frequently, and over the years he managed to sell more fiction to *The New Yorker* than any other man or woman in the past half-century.

It is also true, however, that most of this fiction was composed in a minor key. It is no criticism of Mr. Cheever to say that he never really reeked of profundity, or even of the potential for profundity. (To a reviewer, the potential is often more exciting than the real thing, because it enables one to note sadly that a given author has never actually "realized" his or her full potential—the implication being, of

course, that every writer is capable of churning out the really mind-shattering stuff, if only he or she would just try a little harder, and lay off the booze for a while.) The fact is that Cheever's stories and novels entertained some people, and bored other people—but they never, never provoked anyone. They dealt in little concerns, even trivial concerns, though not in petty concerns. There is a place, God knows, for minor artists, and to say that a man is such is not to imply for a moment that there is anything second-rate about him, or about his work. John Cheever's art was not exciting art—it did not pretend to be; but it was, as far as it went, the real thing.

BUT ALL THAT changed with the publication of *Falconer* in 1977. Curiously enough, it is generally agreed now that the novel was not a particularly successful effort. The most popular idea seems to be that it was an honest attempt, but one that failed simply because its aim was unsteady. It just wasn't "Cheever country," in other words. In any case, it's probably not the sort of book that anybody is going to be reading ten years from now, or five years from now, or even a year from now. But at the time, the book caused an awful racket. That racket has lasted several months longer than the reputation of the book itself, and the leftover din is what we are listening to today when the conversation turns to Cheever. The author started it all himself (and no doubt regretted it later). "Give me the unchanging profundity of nostalgia, love and death," he crowed in *Falconer*, and of course everybody knew right away that something Big was up. You just can't say things like that these days: it gets everybody all excited. The book, said John Gardner in *Saturday Review*, was "an extraordinary work of art." It was...it was "Browningesque." Or, if you read *Commonweal* instead of *Saturday Review*, the novel was "reminiscent of John Donne," and it boasted "a symbolic richness usually associated with densely imaged poetry." That, presumably, was why even the *Christian Science Monitor* (in an otherwise lukewarm review) was "reminded of the Old Testament's Book of Ezekiel." It is true that Cheever had asked for this by naming his hero

but no doubt he thought people wouldn't have been so suspicious of the project if he had dropped some of the obvious clues. He needs to be a little more subtle. "You'll be mesmerized," he writes in *Book Reviews* nastily. "A parable of times," concluded Common-sense. John Leonard found something of Gline in it; also something of William Burroughs, and Leonard says, the Bible, with God in a mood and the sun-crazed desert prophets explaining why. "Everybody loves John Leonard, but that sort of talk is intoxicating, and addictive: 'Some of us believe Cheever to be our Chekhov,'" he wrote coyly, and before he could stop himself he had compared John Cheever to Anton Chekhov "wearing the cape and leotard of Dostoevsky's Underground Man." The review continued with some talk, God forbid, about Ezekiel's "soulscape," and then there was something about "an idea of love not as a sanctuary but as a relinquishing" (as a *relinquishing*?), and a little bit about the emergence of an "irreducible and persevering me, and a laissez-faire economy of the emotions." The cozy old Cheever suburb had been "reversed, turned inside out like a glove or one of those stars that ends up, under pressure of gravity, a black hole in space: the cell." And this black hole—pay attention, now—transmitted "mysterious signals" to Mr. Leonard, signals that seemed to say that the novel was "more asserted than felt, more willed than imagined."

"As a whole," concluded Mr. Leonard, wiping the sweat from his brow, "as a whole, it confounds."

Well, Cheever deserved it. For thirty years he wrote stories about the sex lives of married upper-middle-class New Yorkers, and he wrote them, in Irwin Shaw's phrase, "with a high decorum that he has raised to one of the prime virtues of his art." And then he cut loose. *Falconer* is the deeply human and ultimately affirmative story of a typical heroin-addicted college professor who kills his brother with a fire iron and winds up in prison, where he has adventures: he gets beaten up, he has a homosexual affair, he breaks out, and on the path to salvation he indulges in various forms of sexual intercourse with all sorts of presumably irresistible creatures. One time, see, he's in this hotel room with a woman who insists that he's a "bitch," which charms both

parties to such an extent that they decide to take off all their clothes and pour good whiskey over each other. Then they get to lick it off. That's the way it is in the suburbs these days, don't you know. This scene is followed shortly by the mass slaughter of the prison cats—"blood, brains and offal splattered their yellow waterproofs and the sight of carnage reverberated through Farragut's dental work"—which is probably just as well, since Cheever's hero had begun to speculate about having a bit of intercourse with some of them, too. Then there are the boys named Cuckold, and Toledo, and Chicken Number Two, and we don't have to tell you what their specialty is. There's some hasty talk about the nature of the orgasm (no new book would be complete without it), and a bewildering number of passages about plumbing (human and otherwise), and there are three consecutive pages devoted to the graphic description of various male sexual members ("black, white, red, yellow, lavender, brown," et cetera), and there is a lot—a whole lot—of pretty daring stuff about masturbation. It's a shame someone didn't tell Cheever that Roth had already done that bit, and Burroughs before him. Self-abuse used to be a solitary vice, even at Thayer Academy (where young Cheever was educated, according to his publishers, until he was kicked out); now, it's a school of thought.

THAT, IN ANY CASE, is a fair summary of *Falconer's* plot. I am not necessarily being critical when I say that, whatever else he may have had in mind, Mr. Cheever succeeded primarily in producing what used to be referred to as a "lewd novel." (Some people still refer to it that way; a recent essay in *Newsweek* made fun of "the current fiction list, which is indeed a garden of lewd, erotic horseplay and lewd and ancient family history," and the essay was signed by someone who called himself John Cheever.) Indeed, the persistent vulgarity of *Falconer* was never, and is not now, at issue. On the contrary, it is welcome:

"The novel convinces us that . . . no one in the world is really good," sighed John Gardner enviously, sounding a bit like a high-school student who's just

had his first beer. "Terrible scenes of cruelty, degradation and lust take place," cheered Janet Groth in her article "Cheers for Cheever." (Her idea was that these scenes were distinguished by their "purity.") "The prevailing atmosphere is one of extreme sordidness," noted Robert Towers of the *New York Review of Books*, and the *New York Times Book Review*, which did not like the book, found nothing to praise in it: "*Falconer*," a reviewer said, "is forceful in its liberally sordid way."

But a nice guy like John Cheever isn't "deliberately sordid" without good reason, is he? One of his protagonists had something to say on this very matter, back in 1957: "Voiced bladder many times; brushed teeth so many times; visited Chardon Street fan house so many times. Who cares? Modern fiction distasteful to write because of above." Well, times have changed: John Cheever is now Modern Fiction himself, and "the prevailing atmosphere of sordidness" is necessary according to the publishers of *Falconer* in order to explain how Ezekiel Farragut "moves towards the essence of his ardor for life and beauty, how he falls in love unexpectedly and profoundly, how he experiences those hours of imprisonment that open the way to his astonishing salvation." If you heard, few buzzes as some of those words were by, not to worry; it is just that this Cheever's "most wonderful novel"—unforgettably moving book, both fantastic and real.

The trouble with all this, as anyone might have guessed, is that *Falconer* is not both "fantastic" and "real" (which is not especially surprising, when you come to think of it, since "fantastic" the last time anybody around here looked, was defined as "unreal"). The book is merely fantastic, and inevitably so, given the nature of Cheever's talent, which is real enough. One has to admire Mr. Cheever, a little bit, for his unabashed fling at high-class profundity, for the labored symbolism and the brave little sexual scenes and the dogged attempts to depict violence casually, just like one of the guys. (Even the parts he supposedly left out were significant: although *Falconer* is swollen with "more than enough of scene and scatological language," the book "contains not a single instance of blasphemy," wrote a critic in *Common*

l, who came to the triumphant con-
 clusion that the omission "represents
 rofound theological principle on
 ever's part." "By daring to eschew
 kind of unsavory matter here,"
 gested the *Commonweal* critic
 idly, "Cheever may actually be
 ing for a salutary effect upon all
 s." Unfortunately, it is our weary
 to report that a close reading of
 over reveals a good half-dozen
 ddamns" and "Jesus Christs" that
 aged to slip by the eagle-eyed re-
 reader, so we just hope that Mr.
 ever hasn't been striding around
 ranch laying claim to his "profound
 logical principles," because he
 it's got any, by *Commonweal*'s stan-
 ds. Not only that, but he's "un-
 nry," too. No one has said that
 reviewing is a game for children.
 a nasty world out there.)

THE POINT HERE is that the
Falconer effort was doomed to
 failure, because it was by
 definition dishonest: a man
 genuinely places a premium on
 decorum" cannot write explicitly
 about bathroom rapes—not with a
 light face. If he tries to do so, he
 gles his prose in the desperate ef-
 ort to twist it around the false con-
 s. He is also likely to mangle his
 al vision, assuming he has one.
 t is what happened to Cheever in
over. The book is shot through
 with frantic run-on sentences ("The
 light of that sweaty day was whit-
 the white afterglow you see in
 windows of Tuscan paintings, an
 ng light but one that seems to bring
 optical nerve, the powers of dis-
 ment, to a climax") and embar-
 ingly amateurish dialogue ("Oh,
 here no shame in you!" the man ex-
 med. "We are here to help. We are
 to help. Unless you confess to
 ne you will have no place in the
 lian world.") Or the classic: "I
 , hate, hate this fucking dirty old-
 ioned kitchen. I dreamt that I dwelt
 earable halls").
 e pages constitute a shy-making
 eum of awkward constructions, and
 blush, as we might blush to hear a
 lized gentleman of the old school
 ng to tell a series of dirty stories in
 milar surroundings: "No girl, no
 no mouth could get him up, but he
 no gratitude for this cessation of

his horniness." We wince. Part of the
 problem lies at the beginning of that
 sentence: in the past, Cheever has usu-
 ally employed a somewhat clinical
 vocabulary in his repeated references
 to the posterior portion of the human
 machine (the subject seems to be rather
 a favorite of his, oddly enough), and
 the substitution of the cruder three-
 letter word sounds forced, within the
 cadence of the sentence. But the real
 trouble may be traced to that curious
 phrase "cessation of his horniness."
 "Gratitude" and "cessation" just do not
 go with "horniness." What Cheever
 means, of course, is that his hero feels
 no gratitude for the "cessation" of his
 sexual excitement, but the novelist
 couldn't bring himself to actually write
 that down where everybody could see
 it: it might not look tough enough.
 Cheever wants us all to know that he
 has been around, by God—and suc-
 ceeds only in convincing us that he's
 never been anywhere at all. You won't
 find them talking about "horniness" in
 the street. We snicker, if we are im-
 polite, because the appeal is so blatant,
 the intent so obvious: *Falconer* wants
 so desperately to be taken seriously. It
 wants to be uncompromising, unsenti-
 mental, and uncommon. It wants us to
 take for granted the unspoken premise:
 that there is somehow something more
 important about people grappling with
 one another in prison than there is
 about people coping with one another
 in suburbia. The plea for significance
 is in the conscientious vulgarity of the
 language, in the strained air of unre-
 ality, in the labored unorthodoxy of
 the sex. And the begging shows, be-
 cause it is not a new ploy at all—in-
 deed, it is one of the older gambits,
 and it is not a safe one anymore. It is
 not safe because one suspects, finally,
 that the author may actually believe all
 this: one suspects that Cheever may
 really think it important and even in-
 teresting that his protagonist's armpit
 emits a distinctive odor, or that certain
 cheeses make him feel sick to his stom-
 ach, or that the emptying prison toilet
 has a peculiar sound. To quote the
 1957 Cheever character, "Who cares?"
 Apparently Cheever cares. He is re-
 vealed, in this shallow puddle of im-
 plausibility, and we begin to think that
 maybe all those years when he was
 writing about martinis and crabgrass.
 He was really writing about . . . martinis
 and crabgrass. Nothing more. And—if

only he had realized it—nothing less,
 either. Sometimes you are better off—
 and more Important—concealing your
 intention (or lack of it) than you are
 displaying yourself in all your crafty
 glory.

Mr. Cheever used to write in this
 manner:

*Then I sit up in bed and exclaim
 aloud to myself, "Valor! Love! Vir-
 tue! Compassion! Splendor! Kind-
 ness! Wisdom! Beauty!" The
 words seem to have the colors of
 the earth. . . .*

And now, Mr. Cheever writes in this
 manner:

*F stands for fucks, freaks, fools,
 fruits, first-timers, fat-asses like me,
 phantoms, junnies, janatics, jeebies,
 fences and jarts.*

"The sweet prose is still at work,"
 says John Leonard, writing in *Harper's*.
 "Does it still need saying that the
 English language is lucky John Cheever
 writes in it?"

No, thank you. We'll just take it for
 granted, if we may. That's usually the
 safest thing to do, when you're up
 against "Chekhov in the cape and leot-
 ard of Dostoevsky's Underground
 Man." (And no, it would not be a good
 idea to question Mr. Leonard too
 closely about this business of Dostoev-
 sky's leotard. That would just be asking
 for trouble.)

Pretty soon now, Mr. Leonard and
 a few of his bemused colleagues will be
 seen staggering home from their latest
 Grand Occasion in English Literature.
 Maybe after a cup of black coffee and
 a few days' rest, John Cheever will be
 able to stop writing Literary Events
 and start writing stories again. Sad to
 say, the stories won't be quite as pleas-
 ant as they used to be—we know too
 much now. To be blunt about it, certain
 folks around here have made fools of
 themselves, which is generally what
 does happen when the middlebrow
 American literary community feels the
 excitement coming on. It's the *bore-
 dom*, you see; after a while it begins
 to get to them, and they start looking
 around for an Event, or perhaps a Cele-
 bration, or even an Occasion. And if
 there isn't one, they make their own.

Rather a pity, though: there was
 definitely a place for John Cheever.
 They should have left him there. We
 lose more good writers that way. □

HISTORY ENHANCED

Lives in the present perfect

by Frances Taliaferro

Man of Nazareth, by Anthony Burgess. 357 pages. McGraw-Hill, \$10.95.

Young Adolf, by Beryl Bainbridge. 219 pages. George Braziller, \$7.95.

The Daughter, by Judith Cherniak. 216 pages. Harper & Row, \$9.95.

Eleanor, by Rhoda Lerman. 297 pages. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$10.

ART AND LIFE coexist in dour mistrust and giddy bouts of imitation. Most of life is so daily that only a very perverse temperament could think it art; if life is like any art at all, the most eligible form must be wallpaper, its arabesques dulled into tiresome repetition. But then a long, ordinary spell may be punctuated by events so nobly ordered—or so bizarre—that we recognize them as tragedy, farce, or one of the grosser forms of fiction; certainly not as boring old “life.” With triumphant self-consciousness, we know that today was a little slice of purest Feydeau or Kafka; there is satisfaction in emerging from daily shapelessness into some recognizable literary form. Then again, it’s pleasing to subside back into daily business, with none of the urgencies of art to bother us.

The biographer’s special task is a bigamous fidelity to both life and art. He “must be a historian, but also a novelist and a snoop.” (So says Diane Johnson in *Lesser Lives*, a novelist’s fine biography of the first Mrs. George Meredith, with some interesting reflections on “the circular relation of life and art, and the difficulty sometimes in telling which is which.”) It is invigorating to think of the biographer as

a “snoop,” all nose and rude questions, prying into the vulgar details. Hagiographers ask politely about public miracles, but snoops can energetically poke into wastebaskets and bureau drawers, where the good stuff is.

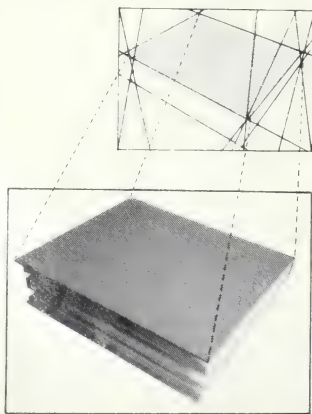
What, then, is the territory of the novelist who is not exactly a historian or a snoop but a writer of historical fiction? The costume novel, most familiar of the genre, requires the writer to go no further than the wardrobe for inspiration. The best periods are the ones whose costumes require the greatest yardage. The cast of characters is large and the changes of dress are numerous; colorful figures are cranked past as on a panorama. Pressed for an example, I think of *Captain from Castile* and *Forever Amber*, but the silliest and best embodiment of the spirit is Max Beerbohm’s wonderful “*Savonrola*” *Brown*, whose title character is

writing a play about the (vaguely fined) Italian Renaissance. “‘All sort of people appear,’ [Brown] would rather helplessly. ‘They insist. I cannot prevent them... I don’t create. They do... I just look on and record what never know what’s going to happen next.’” What in fact happens is a gallery of many stage directions of this kind: “Enter Lucrezia Borgia, St. Francis Assisi, and Leonardo da Vinci,” “Noise without. Enter Guelphs and Ghibellines fighting.” In the costume novel, the names themselves are decorative, especially when their full glory is revealed only afterward. (“That was no ordinary youth we drank with at night at the Boar’s Head. That was—HENRY THE FIFTH!”)

Real historical novels bear the same relation to such costume novels that art bears to décor. Real historical novels concentrate not on fancy-dress plots but on historical figures who characters of intrinsic psychological interest. Here the skills of the novelist and the historian are inseparable. Fortunately, serious readers seem to require of a serious contemporary novel that it be set in the approximate present, unless it is utterly timeless. A novel whose milieu is historical draws suspicion as probably a costume number, robes and furred gown hidden; there probably isn’t any art at the midst of all that scenery.

Perhaps it is for this reason that when critics have compiled their golden lists, historical novels have been relentlessly overlooked. They need to be rediscovered. The very best of the

Frances Taliaferro writes the “In Print” column in monthly alternation with Jeff Burke.



Elizabeth Van Halbe

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to my mind, is *The Ides of March* (1948), Thornton Wilder's homage to Julius Caesar. Interesting as to form (it is an epistolary novel), it is also wise and shrewd. Wilder takes liberties with chronology and supposes unverifiable relationships (like that of Caesar and Catullus). His leaps of extrapolation may be unsuited to the historian, but *The Ides of March* makes moral sense of historical possibility. It ought to have happened that way. In the same way, Anthony Burgess's lovely novel *Nothing Like the Sun* (1964) neatly explains some of the vexations of Shakespeare biographers—the Dark Lady, Mr. W. H.—but above all feels Shakespeare's complexity from inside Shakespeare's skin. In both these novels the reader experiences a feeling of rightness that goes well beyond the lapidary pleasure of making all the little documents fit. For the novelist may do what the historian is not allowed: imagine his characters whole, and let the chips fall where they may.

FOUR NOVELS published this spring are "historical novels" in several modes. They vary greatly in manner and quality, and have in common only the fact that none of them is a "costume novel." Oddly enough, the least satisfying of them is by the heroic Anthony Burgess: *Man of Nazareth*, a novel about Jesus. The publisher explains that it is Burgess's full-length novel of his screenplay for the Franco Zeffirelli production *Jesus of Nazareth*, which is "aired regularly during the Easter season on nationwide television." Never having seen the television program, I cannot comment on its relation to the novel, but having read the Gospels from time to time, I am wondering why the novel was necessary.

Burgess is well versed in Scripture; his chronological narrative saves the reader the trouble of flipping back and forth among the Gospels to piece the whole story together. His explanations of local customs and historical oddities are useful for the general reader with no knowledge of the period. Burgess also leaps into a few dares. The complaisance of Joseph, married off to a woman already with child, is explained by his impotence: his testicles

were crushed in his youth when an iron vise fell on him. The wedding at Cana was Jesus' own, to a young woman who died several years later. Salome, in her remorse over the death of John the Baptist, becomes a follower of Jesus. Judas "betrays" Jesus in political innocence, believing that the high priests seek Jesus' best interests.

In context, these are reasonable departures, and Burgess's small fictions are far more persuasive than the labored guesses of scholars. It would be unreasonable to reproach *Man of Nazareth* on grounds of infidelity to the Gospels. It is, if anything, too faithful, like a very literal prose translation that makes every attempt not to talk down to the reader or stretch his historical competence too far.

Beryl Bainbridge's *Young Adolf* may seem wildly irresponsible by comparison, but it is historically faithful in two senses, the actual and the prophetic. Fictitious as it sounds, Adolf Hitler did in fact make a visit to Liverpool in 1912, when he was twenty-three. His half-brother Alois Hitler was living there and working as a part-time waiter and salesman of safety razors; he had an Irish wife, Bridget, and an infant son named William Patrick. Almost by accident, Adolf came to stay for several months. According to Bridget's diary he spent a large part of the time wearing disgraceful clothes and lying on the sofa with his face to the wall.

These incongruous and spotty facts are the starting place for Beryl Bainbridge's farce about Hitler. Farce? The very word is like a knell, associated with a man whose most plausible likeness is to the Antichrist. But *Young Adolf* is neither a sick joke in the manner of Mel Brooks's "Springtime for Hitler" nor a somber psychoanalytic exploration. Bainbridge writes that she imagined an Adolf Hitler involved "in such ludicrous and embarrassing situations that he would never, in the whole of his life, breathe a word of his visit to anyone. I intended, if anything, to make him as absurd a figure in words as Charlie Chaplin had made him on film." In this intention she brilliantly succeeds. Without laborious authentication, Bainbridge's sketch is psychologically—even "historically"—convincing, as it suggests the foundations of Hitler's madness.

Axes may be heard a-grinding in the background of *Daughter*, a novel by Judith Chernaik based on the life of Eleanor Marx. She was the daughter of Karl Marx; she died a suicide in London in 1898, exhausted by a long and destructive relationship with a man who would have been called a cad in any but the classless society. This cheerless book the plight of women is eloquently plain, but didactic intentions are the death of a historical novel even when the cast of characters includes Friedrich Engels, Havel Ellis, and George Bernard Shaw.

Rhoda Lerman's *Eleanor* looks at Eleanor Roosevelt in the critical years 1918-21. In 1918 Franklin Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy long married to Eleanor and in love with Lucy Mercer; the three years this book takes him through post-politics and end at Campobello, where he was stricken with polio. The political events of the period are only incidental to the fine portrait of the Roosevelt marriage and of Eleanor herself. Here, in her thirties, she is not a grand old lady we remember from the latter years. Emotionally ungainly, she seems to have been pressed unwillingly into the Roosevelt pattern of aristocratic racy. She calls herself "the quietest of the family emergency." She is a figure of heroic melancholy, of lead not alchemized, of immortal longings reconciled to the proper world of orderly linen closets and dinners eighteen. This splendid novel transcends its careful scholarship; Lerman's poetic, impressionistic version of Eleanor has a "reality" truer and more haunting than the most scrupulous notes of the biographer. *Eleanor* is distinguished historical fiction.

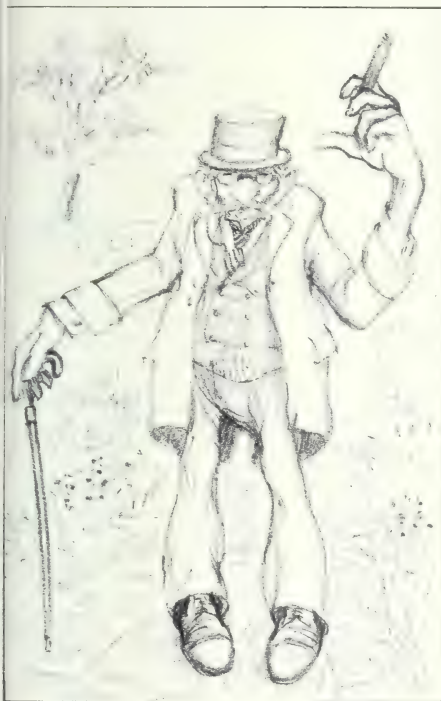
History in its first sense is narrative and a historical novel without style runs the risk of being becalmed. In our present quirky sensibility demands more than a corking tale about him and far-off times. The artistic success of *Eleanor* and *Young Adolf* suggests that the best historical novels are those in which an empathetic imagination takes great leaps into unpredictable forms. They are to be valued not as history but as art.

IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe

The Evolution of the Species

No. 1: Growing Old Gracefully



1879

("... as long as they don't think
I'm poor...")



1979

("... as long as they don't think
I'm old...")

SNAKE OIL

On failing to go to the medicine show

by David Sanford

IN THE AGE of gossip and Rupert Murdoch, one should not be particularly amazed that a man or woman who has achieved something in one realm—like inventing the geodesic dome or going to prison—should become a tent-show performer with a high-wire act. Because there are so many people in the circus, it is now possible to conceive and then convene a World Symposium on Humanity, a great global-village event, a “historic teleconference,” an “interactive satellite program” connecting (improbably) Los Angeles, Toronto, and London, and featuring more than 100 star guests (and the Dalai Lama on tape) who agreed to appear—for their usual fee?—to dance a jig, sing their new hit single, or demonstrate a vacuum cleaner. And present to appreciate it: a credulous audience on two continents in three countries that digs conventions and cares deeply, if not too clearly, about the future of the race.

Think of the new stuff one might learn from the stars, sages, and savants whom the symposium's sponsors signed up for personal appearances last Easter Week: T'ai Chi from Al Huang, gleanings of the future from Barbara Marx Hubbard, metaphysics from Fritjof Capra, nutrition from Paavo Airola, eating legumes from Frances Moore Lappe, transpersonal astrology from Dane Rudhyar. It didn't take me long at all to decide to stay away.

Reading the printed matter on the symposium, which was set to take place from April 7 to 14, reminded me of the dermatologist into whose clutches I fell while I was living in California. I had a rash. Although the doctor had a

David Sanford is the managing editor of Harper's.

proper M.D. degree and could therefore use a scalpel on a skin cancer and a pen on a prescription, he was not exactly electrified by the routine practice of skin medicine. He had an open mind and a neophyte's skills in such New Age specialties as acupressure (acupuncture without needles), Touch for Health (chiropractic without the crunch), and megavitamin therapy (a weapon in the war on baldness). He consulted maps of the eye's terrain so as to diagnose conditions to be found in nether parts of the body. He had his patients fasting for five and six days at a time. He gave health lectures biweekly on Tuesdays. Once he had cleared up one's skin with Mycolog or Neosporin, the doctor would—begging the patient's indulgence—begin to practice psychotherapy, or cure a cold, or stimulate vital energies.

As a patient of his and a newcomer to a state where quackery appears to be legal, I was rapt. Ruth Benedict could not have been more enthralled by her ethnological observations of an Arapesh shaman. My own foray into anthropology would last, I decided, until the doctor portended to do me harm or until the Occidental Life Insurance Company stopped paying the bills. It should be said in the doctor's defense that he was not quick to resort to surgery and he wasn't sadistic. Actually, he was quite benign, charming in the manner of Erich Segal, to whom he bore a resemblance. There were even little love poems on his office walls.

He and I were doctor and patient for several weeks longer than dermatology required. But then the report came back from the laboratory in Chicago to which the doctor had mailed a snip of my hair. The verdict was that there

was lead in my hair, more than normal, if any is normal. I was alarmed and so was the doctor, who was new to hair analysis and did not know what to make of such heavy news. All he was prepared for was to recommend tonic or elixir—rice bran syrup, chelated zinc—to correct an innocent mineral deficiency.

You don't eat paint chips? he wondered, knowing that I surely did not. Or work in a gas station? Or eat from Mexican pottery? No, none of that. Promised to bone up on lead poison and get back to me.

I decided that it was time for a second opinion. For that I resorted to a general practitioner who cared of little about conventional medicine and getting paid by his patients. The GP said in his Irish brogue that the only way to know for hair analysis he knew anything about was in forensic medicine: a hair test was good for telling whether the killer used arsenic. Any lead in my hair, he said, was probably an ingredient in my hair tonic. The blood tests he arranged for came back negative for lead poisoning, and I didn't ever go back to the dermatologist. I did regret that I hadn't had the chance to ask him how it was that if Vitamin E prevents baldness he was losing his hair.

Whom one consults for an expert opinion is an interesting issue, not only for journalists in continual need of ready, authoritative answers. It is for most people. Some of us, of course, get our answers from the classified ads in the *Village Voice*. (“A bad therapist is worse than none. Our Gestalt approach integrated with other modalities makes you the expert. Low to moderate fees.”) Others of us seek out checks to Pasadena, hoping that H

W. Armstrong of the Worldwide Church of God will pass our questions to God. Dick Cavett, when he wants to know about the safety of nuclear war, asks Jane Fonda. To judge the number of sages and savants are out and about, the hunger for ledge from trendy and unconventional sources is never sated.

THE Humanity Foundation, "an international network of evolutionary activists," is a foggy outfit with headquarters in Denver that has incorporated itself in various places, Delaware being one of them, as a charitable or nonprofit organization. It is run by a couple of whom I thought I recognized as members from the Golden Temple of the Sacred Cookery. Guru Raj Singh, a Sikh, and their fellows held a convention in Vancouver several years that they dubbed the First World Symposium on Humanity, and they had Buckminster Fuller there to give a speech. The 1976 affair was enough of an access to cause the foundation's members of healers, positive thinkers, frontiers travelers, seekers, facilitators, and users of coherent schemata, and convincing synergists to try again, but on a grand scale—this time a symposium during Easter week of 1979 that would link three cities—L.A., Toronto,

London—by satellite in one big wire-phone conference call. This multipoint interactive system," as the foundation is prone to call it, would be the first time ever that a "grass-roots" organization had made use of a technology normally hogged by networks, governments, and other grownups. One reason the Humanity Foundation wanted to spend good money beaming images back and forth across the globe was to test the hypothesis that communications technology can be used "to facilitate participatory democracy" and not just, as is customary, to monitor and control people. They put another way, too. They wanted to demonstrate the ability of satellite communications to facilitate worldwide involvement in the discussion and planning of strategies for peace and the future." They put it still one more way: actually there's no end to the ways they put it in their literature. If, for one instant... we can all peek together behind the curtains of elec-

tronic wizardry and recognize the impulses that they symbolize, and understand that we didn't really need all the fancy gadgets to communicate in the first place—the purpose of the Symposium will have been achieved."

For those who wonder how long it will be before hippies have the bomb, I have disquieting news. They already have computers. When they travel, the staff members of the Humanity Foundation carry about with them computer terminals with a printing capability that they hook up in phone booths so that they can send each other printed messages. "The system is used as a confessional, a message relay... and a scratchpad," and it gives them a feeling, they say, of "electronic camaraderie."

If the Humanity Foundation has any claim to one's interest and attention, it is in its blending of mystic emanations and technological inputs.

I have spent hours reading the Media Packet and the prospectus of the World Symposium on Humanity in a good-faith effort to take the thing seriously, to find any merit in it, and to convince myself that it could actually occur as announced with 100 or so more or less celebrated persons risking their reputations by participating. I was on constant lookout for some sign that the *National Lampoon* had a hand in it. But I have been assured by phone that it is as represented and that as of April 9 it was in full swing.

Western Union clearly was willing to do business with Guru Singh and the Humanity Foundation so long as it got paid up front. Thirty programs were to be broadcast from London to New York and vice versa using the facilities of COMSAT and the British Post Office. Western Union would book the satellite time—some 1,320 minutes altogether—in exchange for \$3,000 down and \$102,165 due on April Fools' Day. Comparable arrangements were made later with Western Union for Westar satellite service connecting New York (for London), Los Angeles, and Buffalo (for Toronto). I hear that in the end there was some difficulty with the satellite transmissions from London, but that "the energy was really good" at the symposium anyway.

The prospectus goes into detail about the symposium's purposes, which have to do generally with peace and the future, technology and globalism, open-mindedness and thought. The thought

put into purpose is quite well represented by the printed remarks of Jim Milord and Brenda Brett, two of the symposium's young coordinators. Milord, a student of the psychology of communication, wrote that "the purpose of the Symposium is to demonstrate what a wonderful and exciting place our world is to be at this time in history, in this place in the universe." Ms. Brett, of London, said, "We are beginning to understand, perhaps for the first time in human history, that men and women everywhere have in common an absolute need to give meaning to their lives; a need which is as important as breathing." So much for purpose.

EASTER WEEK was going to be hectic for me. I did not get to hear Buckley Fuller do his reinterpretation of the Lord's Prayer based on his acquaintance with geometry, physics, psychology, and biology. I understand that he has made it modern and made it ecumenical. Here are some other things I missed. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, editor of *Death: The Final Stage of Growth*, putting in a good word for being dead, while R. D. Laing explained how madness is an appropriate way to react to an insane world. Carl Rogers explaining how love can help one cope with frustration, and Ralph Nader outlining some of his solutions to intolerable problems. Aurelio Peccei expecting the world economy to collapse sometime soon because resources are running out. And Herman Kahn expecting no such thing.

I have never understood cybernetics, Marshall McLuhan, or the simple Christian faith of Ruth Carter Stapleton, though I was once on a TV talk show with Mrs. Stapleton in Boston. I wonder if anybody asked her about Larry Flynt. John and Toni Lilly study dolphins and were going to be talking about how smart they are. Paul Horn plays his flute for whales. But he was scheduled for a Wednesday and the Lillys weren't up till Friday. I hope they got to compare notes on cetaceans, intelligence, and music appreciation. And, oh, to have seen the Dalai Lama speak about world peace and Norman Cousins about holistic health—or was it the other way around? □

WINDING UP

Winner's child plays the summer game

by Robert H. Zieger

I HAVE become a pitcher, no longer merely a thrower. I have learned to hit the spots. To pace myself. To change speeds. I can no longer overpower, both because my fastball has lost velocity and because my opposition has become more confident, more aggressive, and more powerful. Had I not learned the location of the black part of the plate and the uses of the change-up, my career would have been over. As it is, I'm far from invincible, and I'm sure that one day—soon, no doubt—even my guile, cunning, and thirty-three years' baseball experience will not be enough to still my fourteen-year-old's slashing bat.

I began to notice the decline three years ago. Increasingly, he handled the fastballs I poured over the plate, driving them down the right-field line or into the alley in right center. Last summer he began to pull the high hard one, catapulting several whiffles over the stone grill that stands at the edge of our property. He hit the lilac bushes in center field twice. I could still get strikes with the hollow, latticed ball, but too often only two. Then he would shorten his swing, nudge fastballs foul, wait for the conceder, and hammer it. More and more, I relied on my still-trusty glove to bail me out, snatching liners before they gained height to clear

the wall, grabbing one-hoppers through atavistic reflexes.

But this year started off badly. After sending three fastballs into the high grass, he bade me stop lobbing them in. Strikeouts became rare and were usually achieved with my dipping slider or my nickel curve, after wasting fastballs up and in or down and away. After one particularly brutal assault, I resorted to old reliable: my Ewell Blackwell side-arm fastball, delivered from third base, sending the batter reeling off the plate, swinging feebly from the heels as he bailed out. He missed the first offering in surprise, drilled the second into the right-field corner, hitting the dog that had learned that that area was safe. One day the kid began batting *left-handed*, offering me the concession that I had for years so magnanimously granted.

Clearly, my Allie Reynolds days were over. Was there a future for me? Or would I become a pathetic hulk, pounding my glove, trying to find someone to indulge me in a game of whiffle, trying to recapture a dead past? Old Pete, sleeping in the bullpen. Win-

ter's child in the summer game. Clear unless I was ready to face condescension and indulgence, I had to reth my pitching habits.

IT WAS THEN that I began for first time to read attentively interviews with the older pitcher in *The Sporting News*. The cliché took on meaning. One *did* have to let to pitch, not just to throw. One *did* have to locate the ball, move it around. One *did* have to nibble at the corn, saving the hummer for when it would do the most good (or the least harm). I experimented with the Hoyt Wilhelm-Jim Bouton solution, but my knuckleball did not knuckle; it just rotated slowly up to the plate, a ripe melon.

By midsummer last year, however, was on my way back. I had begun season with the old fastball, hoping that perhaps memories of last year's late-season debacles had become magnified and that perhaps the pounding I had taken in October had to do with arm fatigue. It took three innings to dispel these illusions. I got out of first with two leaping catches. A soaring home run, one-hopping against the stone pillar, brought back a taste of previous autumn in the second. The roof fell in in the third. Only a spat-

Robert H. Zieger is a professor of history at Wayne State University. He has published articles and two books on the American labor movement, and has been a New York Yankees fan since 1945.



handed hitters—who tend to hit line drives rather than arched ones—slowed the rally and enabled me to retire the side. Damage? Seven runs, nine hits, including four home runs of them left-handed, a low shot skimming the top of the wall just over the relocated dog).

So in the fourth I became Stu Miller. I'd thought about this approach, had practiced it as unmanly. Now it seemed sired. I busted him with a fastball, and in. Then I nibbled. Down and away. Down and away. An overhand change-up. A couple of sharp sliders, in the fists. Since we have no walks or batters in our games, I was able to experiment—perhaps a little unfairly, to cause the batter, after three or four

itches, will swing at anything other than face incessant retrieval of four whiffles we normally play with. It worked. A comebacker on a change-up. A pop foul off a slow curve in the fists. A *strikeout* on a sweep-hook, coming off several set-up, change fastballs too far inside to handle. The thing could be fun. I celebrated by ending out four hits. (Alas, just one: of late, while my average kept reasonably high, my power quotient tended to suffer. Was I becoming Pete Melus as well as Eddie Lopat?)

During the last ten weeks of the summer we played a succession of easy, hard-fought games. For all his hitting prowess, my son tended to tire the mound in the late innings, and he dispatched me quickly in the last three or four. At the plate, he was cunning himself. He learned to wait: to lay off the ephus ball—my son's Sewell special—that I had learned to rely on for an easy first-pitch pop-up to step into the outside pitch and with it to right field; to fight off the high inside fastball and hit it to right field. He learned my pattern. If I got 1 on inside sliders one inning, he was ready the next. If I set him with two down and away, all too often I was ready for the inside fastball that was supposed to be my out pitch. Well, the home runs diminished and the ones that had been going 9-1 and 7-3 were now 7-5 and 4-3 affairs. A chance had been reached, especially when I adjusted to my new Billy Goodman style of hitting and found that sometimes four weak singles were more encouraging to the defense than one overrunning blast.

WE HAD what I think was our final game of the season this week. In October, we tend to spend the glorious afternoons and the short-ened evenings watching the other ball-players on television. In our season's ender, he jumped on a couple of thoughtless fastballs early on and sent them into the leaf pile. An unusual lapse of fielding on my part, together with a Chinese home run, yielded two more in the fourth. But I kept tattooing away, a looping double and two sharp singles getting one back in the second, a nice line drive that hit the fence past that serves as the foul pole in left getting another back in the third. Five to two in the ninth.

I drilled a double off the wall in right center, jumping on one of his now-decelerating fastballs. He made a good play on a tricky hopper in the hole. But I rolled a single through his legs and followed it with another just past his glove. I jumped on a fat fastball and popped up (a major-league pop-up, the kind he used to get dizzy under and drop) for out No. 2. Two strikes, and then—could I believe it?—a belt-high concoder. I wrapped it around the

broomstick foul pole in right for a three-run home run and a 6-5 lead.

He gave me a scare in the bottom of the ninth. Concentrating, bearing down, weighing every pitch, I got a third strike on a tantalizing curve ball, down and away. Hoping for a quick second out, my stamina spent, I grooved one and he hit me in the stomach with it. The ball spun out of my grasp for a base hit. He followed with a two-strike ground single, but I got the second out on a soft liner that I plucked out of the dusky air with ease.

It came down to this. Two wasted pitches, followed by a good low fastball that did not elicit a swing. Then a guilty offer at a wide curve (no called strikes, but the batter is more or less obligated to swing at the next pitch if he lets an obvious strike go by). Two inside sliders. Now down and away. He swung. The ball started out heading for the wall in right center. But it died, as some lucky wind current caught the louver on the underside. I spun back to the wall, reached up, and pulled it in. He tossed the bat aside. "Get you tomorrow," he said, heading for the kitchen and a slug of cider. □

HARPER'S/JUNE 1979

TELLING LIVES The Biographer's Art

by Leon Edel, Justin Kaplan,
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PRICE FIXERS

ed from page 44) prices have hurt the consumer, not helped him.

pointed out by Warren T. in a column in the Boston an. He described a case

the total price of gas to the consumers rose in two years from \$1.72 to \$3.30, while the price of the raw fuel went up only 20 cents. Of the \$1.66 increase, \$1.44 was in the rising cost of the pipeline service. The main reason for this rise was the decline in the flow of natural gas through the nation's major pipeline.... This is why a study done for Brooklyn Union Gas Company in 1975 showed that if new natural gas were deregulated, and the pipelines were kept full by new gas costing \$2.50, Brooklyn Union's cost to the consumer would be \$3.98; but if regulation remained and the downward trend in natural gas production from the West continued, the consumer price would be \$4.45.

Despite uncontroverted arguments such as this, Senator Kennedy persisted in his denunciation of higher well-head prices, saying that they have been "burdening consumers directly and indirectly with billions of dollars in higher costs. I could not vote to saddle them with additional billions of dollars in still higher costs." A typical statement by someone favoring regulation, with the dollar-and-cents reality obscured by the rhetoric of billions.

Similar arguments were made by Senator Kennedy's former aide James Flug (who runs a well-financed anti-oil company operation out of Washington), Ralph Nader, Reps. Toby Moffett and Rev. Robert Drinan, and many others, all of whom alleged that they had the consumers at heart. This may legitimately be doubted, however, in view of the facts about pipeline costs. If only these men had taken more interest in the price paid by the consumers, rather than the price charged at the wellhead, it would be so much easier to believe their consumerist rhetoric. As it is, one is left with the distinct impression that they are more interested in making life difficult for the producers than easy for the consumers.

In any event, the "conference report" compromise passed the Senate by a vote of 57-42 on September 27, 1978, and the House later concurred by a margin of 231-168. President Car-

ter signed the Natural Gas Policy Act into law on November 9, 1978. It extended price controls to the intrastate market, with the distant promise of deregulation in 1985—but, of course, by then a new Congress would be in Washington, and one in no way bound by the actions of its predecessors.

The new act is a lawyer's dream and a legal nightmare—sixty-two pages of fine print establishing twenty-four different categories of gas. Here is Category 6, for example:

New Onshore Production Wells Deeper than 5000 feet: gas from new wells in an old reservoir within 2½ miles of an old well provided that new well is outside existing proration unit (applied to well begun 2/19/77 and thereafter capable of commercial production).

As Sen. Ernest Hollings of South Carolina said in the course of the debate, "We all could become gas lawyers." According to one report, some of the independents, unable to afford the necessary legal advice, have given up in disgust and gone into other lines of business—bowling alleys, for instance. The majors, of course, can easily afford the lawyers, and so one undoubted effect of the bill, as with so much of what Congress does, will be to make life harder for the small-business entrepreneur. At the same time, of course, it will make life relatively easier for the majors, all of which have plenty of lawyers on their payrolls and which will therefore be in a position to pick up any pieces of the market abandoned by the independents.

EARL TURNER, executive vice-president of the Texas Independent Producers and Royalty Owners Association, says that as of March, 1970, the new gas act has been "a little short of disastrous." There has been a 15 percent decline in drilling, he said, "because of confusion in meeting requirement obligations," i.e., red tape. He said that there were 300 unused drilling rigs "stacked up," with "about 250 new rigs coming on line from the manufacturers." Before the bill was passed, of course, rigs had been hard to find. Independents, Turner explained, drill 90 percent of the exploratory wells in the United States. Most of these companies employ only half-a-dozen to a dozen people

most of the time. "Now they've been asked to look at a complex law," Turner said, "and most of them simply threw up their hands."

Another fear is that it will take long time for the new, higher regular prices allowed under the act to take effect. By a 3-2 decision earlier this year, the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (which has now replaced the old FPC) ruled that the price escalator clauses written into old natural-gas contracts would not be automatically "triggered" by the new ceiling prices now allowed. "What it means," said David Foster, of the Natural Gas Supply Association, "is that the decision wiped out what some of us is 70 percent of the price incentives thought we were getting. The matter then came up for rehearing, and Energy Secretary James Schlesinger's over some testimony saying that Chairman Curtis of FERC had been wrong. Then the commission, by a 4-1 vote, did modify its interpretation somewhat. But lawyers believe it will take three years of legal maneuvering before ceiling prices to be applied to existing contracts."

The interesting thing is that if, when these "ceiling prices" are arrived at, they very probably will turn out to be higher than the free-market price would have been. Then and only then will Senator Kennedy and his friends come out for deregulation, just as they did last year with the airlines.

There are already indications that the wellhead prices under the new act are turning out to be higher than the free-market price. The Oklahoma legislature, for example, has now passed a bill keeping the price of some oil sold within the state below the price ceiling allowed by the new act. Hobson, the Oklahoma state legislator who introduced this bill, says that under the Natural Gas Policy Act "price ceilings are turning out to be price floors, because whenever they can, producers have been claiming the highest price." There is little incentive for the state regulatory agencies responsible for ruling on these price claims to turn them down, because the higher the prices are (in some cases) higher the state "severance" taxes—taxes on oil and gas taken out of the ground. Most people seem to agree that this is the eventual fate of the regulated price; it becomes a price that no

r has any incentive to undercut. In end, then, prices turn out to be er than they would have been out regulation.

eanwhile, there is still another pro- n of the new act that seriously rbs the gas industry. This is the led incremental-pricing require- , which is a plan to charge large strial users of gas more than do- ic users. A few years ago, of se, this seemed like a good idea. were then still mesmerized by the e of Rome and the "era of limits." after the inter- and intrastate mar- were unified, a "bubble" of one n cubic feet of excess supply was vered in the intrastate market. At point, Energy Secretary Schlesin- tried to get the industrial market . SCHLESINGER URGES SHIFT TO GAS was the surprising *New York Times* line in January this year. But the was passed by this time, the dam- was done, and plans go ahead to ge industries using natural gas a er price.

er fear is that many industries may dy have turned to oil—fed up as are with interrupted gas supplies, priority if it is short, and now the at of higher prices. Rush Moody, a er FPC commissioner, spoke be- the Gas Men's Roundtable of hington in November, 1973, and aid: "I have an intuitive feeling a substantial portion of the tradi- al natural-gas industrial market has dy disappeared and is not likely tturn even though more gas has become available." He attributed surplus gas "bubble" to a fall-off lemand resulting from this "pres- against the industrial gas user," ing: "Though the commission is imes accused of inconsistency, I ld have to say the one consistent osophic guidepost which has re- ned steady through changes in com- sion personnel over the past eight rs has been the very simple notion a boiler fuel consumption of natural s is inherently immoral and must to maximum extent of the commis- s' abilities be eliminated."

The result of this policy has been to e the industrial user into the mar- for imported crude oil. Petroleum moved from 21.9 percent of the in- trial market in 1973 to a 26.7 per- share in 1977. "How ironic," dy concluded, "that a government

avowedly dedicated to reducing U.S. dependence on imported fuels is en- gaged in policies which have had as their only result a greater U.S. dependence on imported fuels."

The worst effect of a continued shift of industrial users away from natural gas, however, will be once again to force domestic consumers to pay greatly increased prices for the diminished quantities of gas traveling in the pipeline. (At present, only one-third of the natural gas consumed is put to domestic use.) In effect, then, households rather than industries will be compelled to amortize the enormous cost of pipeline construction, which, incidentally, has gone up from \$120,000 per mile in 1965 to \$1.7 million per mile in 1977. It was for this reason, then, that James Schlesinger recently urged industries to go on burning natural gas in their boilers.

IT MAY BE SEEN, then, that the gov- ernment involvement in natural-gas pricing has been a disaster. It is particularly discouraging to consider how much larger the natural-gas market might have grown, as a percentage of U.S. energy needs, if the rigid price controls of the 1960s had not been in place, resulting frequently in the shunning of new gas customers. And if the market had grown, we would now be that much less dependent on foreign oil. A large part of the problem, it is now apparent, stems from the clamorous activism inherent in the word *policy*. Time and again, in recent years, we have been told that the United States must adopt an "energy policy." Somebody must *do something* about energy, and nobody seems to have appreciated that for years and years thousands of people in the oil and gas industry have *been* doing something, namely delivering oil and gas to U.S. consumers at the lowest price in the world. But small, and then larger, interferences in the market resulted in inequalities of supply and demand, which in turn led to the appeal that government should do even more. A Department of Energy was formed, thus creating jobs for a lot of people who had been crying out for an "energy policy," and these policymakers will be almost bound to introduce further distortions in the market. Because of their high salaries, they will not be

content to do nothing, although that would probably be the best energy policy the government could adopt.

When one reads the protracted legislative debate on natural-gas pricing, it becomes apparent that the main reason legislators are unable to do anything useful in this realm is that they do not know what they are talking about. They do not have enough information at their disposal; they do not understand the business they are attempting to regulate, they are unable to act quickly enough in response to movements in the market. By no means all legislators are to blame. Many Representatives and Senators—and in recent years this has meant almost exactly half of each body—instinctively realize their shortcomings, and these are the ones who vote to deregulate. Having satisfied themselves that the industry in question is competitive, they are then prepared to let it get on with the job.

But the other half, the dangerous half, is really of a more totalitarian cast of mind, believing in their hearts that a monopoly indeed is a good thing: a *government* monopoly. They don't know as much as the oil- and gasmen, they may concede, but they are possessed of purer motives and therefore deserve to prevail. They are concerned about consumers, not profits. They have good intentions, they know, and characteristically they find it very, very hard to believe that good intentions can produce anything but excellent results. And so they vote themselves the power to interfere—just enough to keep supply and demand out of whack.

The evidence is by now overwhelming that self-interested producers competing with one another end up serving the customer far more handsomely than idealistic legislators ever can, but unfortunately it has been difficult to persuade voters of the truth of this in recent years—especially voters with a college education. This really is the "crisis of capitalism": until we can perceive that the independent driller whose goal in life is to become a millionaire works to our advantage more effectively than the selfless "consumer advocate" in Washington, whose true goal surely is the attainment of personal power (even if he does call it "fairness"), then we will always have an energy crisis on our hands. □

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PUZZLE

LIGHT SWITCHES

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions:

A simple adjustment must be made to each clue answer before it becomes a "light" (i.e., entry in the diagram). To be more specific, you should exercise your 18D 5A on each clue answer.

Clue answers include four proper names, one of them a trade name, and a mild coinage (26D). Lights include four proper names: two geographical, two given. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 107.

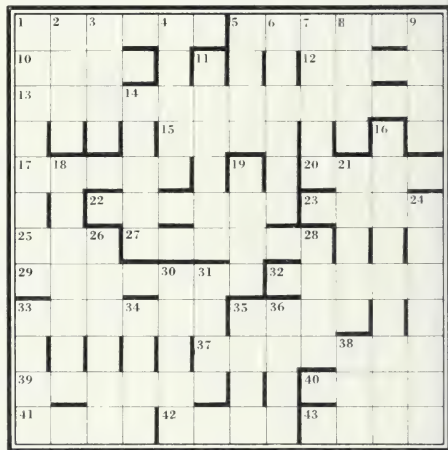
CLUES

ACROSS

1. More than one hearing trio also missing endings (6)
5. Marijuana and one running drug (6)
10. You and I skirting nurse's large pots (4)
12. Originated from small role, nothing less (4)
13. Sacrilegiously sanctified about ten, in acts making Gods... (12)
15. ...give abundantly for every other character in Creation (4)
17. Necessities for auto exhausts (5)
20. Conservative address (or a shed) (4)
22. Makes true and false in sale (6)
23. Lyric is excellent as finish to "Love in the Afternoon" (4)
25. Sign of the winner's unfinished change of direction (3)
27. Electron tubes died, so change (6)
29. Lassie confused about right in harems (7)
32. In France, small change comes about, left alone on stage (5)
33. Inn for a traveler to run into a prosecutor (6)
35. Scottish highlander lass' embraces English (4)
37. Lawman sounds combative (7)
39. Girl I'd seen in dishabille (6)
40. Bird seen in Inverness (4)
41. Took course in continuous education (4)
42. Pass resorts! (4)
43. Quick diet (4)

DOWN

1. Artiste is confused by English essay (8)
2. Lamented school in money-losing situation (4)
3. It's on the end of a digit; zero, and the answer inside (4)



4. They take in sound of small harps (5)
5. Lament from anyone in love? Just the opposite! (4)
6. "Li'l bit" brought up in quiet southern dialect (6)
7. New New York ballplayer... could be Titan (5)
8. Some organized workers name heir (4)
9. Basketball team yields (4)
11. Holy piece of land in Midwestern state (6)
14. Went in line and became a candidate (5)
16. Male simply confined in bed for ailment (9)
18. Adores manifestation of reserve (7)
19. One's foolish ages (4)
21. Rake in \$1,000 for roulette bet? Quite the reverse! (5)
24. Component of green is less in maroons (7)
26. Lay down new explosives to come through, your eminence (6)
28. Sulfur and petroleum pollutant (4)
30. Heartless Zelda, potential saint, astonishes (5)
31. Ace Latin master's handout (4)
33. David's dropping six relatives (4)
34. Married to help virgin (4)
35. Bombast is interrupted by quiet breaks (4)
36. King Albert's initial manuscript makes compact (4)
38. Letter from Greek resident in Lake Tahoe (3)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Light Switches, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by June 13. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to

Harper's. The solution will be printed in the July issue. Winners names will be printed in the August issue. Winners of the April puzzle, "April Fool," are John S. Duff, Cincinnati, Ohio; Edward N. Logan, Luray, Virginia; and Kathy Haggstrom, Anchorage Alaska.

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